

the Father. It is impossible to live the life of full abiding without being full of the Holy Spirit; believe that the fulness of the Spirit is indeed thy daily portion. Be sure and take time in prayer to dwell at the footstool of the throne of God and the Lamb, whence flows the river of the water of life. It is there, and only there, that thou canst be filled with the Spirit. Cultivate carefully the habit of daily, yea, continually honoring Him by the quiet, restful confidence that He is doing His work within. Let faith in His indwelling make thee jealous of whatever could grieve Him,—the spirit of the world or the actings of self and the flesh. Let that faith seek its nourishment in the Word and all it says of the Spirit, His power, His comfort, and His work. Above all, let that faith in the Spirit's indwelling lead thee specially, to look away to Jesus; as we have received the anointing of Him, it comes in ever stronger flow from Him as we are occupied with Him alone. Christ is the Anointed One. As we look up to Him, the holy anointing comes, 'the precious ointment upon the head of Aaron, that went down to the skirts of his garments.' It is faith in Jesus that brings the anointing; the anointing leads to Jesus, and to the abiding in Him alone.

Believer, abide in Christ, in the power of the Spirit. What think you, ought the abiding longer to be a fear or a burden? Surely not. Oh, if we did but know the graciousness of our holy Comforter, and the blessedness of wholly yielding ourselves to His leading, we should indeed experience the Divine comfort of having such a teacher to secure our abiding in Christ. The Holy Spirit was given for this one purpose,—that the glorious redemption and life in Christ might with Divine power be conveyed and communicated to us. We have the Holy Spirit to make the living Christ, in all His saving power, and in the completeness of His victory over sin, ever present within us. It is this that constitutes Him the Comforter: with Him we need never mourn an absent Christ. Let us therefore, as often as we read, or meditate, or pray in connection with this abiding in Christ, reckon upon it as a settled thing that we have the Spirit of God Himself within us, teaching, and guiding, and working. Let us rejoice in the confidence that we must succeed in our desires, because the Holy Spirit is working all the while with secret but Divine power in the soul that does not hinder Him by its unbelief.

"LOOKING OVER" MOTHER.

"Going anywhere this vacation, Kate Morgan?"
 "No. I did think I would go to the Catskills for a week and have one good time, 'like folks.' You know I never really do anything just for pleasure, but the stern needs of the coming winter, I think, will change my plans."
 "What's the need?"
 "A velvet dress."
 "You don't mean it. Do you forget that you are a graded school-teacher at a salary of nine dollars a week?"
 "I can't help it. I have earned my money and saved it, and I want one thing that I feel at home in when I am invited to such places as Mrs. Cunningham's, for instance."
 "All right, of course."
 "Are you going anywhere, Louise?"
 "No. I have changed my plan, too."
 "What was it?"
 "I was invited up to Uncle Edward's farm to spend the summer, and expected to go, until I heard Dr. Lane's sermon two weeks ago."
 "I did not hear him allude to the fact."
 "Not exactly, but do you remember his asking us if we had ever thought what was the very best blessing we ever had, and advising us to go home and 'look over our blessings,' and give God thanks for them?"
 "Yes, I do remember that."

"I had no difficulty in thinking up my best blessing. It is my good, patient mother; and when I went home and 'looked her over,' it did not take me long to decide who needed mountain air and fresh milk the most of anyone. So the upshot of the matter is; mother goes for three weeks to the farm, and I am your most gracious and successful housekeeper at home. Come and take tea, will you?"
 "Perhaps," Kate Morgan said absently, and the two teachers left the subject and the large school-room together.

But the earnest, energetic Kate Morgan took a new thought along the familiar streets. All the school-years of the twenty-one years of her life had been spent in some connection with that graded school in the busy manufacturing town of Brenton. The year before she had graduated with honor from the high school, and at once was offered a situation in the intermediate department that she had filled to the satisfaction of all and her own great enjoyment.

For so many years she had known what close economies were necessary to her plain home that the younger children might be clothed decently and that she might complete the school course. She had seen her father count out his quarterly salary as a clerk, and sigh over its meagreness again and again. She had seen the lines in her mother's patient face deepen over the problems of turned garments and doing without things. No wonder her salary had seemed to her almost a fortune, and its possibilities a little intoxicating. She was young, too, and pretty, with musical gifts that made her welcome everywhere. But she was a child of the "kingdom," too, and every day prayed: "Search me, O God, of thyself," and to such the spirit is the leader.

It was late when she reached home, and she was still busy "looking over" her mother, and thinking she had never seen her so pale and worn, when her father entered with a sigh over the warm day, and sank down in his chair quite exhausted. His daughter wondered she had never noticed before how fast he was growing old. The three young children came in and they sat down to a plain supper. Kate wished now she had bought a quart of berries in the morning, instead of that fashion magazine, when she saw how little appetite her father had, and how the sickly boy Willis left his bread uneaten. Willis was thirteen, Herbert ten, and little Alice five years of age. Three others were waiting up in "God's acre" on the hill.

