The same appropriate

was flung
On its splendid starlit way.
And so with the love we feel but now—
It began in the earlier time,
Ere the souls of men were garmented
In the flesh of an earthly clime.

Twas there in the morn of the primal state, In the world of the truly real,

Our love was born, our souls were joined In a union fast and leal. We know it not in the sentient way Of the passionate embrace, For we had no ken of mortal things - Nor the form of mortal grace.

With the sweet and fleet bewilderment Of a first beatitude We touched and passed in the whirling throng

Of the spirit multitude, Then sped our ways in the wilderness Of a human destiny, With only the feel of a faint caress And a mystic memory.

But ever we heard a mating call, And ever we sang the note
Till the good God brought us eye to eye
And we spoke from throat to throat. Now nothing matters of time or place In a mere mortality, For a twain that loved in the Soul's

estate

Are one for eternity.

—Uncle Remus's Magazine.

the Sale of David. Dy FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

went to school Eliza washed and When she came home at noon she gave him his dinner; when school was over at night Eliza took entire care of David till his bedtime.

Eliza's mother was a very busy children to clothe and feed. There him all the time-and the girls don't was a baby younger than David: there were three children older than he and younger than Eliza, and only Eliza and Mary, a girl of twelve, to help the mother. Eliza should have no baby in the world could be worth been grateful that she was required that! to take care of David only.

But Eliza sometimes got very tired of David, very; though of course she was fond of him. This afternoon she trundled him down the street in the cart her father had made out of a soap box on four squeaking, wriggling wheels.

Eliza tugged resentfully at the rope fastened through a hole in the box. David grinned delightedly at the sunshine, and enjoyed the squeak. Not so Eliza. Amy Winters had invited the girls to her house that afternoon to make candy. She had told Eliza she could not come if she must bring David. This was not so unkind of Amy as seems at first, for the girls were fond of David, who was the best natured baby in the world; but at the last candy pull David had attended. he had upset on his head a cup of molasses just ready for the stove. So, while the other girls had pulled the candy, Eliza had to wash David's face and hair.

Eliza went fast past Amy's house, beating up a cloud of dust about her downcast eyes. She walked on toward the postofilce. Here some boys were playing marbles. One of them stopped and greeted Eliza.

"Hullo, how's your kid to-day?" The boys all called David "Eliza's

Eliza did not deign to answer; she tossed her head and the wagon wheels creaked ominously.

"Kid for sale," kid for sale," called another, smiling good naturedly at

David's happy face.

The silent Eliza went on faster than ever. When she had turned the corner, and was out of sight of the boys, she looked back at David. She wished he was for sale; she wished somebody would buy him. With his soft red curls and round blue eyes, he was pretty enough for anybody to buy Now she remembered she had h ...d her mother say that very morning she wasn't rich in dread. anything but children, and she

about that a speech begun in one ed?" room was likely to end in another, so that Eliza frequently did not hear the end of her mother's remarks. Eliza did not hear her mother add with for less than ten million dol- a dime. lars. Eliza thought that perhaps her mother would be glad to sell David.

find him a good place," said "with a kind, rich old lady, and she'd pay a good deal, and I wouldn't have to take care of him. I'd want him to have a nice big house."

The cart, the baby and the little girl went up the hill, where were some of the pleasantest homes in the town. Eliza stopped in front of one of these. On the side piazza sat a pretty lady dressed in black. Squeaking, squeaking, the cart came up the The diplomatic Eliza left David at the front and went around the side path toward the lady. David did not cry; David seldom cried.

"Are you the lady that lives here?"

asked Eliza. The lady took a moist handkerchief down from her eyes and looked door. with a start at the small Eliza standing at the foot of the side steps. She nodded.

"Would you like to buy a baby?" "A-what?" asked the lady in a the dime in the corner of her pocket

strange voice. "A baby. I have one to sell."

The lady sat up very straight. "How much is it worth?"

"I don't know; I'll let you sec him and then perhaps you can tell." gave David's red curls a rub in the were delightfully hard. The little right direction, sighed at his dirty girls kindly inquired about David, but

the side. "So that is the baby," said the beautiful time; but she did not. lady. "Take him out and let me look

at him." Kliza pulled David out of the box at the other end of the village. and tugged him, limply indifferent,

Eliza was tired of taking care of | up the steps. The lady looked at him. David. Eliza was eight and David She held out her hand and David was two. In the morning before she caught at her finger; then, with a gurgle of pleasure, fell against her dressed him and gave him his break- knee. The lady bent over him. "This baby is worth a great deal," she said.

