## A Returning Sail.

By ELLEN E. H. WILDMAN.

The sall abone on the far horizon line a more speck. White as the wing of a wheeling gull it flashed, then allip-ped into the concealing depths of blue

"Yes. It's like the slipping away of a life, isn't it? One instant here in the seen—the next, beyond in the unseen Yet to John, who is sailing away from us, it is but a pushing forward of his horizon line. He is not conscious of the earth-curve that hides him from us sitting here on the beach. Perhaps," he added musingly, "perhaps that is what leath is, simply the curve of our life-cean that draws us below the line to those watching on the shore, while to

eas' with the horizon yet far ahead."
"That is a beautiful thought,"
"Yes." He shifted his position alightly, leaning once-fully against the sandy bank that rose behind the driftwood log on which they sat. He clasped his hands behind his head, staring medita-

tively over the water.
"Yes, it is, I found it in a little poem that I read the other day. Shall I re-

peat it for you?"
"Do; I should like to hear it." The sand-bank rose to a parrow to race above them, where a group of willows threw a welcome shade around. The water ran in endless shining ripples up the white beach, lapping softly on the wet sand. A little breeze rustled through the tall bunches of beachgrass just feathering into great, grace-

"Well, it is a simple thing, but something in it pleased me, and watching John sail away as we sat here d it back to my mind.

"I watched a sall until it dropped from sight

Over the rounding sea. A gleam A last far-fisshed farewell, and, like a thought

eas still stretched beneath the

aster? Change? He felt no slightes Nor dreamed he of that far horizon

"'So may it be, perchance, when down

Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they bound.

We call it death-to them 'tis life His voice dropped to silence; gaze still searched the unansworing dis-

tance. The girl beside him sat motion holding in one hand a willow branch with which she had been idly brushing the warm, dry sand at her feet,

"Well?" he said,-"well?" Her fingers swept the willow switch

slowly back and forth over the sand, and she sand turned away her head. When she spoke, her voice was not T like it very much. It is beautiful,

and if we knew that it was true, how comforting it would be. Oh!" with a sudden passionate note of longing in her voice, "why can't we know that it. audden passionate note of longing in her voice, "why can't we know that it is so? I have known what it is to watch that was filled with bookshelves. me one slip out of sight that way, w that death is not the end and all is well. "But," she added, after averted face sympathetically, "it

lieve it ever does come to any one?"
"I think," he said slowly, "I think no. I know it does-sometimes. May I tell you an experience of my own, Miss

"Yes," she said, eagerly, "tell it to

Again his eyes searched the misty "I had a very doar friend with whom

I was intimately associated for a num-ber of years. We were almost Hire brothers, and I knew well what a thoroughly good fellow he was; honest, kindly, and as tender-hearted as he was strong and manly.
"He had a wife and a baby girl about

two years old. His wife was a lovely woman, and they were the fondest, happiest pair of lovers it has ever been ay fortune to meet. But Bess, the baby, ored her father. He used to spend ours talking to me about her, plan-ng her future, which was to be all if he could make it so. There nothing he was not willing to do

of sympathy
This fell ill of a fever. At first it
of mypear to be merious, but a sudchanges took place, and we soon
hat the warst was to be feared,
wring his sickness, whomever he
of from his stopor, he would call
least. Bring me the baby, Mary,
wold may to his wife, and whe
of the lights less to the bed, The child
of the first less to the bed, The child
of the child of the child.

"I do not call it foplish "I do not call it foolishness," she raid quietly; "pleas," go un."
"Well, the end came soon, and one sad day we were gathered around watching him as he slipped away from us as quickly and as sliently as John's boat vanished from our sight this afternoon. He lay utterly motionless and voiceless. His wife knelt sobbing beside him, while Bess ast on the bed close to him, her bine eyes wide with

wonder but with no fear in them."

