EASTER SONG.



here are our lost? We wander weeping, filled full with anguish and dismay; The world is veiled, the skies are gray; ith in our hearts is dead or sleeping;

In vain we watch, in vain we pray.

Bark! on the leafless boughs above us A bluebird's warble, soft and clear: Look down! a blade of grass is here. Blight choral, tiny hint, to move us; Yet 'tis the turning of the year. Mere in thy soul, thou unbelieving,

One word forever dear and sale "I live." The promise stands secure liere is the balm to heal thy grieving. Hope of the patient and the pure.



TIS BUT THE TURNING OF THE YEAR.

Break out, O heavens, into singing;
Awake and shout, O slumbering clod!
Here is thy life. The breath of God
Fhrough earth and heaven in joy is ringing;
His spring the cold gray fields hath trod.

te lilies of the field, adore him, Ye that have slept in dust and dew;

Ye that have slept in dust depth of the Negative Negative Son Son Son Selection with rapturous song before him. Behold, he maketh all things new!

—Rose Terry Cooke in Harper's Bazar.

EASTER FORGIVENESS.



WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay!" quavered Miss Elizabeth, in prano, keeping time at the same time with her foot o the strains Peter was drawing from little parlor across The old Dutch

clock in the corner of the kitchen

The old Dutch clock in the corner of the kitch en pointed to 8. They were early risers at the Darrow farm.

Fire o'clock never found Miss Elizabeth or Peter asleep. Here it was only 8 o'clock on Raster morning, and breakfast was over, Miss Elizabeth was taking the last pan of crisp gingerbread out of the oven, and Peter in his best clothes and new blue tie was playing hymns and thinking of Lucy Allen's blossom like face and the soul thrilling prospect of seeing her at church.

A trim, spry body was Miss Elizabeth. The only remnant of beauty left her after the frosts of forty-five years was a pair of limpid blue eyes that looked out on the world so frankly that you knew instinctively that woman with such eyes would have thrived upon caresses and tender words—and she had none save what Peter gave her.

"Oh, who would live alway?" she continued, her voice rising with an eager, faltering strength as the hymn drew to a close, and then she stood still for a little while, her finger hid pensively on her lips.

An Easter Sunday morning of years ago—sh, how manyl—had come back to her suddenly. Thousands of yesterdays faded away, and that one, glad morning came back to her, a living thing.

She saw herself in her cool pink and white frock, her face, with a cascade of curls on looth sides, almost hidden under a shadowy poke bonnet. She was standing with her prayer book in her hand beside an open window; somebody was on the grass outside, his face raised to hers, his touch upon her hand. Somebody else was singing the hynn which Peter was just finishing with a long drawn, sighing chord. She heard a voice:

"The man who wrote that hynn was never in love, or he had just been jilted; don't you in live grass outside, his face raised to hers, his touch upon her hand. Somebody else was singing the hynn which Peter was just finishing with a long drawn, sighing chord. She heard a voice:

"The man who wrote that hynn was never in love, or he had just been jilted; don't you in love, or he had just been jilted; don't you in love, or h

But he had, oh, he had! Years of pain

had been her portion. She had suffered, and

through him.

The story was an old one. People had almost forgotten it. Sometimes a few of the oldest gossips touched upon it at quilting bees and sewing parties when chatting of old times. They wondered what had become of that handsome fellow, Dick Aspell, who had jilted Elizabeth Darrow for the actress from New York. And was that the reason Miss Elizabeth had never married? Or was it because, her sister dying, she had been left with all those Marvin children to bring up? They had all died, too—all except Peter.

all those Marvin children to bring by had all died, too—all except Peter.

Peter's heavy tread upon the bare white boards roused Miss Elizabeth. She looked up at him. A quick sigh sent the dream back to the shadows from which it had crept, and she was herself again; practical, kind and represents progressly energetic. nervously energetic.
"Now, Peter, why don't you get your tie

"Now, Peter, why don't you got your tie straight just for once?" she exclaimed, standing on tiptoe and giving the big fellow's shoulders a twist to bring him into a better light. "There you are now. Land sakes! your hair, too, is all awry. Whatever have you been doin't o yourself?"

"I poked my fingers through it when I was thinkin"—thinkin"—commenced Peter awkwardly, his face taking on a deep blush.

"What's the matter with the boy?" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth, and then her quick mental perception told her that Peter was on the brink of a confession of love. She whisked around and placed a chair before him.

the orms of accommendation around and placed a chair before him.

