

gles all anxieties about the immediate future. And it does more. It seems to confirm and approve the step I have taken. God has begun already to make our way plain."

"Praise His name," said Mrs. Erwin, in a low, tender, reverent tone. Then, after a solemn pause, she said, "I see something more. The world will know you did not seek the ministry because you were a failure in business. You renounce the world when the world begins to smile upon you. That will surely stop the mouths of scoffers who talk about men going into the ministry for filthy lucre. They are only the very few that find much lucre there, filthy or otherwise. In your case that can never be said. And don't you think, my love, that will give your ministry an immense power?"

"Well said," responded her husband. "I had a glimmer of what you see, but nothing of your clear vision. You are a seer; that's what you are. And I hope you see truly, and that all you forecast will be fulfilled."

"Oh, I am not much of a seer," she said. "But I suppose most material things have spiritual uses. If you could always see these and give them the first place, we would be wise indeed. I think there is nothing nicer in the whole scripture than this, 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.'"

"Ah, very true and very sweet," said he. "And speaking of material things having spiritual uses, I am reminded of one thing I forgot to mention. I spoke of last night being a crisis with me. But what brought the crisis just then? There is a cause for everything, but often we don't see the cause. In this case I did recognize at least the immediate cause. It was Mr. Winstall's genuine sympathy that softened my heart, and through the softening of my heart cleared my vision. I was brought into that tender and susceptible condition in which I could see my duty more clearly, without having my judgment warped by selfish or material considerations. And then, having seen my duty I was in a better condition to follow it. But for these predisposing influences probably I should be now just where I was before. But God ordained and arranged these influences; I have no doubt of that. And if He did so much it is reasonable to think he will do more. And that gives me a degree of confidence and courage in circumstances which otherwise might be very trying."

"Yes," she said, "and now that you are out of the business don't you see still more clearly that you are right? While you were in it, and hemmed round by it, and breathing the air of it, could you see your duty so well? Oh, I think not. And that may teach us not to ally ourselves too closely with anything that tends to dim our spiritual sight. I am sure you were divinely led, and we may have faith that He who led you so far, will lead you on. And we need not dwell on the circumstances you speak of as discouraging. They can be overcome, or else turned into benedictions."

The possible discouragements, of which Erwin was himself the first to speak, forced his mind for a moment to think of some of them. He felt that his wife's faith was stronger than his own; but did she fully realize the difficulties of his new position? He would test her a little farther.

"Do you realize, my dear," he said, "that I have not composed or preached a sermon these twenty years, and only a few very poor ones then, when I was in the Seminary? How do you suppose I can ever do it now? I have been entirely off the track all these formative years. What but a miracle could prepare me now?"

"Well then," she said, "Let it be a mir-

acle if need be. Don't you believe in miracles? But I hardly think one will be needed. You are earnest, determined, experienced, consecrated now. What success will not such conditions achieve? You may not preach, perhaps, just as you did at the Seminary. I never heard you preach there, but I rather hope you will preach differently now. You have been at another school where you have learned lessons the Seminary could never teach. You have not kept up with literature, but you have taken lessons in experience. If you don't know books you know men. You will speak from the heart to the hearts of the tempted and tried ones like yourself. You will have sympathy—that key that unlocks all hearts. You will tell men how hard their burdens are to carry, and you will show them where to lay those burdens down. But dear me, I fear I am turning into something of a preacher myself."

"Well," he said, "if you never preach a worse sermon than that you may begin any time. If you preach in that way to me maybe I can preach a little to the people."

Her sermon was a word in season anyhow. He troubled her no more with possible difficulties. He had indeed graduated in a good school. Only let the opportunity come, and his lost years may be seen not to be wholly lost. As Paul's early years of crime gave an intensity and power to his ministry not otherwise attainable, so perhaps Erwin's wasted years may become the most potent factor in his life.

There were not many happier homes in New York that day than the small, cosy house on Pine street. It had a strange, sweet aroma of heavenly peace. As the shadows of night fell there, and the stars with bright hopeful eyes looked down from heaven, it may be doubted whether the world contains many nearer approaches to our ancient Paradise in Eden.

### The White Sheep of Norway.

The white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold,

The white sheep of Norway, with fleece dark and cold;

The fold that they are coming to is rough with ridged rock,

And he's a mighty shepherd that has them for his flock.

Oh, he's a mighty shepherd, and no one knows his name,

But he walks the pathless waters, as if on grass he came,

His hair is like the night-rack, his eyes are like the sea,

The whole world knows no shepherd so strong of hand as he.

For he can race the east wind, and leash and lead the storm;

He can bid rise the south wind, and the west wind wet and warm.

He can break a ship asunder as a boy a clot of mold,

And the white sheep of Norway he brings into the fold.

The white sheep of Norway—they are the clarg-ing waves,

And in their ocean pastures the sailors find their graves.

But their shepherd leads them onward, and at his feeding-call

Humble to his bidding come the great waves all.

The shipmen and the merchants that go down to the sea

Have heard the shepherd call them to the port where they would be;

And have seen gray in the moonlight, or splash-ed with noonday gold,

The white sheep of Norway coming back to the fold.

—Leisure Hour,

The absent are never without fault, nor the present without excuse.—Franklin.

### Home Making.

BY H. A. T.

That housework is beginning to take its place among the professions is one of the "signs of the times." Schools of Domestic Science are multiplying and the time is coming when every town and city will have them, and a knowledge of good housekeeping rank as an accomplishment to which all women shall aspire. The Collegiate Almanac and the Women's Clubs are to be congratulated on the result of their endeavors, but the opportunities will not be complete until another department is added to this most important branch of the modern woman's education. In the desire to teach all the details requisite to the making of a good housekeeper too little attention is given to the art of home making, and it is plain that until more just opinions as to the responsibility of the mistress prevail we shall not reach the heart of the domestic question. We know that the first essential of home making is to secure the comfort of the inmates from the highest to the lowest. In the majority of our homes little unselfish thought is given to the "servant within our gates." A half century ago it was not uncommon for the untrained girl to become the faithful and trusted servant, remaining for years, loving and beloved by all the family. To bear with her faults and follies, to train her to neatness and skillful service was the duty and privilege of many a practical house-mother.

The average mistress of to-day is too busy with society, church and philanthropy to give thought or time to the training or welfare of her maid, she expects much and returns little. The home-sick foreigner comes into the kitchen without a word of welcome, often she is expected to know by instinct the requirements of her position. She is assigned an unwholesome bedroom with an uncomfortable bed. She receives little or no consideration from parents or children, seldom a word of greeting or thanks, no rest moments in the working day, must always be on call when in the house. Is it a wonder our service is so poor? While there may be many exceptions, it is a notable truth that in our large cities habitual neglect of the house servant is the rule. "I loved my former mistress," said a good maid. "She came into the kitchen every day to bid me good morning, she always knew when I was not feeling well, she never failed to appreciate, and thank me for extra work, she always asked me about my people, she was interested in my clothes, she taught me to save my wages, she took care of me when I was sick." Nothing so very remarkable, one would think, but so uncommon is it in these days of thoughtless living as to seem like marvelous virtue to the one who received the benefit.

The time will come when housework will be the chosen profession of many American women, and order and economy take the place of chaos and wastefulness in our homes. The old term, "She does not know her place," will be obsolete when home making becomes as it should, the dearest object of a woman's life. To speed that day there is needed fearless and serious consideration of present evils, and the determined co-operation of the most thoughtful women in the land. Only a perfect composite of the housekeeper and the homemaker will ever make the solution of the vexed Domestic Problem possible.

After 19 years of costly experiments lemon growing has become one of the most profitable industries of California.