He looked at her inquiringly: "Do you read Kipling, Miss Evans?

about Ameera when she lay dying?" She shook her head. "What does he

tered, because the human soul is a very lonely thing, and when it is getting endy to go away, hides itself in a mis rderland where the living may

ears almost as if someone had spoken them aloud, as I watched Frank passing and making 'no sign,' and I thought he was gone, when suddenly the baby called him: 'Papa! Papa!' I verily be-'misty borderland' beyond, to answer her, for, as she called him, he opened his eyes, looked at her, then at hi wife, and spoke their names faintly." He stopped abruptly, A light wind sighed through the drooping willow

er in a thousand shining crinkles. The pendulous leaves of the poplars on the ide of the steep bluff rising from the of falling raindrops. From the upper air the call of a bird dropped clear and weet through the stillness.

"Do I seem to you"-a puzzled frown drew his heavy brows down to a black ine over his keen eyes-'like a person sily deceived by appearances, or eas

"Because the what I am half per-suaded at time at I was—a credu-lons fool, tricked in some way. And yet —I know that I was not. But," with an mpatient sigh, "It is all so inexplicable by any merely logical process of

his eyes, oblivious of her and their surroundings, looked back into the past. Then he began, speaking slowly, as if searching his memory for every

"About a week after Frank's death was sitting alone in my room, which was on the second floor and at the rear of the

"There was but one door to the room the side opposite the door was a window, while at the back end of the room was a fireplace with a grate. In the grate stood a large jar of roses that filled all the open space. My table stood nearly in the centre of the room and in front of the fireplace.

"On coming in I had closed the doo behind me, dropped into a chair by the table, and picking up a book, had begun to read. No sound broke the silence of the room, save the twitter of the dren playing. As I sat, I had an unob-

"I am particular in describing to you all these minute details, in order that you may judge for yourself whether anyone could have entered the room unknown to me and tricked me in what afterward occurred. "Glancing up from my book as I

turned a page, my eyes mechanically took note of the familiar objects bewall, the clock on the mantel jus cointing the half-hour and the jar of ses in the fireplace, a mass of pink, ragrant bloom. Slanting in between the partly open slats of the shutter, a ray of sunshine fell across a dish of passies on the window-sill, making them look like whimsical baby-faces, all a-smiling. The quiet, sunny room was certainly empty of any human form except my own.
"Dropping my eyes to my book, I re

numed my reading, when instantly comething impelled me to look up again, and there before me, standing at the opand there before me, standing at the opposite side of the table, between it and
the fireplace and not five feet away,
was Frank! He looked perfectly natural in every respect. He was dressed in
a dark suit that was familiar to me.
His face were the same pleasant smile
I used to know so well, but his eyes,
though kind, had a strange, grave intentness in their steadfast look that
impressed me as an appeal.

"As the fact of his presence flashed upon me in that swift giance, he apole to me: "Dick, I want Bess. I want her

" o'by do you want her to come?"
Asked, 'Do you think it would be better for her to go to you than to stay here! Have you any knowledge of function with that might befall her on seath?"

No, I have not,' he replied; 'but ant her with me. I went to her today and called her, and she lifted up her unds and cried for "Papal" I know

was gonel How? Not through the

again; no one there. He had not gone through the window, for the shutters were still closed, and the dha of pansies still stood undisturbed on the still. "I dropped breathless and trembling into my chair. What did it mean? Something on the side of the table where Frank had stood, caught my cre. looked closer; It was a rose. I picked table when I sat down. What did this mean? Had Frank dropped it there as a token? Then I remembered the mesage which I had promised to deliver "I left the house at once, without having seen or spoken to any one, and went directly to the home where

rank's widow lived. As I rang the bell he opened the door to me,
"'Oh, Mr. Forster,' she said, 'I felt are you would come. Bess is ill, and I

"I followed her into the room where the child lay in her crib in a feverish urned to a burning red, her hands hot, her breath labored; and as I ooked at her my heart grew heavy with foreboding. It must be true! Her father had called her to come to him, and I must tell the mother!

turned to me with a quick apprehension of coming trouble paling her face.

think she is-"Her voice failed her, and she san on her knees by the child and monat 'O my baby, must you go too?' "Then she turned to me and said in

come to him, for this morning, as she the pulce and I thought she was asleep, she suddenly opened her eyes and lifted up her hands, calling out in such a giad, pleased way, "Papa! Papa! Papa!" She looked as if she saw him, What do you think? Did she?"

