

something is wrong, the beauty of the work is marred. On the contrary, if the work is right it is quite impossible to form an idea of its beauty from that side.

Is this the way with God's work, I wonder? Perhaps we can only see the wrong side now; but, like the carpet, it will burst upon our view in all its magnificence when it is turned to face us.

Remembering that we are the threads being woven into this great carpet, which the great Head-keeper is weaving, another thought comes to me from the carpet factory:

There are in use there testers of strength and testers of coloring; also a waste-box on hand. No thread is used in the best carpets that will not stand these tests, and each day the waste-box gets more or less full.

I do not want you to understand that the contents of this waste-box are entirely thrown away, for they are not. They are used in making rugs and mats of an inferior quality, and sold at a cheaper rate, of course.

Now, dear reader, where do we stand?

Is faith in Christ, God's gift, our strength?

That will stand well any test.

Is love to God and our neighbor our coloring?

That will also bear the test.

Does the kingdom of God and His righteousness take the first place in our daily work?

Then we need hardly fear the waste-box.

Let us then *make* no divisions.

Let us *avoid* divisions; but let us be careful how we *condemn* those who do not think just as we do. God, who knows each motive of our heart, will judge or condemn aright, which we could by no means do.

What we know not now we shall know hereafter.