

MAKING IN THE HOME LOT.

Having on the upland, Work and welladay! Mowing starts at three o'clock, In the morning grey, Turn and tend and toss the grass, Till the sultry noon, Search a bite and mow away— Twilight's coming soon. Having on the upland, Work and welladay! Hat haying in the home lot, That is only play. Having in the meadow swale, Weary workday! Horses sinking knee-deep In the boggy way, Flags and flowers amid the grass Bolder grow each year, Time spent going out such hay Costs the farmer dear. Having in the meadow swale, Weary workday! Hat haying in the home lot, That is only play. Having in the home lot, Laid a roundelay. Rabbits at the mowers' heels Chirp and hop away. Unrubbied the children come, In the fragrance tones, And if Dobbin takes a look Never mind the loss. When the barn is brimming full, Highest beams and bay, Then haying in the home lot, Why 'tis only play! Ethel Minter, in Youth's Companion.

THE BAG-OF-BEANS TEST.

"Very well," remarked Mr. Henry Thurston, looking up from his desk, where he was just signing a check. "So they've passed the punctual and honest tests! Now try them on the bag of beans. A fellow will never make a success in our business if he gets cross and shows temper over trifling mishaps and unavoidable accidents. And one is always meeting with just such annoyances in work of this kind. The one who proves himself good natured at the bursting of the bag—if either does—may be said that he is engaged at \$7 a week." Mr. Thurston paused and took up his pen. "Wait a minute," quickly, after a moment's reflection. "Be sure there's enough water on the counter to thoroughly wet the bottom of the bags. Then, too, try one of them this afternoon, and the other at the same time to-morrow. It might hardly be a fair test of their dispositions to make use of it on either of the two boys in the morning. One sort of feels better matured then, you know, any way." Mr. Nelson, head clerk in the big wholesale and retail establishment of Thurston & Lincoln, left the comfortably furnished office of the firm, and went back to the busy delivery department. There were three qualifications which the head of the establishment insisted that each employe of the company should possess and strictly live up to. These were honesty, punctuality and wholesome good nature. Boys had been known to lose their positions there, owing to their getting angry over mere trifles. Mr. Thurston felt that a boy's usefulness to the firm depended on an unruffled disposition quite as much as it did on punctuality and honesty. The constant growth and enlargement of Thurston & Lincoln's business made it necessary from time to time to increase their working force accordingly. And it was the custom of the company to promote at such times the men and boys already in their employ, leaving to be filled by the new hands only the "bottom down" places, as the clerks characteristically called them. One of the men had just now been sent out on the road as a traveling salesman—the firm did a large wholesale business—causing, after a rearrangement of the force, a vacancy in the delivery department. Harold Stephenson and his cousin, Willis Fuller, had both applied for the position, and they of all the many applicants had passed the punctuality and honesty tests, and now it lay between the two boys as to which one would be successful in obtaining the desired situation. Harold Stephenson was the elder. Willis Fuller, had both applied for the position, and they of all the many applicants had passed the punctuality and honesty tests, and now it lay between the two boys as to which one would be successful in obtaining the desired situation. Thurston & Lincoln had the reputation of being the most desirable firm with which to hold a job in the large and thriving village of Muncie. "I s'pose it's selfish—I admit it—but I hope old man Thurston will give me the place," declared Harold Stephenson, with an air of careless disrespect. He was talking with Willis over their prospects the evening before the first bag-of-beans test. "Of course, I'd like for you to have it, too, but you wouldn't mind losing it as much as I would. This proposition 'stunt' of his—I don't imagine Mr. Lincoln has anything to do with it—is a queer wrinkle! I call it a piece of downright foolishness. I don't know how you regard it." "It gives them a chance to find out whether they want a fellow or not," replied Willis, considerably. "For my part I think it's a pretty good scheme. Of course it keeps a fellow on his suspense—and all that." "Which one of us do you s'pose will 'land' the job, anyhow? Give us your opinion." And Harold picked up a chip and began whittling absently. "I haven't the least idea—but one of us. And I'm rather proud that we've been singled out from all the other fellows who've made applications. There were twenty at least who applied for the place." "More'n that?" exclaimed Harold. "Not very many more. And, if they give it to you, I stand a show of getting the next place when a vacancy occurs. I won't be disappointed, though; I don't very well see how I could if you get it." "I've been trying hard enough," said Harold put up his jackknife. "After I'm once sure of the job, you bet your life I won't k. as patsuck-