"I told her then as gently as I could that I had seen and heard, and gave her the message that had been given to the by something that had worn Frank's face and spoken with Frank's

all sue saldawas, 'Bess will go too.'
"And she did, It was only a few days before little Bess died, and we laid her and who had come back from that 'unknown bound' to call her to him. With-

in a year Mary had followed them. Now, Miss Evans, what was it stood efore me in the solitude of my room, wearing the living semblance of my dead friend, and speaking to me in his an excellent ration when used in con-own well-known voice? Was it a dream nection with clover. -an illusion? I am sure it was neither that it was Frank himself, drawn back stronger than death itself; and this belief has been a great and comforting

assurance to me."

They sat slient, Dick's face grave,

glory. Across the swelling water shimmering path led away to the red heart of the sinking sun. A fresh breeze out of the northeast sent the long waves running to the shore to break in curling foam-fringes on the pebbly

borizon line grew a white sail, return-

gently-"I thank you."-The Criterion.

Devil's Lake in North Dakots, the largest body of water in the state, cov-ers about 350 square miles. It is a glacial lake, and once had an outlet to the south into the Cheyenne river, through a channel which is now well marked and emply. Observations for the last nineteen years show an almost uninterrupted ginking of the water level. Groves of trees, which once stood at the beach, are now separated from it by broad strips of land, and the shallow parts of the lake notably the long arms and bays, have been left ontic dev.

fresh to sait. This has taken place within the memory of man and is in some particulars producing serious re-sults. Fish were found in great abun-

ong enough all the bristles, with the est case, scarcely leaving a bristle any-where. Even the toenails will mostly all come off. At the scalding of each subsequent hog add another handful of pitch. The effect of pitch in water proaching it, say positively no. After a hog is scalded in this way there is hardly a bristle left on to shave off. -Charles Haines, in Orange Judd Far-

Compared with other foods, we consider green bone the cheapest, for the results accuring from its use, of any one food nearly doubling (as it does) the amount of eggs, and very materially increasing their fertility, producing better plumage and main-aining a more healthful condition of the fowls so fed. Therefore, whether jualities, we can most heartily recomend the use of green bone, for pracment the use of great as science the disconsistry has undisputably demonstrated that the component parts of its structure afford the highest degree of nutriment and sustenance for poultry.

—Alma Cole Pickering, in The Wisconsin Agriculturist.

Grains Deficient to Lime.

The grains are deficiented lime and mineral matter, while clover is rich in those materials. Corn contains 10 per-Of the dry matter corn has but potash, soda, etc.), while clover has percent of protein and corn 10.1-2. Corn is rich in starch and fat, however, conaining twice as much as clover. Clover firection. While many farmers have always made clover hay a specialty in nakes one of the best rations in winter for poultry and will promote lay ing. For ducks and geese it cannot be excelled. If cut very fine and mixed hay will be relished by young pigs, and it will promote rapid growth. In then sold in bags. Cornmeal is too fattening for certain animals, but in win- | their products, ter it may be used more freely, being

that it was Frank himself, drawn back from that 'misty borderland' by a love to have the celery ready at the proper stronger than death itself; and this be-

his look abstracted from outward trol the ripening.

