

there others, then, whom the Prince loves besides thee and me ?

'Yea, verily. Jesus is the Lover of every soul, and there is no limit to his love; it is boundless as the ocean, fathomless as the sky, and these fail to express the measure, but we may liken it to them.'

'Take me to him; let me fall at his feet and touch but the hem of his garment!'

'Patience, dear one; thou must wait with me, and all the beloved souls, until he comes. But, meanwhile, thou hast this assurance from thy Beloved, that "nothing can separate thee from his love."'

'Nothing can separate me from his love?' wonderingly repeated the sad soul. 'Why, then, I have nothing more to fear—there can never be any more sorrow for me!'

'I must e'en find thee a new name. Thou art no longer "sad soul," thou art "glad soul."'

'Aye, that I am!' joyfully echoed the glad soul. 'But I am hungering to know more of our Jesus—tell me all about him.'

'Thou dost ask of me an impossibility. Only the blessed Comforter can do that, but he will take the things of Jesus and show them to thee, and satisfy thy yearning.'

'Then may I, too, have the company of this Guide and Comforter?'

'In truth thou mayest, for only through his teaching canst thou ever know thy Lord.'

'I am so thankful,' cried the glad soul. 'I feared he was only sent to those whom the Lord loved first.'

'Not so,' said the little soul, reassuringly. 'He is for all who will receive him for love of Jesus. He has letters from the King and our Beloved which, while we may easily read them, we can only understand their full meaning as he lights them up for us.'

'And what is the import of these letters?' eagerly inquired the glad soul.

'They reveal to us the love of the King, and his will for us; they tell us of the life of our Jesus while he was here in our country, what he is doing now at his Father's court; they make known to us our relations to the King, our Father, and to our Lord, and our life with him hereafter; they also contain rules and instructions for our daily living, besides many exceeding great and precious promises for our help and comfort.'

'How good to have these letters and this gentle Guide to show us their true meaning. Where is his school? Come, let us be going!'

'Hold; not so fast!' smilingly cried the little soul. 'The Blessed Comforter is here, and thou canst learn of him now, any time, and all the time. He will meet with thee in the stillness of thy chamber, and hold sweet communion with thee. He will be with two or three who together desire his teaching, and he will come in mighty power upon the great congregation as they wait before him.'

'O, precious little soul, I must seek him—I do so hunger and thirst for his teaching. Wilt thou that we learn together? Or stay; dost thou remember the corner in the rose-garden under the old willow, where I was wont to resort, to weep and lament over my sad and loveless fate? Methinks it would be a fitting place in which to learn more of this new wine of his love that fills me with such unspeakable joy.'

And casting backward a loving, radiant look that seemed to make bright all the air about her, and calling out in tremulous, joy-laden tones, 'Good-bye, dear little soul! nothing can separate us from his love,' the glad soul sped away to the rose-garden.

Very still stood the little soul, with clasp-

ed hands and upturned face, softly singing: 'Nothing can separate us, nothing can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' When lo, her heaven-attuned ears caught the sound of celestial hallelujahs, and there appeared unto her a vision of angels striking their golden harps and singing: 'There is joy in heaven to-day'; and behold, one tall angel left the bright ranks and floating towards the little soul, said most lovingly, 'Thou beloved of the Lord, go thy ways; tell all the words of this life, and the grace of God be with thee. Amen.' With this benediction resting sweetly upon her, the little soul went meekly and joyfully forth, and—you may see her any day and hear her new old story.—Leaflet.

The Spending Habit.

(By Minna Stanwood.)

Some persons affect a scorn of the habit of saving, and think that nothing but meanness could prompt a person to refuse a child's demand for a penny, or deprive him of the pleasure of spending his own. To some it seems a great waste of time to try to teach a young child forethought, but when shall it be taught, if not in youth? If it is learned in after life, it must be at the cost of infinite pain and mortification. We exclaim with horror at the rich young man who has run through his possessions in a few short years, but there are poor spendthrifts as well as rich ones.

