

In an Olive Garden at Neapolis.

If there is any prayer in which we should all unite for ourselves, and for all our brethren in Christ, it would be a prayer for our increased usefulness. We desire each one to bring forth fruit unto God's glory, that we may be as the olive tree, and that we may be as the olive tree, and that we may be as the olive tree...

There is this to be learned without much thought: the olive brings forth its useful oil, not from the ground in which it grows, but from the ground in which it is planted. Some of the ground in which the olive grows might produce other crops; but in many other instances, if the olive were not there, it would produce nothing at all. Most excellent oil is produced from the rocky soil in Greece, which is simply a bare burning limestone: indeed it seems to verify the Scriptural expression of "Oil out of the flinty rock." Brave is this achievement of the olive; and it is performed all around us.

Another lesson that we may learn from the olive is not to expect fruit bearing trees to be exactly like one another. I think a reward of ten thousand pounds were to be offered to any one who could produce two olives exactly alike. They could produce two alike when they had seen off all the branches that bore fruit; and left only dead stumps; but as long as they are fruitfully alive, each one differs from the other in some particular. One is all sorts and shades, and another is quite straight and comely; one seems to concentrate its branches, and fashion them into a single cup, while another is a forest tree, whose beauty lies in its untrammelled liberty of growth.

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can go out to a social party, or a surprise or a concert or an opera supper, and I must shut your eyes to my complaints, and if you go to have a good time. Now I say you ought to be thankful to have a chance to go to a social party, or a surprise or a concert or an opera supper, and I must shut your eyes to my complaints, and if you go to have a good time.

It seems as though the sun shone brighter on that Sabbath morning than ever before. The fragrance of the flowers was in the air, and the birds were singing in the trees. A new bell had been hung in the gray old belfry—a gift from John Smith—and it swung and chimed like a silver voice calling aloud to the people. The church was a bower of evergreen and holly, the crimson berries gleaming out from the green like drops of blood. The railing around the pulpit had been removed, and in its place was a hedge of roses just as they were brought from the different houses in their pots, their fragrant filling the church with sweetness as from the breath of God. The communion-table was spread, the ruddy wine in the silver pictures bound with sprigs of holly, the broken bread resting on a bed of the same. The church was crowded; everyone had come who could; the hall, the porch, the steps had been gathered in, as it were; even old gray-haired men, who had not entered a church since their wedding day, huddled in their crutches with their little granddaughters Daisy beside them; and old Mrs. Brown, bent nearly double with age and pain, crept in for the first time in twenty years.

John Smith, the pastor, stood at the head of the altar, and the children of the church were gathered around him. He looked at them with a loving eye, and his heart was full of joy. He had seen many of them in their childhood, and now they were grown up, and some of them were bringing their families with them. He felt that this was a day of blessing to the church, and he felt that he was privileged to be present.

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WOMEN'S... My soul stretched forth its hands of faith, and lo! he—the Christ—was there! Every fibre was electrified, and quivered, thrilled and pained with joy then I rested in delicious tranquility. The song ceased, but the company, the place, and the circumstances were forgotten. I seemed to have passed over wide gaps of years and of space in a moment of time, and in another place, beneath leafy trees, at a camp meeting, a little boy was finding Christ. Every face stands out as on the canvas of the old masters; hundreds of people, led by a rich, mellow voice, are singing, and the words of the song seem to leap upwards to the blue dome, as if instinct with life. My soul is saying, halloo! as the people sing: "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply."

ST. JOHN BUILDING SOCIETY. ODD FELLOWS HALL. Incorporated 1861. DIRECTORS: JOHN C. HARRIS, President; JAMES CHRISTIE, Secy. &c.

Campbell's Cathartic Compound. It is the old Cokesbury Camp, and that venerable man, with scant, white locks, is dear old Bishop Capers, and those others on the stand are members of the South Carolina Conference. I opened my eyes, and saw back to my surroundings. There was the singer—a young man, led by the dear old sister, who, with sun-bonnet pushed back, having forgotten age and feebleness, was now singing, with every step out of the organ of her soul.

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