The dressing should be done in the ers that may do harm and which may pit to avoid breakage in handling and not be worth the room they occupy. saving moving the waste, at a time Then, again, the calves are taken from when it is neither cheap nor conven- the cows when two or three days old, lent to do so. Remove all yellow or and the milk from their dams is added decayed stalks, then cut the root to a to that taken from the other cows of

The washing room should be in a old, but as the average dairyman milks warm basement of room where water his cows for the purpose of selling is convenient and a boiler or caldron their produce he will not willingly sacnered tub is most convenient. Use plen-ty of water and have it quite warm, 90 the milk sold in the cities is of variable

out of the creases and gives it a bright shiny appearance.

The tier stands at the table and ties it up four bunches to the dosen, using common white wrapping twine for the purpose, and running it twice around each bunch. All decayed leaves or tips should be carefully dipped off. It is now ready to pack for shipment or home delivery. If you have a large amount of celery, it is sometimes well to grade it, making a fancy of the largest, and a standard grade of the remainder. Do not try to bying your trade to the size of your packages to suit the trade. We have found that a case holding about one bushel is as large as it is profitable to use. This will hold about ten dozen good sized celery. Lips cases with paper to avoid drying in warm weather and freezing in coid.

will require three times the food to make a pound of growth on a maturing steer that is called for the first four hundred pounds' growth. It is shown that twice the growth a day is made the first year that occurs the fourth year, so that a double loss occurs to making an unnecessarily heavy.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY is probable that God has made a revelation of Himself to His creatures?" and his friend answered, "Yes, probable."

Third, "Well, do you not think," said he, "The PRODIGAL'S FATHER."

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"Well," said Dr. Rainsford, "have you ever asked Him?" and the old man answered. "Na" and the old man

great skill in feeding are required, as free consumption is the basis of rapid growth. Old bushy pastures cannot be the basis of chesp boef, for they afford neither abundant nor palatable foods. These pastures must be rid of weeds and bushes and fed. Protein foods in

ther the coarse foods fed or in the of the ration, though not to the extent advocated by students of German feedbutter fat under high feeding some twenty-five pounds or more of food. This food will make over two pounds of eer, probably two and one-half ounds, as I have made a pound of growth on a steer of average weight on ine pounds of dry matter. If the meat feeder it will not about the same as

butter, labor considered. There is a growing tene reforms in the dai cows and there is cupation. The milk is to be "sold"

and "the dealer is not particular," while of any of the conditions affecting the preparation of milk. Milk passes brough so many hands from the cow to the consumer as to render the matter of obtaining pure and clean milk a difficult one. The dairyman consoles himself with the fact that he strained strainer does not remove soluble filth. A pinch of salt or sugar in milk is not arrested by the strainer, nor is any Those who handle cows know that it on the floor of her stall to rest, withou regard to whether the floor is covered with manure or urine, and her udde grain, hence is less valuable in that | night on a heap of fresh manure. The cow is not as clean as the hog as far as selecting a suitable place for resting for young stock than may be supposed. himself is careless and does not keep if cut up very fine, and then scalded, it the stalls clean, as well as brush and ossible to have clean milk. It is gratifying to notice, however, that some dairymen wash the udders and feats chance of filth entering the milk, bu some sections clover hay is ground into such dairymen get good prices, which

skillful management of their cows and

The crdinary dairyman injures his business and loses profit by purchas-ing fresh cows from other parties. Some of them will sell a good cow as discase, as that great scourge of the control of the temperature of the stor-age pit to be able to keep certain parts of it warmer than others, so as to con-herd to another through the practice point, being careful not to cut too high. the herd, although such milk is ropy This takes five of six strokes with a 6-inch butcher knife. Hold the plant with the root from you and cut with a mo-The milk from fresh cown should go to tion as if you were whittling shavings. | the calf until it is at least a month to 100 degrees. This gives a gloss to the | quality, much of it is unclean, and to 100 degrees. This gives a gloss to the celery not obtainable with cold water. Dump a box of celery into the tub with the butts toward you; then with a common soft scrubbing brush give each head two or three downward strokes with the brush. This takes all the dirt out of the creases and gives it a bright shing appearance.