"Sit down, Peter Marvin," she said, pointing to it like a judge. Then she took a seat opposite him and smoothed the creases out of

her apron.
"You don't need to tell me who it is. It's
Lucy Allen, that's who it is. You don't suppose I haven't seen you castin' sheep's eyes at
her this last three months, though I've kept
this last three weelf. Have you asked her this last three months, though I've acpi my knowledge to myself. Have you asked her? The idea! it's nearly killing to think of you—dear, dear—but have you asked her?' A lump in Peter's throat threatened to strangle him as he answered spasmodically: "Last night—singin' school—as we were.

-walkin' home"—— "Yes, I know!" interrupted Miss Elizabeth

"Yes, I know!" interrupted Miss Elizabeth
sharply; "moonlight—the gate—well, what
did she say?"
"She said just 'Yes.'"
"Oh, she did!—and didn't lose time about
it, I'll wager. Girls nowadays do mor'n half
the love making. And what did you say?"
Peter turned a deep, slow scarlet.
"I didn't say anything at first."
"What did you do?"

"What did you do?"
"I didn't think I could, Aunt Liz, but I did.
I—I—I can't say it nohow," he said, looking everywhere but at Miss Elizabeth's face.

everywhere but at Miss Elizabeth's face.

"Peter Marvin," she exclaimed, a pitiful break in her voice, and her eyes wide and humid; "did you kiss her?"

"Yes, I did," he said, a little bit frightened.
"And did you tell her you'd love her's long as you lived? And did you say nothing in the world could ever make you forget her? Did you?"

the world could ever make you forget her?
Did you?"
"They be the very words, Aunt Liz!" exclaimed Peter, wondering eyed.
Miss Elizabeth started from her chair, and
flinging her thin arms around his neck kissed
him for the first time in years.
"On, Peter," she sobbed, and he thought
her sweet eyes looked for all the world like
wet forget-me-nots; "don't tail her. Be true
to her, Peter! Be true to her."
"I will, Aunt Liz," he said, softly.
An hour later the brown pony was harnessed to the phaeton and Miss Elizabeth, by
Peter's s de, was whisked along the curving
roads to the little church two miles distant.
Oh, how fair the world was! Across the
rolling meadows a light breeze courtesied, the
blue sky was reflected in every little pool of
water, and the budding pastures sent up that
moist, sweet, earthy smell belonging to the
spring. She was very proud, very contented,



her mind busy with pictures of the coming marriage. Ah, it was something to walk into church behind a prospective bridegroom. She almost felt as if she were going to be married herself. Her little world had taken on a new significance. She sang the "Holy, holy, holy," with a feeling of elation which holy took her off her feet, and exchanged Easter greetings quite gayly with the members on the church parc UNTIL DEATH DO US PART.

"I know all about it, dear," she whispere

"I know all about it, dear," she whispered to the blushing Lucy. "Come and take tea with us and we'll talk it over."

All the way home she hummed snatches of hymns and laughed merrily at Peter's uncouth jokes. She was teasing him in her high sweet voice as he turned the phaeton in



"DID YOU KISS HER?" "YES, I DID." at the gate and drew up a few yards from the kitchen door. Then she saw they were

the kitchen door. Then she saw they were not alone.

Something was huddled on the lower step. Gradually as they approached it took form, and she saw an old man sitting in the sunlight, his head supported by his hand.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth; "and the key under the mat. If he'd only known he wouldn't have left a thing, mebbe. You go on to the stable, Peter; I'm not effait. I'll seeak to him."

mebbe. You go on to the stable, Peter; I'm not afraid; I'll speak to him."
She walked nimbly up to the despondent figure and touched his shoulder.
"What's the matter?" she asked, with a touch of impatience.
The man raised his head and looked at her with a far off, dazed expression. His face was pale and refined and bore marks of recent illness. He was pittfully thin and there was the suggestion of a life's disappointment in his glance. He seemed unable to speak.
"Are you sick?" she asked again, and her voice was kinder; the dovelike softness had come heak to her eyes.

voice was kinder; the dovelike softness had come back to her eyes.

"Only tired," he answered, and his sad eyes looked at her quietly, intently,

Miss Elizabeth felt uncomfortable. He did

Miss Live a traum although he was mis-

Miss Elizabeth feit uncomfortable. He did not look like a tramp, although he was miserably poor. His voice was soft and pleasant. Why did that strange, exultant chill creep through her blood? What if his eyes were gray and pleading like a well remembered pair which had made sad havoe of her foolish heart? But chere was a something else about him, Miss Elizabeth could not tell what—there was a something. "You're an old fool, Elizabeth Darrow," she said inwardly, and flounced into the house.

