

ring of divine affection. Homes that begin with God end in heaven. Exercise the law of forbearance.

Some of the best men in the world are hard to get along with. There are those who can pray like an angel, and at home are cross and cranky. Stand to your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher to the rescue. Never be ashamed to apologize. My own grandfather called in his family together, and said to a child whom he had rebuked: "This morning I corrected you without cause, and wrongly. I am sorry, and ask your forgiveness." That is the noblest thing I remember of him.

Find the weak points of your companion—then stand off from them. Don't carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. Cowper says: "The kindest and the happiest pair will find occasion to forbear: and something every day they live to pity and perhaps forgive."

Let your chief pleasures circle about home. The husband who spends all his evenings away is only the cashier of the house, and the wife who goes five nights a week to the opera and theatre, though she may dress her children in colours that would confound a French milliner, they are orphans.

'Tis sad when a child has no one to say its prayers to. Parents in India throw children into the Ganges. In New York and Brooklyn dissipation swallows more children than the inexorable Ganges. I have seen the sorrows of a mother who knew she had neglected her dead child. No tears came, but she was held as in a scorching simoon. God gives tears as summer to a parched soul. Memory pinches the face, eats up the heart, and remorse corrodes the very soul. *Oh! wanderers from your home, go back!* Learn to have sympathy of occupations.

Sir James Mackintosh said to a great company of scholars, "My wife made me." The wife should be the advising partner in every firm. If a man dare not tell his wife about his business projects he is on the way to bankruptcy or moral ruin. Let husbands have sympathy with their wives. It is no easy thing to keep house. Your interests are one. Lay hold of life's work together—with four hands, four eyes, four shoulders to carry the trials.

Let love preside in the home circle. Happiness lies stock dead when words are formal and caresses cold. Let no shadow of suspicion come over your affections. Here's a man and wife who think if they have a house they will have a home. They buy for \$100,000—agents and workmen go in and out: costly curtains go up, and soft carpets go down; and in a maze of excitement, in the whirl of fashion and show, the establishment is inaugurated. But happiness dwells not in that house. The rich tapestries, the velvet carpets, the heavy furniture and the golden lights together in mournful tones, "Happiness is not in me, not in me!" That very night a clerk, on a thousand-dollar salary, goes home. Love meets him at the door, and sits with him at the table, and talks over the work of the day. They take the Bible and read of Him who came our souls to save; they kneel in prayer in the plain room, and angels look with joy as the twain receive the blessing of Christian love, the queen of happy Christian homes. Upon their heads she puts her hand, and says with the sweetness of heaven: "Happiness is with me."—*Dr. Talmage.*

NOT FAR AWAY.—Two little girls were walking homeward by moonlight one moonlight evening. I overheard one of them say: "Sister Annie, it don't make any difference how fast we walk, the moon keeps up with us every step of the way; it don't move at all, and yet it is always going along with us." So it is with God in heaven; though he seems far away, he is keeping step with us always in the march of life.

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.—The large number of our readers who are studying the International Uniform Lessons, will join us in thanking Mr. Chapman for his scholarly paper on Genesis.

The pressure of "News" on our space compels us to omit several valued contributions, some already in type. We do not wish an item less; we thank all who have sent them; but we will thank them more heartily, if they will do their own condensing.