The tier stands at the table and ties the control of the creases and gives it a bright shing appearance.

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chamma—How it Ecveals One Part of God's Nature.

New Yong Citt —The following sermon entitled "The Prodign!s Father," is one of a series prepared for the press by the distinguished evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Thaptan. It was preached from the text: "But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him " and kissed him " and said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and aboes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted call and kill it." Luke sv: 20-23.

Of making many sermons on the prodign! som there seems to have been no end. Yet I was in the ministry fifteen years before I oveched from any part of the parable. There may be many reasons why, as a tule, we turn away from it. It may be that the picture is too realistic.

I was standing in the prison chapel at Joiet. Illinois, when a request was made that I should conduct a service for the convicts. Just as I was leaving the building the officer said to me, "By the way, if you should come do not presch upon any part of the prodigal. We have had twenty-four ministers here by actual count, and every one of them gave us the prodigal son, and these poor follows have had about as much prodigal as they can stand."

It may also be that we have turned away from it because it is such familiar ground that it has lost its charm for us. I was sweeping through the magnificent Rocky.

I that scenery some time ago, and when hinged into the Grand, Canon it that scenery sore sublime and in all tow world, and if

that scenery fore solline and in all be world, and if tour sed before with should have cried of those mount-

to out unit.

In peaks: I me any continue the car, with one single in apt admiration. It is woman was intentily reading a book. To my certain knowledge she did not the regres once from the printed page. He we were in that wonderful scenery. He me had awang out into the great table and overheard her say to a friend. "This is the tenth time I have crossed the mantaine. The first time I could not keep the tears from rolling down my cheeks, so impressed was 1. but now." She said, "I know it so well that I frequently go through the whole range with scarcely a glance cast out of the window." It is thus, alas! that we read God's word, and that which fills heaven with wonder, and furnishes the angels a theme for never-ending praise, we read with indifference or fail to read at all. And yet my own confession is that I never have had until recently the best of this story of the prodigal.

I thought it was to give us a vision of the younger son, and as such it would be a message to backsildere, and while this is one part of the interpretation it is not by any means the best part. Then it occurred to me the story might have been given us that we should take warning from the selfahness of the elder brother, but I conceived such a dislike for this character that I never cared to consider him even for a moment. But it has in these later days become to me one of the sweetest portions of all the New Testament because I believe the parable was written that we might fasten our eyes upon the father of the Bille you were always given a vision of one part of the nature of God? Jacob crying out, "Me Ye have bereft of my children; Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and now You will take Benjamin from me." is an illustration of God crying out in His great tenderness over the lost. David exclaiming. "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son! would God I had died for these over His lost ones for whom His Son has really died. And yet better than any picture of a father as the revelation of God is the life of the Son of God from whose lina we have heard the whose line we have heard these words. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." But putting all these things together, and in the light of them reading the story of the product, our hearts burn within us as we see God.

the prodigal, our hearts burn within us as we see God.

I.

"BUT WHEN HE WAS YET A GREAT WAY OFF."

These words must have a wonderful meaning, for the measurement is from God's standpoint. It would be an awful thing to be a great way off according to man's conception, but when it is the computation of One who is dainlite we are startled, and yet our amazement gives way instantly to adoration, for we are told that even if we are so great a distance from Him we are not to be discouraged. In Acts it: 30, we read that the promise is unto "all that are afar off," and in Ephesians ii: 13, 17, we are told that "Ye who semetimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ," and that Jesus Christ "came and preached peace to you which were afar off," as well as to them that were nigh. It never is any question with God as to haw deeply one has sinned. It is a remarkable thing that throughout the whole Biblo He has ever chosen the most conspicuous sins and the most flagrant sinners that He might present to us His willingness to forgive.

God requires but three things if we would know Him in this way.

First, there must be a willing mind. In Isaiah i: 19, we read, "If ye he willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." In another place we read, "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted for what a mun haith and not for what he bath not." In still another place we are told, "If any man will de His will he shall know of the doctrine." God Himself, infinite though He may be will not awe us against our wills.