By and by Peter appeared.

she said inwardly, and flounced into the house.

By and by Peter appeared.

"You're not goin' to leave him sittin' there all day, I hope?" asked Peter in what he supposed was a whisper; "Lucy'll be along to tea this afternoon. Why don't you give him some gingerbread and milk, Aunt Liz, and let him go on?"

The man outside heard him.

"Don't mind me," he said, staggering to his feet; "I'm going now. I only wanted to rest a little; and the place looked so pretty."

He leaned weakly against the wooden post and lifted his torn hat with a distinctive grace and courtesy. There is almost as much individuality in the way a min lifts his hat as in his handwriting or footstep, and the ease and freedom of this poor wretch's gesture sent another premonitory thrill through the little spinster watching him.

She darted down the steps and took hold of his sleeve as he turned away.

"Don't dare go. It's Easter Sunday and I

She darted down the steps and took noid of his sleeve as he turned away.
"Don't dare go. It's Easter Sunday and I couldn't have it on my soul to treat any one so on the Lord's day. Come in and have your stepsor."

dinner."
A sigh trembled over the man's lips. He hesitated and looked at her.
"That's good of you; very good of you," he said gently, and followed her in.
At dinner, however, he scarcely touched

the food.
"You're ill; that's what you are," said Miss
Elizabeth. "Where do you come from?"
"I've been everywhere," he answered. "I have no home; I've been a rolling stone."
"I reckon you've been to sea?" queried

Peter.

"Many, many times. I've been in every country on the globe. Had to give up when I got sick. I left the hospital three weeks ago, and I'm making my way back to New York."

"Have you no friends nor a wife?" asked Miss Elizabeth. liss Elizabeth.
...My wife died five years ago; I am quite

"Alone," she echoed, "and you scarcely

"Alone," she echoed, "and you scarcely able to stand."

She leaned over and whispered something to Peter, then said aloud: "If you like I can give you a place to lie down in. Mebbe you 'lifeel more chipper in the morning. There, you needn't thank me. 'Tain't nothing to speak of."

At twilight, while Lucy and Peter were singing hymns in the parlor, Miss Elizabeth went up to the vacant, cobwebby attic used only as a store room, made a comfortable bed on a cot and then called to the stranger to come up.

come up. "You'd better lie down now. You look

The wavering light played with picturesque

put your candle out when your ready for bed."

The wavering light played with picturesque effect on the silvery hair lying softly against her brow. Her brave, self reliant little figure caught a mysterious charm from the shadows gilst up behind her.

"Watt-please wait a moment," said the stranger, in a weak, choked voice, as she turned to go. "Will you shake hands with most Thank you." as she gave her hand gently and wonderlugly. "This day has been of pure gold. You're a good woman. Your charity does not sting."

The undercurrent of feeling in his tones sleets died her and she want away trembling. What was there about this homeless one that made her think of one dead to her these many years? Miss Elizabeth began to despite her sail as a soft hearted old fool.

Bedtime came and she and Lucy sat for a while by her window lonking up at the clear key where the large stars burned, shedding a halo of star dust on the world. Then her thoughts went back to him. Was he asleep? No, impossible. He was doubtless wondering wearly where he would drift on the moreover and how it would all end.

Suddenly she and Lucy looked at each other with startled faces. What was that sound? They listened again. A stealthy footstep, a voice and a little vibration as something fell.

"He's not asleep at all!" she said in an excited whisper. "What's he doing now? I was a fool to let him in, mebbe. How do I know the man's not a thief! There—don't you hear him speaking? He's let in an accomplice while we were downstairs. Oh, what a fool I was! I'm going to get Peter. I'll show him we're not so green either."

"Let me go with you," chattered Lucy, taking held of Miss Elizabeth's skiffs. and

hands.
"What is it? What's he got there?" asked

"And so do I. I remember the letter you sent me; the bitter letter, where you told me in pretty plain terms what you thought of me. But perhaps that existed only in my face, too?"

"Is it Dick?" she asked.
"She stood erect, her eyes misty and questioning, her hands folded tensely before her.
"Is it Dick?" she asked.
"I mant you should never know," the old man stammered, and she was the tears steal from beneath his lowered lids.
Why did she not hate him? Why did she almost forgive him without question? The astronomer was past, her knowing, and wanted to confess. She

Why did she not hate nim! Why did she almost forgive him without question? The why or wherefore was past her knowing. She only knew that the sight of him moved her deeply.

