

pleasure, your own ease and comfort, your first care and thought, *you will always miss it*. Most of us have seen a picture called the "Pursuit of Pleasure." You remember the eager crowd chasing the beautiful floating figure, which seems always just within reach, but always just eludes the grasp. The painter has taught a great moral truth; the man or woman who gives himself or herself up to seek happiness, amusement, call it what you will, as the first object, *never finds it*. Why? Because God puts *goodness* before happiness, and we cannot each the one except through the other. There may be some kinds of happiness which we can get in selfish fashion, but not a happiness that will last, Goodness first, *then* happiness, but if we try to get the latter apart from the former we will find ourselves cheated by some spurious imitation which will leave us more unhappy and restless than before.

So we need something better for our guidance in this life, some other way of peace and rest, than trying to seek it for ourselves. That rest is found for us in Jesus Christ. You remember that wonderful prayer of St. Augustine; "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and the heart cannot find rest 'till it finds rest in Thee." When we accept Jesus Christ as the Lord of our Life, and give up our self-will to His loving will, then we find His promise true: "I will give you rest." Going on to serve Him, seeking to do His will, we "find rest," and we can sing—

"My heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing."

Then we find that the happiness we wanted comes without the seeking, and is a happiness that does not depend on the outward circumstances of our lives. If we are at the "secret source" our supply cannot run short, and we can help to brighten the lives of others. Indeed we find it an unailing rule, that in seeking to make others happy we increase our own happiness, and I am certain there is not one of us so placed that we cannot make some other human soul the happier, or lighten the burden for someone.

Try, then, this better way. Do not look for happiness to the things outside of you. Be sure that if you have not the secret of joy within you, you will never find it in friendship, however

dear, or in wealth, or amusement, or even work. The secret source which can give comfort and happiness even when life is difficult and disappointing, the "hidden treasure," which can make up for earthly loss and pain, may be yours. Will you seek it? Every one that seeketh, *findeth*.—*Alice G. Ritchie, in the Home Friend.*

REST.

I REST within my Saviour's hand,
And there will rest for ever,
Nor earthly joy nor earthly woe
My heart from Him shall sever.
Earth may decay
And pass away,
The soul that hides in God alone
Shall be forsaken never.

He is the Rock, a sure defence,
His word can never fail,
Against His promise never yet
Did gates of hell prevail.
When "He hath said,"
I lift my head,
Joyful and strong and full of cheer,
For He hath bid me not to fear.

And how the future may unfold,
I ask not how to see,
In childlike trust I cast my care
On Him who cares for me;
For His behest
Is ever best,
And whom Jehovah doth defend
Shall be protected to the end.

—Translated from the German by M. E. Beck.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

OUR FRUIT.

CHRISTIANS are in the New Testament likened to growing wheat (Matt. xiii.), vine branches (John xv.), and olive branches (Rom. xi.)

The purpose of our existence then is not show but fruit. We are also told what kind of fruit we are to bear.

Not one or two magnificent, gorgeous specimens of fruit, but fruits many, multitudinous in number, though small of size and of insignificant appearance, the small yet many grains of wheat, the small yet many grapes in the cluster, the small yet many olives.

Nor are these fruits mere luxuries, they are the indispensables, just as were grapes, olives and wheat in Bible lands, all used them, all had to have them.

The lack of them meant no mere diminution of comfort, it brought absolute starvation. Wheat, olives and grapes, wine, oil and bread, what was there more homely, more useful, more universal, more needful?

Nor are we to think of our own fruit as bringing credit to ourselves, but

rather as bringing blessings to others, even though we are unknown as the ones from whom the blessings come.

The grapes and olives and wheat did not stand forth each bearing a mark to tell from which vine or tree or stalk came, but squeezed, crushed and ground together, each lost its own distinctive form, its own individuality, in the grand work of becoming a blessing to man, in giving "the wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine and bread to strengthen man's heart." So should it be with us and our fruit.

THRIFT.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, in the course of a recent speech, said some very wise and clever things on the subject of thrift. One lesson was conveyed by the story of a young man who had a good salary and was not viciously extravagant, but could never save a cent. He married, and his wife was just like him, so far as financial affairs were concerned. When on the verge of bankruptcy, the young man went to Mr. Depew for advice. He thus describes the interview and its results. "I related how, when I was a young boy, it was the rage to have a 'Tis-But' box. This was a box in which there were deposited all the small coins which would otherwise have been spent with the excuse, 'why 'tis but a small coin.' Well, that young man and his wife rigged up a 'Tis-But' box, and in a year he brought me \$1,000 and asked me to buy some sort of an investment bond for him. Every young man should have a 'Tis-But' box, and if you will tell them so, with my compliments, I shall be glad."—*Home Messenger.*

WANTS.

WANTED.—One million young men in as many homes. Strong, able-bodied, sweet-tempered, clear-brained. Good positions as sons and brothers promised to all such applicants. This is an unrivaled opportunity to cheer a mother's declining days, to rejoice a father's heart, and to be the joy of a sister's life. Wages guaranteed: a good conscience, a pure heart, a chivalric regard for a woman, and a growing sense that life is worth living. No worthy applicant rejected.

WANTED.—In one hundred thousand households in America, a willing, sun-