ing over every little thing as I've been this week. It's just killing on a fellow to be so punctual and all that kind of nonsense—a person couldn't stand it long." "He'd have to while he worked for Thurston & Lincoln," remarked Willis, quietly. "And it's no more'n right he should." "Well, you can, if you get the place. You'd be a fool, though." The two boys, while closely related, were entirely different in disposition and temperament. Harold's character was well described by their Uncle Thomas as being one of "fits and starts." Willis, though not so smart in many ways, was a steady-going, earnest fellow, always "making good" the responsibilities laid upon him. Willis Fuller was sent out with one of the delivery wagons the next afternoon, the afternoon of the first bag-of-beans test, it being the purpose to have him absent from the store at the time of Harold's trial. A four-quart bag of beans had been left on the counter in one end of the store, placed as though by accident in a small amount of water. Harold was helping one of the clerks put up an order for the afternoon's delivery, when Mr. Nelson called from the door where he was overseeing the loading of a wagon just about to start out. "I wish, Stephenson, you'd bring over here that bag of beans you'll find on the north counter." "All right, sir," and Harold left his work and hurried over for the beans. As he hastily caught up the bag, the bottom suddenly came out, scattering its contents over the floor and under the near-by boxes and barrels. "Confound the luck!" exclaimed Harold, his face flushing a deep red. "Some one's precious, pretty fool, slopping water around in that way!" And he savagely kicked an unoffending peck measure which lay on the floor beside him back under the counter. "I've spilled them—everywhere!" he called angrily across the store to Mr. Nelson. "The team will have to go without them, or have another order put up. 'Twill take me till doomsday getting them all off the floor again." "I'm afraid he won't do," reflected the head clerk, and, as he glanced over toward the other end of the room he saw Mr. Thurston silently standing in his office door. Mr. Thurston, of course, made no comment, and, after watching Harold for a moment, as he began angrily to gather up the beans he quietly closed the door and went back to his desk. "I'm glad it's going to be decided soon," remarked Harold, as the two boys were walking home from the store that evening. "Mr. Nelson says we'll know to-morrow, and, if I'm not going to have the place, I don't want to be fooling away my time trying to please old man Thurston and his crowd. I saw him watching me while I was picking up a bag of beans I spilled to-day. I s'pose he wanted to see how fast I could work—but I didn't hurt myself. It doesn't pay." "He seems to me like a mighty fine person to work for, and Mr. Nelson's just a peach of a man," exclaimed Willis, enthusiastically. "It's queer you feel as you do. For my part, I don't wonder so many folks apply for the place when there's a vacancy there." "Oh, well, it's good enough, I suppose," returned Harold. "I kind of think they like me; they ought to—I've given them a square deal." It was in the middle of the afternoon, the next day, when Mr. Nelson asked Willis to carry the bag of beans he'd find on the cereal counter to Freeman Baker, who was just then checking off an order for a downtown restaurant. He hurriedly took up the bag when out dropped the beans, falling in reckless confusion on the store floor. "I'm afraid I've done it now, Mr. Nelson," called Willis, quickly. "You'll think I'm a blunderer, but it won't take long to gather them up again. I might as well laugh as cry," cheerfully. "I'll have them off the floor in a little while, and I'll work all the harder afterward." "That's the kind of a fellow to have," Mr. Thurston went back to his work in the office—Willis hadn't seen him standing in the partly open door. "I don't understand why they gave you the place," declared Harold, gloomily, as Willis joined him that evening outside the store door. "I've actually slaved for a week for them; never tried harder in my life to please—and this is what I get for it." "I really expected they would give you the job," replied Willis, generously. "And I can't see why they didn't." But Mr. Thurston did, and his reason was based on a result of his bag-of-beans test—Adelbert F. Caldwell, in Zion's Herald. Hardy Women. The Buffalo Commercial points out that instead of being called the "weaker sex," women should be classified as the tougher sex, and prove their contention by pointing out the well known fact that women pay less attention to the matter of dressing to suit the weather than do men; that women risk pneumonia and other ills by wearing peekaboo waists, and going bareheaded in inclement weather; that they wear high heels and corsets, and otherwise abuse their health, but still live longer than do the men. But the Commercial forgets all the men endure in the way of eating too much, drinking too much and an over-indulgence in tobacco, all of which are vices not common to femininity.—Acheson Globe.