But she struggled against the feeling that wall nich avarages and the and the mide of

But she struggled against the tening that well nigh overmastered her, and the pride of a stanch New England woman flushed her cheek. No, she could not forget the bitterness of the past.

She felt the warmth ooze away from her could be shown that the beautiful or she warmth ooze away from her could be shown that the beautiful or she warmth ooze away from her could be shown that the she warmth ooze away from her could be shown that the she warmth ooze away from her could be shown that the she warmth ooze away from her could be she warmth ooze away from her cou

She left the warmen by judge, and all the details of her unhappy past rose one after another as witnesses against him. When she spoke her voice was cold, and Peter had never before seen such a bright, stern light in her eyes.



HE LEANED WEAKLY AGAINST THE WOODEN

"It's time we were all asleep," she said. "Put away the book, Dick Aspell. What's done is done, and there's no use shedding tears over it." She hurried away, Peter and Lucy follow-

ing in wondering silence.

And was this the end of it all? And did

fagged out," she said briskly; "be careful to put your candle out when you're ready for ber as Peter refurned, swinging his hoe and

"Gone? No, it can't be," she stammered.
"Dead sure," said Peter.
Miss Elizabeth went to the barn door and sent her eager gaze over the level pasture lands sweeping to right and left. What was that dark object three fields away moving alowly by the low stone wall?
"That's him," said Miss Elizabeth, catching up a sun bonnet hanging on a rusty nail near.
by. "I must speak to him once, Peter, for—for the sake of old times."
She ran down the pebbly stable path, jumped as lightly as a girl of 16 over the bars at the end of it, and ran across the fields until she was only a few yards from him. As she waited to get her breath she noticed how weak he was, and how deathlike his face in its ivory whiteness. He did not see her until she stood beside him.
"You might have waited for your breakfast," she said rather awkwardly.
"Why annoy you further? he asked quietly, "You were far kinder than I had dared to hops. Few homeless wanderers fare as well. I thank you for the charity you gave me before you knew who I was. I thank you very nuch."
After an effort she spoke again.
"I followed you just to say that I—I—bear no grudge for what's past. The sermon yesterday was about forgiveness, and I forgive you. This is all I thought to say to you. But there's one thing now I'd like to ask." She looked away from him, a piteous trenolo in her proud tones. "Why did you do what you did, Dick Aspell? Or why did you do what you did, Dick Aspell? Or why did you do what you did, Dick Aspell? Or why did you do what you did, Dick Aspell? Or why did you do what you did, Dick Aspell? Or why did you do are and told me in the right way, I'd have seen and told me in the right way, I'd have seen and told me in the right way, I'd have seen and told me in the right way, I'd have seen you couldn't help your feelin's, and 'twouldn't have been Elizabeth Darrow who'd have made you stay, not if the givin' you up had broken her heart, and that's why."

She stopped, losing the thread of her long speech in a growing inclination to burst into tears.
"What are yo we were downstars. On, what a look was a look of me green either."

"Let me go with you," chattered Lucy, taking hold of Miss Elizabeth's skirts, and without making a sound they crept through the dark halls to Peter's door.

In a few moments he joined them, carrying a revolver and a candle. Miss Elizabeth with a stout cane followed, and Lucy, trembling with fear, kept close by ber side. When they reached the door leading into the attic Miss Elizabeth pushed Peter aside.

"Let me go first. Fil face him," she said in an indignant whisper.

She paused and bent her ear forward. Yes, there was the sound again, and his candle was still burning, as she could see by the thread of light stealing under the door. She turned the knob quickly and the trio burst into the room without any sort of warning, and saw—not a pair of thieves plotting a robbery—but the stranger sobbing like a child over a little book pressed fervently in his hands.

"What is it? What's he got there?" asked Peter.

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"What is it? What's he got there?" asked Peter.

Her way you did id? Twan't by no wanted to go. If you'd told me you cared more for that other gir than you did for me and told me in the right way, I'd have seen and told me in the right way, I'd have seen who was correct wheat of soin the trio was and told me in the right way, I'd have seen the other girt than you did for me and told me in the right way, I'd have seen the corl was prow who'd have made you stay, not if the givin' you up had broken her heart, and that's why"—when a sow, and go in the register was a seen who'd have mere for that other girt than you dould 'Twan' to b

"And so do 1. I remember the letter you sent me; the bitter letter, where you told me in pretty plain terms what you thought of me. But perhaps that existed only in my fancy, too?"

