

say good-by by repeating, 'Please be seated; please be seated.' And they follow us out, responding, 'Walk slowly; walk slowly.'

We remind them that day after to-morrow is worship day, and again clasp our own hands and raise them in front of the face, bowing all the time. We turn and go a few steps, and then repeat.

It is from homes like these, far scattered, that our church members largely come, one from here and another from there, and not

small. I remember reading somewhere a sweet poem, "Unawares," in which

"They said, the Master is coming
To honor the town to-day.

And none can tell at what house or home
The Master will choose to stay."

There was one busy woman who polished, swept and garnished her house for his reception. Ah, what would she not do to entertain and honor the guest Divine. The

we should live forever, when in reality we may not see another day here.

'We all need a closer walk with God,' Cousin Carrie said. 'Heaven has seemed no distant country to me since God removed from earth my dearest treasures. When my father was taken, the heavenly city became real. I pictured his face there, always beautiful to me, now sanctified and radiant in the light of God's countenance. But when my mother was taken, then it seemed that only a veil divided me, and heaven had all that I loved most here. I had pictured heaven before as something radiant, streets of gold, harps and angels ever praising God, but now two of the inhabitants are familiar to me, for their love was my most precious earthly boon.'

'Blessed is that sorrow which sanctifies the heart,' said Mrs. Green. 'Carrie, I thought of you when the pastor recited, feelingly, that beautiful hymn, "I would not live away, I ask not to stay." Mrs. Bowers said he recited it like a born poet, and perhaps it is so. The thought that impressed me most was his earnestness, that he, too, had wrestled with the woes of this life and felt to depart and be with Christ is far better. Oh, if this life were all, if there were no hope beyond the grave! In my estimation there is no more beautiful text for the Christmastide than the words, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift."'

'I wonder if it is really possible to grow into the likeness of Christ here,' said Mr. Green, meditatively. 'I wish I could remember what Henry Drummond has said about this very thing in his essay on Modes of Sanctification,' Carrie answered, 'and I am sure that it would more than convince you. It is Tennyson who has said, "I am a part of all that I have met." Professor Drummond says he remembers two fellow-students who lived for eight years together, and by the end of that time they had become so like one another in their methods of thinking, in their opinions, in their way of looking at things, that they were practically one. There was the savor of Jonathan about David, and of David about Jonathan. So we become like those whom we habitually associate with.'

'How important, then, that Christ should be our constant companion. And we are not to underestimate the currency spent in his service. The beautiful story of the widow's mite, coming to us through the ages, illustrates that it is the spirit of love which prompts the gift that really counts. We are apt to think there is not much currency in the humble services of everyday life, but it is not so. The smallest influence rolls like a wave on the shores of time, only to break in the boundless realms of eternity.'—Christian Intelligencer.

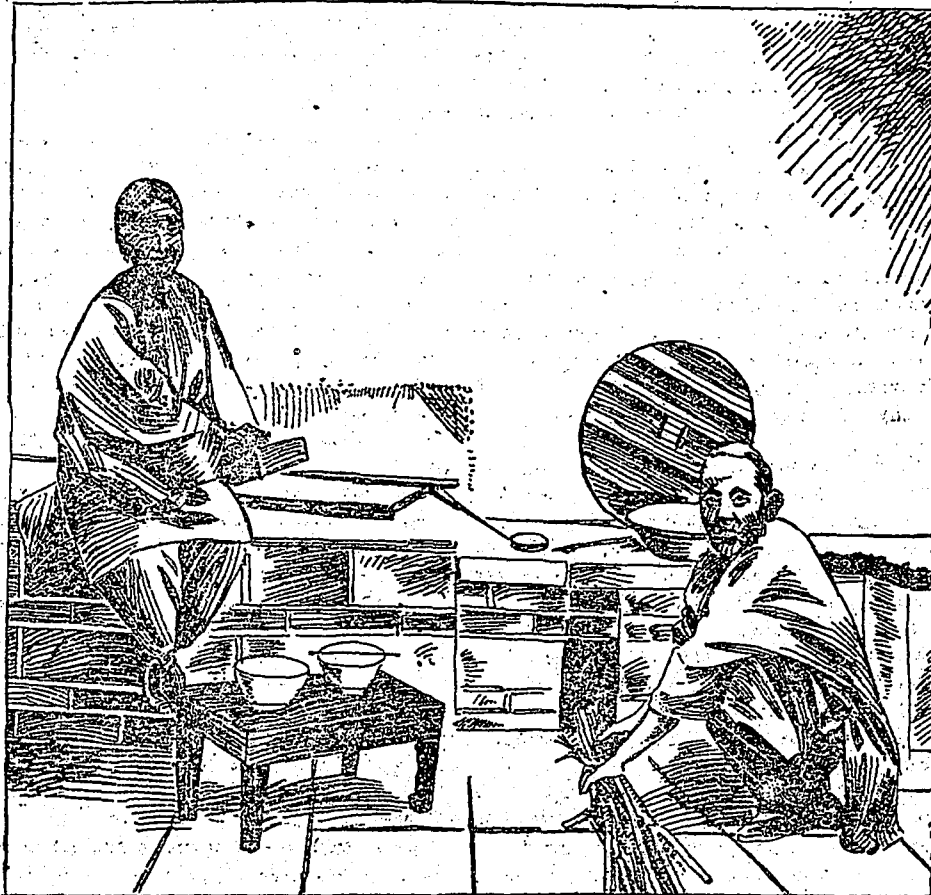
On Guard.