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE. Theme: Faith's Victories. Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Locke Sunday closed his pastorate at the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church. He leaves to assume charge of the great First Methodist Episcopal Church of Los Angeles, Cal. Large audiences filled the church at both services. In the morning Dr. Locke's subject was "Faith's Victories." The text was 1 John 5:4: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Dr. Locke said: Early in the morning after refreshing sleep amid the fragrant bowers of Bethany, on the second day of our Lord's sad and triumphant Passover Week, Jesus with His disciples was on His way around the graceful slopes of Olivet to the great city. All being hungry, and seeing a fig tree, they approached it, confidently expecting to enjoy the luscious fruit, for the season of the ripening fruit had come, but the time for the gathering of the harvest was not yet. When they reached the tree they found nothing but leaves. Christ thereupon pronounced a curse upon the unfruitful and useless tree, and immediately it withered away. When the wondering disciples saw the fig tree withered away they marveled, but Jesus said: "If ye have faith and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also, if ye shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done; and all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing ye shall receive." John was the best loved of all the disciples of Jesus. Our introduction to him is when he is a young man, when he and Andrew at the suggestion of John the Baptist, "Behold the Lamb of God!" follow Jesus and inquire: "Where dwellest Thou?" and He replies, "Come and see." Sixty years have passed; he is now an old man standing on the mountain top of expectancy with the light of immortality aglow upon his face. Looking forward into the future he cries, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be!" and looking backward upon the way he has traveled, and upon the great world struggling for mastery, he shouts triumphantly, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." "Faith is the substance (assurance) of things hoped for, the evidence (proving) of things not seen." It has been truthfully said that faith is a higher faculty than reason. Reason builds laboriously and often fruitlessly its towers of Babel, but faith quickly soars into the very bosom of the Infinite. Faith is a grateful arch which spans the chasm between man's finite and God the Infinite. Faith is a gift—"By grace ye are saved through faith—it is the gift of God." Faith is the subtle force by which man adjusts himself to God. Faith is pardon, peace—regeneration. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We are saved from sin, not by evolution, or by revolution, or by works alone, but by faith—"believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved!" Faith is life—"The just shall live by faith" was Luther's discovery on the staircase in the lateran. "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God," Christ is life—He came to interpret and enlarge life for each of us. Faith, also, is character. Faith in Christ is the foundation of character, the inspiration of achievement. Character is what a man is doing all the time. When the disciples asked Jesus what they should do to work the works of God, He replied, "Believe on Him whom He hath sent." What we believe will determine what we do. Great men are great ideas incarnated. It was said of Abraham, "He believed God and it was accounted unto him for righteousness." "Faith is the substance of things hoped for." Faith realizes while other men dream and doubt and debate. Columbus first had a vision of a new world, and then found it. Morse was a man of faith and prayer, until in 1844 the first telegraph wire between Washington and Baltimore carried the message, "What God hath wrought?" So of Eads with his jetty, Stephenson with his steam engine, and Field with his cable. What these heroic men worked out was "substance" to them before their discoveries and inventions were actualities. The same is true of the work and faith of our Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers, the founders of the Wesleyan movement, Francis Xavier, William Taylor, William Butler and Judson. Pioneers of faith have dimly discovered that it is more difficult to overcome the unbelief of men than to master the principles upon which their deductions and inventions depended. After all, the stronger argument for our Christian faith is not what we say, but what we do. It has been thoughtfully remarked that although the unbeliever may not read the Bible, he does read the life of Christians to see how they live. A truth incarnated in a consistent Christian life is the church's invincible argument for Christianity. Faith is salvation—salvation from sin and self and sorrow and sickness and adversity. There is no ill of the soul for which faith is not a specific, and many ills of the body flee away when the poisonous fogs before the sunlight. Dear Chaplain, McEabe had a brother who, after forty years of thralldom to strong drink, was finally, through the faith and love and perseverance of his hopeful brother, redeemed from the sad slavery. The chaplain used to say: "When I get to heaven I am going to take my brother by the hand and lead him up to my mother and say: 'Mother, here's George; I have brought him home!' and nothing will save a vast multitude of man unles their fellows, in love and faith, help them to fight their battles through to a victory. Abraham Lincoln was a man of boundless faith in God. He once said: "It is not particular whether God is on our side, but it is all important whether we are on God's side." On one occasion when his pastor desired to make a call, the