

was singing a little song to herself. It ran like this :

"There'll be no sorrow there, there'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above where all is love, there'll be no sorrow there "

She kept on working and singing until the boys came home. Usually their entrance into the house in the evening was the signal for a protest from Anna against their noise and roughness. As they came into the room this evening, she glanced around, not to see if any of her things had been left out to tempt them to meddlingness, but whether the room was looking as cheerful and inviting as it might. Seeing that it needed a little more light, she quickly ran and raised one of the blinds, and then, remembering how thirsty her brother Jim always was when he came home from school, she tripped to the pantry and brought a pitcher of ice-water.

"Now, Nan," shouted Harry, as he tramped into the room, "you needn't scold about the mud on my boots, nor call me a bear. It's too rainy to play out of doors, and we've just got to have some fun in the house."

"All right," replied Anna. "I hope you'll have a good time in the house in spite of the rain,—and please won't you play something that I can play with you?"

"Oh, pshaw! girls can't play boy's games without getting fussy and crying."

"Yes, they can, too," insisted Anna.

"Just try me and see if I can't."

And she did. The evening passed away so pleasantly that supper time came before they knew it, and the brightest face at the table was Anna's.

"Mamma," she whispered, as she was getting ready for bed that evening, "I did it."

"Did what, my daughter?" asked her mother, forgetting the conversation of the afternoon.

"Why, mamma, don't you know? I went to heaven."

"Oh!" exclaimed her mother, "I

see; and I am glad you found the way so easily."

"I am glad I did, too, mamma; and I did it just by 'as you would that they should do unto you,' and 'in love preferring one another.' That's the way to have heaven without dying, isn't it, mamma? And I'm going to try to have it every day."

The elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following curious maxims: Carefully examine every detail of your business. Be prompt in everything. Take time to consider and then decide quickly. Dare to go forward. Bear troubles patiently. Be brave in the struggle of life. Maintain you integrity as a sacred thing. Never tell business lies. Make no useless acquaintances. Never to appear something more than you are. Pay your debts promptly. Learn how to risk your money at the right moment. Shun strong liquor. Employ your time well. Do not reckon upon chance. Be polite to everybody. Never be discouraged. Then work hard, and you will be certain to succeed.

The service of man has always lain hid in Jesus' words, but now it has been made manifest and is taking hold of us like a revelation. There is no finality in this development, although from time to time the church herself has tried to set a bound. Year by year Jesus' teaching yields new doctrines, new duties, new motives, new hopes, as the soil turned over and exposed to the sun fertilizes dormant seeds and brings them to perfection. This progress is a convincing evidence of the indwelling spirit of Jesus, whom the Master promised to send into His disciples' hearts, and whose guidance we unhesitatingly recognize in the Acts of the Apostles. Many persons seem to believe that the operation of Jesus' spirit closed with the apostolic period, and would not hold that the