That night, up in her own room, Kate went through a rapid mental calculation, and with pencil and paper laid the result plainly before her eyes after this fashion:

Kate Morgan	Dr.
To twelve yards black velvet at \$4 per yard.....	\$48 00
To trimming and making.....	10 00
Money lost.....	58 00
Kate Morgan	Cr.
To cash in hand.....	58 00
Saved.....	

But it kept her awake that night, and it was several nights before her busy brain gave her even a beginning of things and how it should be saved. But each day she prayed: "Teach me, O God, of Thee in this, as all things."

One morning at breakfast she asked, "Father, when do you have your vacation this year?"
 "The second and third weeks in August," was the reply, "but I shall probably straighten up Jay's books for him in the time—a little extra pay."

That afternoon found Katie walking up to the door of Deacon Hollis' pleasant farmhouse. She found the deacon and his wife sitting in their shaded porch and met a hearty welcome.

Their own three daughters were settled in homes of their own, and the old people enjoyed a call from Katy and her singing greatly. She had to give them "Rock of Ages" now as soon as she recovered breath. It was some time before she could get to business. Then she asked:

"Deacon Hollis, have you disposed of your two-seated rockaway yet?"
 "No."
 "You don't use it?"
 "Not often. Wife and I have agreed to ride on the same seat, so the little carriage answers us."

Then Kate's plan came out. She wanted to hire the deacon's staid horse Roxy and the roomy rockaway, and take her father and mother, and the children, with herself, on a ride of ten days or so in the country.
 "But where are you going?" asked Mrs. Hollis, whose kind heart was interested at once. "Your mother does look real peaked," she said.

"My plan is to go up to Lake George, see that, and spend one night there with friends that have visited us two or three times. Then, about thirty-five miles farther, in among the mountains, on a stage road, lives an old aunt and uncle of father's who write us about once a year and always urge us so heartily to come and visit. Now is that too far?"

The deacon reckoned the miles and said, "Roxy could easily do it in four days, and three back," he added; "she's a masterful hand to know when her head is turned homewards."
 It was all settled at last. The deacon liked to put a generous bill in the collection for foreign missions, and he liked a good bargain right well, and it did come a little hard to offer Roxy and the rockaway for a "dollar a day and her keep," but generosity compelled, and he never regretted it.

That evening Kate unfolded her plan at home. Of the surprise, the objections, the slow, because fearful assent of the stay-at-home elders, and the delight of the children, we need not stop to speak.

Suffice it that the second week of August proved as bright and bland as could be desired; and at half-past five Roxy and the carriage were in waiting at the door of the Morgan home. Then it took the family just one hour to pack in the belongings necessary for the trip. Not the clothes—they had each on a good stout suit, and besides that carried a poorer one to wear in the woods. But there was a small boiled ham, and three loaves of wheat bread, and a pail of ginger-snaps, and a package of cheese, a bag with salt and pepper for the eggs they should buy, and tea and coffee and sugar and pain-killer, and liniment, and a few other such motherly provisions.

"Husband, you haven't made a mistake in the box, have you? That does not look just like the one I put the sugar and things in."
 It was opened and found to contain hard soap and silver polish, and they all enjoyed the laugh, and as for Kate, one look in her father's face was payment enough for all her trouble.

At last they were off in the early glory of the morning, through the half-awakened streets, down over the bridge near the noisy factories, and then out and up into the fair countryside, past beautiful farm-houses with their flowers and fruit orchards, through bits of woods where birds were chirping and squirrels racing, by little singing brooks and miniature falls, until at eleven o'clock they had come fifteen miles, and were all agreed that a convenient wood with large flat stones was just the place for a dining room; and here they camped out. Roxy was unharnessed, a little fire built by the brook, and over it they boiled some potatoes and eggs, and tea for two. They spread a cloth on the rock,

and on it a toad. After dinner, pa while mamma hammock, and tiny waterfall, miles farther, country inn, with small bills. The at Lake George cordial welcome.

But the third ture. A thund lonely mountain seek shelter in a night there, find carriage as best morning gave t chance to go on. And that Sal in its deep quiet rock and tree— And every hou seemed a tonic the sickly Willis such a sense of rest, as gave to meaning.

But all vacat nesday morning with face home given her, Roxy way this time, a meditating over.

"I've gained heard her father a new man."

"I don't belie the morning an years before," morning as she "How much go and I have go carpet from Au sewed. Well, pleasure enough.

And Kate was she wore a plain "You went a said with a smi "Yes, after I 'looked over n counted them l Advance.

GRIF

A voice has from the eternal ing, and entreat Spirit of God, day of redempti

There is a sin I will speak ver Himself by reas side this moning tures, and to pr did not rise till I feed your body, saw many faces your face, but t heaven's joy, no no time to see t God's people ris cause they sit u early, you must two hours befo refreshing sleep hours in self-in law, you griev value in gold of and burn betw could sow the e time that Chr t twelve at nigh every creature!