"I sent you no letter," said Miss Elizabeth houtbleste and she stood with her avec

When she was dying she said she had done me a wrong and wanted to confess. She struggled hard to tell me. I thought it only struggled hard to tell me. I thought to only
the raving of the fever when she kept muttering about a letter, and before I could
make out anything at all plain she died. Oh,
Dick—oh, the dreadful years that have
passed—and I never knew!

There is little more to be said. Miss Elizathat the sentent is gather up the fattered

beth was content to gather up the tattered threads of her old romance, and there was a double wedding on the June day set by Peter

double wedding on the sune any and Lucy.

"And to think," ruminated Miss Elizabeth, as she walked up the aisle dressed in a rustling gray poplin and leaning on her lover's arm, "that I might not have followed him if my heart had not been made tender by thinking of that other Easter morning."

EVELYN MALCOLM.

Odd Facts About Easter. Of course around the festival of Easter ere cluster many queer customs, some of which are obsolete and others yet in vogue. In Ireland on the Saturday evening just preeding Easter Sunday it is the proper thing for the peasant's wife to place in the boiling pot a fat hen and a piece of bacon. These nust be cooked continuously from 9 p. m. until the crowing of the farmyard cock. It is perpetual bad luck to touch the savory preparation until chanticleer gives the signal. In Hampshire and Kent, England, on the Tuesday of Easter week, the servants of the pri-vate house or inn, as it may chance, are privileged to enter the apartments of the privileged to enter the apartments of the family or the guest. They carry a gayly decorated arm chair, in which is placed the person who is the object of their visit. The servants lift the burden on high turn the chair around and compel the occupant to kiss each one of the bearers and disburse a fee. The observance is an old one, the royal records of the time of Edward I showing the

records of the time of Edward I showing the payment of a fee by his majesty for being "heaved."

Of course the egg plays a prominent part in the Lenten season, and the demand for it in the United States is much greater than the domestic supply. So there is quite a brisk import trade by which the following countries, among others, are financially benefited: Austria, Belgium, Central American states, China, Germany, England, Canada, British West Indies, Sweden and Norway. Canada naturally furnishes the largest quantity, the annual export across the border being nearly twenty million dozen.

An impressive and novel sight is the religious observance of Easter by the christianized Indians of the northwest. Those who have been present at their mission churches describe the ceremonies and decorations as being of peculiar and unwonted interest. She hurried away, Peter and Lucy following in wondering silence.

And was this the end of it all? And did Miss Elizabeth, strong in her pride, see her old lover depart next day without a pany Ah, not so easily are old memories forgotten and put aside. Lucy had a dim remembrance afterward of waking several times and seeing a lonely figure sitting thoughtfully by the window through the long night and in the grayness of the dawn.

When at length Miss Elizabeth rose and looked in the little mirror she shrank back with a startled sigh. The peace had vanished from her face. The interview with her heart in the still watches of the night had given a new, stormy depth to her eyes and left new lines of pain about her mouth.

"Shall I lethim go without a word?" she thought. "It's only what he deserves and talkin' il do no good. I'm not one o' the kind of women who thrive on cruelty and deceit, But is it Christian like to let him go without saying I have no hard feelin's for what's dead and gone?"

After the way I acted he'll be sure to creep off early without seeing me again," she thought; "he's as proud in his way as I am, and that's what I'd do in such a case."

The hight strengtheurs and advanced in the east as if marking the invisible footeteps of a god; Peter passed whistiling on his way to the barn; but still he for whom the waited did not come.

At last she could bear it no longer and hurried out to the barn.

"Peter, go and see if he's up," she said, trying to speak carelessly and with an emphasis on the protoun.

The hought that he might be very ill made her heart beat rapidly, but that was nothing to the region of the farm.

"Peter, go and see if he's up," she said, trying to speak carelessly and with an emphasis on the protoun.

Coughing

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expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

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[Compiled from Lesson Helper mission of H. S. Hoffman, p

Stearns.