President fixed the hour at 8 o'clock in the morning. He found Mr. Lincoln reading the Bible, and he learned that it was the great emancipator's custom to spend the early morning hour each day in Bible reading and prayer. My dear friends, if any substantial victories have been won in this dear church during my pastorate, which ends with this sacred Sabbath, they have been faith victories. Nothing we have endeavored to do together during these five happy years has been worth while unless it was what God wanted done. I am thankful for the kindly providence which brought me to this noble church with its multitude of devoted and loyal people; I am deeply grateful to you all for your love and patience, for your fidelity and your prayers. I wish I could have served you better. In the arduous, though happy, labors of this great parish I have been assured of your earnest and sympathetic support. Without your constant co-operation I should have utterly failed. I thank you tenderly for your generous sympathy, for during these five years my greatest sorrows have come to me. There was a happy tri-unionate of us; my sainted father, my only brother, and myself. My father was a comrade and congenial companion to his boys. All unexpectedly, in the morning of his brilliant career, my brother was stricken, and in a few hours the eminent young lawyer stood before the Great Judge. It was a deadening blow. My father, advancing in years, bent under the chastening. Though it whitened his locks, it divinely brightened his faith. It was your distinguished honor to know my father and hear him preach. His last sermon was preached in this pulpit, his last public prayer was offered at these holy altars. He used to sit beside me here, and love me into better service. Occasionally, when I urged him to do so, he would visit the other churches and listen to my brilliant confreres, who are widely known for their eminence and eloquence; and, then, with a parent's fond indulgence and extravagance, he would say, "My son, none of these men preaches better than you." I smiled at the fiction, but nevertheless my father's opinion was more to me than any other's, and his loving presence furnished tonic and inspiration to my work; and when, in that paragonage in the very shadow of the sanctuary, his soul ascended to meet his Lord, the noblest and most exquisite Christian gentleman whom God ever made, ended his earthly pilgrimage. In my great sorrow you sustained me with your tender prayers and sympathy. But the old world has been pretty lonesome to me since the going away of these two dear men. I leave you reluctantly, but I turn my face again to the sunset shore with happy expectations. Many friends await our coming. Nine years ago this very week I laid the cornerstone of that beautiful church; and a piece of my heart went into the copper box. I want your prayers that my ministry there may be faithful and fruitful. A sincere and hearty welcome to my successor, Dr. Henderson and his family, will be a token of true love and loyalty to me. He is most worthy of your highest confidence and esteem. He has won many trophies, is a man who has been tried and not found wanting. He is a stalwart, rugged in body, vigorous in mind and large of heart. He is capable, resourceful, victorious. God bless him and you, and make his coming the most notable pastorate in the eventful history of this church. And, now, once more, I thank you one and all—the trust es, the stewards, the class leaders, the Sunday-school, the presiding elders, the deaconesses, the sexton, the Epworth League, the Men's 2-3-2 Club, the missionary societies, the organists and choirs, the ushers, the children who have listened to me, the older people who have prayed for me; all who have in any way helped in these five memorable years of my life. I thank you with all my heart and pray for you. To the members of other churches, and those who have attended upon my ministry who were not members of this church, I would say, you have gladdened and encouraged my heart by your presence and kindly words; and I thank you, one and all, again and again. Remember when you come to California I shall be there to warmly welcome you to my church and to my home. The Decline of Numbers in the Free Churches of Great Britain is a subject for lament. The English papers are filled with anxious discussions of the fact. It appears that the passion for souls is lacking and evangelism is discredited. The churches are doing little more than the ethical societies are doing. Seventy-five per cent of the population are reported as being either indifferent or hostile to the churches. The churches are Sunday clubs, reform societies or benevolent agencies. They are not homes for the soul. Prayer is not vital but formal. Conviction is not present. They have the ethic of religion without the evangel. This condition is a warning to all the world. The primary note in all our preaching and work should be evangelistic. Stagnation and death stare us in the face when we cease to seek the lost.—Baptist Standard. "Let the Almighty Steer." God hath a thousand keys to open a thousand doors for the deliverance of His own when it has come to the greatest extremity. Let us be faithful and care for our own part, which is to do and suffer for Him, and leave God's duties and ours, events are the Lord's. When our faith goes to sea with events, and to hold a court (I may so speak) upon God's providence, and beginneth to say, "How will Thou do this or that?" we lose ground, we have nothing to do there; it is our part to let the Almighty exercise His own office and steer His own helm.—Samuel Rutherford. Great Tolls, Great Rewards. Nature is just toward men. It recompenses them for their sufferings; it renders them laborious, because to the greatest tolls it attaches the greatest rewards.—Montesquieu.