You have a little prisoner,
He's nimble, sharp and clever
He's sure to get away from you
Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out he makes
More trouble in an hour
Than you can stop in many a day,
Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears,
He says what isn't so,
And uses many ugly words
Not good for you to know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
And chain him while he's young
For this same dangerous prisoner
Is just—your little tongue!
—Priscilla Leonard, in 'Michigan Advocate.'



COOKING A MEAL.

one entirely free from the effect of family prejudice and petty persecution, in spite of smooth and kindly welcome to us.

Pray for them that they may have grace given to witness a good confession in it all.

Getting Ready.

(By Sallie V. Du Bois.)

'The pastor said something in his sermon which made a deep impression on my mind,' said Mrs. Green, as she carefully poured out her husband's coffee. 'He gave an outline of the life of Jacob; his text, "How old art thou? The years of my pilgrimage have been few and evil," etc.' 'Well,' said Mr. Green inquiringly, while Cousin Carrie, who was kept from the service by a sprained ankle, laid aside her fork to listen. "'Get ready! Take with you all that will pass for currency there," he said, in the latter clause of the sermon. He depicted the variableness of life, now here, there and elsewhere, no real abiding place, it being simply a school of preparation for the eternal home in heaven.' 'I wonder what sort of metal passes for currency there,' said Mr. Green quietly, his appetite in nowise diminished. 'Any gift given in the name of Christ and for his sake,' answered Cousin Carrie. 'Christ accepts only the true service of the heart and the gift which really counts in heaven is that which costs us self-denial here.'

'But our gift may be misappropriated or not disposed of wisely; will it pass currency then?' 'Yes, uncle, certainly, and the blessing is ours. When we withhold our gifts it is then we refuse to be blessed. And it is never safe to slight any service, however

air was laden with sweet flowers, breathing their fragrance in every room, and doors were left ajar so that if he came unexpectedly he might quietly enter. By-and-by a cripple, sad pale, and worn, came to her door, pleading for help. "I have no time to-day," she said, "I am preparing for the presence of the Christ." The discouraged lad feebly hobbled away, when a little child next came with a tear stained face and a bruised and bleeding finger. Still the same plea, "Go elsewhere, there is no room here to-day." The day was spent and night deepened, and the Master came not. "Ah, I have toiled for naught," she wept. "He has entered some other home." Then the weary woman slept and a vision appeared. The Master stood before her with a face grave and sad:

"Three times I came to your door
And craved your pity and care;
Three times you sent me onward,
Unhelped and uncomfited,
And the blessing you might have had
Was lost,
And your chance to serve has fled."

'A bank account in heaven seems rather an absurd thought,' said Mr. Green. 'If shrouds only contained pockets, many an old miser here might edge his way in at the last. But the currency must be deposited before the end.'

'I wonder how it is,' said Mrs. Green, 'that we so lightly estimate our privileges here? Our gifts to the Lord are often very meagre, indeed such gifts as we would scorn to offer any earthly friend. Yet he is our Saviour, to him we owe our life, our health, our hope of heaven! We act as if