"Why do you want to sell him?" "Because there's six more like him -not exactly like him 'cause I'm one; but we've got a good many babies and not much money, and I woman with little money and seven thought-I-I have to take care of always like to have him 'round."

> "Do you think he's worth a hundred dollars?" asked the lady. A hundred dollars! Why, of course,

"I-I think ten would be enough,"

said Eliza tremulously. "I can't pay you all at once," said against her, laughing contentedly. for a moment, dear."

arine, with more truth than politeness.

"I don't care," said Eliza; but she walked so slowly that Catharine protested:

"You act dreadful queer, Eliza; are you sick or anything?" "No," answered Eliza.

She said good-by to Catharine at the gate, and then she waited some time before she began to walk toward home. The sun was setting and pouring a golden glory over the world, With neighbor birds and flowers. but it all seemed dark to Eliza. She walked more and more slowly. Her head was hanging low, so that those who passed should not see the tears in her eyes. What was the matter? She took out her handkerchief and felt the ten cents in the corner. She was coming to the postoffice now. Up that street she had trundled David to his new home. Eliza stopped and threw up her head.

"David!" she called; then went up the road like a deer.

The maid of the lady who had purchased David had just said at the

door of an upstairs room: "A little girl to see you, mum,"

when Eliza pushed past her. Eliza was breathless; there were tear streaks on her cheeks: she threw herself on a baby sitting in sweet placidity on the floor.

"Oh, David, David," she cried, 'don't you know sister, don't you love Eliza?"

David gurgled and thrust the nose of a woolly lamb in Eliza's face. Then the lady who was sitting very, very near David said:

"What do you want, little girl?" This is my baby, I bought him today."

"Oh, no, he isn't, he isn't, he's mine." Eliza caught David around his fat shoulders and dragged him toward the door. "I'll give you back your ten cents and your penny when it out on the sidewalk; there are alearn another, but you can't, you can't have him."

"Wait, little girl, wait, you are the lady. She stooped and lifted hurting him," for David had begun was more than usually cross as she the baby into her lap and he leaned to whimper. "Let me speak to you

"But I'll pay by installments." Something in the lady's eyes made

"SOME GOOD THINGS SAID ABOUT FARMING.

The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are Forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order; else how could it rot? -Thomas Carlyle.

> And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything. -William Shakespeare.

The great cities grow like creeping paralysis over freedom, and the man from the country is walking into them all the time because the poor, restless fellow believes wealth awaits him on their payements .- Owen Wister.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.-Henry Ward Beecher.

Farmers may well be congratulated on the interests of farmers in economic and political affairs and on their independent thinking and independent voting .- John M. Stahl.

If we can not find God in your house and mine, upon the roadside or the margin of the sea, in the bursting seed or opening flower, in the day duty and the night musing, I do not think we should discern Him any more on the grass of Eden or beneath the moonlight of Gethsemane.-James Martineau.

Suppose you sit down and tell us of any industry that will not be helped along with any help given to agriculture.

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "The best fertilizer for any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence; without these lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the law of the land he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, feels more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his from the centre to the sky .- Edward Everett.

\$\delta \delta \ "What's that?" asked Eliza with | Eliza let her take David into her lap,

"Why little by little, you know. Eliza's mother was so busy moving shall I give you till we get acquaint-

"Ten cents would do for to-night," said Eliza.

purse and," holding it out of reach

"I suppose you'll give this to your mother," she said gravely. "Yes, ma'am," answered Eliza

with greater gravity. "And here's one cent for you to spend. And here's my card to show

your mother who's bought the baby." Eliza stood looking at the lady. "Good-by," said the lady. "What's his name?"

"David," answered Eliza.

"David and I are going into the house," said the lady. She gathered the baby up in her arms, and he, playing with the silver purse, never looked at Eliza.

"Do you-do you"-asked Eliza, know how to take care of babies?" The lady's lips quivered. "Very well indeed," she said, and then she went into the house and shut the

"I'll leave the cart," shouted Eliza; "you may need it."

Nobody answered, and Eliza walked slowly away. She tied the card and handkerchief, but she held the penny in her hand. When she reached the postoffice the boys were gone, so she went in and bought ten candy marbles for a cent. Then she went on to Amy's house. The candy was deli-Elizatrotted around to the front, clous and sticky and Eliza's marbles hands, then pulled the cart around to did not follow up Eliza's evasive answers. Eliza ought to have had a

"I'll walk home with you," she said to Catharine Whitney, who lived

"It's out of your way," said Cath- stander.

though Eliza stood close by.