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The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTARIES FOR OCTOBER 25. Subject: The Joy of Forgiveness. Ps. 32—Golden Text, Ps. 32:1—Commit Verses 1, 2—Read Ps. 51 and Rom. Chs. 4, 5—Commentary. TIME.—1934 B. C. PLACE.—Jerusalem. EXPOSITION.—I. The Blessedness of Sin Covered by God. 1. 2. This is a didactic psalm (title margin). David is beyond question the author of it (Rom. 4:6-8). He had known in his royal position all worldly joys, but the highest joy that he had found was that of transgression forgiven and sin covered. This joy is open to every one (Acts 10:43). If there was forgiveness for one who had sinned so grievously as David we may conclude that there is forgiveness for all. The Psalmist multiplies words for sin: "transgression" means rebellion. "Sin," missing the mark (cf. Rom. 3:23). "Iniquity," crookedness, or curvature. To "forgive" means literally to take away (cf. Jno. 1:29; Ps. 103:12). God "covers" sin (cf. Ps. 85:2). He covers sin from view. He covers it with the blood of Christ (Le. 17:11). When God covers sin no man nor devil can uncover it. God does not impute or reckon to the impenitent sinner his sin. II. The Misery of Sin Covered by Self. 3. 4. In the first verse we see God covering sin; in the third and fourth the sinner covering his own sin. The former is supreme blessedness, the latter supreme misery. The sinner seeks to cover his sin from God (cf. Gen. 3:7, 8). This no sinner has ever succeeded in doing (Prov. 28:13). David sought to keep silence, but only succeeded in "covering all the day long." His lips kept silence but his bones roared. He tried to escape God's hand by keeping silence, but day and night God's hand was heavy upon him. There is nothing that man can do more foolish than to refuse to confess his sin unto God. These days of unconfessed sin were days of great cruelty on David's part (2 Sam. 12:31). III. Sin Uncovered to God and Covered Up by God. 5. David did at last with his sin what he ought to have done first. God's heavy hand had accomplished its loving purpose. David acknowledged his sin to the right person, to God. He stopped covering ("hid" is the same Hebrew word as "covered" in v. 1) his sin. When he stopped covering his sin himself then God covered it for him. It was a good thing that David said in v. 5. To "confess" does not mean merely "to own up," but to "point out," or "fully declare." The trouble with much that is called confession is that it is not full and frank and free. The result of this confession was that God forgave the iniquity of his sin. That will always be the result of full, hearty confession unto the Lord (1 Jno. 1:8; Job 23:27, 28; Lu. 15:20-23). A hearty confession of sin is always accompanied by a thorough turning away from sin (Prov. 28:13; Lev. 26:40-42). IV. Forgiven Sinner Kept From Further Wandering. 6, 7. The word "godly" (in v. 6) means "a recipient of grace." Because of God's forgiveness of confessed sin every recipient of God's grace prays unto Him in a time when He may be found (or "in the time of finding out sin"—see marg. A. V. and R. V.). There is a time when God cannot be found (Isa. 55:8; Prov. 1:24-28; Lu. 13:24-28; 19:42-44). The time when He may be found is now (2 Cor. 6:2). The result of praying to Him in a time when He may be found will be that "when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him." The reason why they shall not reach unto him is because God Himself is his hiding place. V. The Forgiven Sinner Kept From Further Wandering. 8, 9. It is not enough that our past going wrong be forgiven, we need to be guided in the right way for the future. God promised to thus "instruct," "teach" and "guide" David for the future (and every other forgiven sinner as well). Some make David himself the speaker in v. 8, but it is better to take the words as God's response to David. The change of speakers is indicated by the sign "Sola." This is a most precious promise. The only way we shall ever know the way in which we should go is when God instructs and teaches us in it. God counsels us by a glance of His eye (see R. V.). If we are to be guided by a glance of His eye, we must keep near Him, so as to catch His glance. God's instruction and teaching come through His Word and Spirit (Ps. 119:105; Jno. 16:13). Even the forgiven sinner is quite likely to act like the horse or "the mule." Such cannot be guided by God's eye. Still He does not give them up. He holds them with "bit and bridle." VI. The Misery of the Wicked, the Blessedness of the Man of Faith, 10, 11. Verse 10 states the conclusion of the whole matter. Two persons are put in contrast, the wicked and he that "trusted in the Lord." The only righteousness that God recognizes of Faith (cf. Phil. 3:9). To the wicked shall be "many sorrows" (cf. Ro. 2:8, 9); to the one that trusteth in the Lord, mercy round about on every side. That is a safe wall. