

portals. Home is the place where character is formed, moulded, beautified; but without loyalty all of this is impossible. Enter the mouth of yonder distant quarry, see the broken fragments of rock that lie in heaps around, step upon them and your feet are wounded and bleeding; move them and their rough and ragged edges grate harshly upon each other. Again go to yonder seashore and notice the beautiful white pebbles as they lie in heaps along the beach, they are rounded and polished, they have been transformed into every conceivable form of size and beauty. Whence the difference? They are both of the same material—both of the same rocky hardness, but those pebbles on the seashore have been for years jostled and rubbed, and disintegrated by the advancing and receding waves, until at last they have attained to their present comely proportions. Here we drop the picture. In the home the various members meet, and mingle, and talk, and laugh, and weep, one with the other, and for the other, and all together, loyalty is the disintegrating element that pervades, controls and directs, every thought, word, movement, and thus they become moulded, and prepared to adorn life in any sphere. This principle though defying analyzation, is nevertheless a real thing, it pervades every home to a degree, yet, it is only in the shadow of the family altar where the holy fire is kept continually burning that it can ever attain to its present and noblest development. Home, loyalty, what words so musical, so thrilling to men, what sentiment so pleasing to God. Be loyal to your home, young or old, it is to be loyal or true to yourself, and thus being "true unto thyself, thou canst not then be false to any man."

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

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CHRIST EVERYTHING.—"The Saviour is in a pre-eminent sense, the consolation of His people, because He is the basis of all their comfort. Take Him away and what becomes of the work of the Spirit in our souls? Faith has nothing to rest upon. Repentance has nothing to which to look. Hope has no prospect to realize. Take away Christ, and heaven has no charm; for who knows not that but for the presence of Christ, even heaven must be a barren place. Christ, then, is the comforter of His people, because He is the basis and source of all their consolations."  
—EVANS.

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Prayer, like Jonathan's bow, returns not empty. Never was faithful prayer lost at sea; no merchant trades with such certainty as the praying saint; some prayers, indeed, have a longer voyage than others, but they return with the richer lading at last.

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A Christian is one who imbibes the spirit, participates the grace, and is obedient to the will of Christ. His character exceeds all others as much as the blaze of the meridian sun outshines the feeble light of the glow-worm.