"Once I had a baby something like wished somebody would buy some of If he suits me, I'll pay it all; but David," the lady put her lips against meantime I'll give you-how much David's curls. "And God took him away-and-and I can't have him back. You can have David backbut don't try to give away or sell or lose anything that loves you. Some The lady took up a dangling silver | day there won't be so many and you'll want to remember that you always that there wasn't a child she part of the baby's fingers, she extracted loved everybody God gave you to love. You should be very happy to have so many people."

"Yes'm," said Eliza. "Here's your

ten cents.' "Thank you," said the lady. "David is going to take the woolly lamb home with him and-has he a pretty coat and hat? It's cool now the sun

is down." "Mother is going to make him a nice coat when she has time," said

Eliza. "I have one that will just fit him," said the lady.

As they went creaking down the driveway a little later David had on a pretty coat and hat and the woolly lamb in his arms. The lady walked beside Eliza to the gate. Then she said good-by.

"Bring David to see me sometimes."

"Yes'm," answered Eliza. "Good-

Eliza flew toward home with now and then a careful backward eye on David and the cart. Near her own house Mary came running toward her.

"Oh, Eliza, where've you been so afraid something happened to you or | waited for her to come up. David.'

"There hasn't," Eliza nodded hap-"She might have known I wouldn't let anything happen to David."-Congregationalist and Christian World.

Intelligent Advice.

Intelligent Rescuer (to skater who has fallen through)-"Steady, old man, steady! Keep cool!"-The By-



For the Younger Children ...

two girls had gone, but the prank, ton Star.

All day we played our summer plays, Bareheaded in the sun, But sought the funny Little House When playing-time was done.

THE LITTLE HOUSE.

And patiently as any friend It waited all the while; The windows hailed us eagerly, The doorway seemed to smile. But now, with summer birds and flowers. We, too, have gone away, The wistful, waiting Little House Is empty all the day.

Think-how the shivering trees are bare, And how the shrill winds blow About the lonely Little House

Think-how the door is buried deep, The windows scarcely see, And no one drives away the crows Who gossip jeeringly!

All smothered in the snow

Dear Little House among the trees, Tis lonely-time for you;
But far away we wait and long,
For we are lonely, too!
-Abbie Farwell Brown, in The Churchmtn.

A SCARE.

"If you are not careful, Molly, that wheel of yours will be stolen."

"Now, mamma, who on earth in this little town would be mean enough!"

"There's no telling," said Mrs. Evans, "but you're altogether too careless; when you come home from school at recess you should not leave ways tramps passing through, and unscrupulous people who wouldn't hesitate to go off with it."

"Well, it would have to be a person of my size who could ride it easily, that's all," said Molly, laughing, "Good-bye, mummy, dear; nobody wants my own particular wheel, and I don't believe it would spin along for any one but me," and Molly mounted and was off, waving her hand as she turned a corner, with that utter disregard of her handle bar which always brought poor Mrs. Evans' heart into her mouth.

Molly stopped on her way back to school for her bosom friend, Annie Heywood, who always rode with her, and the two girls arranged to spend the afternoon on their wheels, for the day was perfect and the approaching cold weather would soon cut them off from their favorite pastime, se they made the most of their opportunities.

"I'll go home and leave my books, said Molly, after school, "and you stop for me."

"All right," returned Annie, "but ! warn you to hurry. I won't be gone but a minute."

Molly flung herself off her wheel and rushed upstairs. She had not been in the house five minutes, but when she came down her wheel had vanished, and there was Annie riding swiftly toward her.

"Get your wheel," called Annie: we'll go toward Wilson's wood." "It's-it's gone!" cried Molly, with

something between a sob and a gasp. "I seen a boy get on it," said a voice nearby, which belonged to little Micky Flannigan, the butcher's boy. "Why didn't you stop him?" a ded Molly excitedly. "Who was it?"

"I dunno," said Micky, stolidly. "Looked like he owned it." "Which way did he go?" demanded Molly.

Micky pointed toward the east. The girls strained their eyes and saw a vanishing speck in the distance. "Oh!" cried poor Molly, "mamma

was right, it was all my own carelessness, and now some one has gone off with it. What shall I do?" "Take my wheel and follow," said

Annie heroically; "he's bound to turn to his right at the end of the street and if you go the back way you can head him off. I'll wait here.'

So Molly mounted and was off, but the boy on the wheel passed the "heading off" place before she reached it, so he had the start of her in the race. He darted and twisted around street corners, made daring cuts across the road, coasted down hill after hill, always eluding Molly, who was in close pursuit. She could not get a good glimpse of him, but from his looks and the "tough" way in which he wore his cap, she was sure he belonged to the "butcher boy' variety, a constant menace in the little town, for there was quite a gang of them.