CHRIST'S LAW

LESSON I, SECOND QUA

Text of the Lesson, Luke mit Verses 35-37-Gold

vi, 31-Commentary by

NATIONAL SERIES,

After the healing of the recorded in our last lesson, J thew to be one of His disciptertained by him at Caper visited Jerusalem, healed the of Bethesda, and uttered; or Betnesda, and uttered corded in John v. We nex ing a man with a withered Bogue at Capernaum on a S greatly provoking the Phar mined to kill Him (Matt. xii after this He went out into continued all night in pra-which He called His discip from them chose twelve ap should be with Him, and the thould be with Him, and the them forth to preach, and to heal sicknesses and to cast of ii; 14, 15; Luke vi, 12, 13). discourse of which our lesso part. It is a repetition of sermon on the mount (Matt. ared under different circums 27, 4824 Lessanto van M.

ared under different circum:

27, "But I say unto you w
your enemies, do good to
you." See this in the Old
xxiii, 4, 5; Lev. xix, 17, 19
22. See it also repeated i
lesson, with the encourages
ward shall be great and we
the Most High" (R. V.), or, if
Christ Himself" (Luke i, 32 Christ Himself" (Luke i, 39 Christ Himself" (Luke i, 32 that these precepts are not not Christians, as if thereby heaven, for "by the deeds shall no flesh be justified in iii, 20); but for those who I followers, having receives Saviour and Lord; that thu the sincerity of their disciple 28. "Bless them that cur for them which despitefully 28. "Bless them that curred for them which despitefully ting together the four prethe preceding verse, we is with the poor Indian to wheread these words: "This I if God will make a new I can." The natural man God-like acts, but the Spirit man, woman or child can as ane spirit did in Christ Hi 29. "Unto him that smitet

cheek offer also the other taketh away thy cloak forbi coat also." The previous clude only thoughts, looks a part of our enemies, but he lence and the spoiling of pand are we still to be quiet us that Christ suffered for example that we should follows: "Why do we Paul says, "Why do ye wrong? Why do ye not ra selves to be defrauded?" H serves to be defrauded?" those who took joyfully the goods (I Pet. ii, 21; I Cor. v 30. "Give to every mar thee; and of him that taket ask them not again." Sti of the Lord Jesns," says the property of the state of the Lord Jesns, "says the period of the state of the Lord Jesns," says the period of the state of the Lord Jesns, "says the period of the state of the stat

with our hearts as well as the impetuous maker of the hough I am not bound by external right or law, yet a the spirit and law of love, obliged to serve thee and which thou art disposed to I will do for thee in free measure, preventing thy sin Yet it is not the Lord's will His disciples as an absolute his disciples as an absoluted er every service that may be demanded of them, any to quires them to allow all the taken from them, or to tolo of personal insult. He enjousite disposition of mind. W oppose the sinner as such, s we resist the devil, the v malignity shows itself in ea 31. "And as ye would th

Matt. vii, 12, He adds, "Fo and the prophets." To love one's self is the sum of our fellow man, but back of this to love God with all our he strength and mind; and yet first of all, a knowledge of nrst of all, a knowledge of us in giving Himself for us.

32. "For if ye love them what thank have yel for those that love them." I give as a reason for thi Christians that "they love together this reason." considering this verse, or love extends to their enemi ing to boast of in the way

ing to boast of in the way: these things are traits of a native origin in human hes from the being of God, de hearts of His own and pas-them to Him again. \$3, 34. "What thank have same question asked a secon emphasizing the fact that emphasizing the fact that this life a return for all we ing different from the sim know nothing of a better li an age to come. Jesus said into whose house He went to eat bread, that when He should juice the should invite the poor and recompense Him again, compensed at the resurrect Luke xiv, 13, 14). If we ward, riches for their ow praise of men, and obtain it is to it and with this life. seek the approval of God, blessing in this life and e

blessing in this life and ethe resurrection.
35, 36, "Be ye therefore of the state also is merciful." Ye do in this world with un people, and if we expect a rathose whom we serve we disappointed. Many a time feecive common gratitude be abused for our well do in most selfish motives attributhis will only give better of the reality of our love. Mercilly kindness but loving only kindness but loving often translated in the Old often translated in the Old when we by the Spirit of show loving kindness to the buil we will prove ourselves God, great shall be our rew (ection, and we shall be, one of the Most High when Most High shall take the k best the kingdom for ever, ever (Dar vii 18.)

ever (Dan. vii, 18.)
37, 38, "Judge not, condgive." "Judge nothing bef
til the Lord come, who be
light the hidden things of make manifest the course (I Cor. iv, 5). Inasmuch as discern people's motives, we of judging nor authorized tonduct. The day will revene