

to the sun of heaven, and others around us will be benefited as well as ourselves, and, who knows, they may some day trace the small ray to its eternal Source.

Cranbrook, B.C.

"Ye Are the Branches"

By Rev. G. W. Miller, B.A.

"I am the vine", said Jesus to His disciples, "ye are the branches."

What a close union it is! How different from, and how much more complete it is than, one that is merely mechanical! We can splice two pieces of rope and dovetail pieces of wood. With skill and care we can make them appear as one. And yet it is only mechanical and the union one of position. But the union of branch and stock is vital. They not only touch one another, but they are knit together with living threads. The same life ebbs and flows through them both. They feel the same thrill and respond to the same touch. The purpose of one is the purpose of the other. Nothing affects the one for good or ill but the other is similarly affected.

How necessary to each other they are! Without the stock, the branch can do nothing, nor can it have an existence. When separated from it, it withers and dies. Anything that mars the union and hinders it from drawing on the life of the stock, or impedes the reciprocal relations, is fatal to the branch.

And are not the branches also necessary to the stock? If the tree expresses itself at all, it must do so through the branches, for they alone can fulfill its purpose. Without them it can give to the world neither shade nor fruit.

Just so close and intimate must be the life of Christ and the life of His followers. The union must be more than mechanical or one of position only. It was expedient that the physical Presence be removed that the spiritual Presence might be real. They each must throb with a common life and be thrilled with a common purpose and hope.

The Christ is plainly necessary to the churches. Without Him, as such we have no existence, and so far as we permit ourselves

to become separated from Him, so far must we suffer the blight of death.

But the vine expresses itself through the branches, and Christ expresses Himself through His disciples. How can He do it otherwise? In what other way can He make known the message that He brought from the Father? He must depend, and does depend, on us to do His work. If His disciples fail Him, He has no other plan. He has hungry to be fed, He has naked to be clothed, He has little ones to teach; and we must feed, and we must clothe, and we must teach. The branch must bear the fruit, and we must show forth in our lives the kindness of God, His compassion and His love.

Wolfeville, N.S.

Nothing Insignificant

By Rev. F. W. Murray

The lark springs up from the dewy heather and begins to sing. Up and up he goes, but still he sings. Higher yet he goes, higher, higher, till he is a half mile high,—a mere speck in the sky. But the music still floats down upon the beholder. And sound travels equally in all directions. It is, therefore, floating a half mile above, as well as a half mile below. It is floating to the right and to the left. It is filling a globe of air a mile in diameter.

The weight of the air in the globe would be load enough for a heavy freight train. And every atom of the air in that vast globe,—one mile in diameter—is palpitating, throbbing, palpitating, all as the result of the impulse from the vocal chords, not a quarter of an inch long, in the throat of a little lark.

So there is nothing and no one small or insignificant in the world. If the throat of a little lark can generate so far-reaching an influence, what may not be possible from the beautiful song or the beautiful word from the lips of even a little child!

The one who has touched a human heart with kindness, has touched the whole race, for all men are knit together by inseparable relationships. Good things pass from man to man, and from generation to generation.