

may have a variety of heavenly plants, so that we can exchange with our neighbor, blessing and being blessed, and be a strength to each other. We are to a certain extent our brother's keeper. We have an influence, let it ever be tending to the pure and true, the high and holy. Let us be careful not to mar the fair works of God, by transmitting to future generations any taint of passion, or self-indulgence, or unconquered lust or evil tendency. Farmers take great care in the rearing of stock that no weaknesses may be prolonged. How much more careful should the fathers and mothers be for the children that come into their homes, that they may be well and nobly born—inheritors of sound minds in sound bodies. Right parentage is a holy thing, in it lies the hope of the world. Children will rise up and call such "blessed."

And there is no doctrine, no scheme of salvation we have ever heard of that can compare to consummate this high attainment with the doctrine of love, pure, unselfish love, "even as I have loved you."

O, these truths scattered all through the Bible! How comforting they are! Yet just as man was not made for the Sabbath but the Sabbath for man, so man was not made for the Bible, but the Bible for man. They were written and preserved that we may have the testimony of many to corroborate that the still small voice speaks individually and inwardly to us. God is the teacher of His people Himself; sometimes he uses these outward instrumentalities to second the surer and more direct testimonies to the heart. This Divine Light enlightens every man that cometh into the world, and as he dwells in it will bring him nearer and nearer the Divine Fountain, whence it emanates.

If trusted, it will lead men out of all error and into all truth. It is the earnest of my desire that you may seek for this, and may lean upon His Divine arm, and you will find yourselves

borne along by the mighty river of this love that grows ever stronger and purer and richer in its flow.

THE PESSIMIST FIREFLY.

(Sam. Walter Foss, in the "Golden Rule.")

A pessimist firefly sat on a weed
In the dark of a moonless night;
With folded wings drooped over his breast
He moped and he moaned for light.
"There is nothing but weeds on the earth,"
said he,
"And there isn't a star in the sky;
And the best I can do in a world like this,
Is to sit on this weed and die;
Yes, all that I need
Is to sit on this weed,
Just sit on this weed and die.

"There is naught but this miserable swamp
beneath,
And there isn't a star overhead."
"Then be your own star! then be your
own star!"
An optimist firefly said.
"If you'll leap from your weed, and will
open your wings,
And bravely fly afar,
You will find you will shine like a star
yourself,
You will be yourself a star;
And the thing you need
Is to leap from your weed
And be yourself a star."

Then the pessimist firefly leaped from his
weed
And floated far and free;
And he found that he shone like a star
himself,
Like a living star was he,
And the optimist firefly followed and said:
"Why sit on a weed and groan?
For the firefly, friend, who uses his wings
Has plenty of light of his own;
He has plenty of light
For the darkest night,
He has plenty of light of his own."

Ye firefly souls with your folded wings,
Why sit with the weeds in the night?
Lift up your wings and illumine the dark
With your own self-luminant light.
For darkness comes with the folded wings
And shrouds the starless land;
But there's light enough for the darkest
way,
If you let your wings expand.
There is plenty of light
For the darkest night,
If you let your wings expand.