I once knew two young girls, each of whom earned ten dollars a week. After paying her board each girl had five dollars left for clothes, car fares, and other expenses. One girl was always neatly and tastefully dressed; her gloves and shoes were in good condition, and she had every appearance of being in easy circumstances. The other girl wore the very cheapest garments she could buy; her shoes were in such condition that she had to be ingenious about concealing them, and her very cheap gloves were usually dangling buttonless in one hand, "to let people see she had a pair," as she used to say. She was constantly borrowing carriages and trying to elude her laundress. She never had any money for an emergency, and was continually whining about her meagre salary. The trouble was, she had never learned to deny herself, or to look ahead. If she wanted candy, she simply must have it. Only twenty-eight cents for a pound of chocolates—that was not much! She was very fond of 'treating' other girls to soda. She could not be stingy and soda only ten cents a glass! It stung her sometimes to reflect that the girls who drank her soda and ate her candy so willingly, never invited her to their homes or to their little social affairs. Of course, her clothes would have prevented her accepting if they had. She envied the more prudent girl her comfortable condition, but half despised her, too, for being 'mean and close.'

Thoughtless spending is not generosity, it is prodigality, whether five dollars is to be spent or five thousand. To live carefully within our means is not parsimony, but duty.

I firmly believe that if children were better instructed in the value and use of money, we should have fewer social and moral wrecks, and more happiness and contentment in the world.—'Forward.'

Remember how short is the time
Allotted to man upon earth:

How quickly he passes his prime—

But a span to the grave from his birth.

—Dr. Raffles.

Christine's Word.

(By Kate Sumner Gates.)

'Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.'

Christine Wilson stopped at that verse in her morning's reading, closed her Bible, and sat for a long time looking thoughtfully out of the window.

'I wonder,' she said, at last, slowly to herself, 'I wonder if ever I have told any friend of mine what "great things" Christ has done for me. I don't believe I have, I do not remember doing it, and yet why ought not I to, as well as the healed demoniac?—I have been healed.' There came into her face a look of reverent thankfulness as she remembered that for his sake her sins were forgiven, blotted out. Then she rose and put away her Bible, but all the while she was dressing to go down street, there was an absent, preoccupied look on her fair young face.

'Oh dear!' she said, at last, half impatiently, as she knotted the dainty lace tie at her throat, 'I don't see why that verse haunts me so, I'm sure. Yes, I know I ought to tell my friends. And I will, too,' she added, suddenly and decidedly. 'I will not be obliged to say again that I have been less grateful than the demoniac of old. But whom shall I tell? I know; I will speak to the first friend I meet.'

The cloud lifted from her face, and with light heart she went out into the bright sunshine. The verse and the impression it had made upon her had almost slipped her mind, when there came a quick step just behind her.

'Christine,' spoke a familiar voice, and there was Tom Wayland. The instant she heard him, and met his merry, quizzical glance, she remembered her resolution to tell 'the first friend she met.'

'But I didn't know it would be Tom. If only it was Ella Bailey, or any of the girls. Why should it be Tom, of all persons?'

Then, just there, a bit of Spencer flashed through her mind:

'It chanced, eternal God that chance did guide.'

Christine involuntarily shivered. What if it were of God's special ordaining that she had met Tom? And, after all, why could she not tell him, as well as any one? questioned conscience. Had she not known him from her childhood up? They had studied the same books, played the same games; why should she hesitate to speak of this one thing to him?

'Why—because no one ever thinks of speaking seriously to Tom,' she pleaded; 'and he was never known to speak seriously himself.'

Christine knew full well how mercilessly this self-same Tom could ridicule a thing when he chose.

'I cannot,' she said, decidedly, to herself. 'And besides the street is no place to speak of such things.'

'But you presented your friend Miss Denham to him on the street only yesterday, and why not present Jesus to-day?' urged conscience, to which reasoning Christine had no answer.

They had been walking along together, chatting of this and that all the while that Christine had been parleying with her conscience.

They had come now to the corner, Tom was going one way, Christine the other.

He lifted his hat gracefully, and waited