

WHEN OUR LOVE BEGAN.

BY CLARENCE OUSLEY.

The year is young, but its lineage runs To the dawn of the far first day.

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

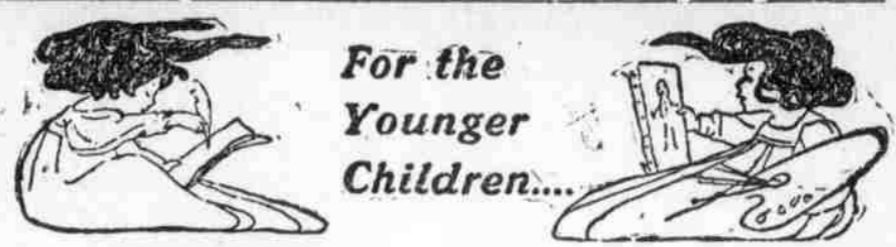
The Sale of David.

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

Eliza was tired of taking care of David. Eliza was eight and David was two. In the morning before she went to school Eliza washed and dressed him and gave him his breakfast.

up the steps. The lady looked at him. She held out her hand and David caught at her finger; then, with a gurgle of pleasure, fell against her knee.

arine, with more truth than politeness. "I don't care," said Eliza; but she walked so slowly that Catharine protested.



For the Younger Children...

THE LITTLE HOUSE. Through all the happy summer time The Little House was ours.

two girls had gone, but the prank, rough and boyish as it was, taught Molly a lesson which she never forgot.

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.

A SCARE.

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

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;

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

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 pavements.

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.

"What's that?" asked Eliza with dread. "Why little by little, you know. If he suits me, I'll pay it all; but meantime I'll give you—how much shall I give you till we get acquainted?"

"Ten cents would do for to-night," said Eliza. The lady took up a dangling silver purse and, holding it out of reach of the baby's fingers, she extracted a dime.

"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 door.

"I'll leave the cart," shouted Eliza; "you may need it." Nobody answered, and Eliza walked slowly away. She tied the card and the dime in the corner of her pocket 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 delicious and sticky and Eliza's marbles were delightfully hard.

"There hasn't," Eliza nodded happily. "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-stander.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOT

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH. Home 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: 4-9. Progress in the Philippines depends not only upon the seed, but also upon the soil, which was there before it came.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, MARCH 23.

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

This is the story of the mission to Antioch, when the infant church definitely 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 contempt and derision.

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, lion or bear.

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.