Suppose she did overtake him! She never would have courage to claim her wheel, and if she did he would never give it up to one weak girl.

All this time she was going like the wind, and he-straight as an arwith excitement.

long? Mother's most crazy. She a and talking with Annie while he

"Why, Tom!" she exclaimed, as she recognized her own brother's misvon?

that jolly little wheel. Much obliged, came down just as the mother had Molly, for my charming ride; but if done.-Busy Bee. you will leave your wheel standing unguarded on the king's highway you must expect-"

Before he finished his sentence the of it comes from China-

rough and boyish as it was, taught Molly a lesson which she never forgot .- Belle Moses, in the Washing-

THE COW AND THE GATE. When I was a bucolic treasury clerk in Washington, the cow of an old Irish woman near by, used to peep through the cracks in my garden fence at my growing corn and cabbage till her mouth watered. Then she saw that a place in the fence yielded to me and let me in, so she tried it; she nudged the gate with her nose until she hit the latch and the gate swung open and let her in. There was an audible crunching of succulent leaves and stalks that soon attracted my attention. I hustled her out and sent a kick after her that fell short and nearly unjointed my leg. But she was soon back and she came again and again till I discovered her secret and repaired the latch so that nudging or butting the gate

would not open it. How surely such conduct as this of the cow's evinces reason to most persons. But shall we not rather call it the blind gropings of instinct stimulated into action by the sight and odor of the tender vegetables? Many of the lowest organisms show just as much intelligence about their food as did the old cow.

Even the American sun dew, according to Mrs. Treat, will move its leaves so that it can seize a fly pinned half an inch from it. The method of the old cow was that of hit and miss. or trial and error. She wanted the corn, and she butted the gate, and as luck would have it, when she hit the latch the gate swung open. But shall we conclude that the beast had any idea at all but the sense impression made upon her hunger by the growing vegetables?

Animals do not connect cause and ffect as we do by thinking the "therefore," they simply associate one thing with another. Your dog learns to associate your act of taking your hat and cane with a walk, or your gun with the delights of the chase, or with its report, if he is afraid of it, and so on.

Without this power of association, the birds and beasts could not get on in life; the continuity of their experience would be broken. It is a rude kind of memory-sense memory. A sense impression to-day revives a sense impression of yesterday, or of the day before, and that is about all there is of it .- From "Animal and Plant Intelligence," by John Burroughs, in the Outing Magazine.

HAVE YOU EVER PLAYED IT?

The game that certain boys and girls we know like best is "The Den of Wild Beasts." Each player represents some ferocious wild animal. such as panther, wolf, llon or bear, Each chooses a tree or post or stone for his particular den. As a signal for the game to commence, all make a terrible noise, imitating the animals they pretend to be.

The most venturesome then leaves his den and advances toward the middle of the playground, where he dances around, trying to entice the other animals from their lairs. Suppose the wolf comes out first. Perhaps a lion and a tiger will immediately follow. Then the wolf calls out, in pursuit, and the lion tries to get of the British Isles were coats of blue home to his den before being caught. If the wolf catches him he takes him back to his own lair, and there the lion has to seny throughout the rest of the game, unless the wolf himself

is caught. No two are allowed to chase the same animal at the same time, and the chase belongs to the one who calls can be taken while he is bringing a

captive home. It often happens that all the animais are in the field at the same time, each in pursuit of his prey. Then it is most exciting. Whenever the captor of an animal is himself captured, the prisoner is free to leave his den and go back to his own lair. The game ends only when all the animals are caught and imprisoned in one den, -Home Herald.

THE KITTEN'S LESSON.

Here is a pretty little story about a cat and her kitten. The kitten, full of mischief, was fond of climbing fence posts, walls and trees. One day it climbed away up to the top of a cherry tree, and then, seeing how far from the ground it was, it got frightened and was afraid to come down. Sitting off a little distance from the row in front of her. Her cheeks tree was the mother cat, looking at were flushed and her eyes sparkled the kitten as if she were wondering what she could do to get the young-Suddenly the boy turned into a ster down. Suddenly she seemed to familiar street-her own! A cry of have made up her mind, for she astonishment escaped her, for he rode scrambled up the tree to the kitten, directly to the Evans' door and dis- and, pausing there a moment as i. mounted, stood cap in hand, smiling to fix the kitten's attention on what she was going to do, she began to descand the tree slowly. She was evidently showing the kitten how to get down. When she reached the ground chievous, freckied face. "How could she sat down and looked up at the kitten, calling to it with soft cries, "Wasn't it fun? I led you a dance, and the little fellow, as if underdidn't I? I always wanted to try standing what was expected of him,