Second, there must he a desire to know the truth that we may do it. Mere knowledge of the truth may be our condemnation, and it is the saddest thing in the world that so many people know and yet are unwilling to do. It will be an awful judgment which must finally fall upon the world that so many people know and yet are unwilling to do. It will be an awful judgment which must finally fall upon the hand he world that so many people know and yet are unwilling to do. It will be an awful judgment which

"HE HAD COMPASSION AND RAN."

"HE HAD COMPASSION AND RAN."

I never knew until recently what that word "compassion" meant. I know now that it indicates one's auffering with another. It is this that makes the story of a man's transgression so pathetic. Other hearts are made to athe and alamost break. Other eyes are filled with tears and other lives made desolate. I can see this old father going up to the outlook from his home, gazing off in the direction which his boy had taken, coming down the steps again like David of old crying out, "Oh, my son, my son, would God I had died for you!" He had compassion.

We had in our city a young man who was more than ordinarily prosperous to his he cause of his downfall. It became so marked that his partners called him into their office to say that he must either mend his ways or dispose of his interests in the concern. His promise were good, and all went well for a little season, and then when the failure was worse than ever they insisted that he should dispose of his interests for them, and with a great sum of money he began to sink rapidly. He had gone from bad to worse until not long age they found him floating in the river, for he had taken his own life. The story is sad in the extreme, but the saddest portion of it is found in floating in the river, for he had taken his own life. The story is sad in the extreme, but the saddest portion of it is found in the fact that there is an old man to-day going about the streets of the city mouraing for his son. He scarcely lifts his eyes from the ground as he walks. Sometimes you behold him with the tears rolling down his cheeks. He has compassion. And it is a fact that one never sins, breaking even the least of flood's commandments, that the heart of the great and loving Father does not yearn over him and long for his return.

IV.

WHAT DID HE DO!

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WHAT DID HE DO?

We all know this story so thoroughly well that it would seem almost unnecessary to emphasise things the father did when the meeting between himself and his son occurred, but for the sake of the story let me say:

First, "he kissed him." You will notice that he did not wait until the boy's garments had been changed, or the signs of his wanderings removed. There women have been no grace in this. But clad in all his rags he threw his arms about him and drew him close against his heart, and gave him the kiss which was the sign of complete reconciliation. This is what Jesus Christ waits to give to every wandering soul. The old hymn says, "My God is reconciled," and this is the teaching of the Scriptures. It is not specessary that I should work myself up into a fever of excitement, nor weep and wail to the depths of my despair, but it is necessary only that I should receive what God offers me in Jesus Christ. The first step in the Christian life is an acceptance of that which comes from above.

We had in Philadelphia a young man belonging to one of the better families, so-called, who by his wayward actious dis-

longing to one of the better families, so-called, who by his wayward actions disgraced his father and finally broke, his heart. After a little he left his home, went to Baltimore, from there to Washington, and after months of wandering determined to return. He was ashamed to meet the members of his family, but he knew that if he made a peculiar sound at the door at the midnight hour there was one who would hear and understand, and when he stood before that door it was swung open and without a word of repreach his mother bade him welcome. The next morning he did not come down from his room, the second morning he was ashamed to come, but the third morning as he descended the stairway his brother, a physician, met him and said, "Edward, mother is dying." She had been suddenly stricken down and was anxious to see him. He made his way into her room, knelt beside her bed and sobbed out, "Oh, mother, I beasech you, forgive me!" and with her last departing strength she drew close to him, placed her hip close to his ear and said, "My dear boy, I would have forgiven you long ago if you had only accepted it." This is a picture of God. With a love that is ministe, and a pity beyond description, He waits to save every one who will but simply receive His gift of life.