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the Lord of the living. He is the Lord of the living and a command as the one not to steal (cf. De. 12:14; Phil. 3:11, 3; 4:4). IN ACTUAL LIFE. "Things don't happen in life like they do in books. Once a big fire broke out in our town, an' durin' that conflagration, where do you s'pose I was?" "In the thick of the rescuers, of course." "No, sir. I was visitin' my brother-in-law in Urbana, Iowa."—Houston Chronicle.

The General Demand of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action. In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success. That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle. Start at the Bottom. Two boys left home with just enough money to take them through college, after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed to graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also, commendatory letters to a large ship-building firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting room of the head of the firm the first was given an audience. He presented his letters. "What can you do," said the man of millions. "I would like some sort of a clerkship." "Well, sir, I will take your name and address; and if we have anything of the kind open will correspond with you." As he passed out, he said to his companion, "You can go in and leave your address." The other presented himself and his papers. "What can you do?" was asked. "I can do anything that a green hand can do," was the reply. The magnate touched a bell which called a superintendent. "We want a man to sort serap-iron," replied the superintendent. And the college student went to sorting serap-iron. One week passed, and the president asked, "How is the new man getting on?" "Oh," said the boss, "he did his work so well, and never watched the clock, that I put him over the gang." In one year the man had reached the head of the department, and an advisory position with the management, at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom friend was still out of employment and seeking a position. Pert Paragraphs. A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.—Bible. Every miller draws the water to his own mill.—German. Charity to yourself doesn't make up for severity to others. A good deal of nerve is to be chosen rather than great riches. If there is a difference between a good thing and an easy mark it takes his wife to point it out. Gave It Way. "I am saddest when I sing," "Nobody listening to you could doubt it." In Self-Defense. He censed to use the hateful weed To please his wife, but then He wore so very large a grouch She made him start again. Beauty is good for women, firmness for men. So. 43-'03. NOT A MIRACLE Just Plain Cause and Effect. There are some quite remarkable things happening every day, which seem almost miraculous. Some persons would not believe that a man could suffer from coffee drinking so severely as to cause spells of unconsciousness. And to find complete relief in changing from coffee to Postum is well worth recording. "I used to be a great coffee drinker, so much so that it was killing me by inches. My heart became so weak I would fall and lie unconscious for an hour at a time. The spells caught me sometimes two or three times a day." "My friends, and even the doctor, told me it was drinking coffee that caused the trouble. I would not believe it, and still drank coffee until I could not leave my room." "Then my doctor, who drinks Postum himself, persuaded me to stop coffee and try Postum. After much hesitation I concluded to try it. That was eight months ago. Since then I have had but few of those spells, none for more than four months." "I feel better, sleep better and am better every way. I now drink nothing but Postum and touch no coffee, and as I am seventy years of age all my friends think the improvement quite remarkable." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in page. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.