> France imports about 170 tops of bair every year, and about 100 tons

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOT

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH.

tiome Missions: Progress in Philippines. Matt. 13: 31-33. An is land mission. Acts 13: 4-12 A cheering promise. Zeph. 3: 17-A deliverer at hand. Ps. 72: 10 The isles shall listen, Isa. 49: 1-The isles glad. Ps. 97: 1-6. An Island exile. Rev. 1; 4-3. Progress in the Philippines depen-

not only apon the seed, but also up the soil, which was there before came. The seeds of Christianity are small -a few schools, Sunday schools libles, Christian Endeavor Societie:

churches; but they produce the great est of trees. The birds that lodge in the branch es are the blessings of a Christian civilization, - comfort, safety, and

neace, now and hereafter. Christianity is pervasive like heaven, blessedly influencing the home, farm, business, all life, cacred and cecular.

Philippine Notes.

The saloon is the greatest enemy of progress in the Philippines, as it it is the greatest foe to missions everywhere. Break it down at home, and you will do the most for missions abroad.

Christian Endeavor came to the Philippines in that splendid society on Dewey's flagship, the Olympia. It speedily spread among the Filipinos. and it is destined to be an important agent in planting Protestant Christlanity in those islands.

There are about 1,725 islands in the Philippine archipelago, with an area of about 122,000 square miles. A glorious new empire to win for Christ.

The population of the islands is about eight millions, nearly all of them Catholics, though, fortunately, three million are Independent Catir-There are 270,000 Mohammedans, 75,000 Buddhists and Confucian-Ists, 260,000 Animists. A complicated task for the missionaries! All the largest denominations, and

several of the smaller ones, hastened to the Philippines at the close of the war with Spain, and inaugurated a second war, with ignorance, superstition and barbarism. About 18,000 converts have been made by our missionaries in the Phil-

poines. More than one hundred lit."

tle churches have been built, each a

center of light in much darkness. Nearly 800,000 of the Filipinos speak English fairly well, and this is a great Lelp toward the spread of the gospei. There are employed in Filipino schools 800 American teachers and 6, 000 Filipino teachers. Nearly half a million children attend these schools,

-one of the most encouraging signs

for he future.

CUNDAY, MARCH 20.

The Awakening of China and the Gosrel Opportunity. Acts 11: 19-26; Psa. 2.)

This is the story of the mission to infant church de finitely accepted its call to preach to the Gentiles. At Antioch the disciples were first called Christians, and it is likely that the name was given in

centempt and derision. This theme has to do with one of the oldest of the nations. Its civilization goes back of the time of Moses: its literature reached high water mark before David sang. When Homer lived in Greece China had her ancient heroes. Printing and paper making. the man facture of gun powder and other arts were known a thousand years ago. "A thousand years ago the forefathers of the present Chinese sold silks to the Romans, and dressed I'm after the lion!" The wolf starts in these fabrica, when the inhabitants

paint and fished in willow canoes."

China is a land of old faiths, curlously intermingled and confused. The one most distinctive is Confucianism, not to be counted in the strict sense a religion, but a system of conduct and morals. At its best it is a great preparation for Christianity. hism is an imported faith, largely a matter of form, and modified from its 'I'm after so-and-so!" No animal Findco characteristics, according to the genius of the Chinese mind. Taoism is the native religion, a system of illimitable idolatry and terrorism, with its dread of evil spirits and demons and its blind efforts to avert their vicious influences. All these faithe have failed, and there is today throughout the empire a new conaciousness of their failure.

We are living in the midst of China's most amazing transition. Things which have been considered permanent for thousands of years have changed within the memory of the youngest member of the Epworth League. Here are some indications. The time-honored examinations in the Chinese classics for candidates for public office have been abolished. An interesting article in the Epworth Herald for October 26, 1907, will show what is taking their place. a general spirit of educational unrest. The age-long love of 'he Chinese for education is taking new forms, and western learning is being substituted for the hoary native literature. The barbarous system of foot-binding is being discontinued, to the intense relief of millions of women. The use of onlum is being rapidly restricted. and will shortly cease to be a nation-

al vice. SPIRIT OF THE WEST. Young Lochinvar had just snatch-

ed the fair Ellen on his steed. "This will probably be the next army test," he explained. Herewith he waited for the beauti-

ful combination of horsemanship and marrage to commend itself to greatness - New York Sun.

New York and Pennsylvania have raised the pay of school teachers al must up to that of the day laborars netes the Atlanta Journal.