Second, I have always imagined that when the vather started out from the house running to meet his boy, that the servants must have noticed him, and possibly they ran after him. When the father saw the condition of the son I but has him as he turned to the approaching servants to say. "Run, bring the hest robe and put it on him," and it is a beautiful thing to me to know that when the propaching servants to say. "Run, bring the hest robe and put it on him, and it is a beautiful thing to me to know that when they brought the robe the father wrapped it round about him, thue covering over all the signs of his wandering. This is what God does for me and for you. The monnent we believe the robe of Christ's rehierousness is placed about us, and God looks upon us as

er sonce out, Oh, my son, thank vool, you've come, you've come, and then, turning to my friend, he said. "Mr. Brown, I should have waited until I died?" Thus God waits, and looks and yearns and loves. Thus Jesus Christ entreats us to look unto Him and be saved, and in His name I bid you come.

Ged Resolves.

We are about to start out on a new year. It is worth something to make a good start. It is a good thing to make a few good resolutions at the beginning of the year. We drift out of the way get into bad habits, and no time is better to pull ourselves agod into right courses than the beginning of a new year. It is thing we can set do, and that is to resolve to be a little more cheerful and genial than we have been in the past. We can write down the fact that we intend to sneak a shade more kindly than the year before. We can also resolve to show the world that glorious morning face that Stevenson speaks of. It is surely our duty to carry a cheerful right into each day's tank and trial. We do well to count un our mercies and be cheerful. It is an awful sin to go through the world grumny and morose. This is a good, glad world we are in. We are girded round with mercies new every morning and fresh every evening. If we give ourselves unselficially to the service of others we alself find joy and gladness everywhers.—The Rev. J. B. Silcox.

"The Greatest of These is Love."

Christian fellowship is possible only because of love. It is the only ground on which different faiths can meet. Christian unity is not and cannot be found in creed, for there are no two persons of the same church even that read and understand the Scriptures alike, much less those of different faiths. Instead of being incorer together after a discussion of their sent together after a discussion of their sent together after a discussion of their sent together after a part. Christian unity cannot be effected in our creed. Such is impossible. It is not found in our polity. Here the same difficulties confront us as before. Nor is it to be found in our tastes, Indeed, if there is any difference it is that we get farther apart here than on any other ground. Creed, or polity, or tastes are not possible grounds of unity indeed, they are impossible grounds. There, is our one possible ground, and that is found in lave. We may differ in our ideas concerning creed and polity and in our tastes, but if we have love in our hearts we can strike hands with our neighbor and say, "Mg brother."—Ram's Horn.

Bessing Ourselves.

God blesses us by enabling us to bless. "The Greatest of These is Love.

scriptures. It is not accessary that abould work myself up into a fever of excitement, nor weep and wall to the depths of my despair, but it is necessary only that I should receive what God offers me in Jesus Christ. The first step in the Christian life is an acceptance of that which comes from above.

We had in Philadelphia a young man belonging to one of the better families, so-called, who by his wayward actions discovered his father and finally broke his graced his father and finally broke his feaction showlist we do, for own fates to condemn us, or our own angels to bless us. We confess this truth in the proverb that we make our own beds, and must lie on them. God gives us the words of life—words of labor or duty or love or inveen, but we set them to music, and life is a melody or a thremody largely from the way in which we set the measure. Familiar are Emerson's words: "H you love or serve, you cannot, by any hiding or atratigem, escape the remuneration." God rules, and God so rules that no man or mapper of event can rob us of the prise that God has fitted us to prepare for ourselves.—Sunday-School Times.

Have you ever thought what a change it would make if you believed with all your heart and soul and strength and mind that God is? This one belief would stee cony-

deep in the near of God, and its unto eternity where every good shall its unfailing harvest of weal, and eve deed find its just meed of wor. We not think to theat outsetves with fancy that God's law can fail. Here hereafter we shall reap as we have an A. L. Glyn.

The lady with the enameled ten ipped and told this story. She he incident happened in Brooklyn. Ittle boy stood at the window wa