

It is not "the way to hell" that is "paved with good resolutions," but the way to heaven. The way to hell is paved with broken resolutions. Till this life ends there is always "another chance" for the worst of men. The past may be bad and we cannot change it. What we have written, we have written. But the pages of the future are still white and clean. We can, by God's grace, write on them a noble record.

"I held it truth, with him who sings

To one clear harp in divers tones,

That men may rise on stepping stones,

Of their dead selves to higher things."

POINTS AND PARAGRAPHS

The true son asks not what the father is to give him but what he can give the father. v. 12.

God will not compel us to remain in His service against our will. v. 13.

The famine was not responsible for the prodigal's want, but his own folly. We should not blame circumstances for evils which we bring upon ourselves. v. 14.

At the last, sin brings us into bondage and disgrace. v. 15.

When we determine to be "lords of ourselves," we often find that ours is "a heritage of woe." v. 17.

There is hope for the worst sinner because he can say "I will." v. 18.

It is a manly thing to take the blame of our sin upon our own shoulders instead of laying it upon companions or circumstances. v. 18.

God, like this earthly father, "kisses the past into forgetfulness" for the repentant sinner. v. 20.

We call God, "Father" not because we are worthy to be His sons but because of His wonderful grace. v. 21.

Instead of taunts for his guilt God offers the returning sinner His choicest gifts. v. 22.

The joy of the father, overflowing in his commands to the servants, is the shadow; the joy of God when sinners repent is the substance. vs. 23, 24.

But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, etc., v. 20. "A single dew-drop, as it quivers on a leaf on a June morning, mirrors and reflects the whole blue sky; yet what a miniature picture it gives of that vast expanse of heaven! So human fatherhood is a dew-drop, which mirrors the divine fatherhood; but it is only a picture compressed into minutest size, and with only dim broken reflection of a glorious love which is infinite in its length and breadth and height and depth." The Heavenly Father's love is infinite. His very name is "Love." He loves with an everlasting love.

Is there anything more touching in literature than the poem written by Lord Byron on his thirty-sixth birthday? No genius ever more brilliant than his, not often in the history of genius any pace in evil more swift. This is what it came to:

" 'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

" My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruit of love are gone,—
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

" The fire that in my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile."

A mere flash of remorse is not enough; a journey must be taken; the back must be at once and finally turned on the far land; and all the shame of abandoned duties and forsaken friends be faced. "The course to the unific rectitude of a manly life" always appears to the sinner to be and sometimes really is, "in the face of a scorching past and a dark future.—Cambridge Bible.

" There is a story of a widowed mother in the Highlands of Scotland, whose daughter, her only child, left her home and went away into a sinful life. The mother could only pray for her wandering one, but she