

'Good-bye, Davie, I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you.' God has blessed me."

"Where is Dan?" asked his friend.

"Dan died six years ago; that is his little girl who came to the door. It was an awful blow to the dear old lady when Dan died, and she has never been strong since that dark day. But she has been so good as to tell me that I bring much sunshine into her life, and I thank God that I am able to do so."

—*Observer.*

NO ROOT IN THEMSELVES.

In passing through a greenhouse recently, the florist showed us a large frame or tray, in which were planted about ten thousand cuttings, for the purpose of starting them in the matter of root-making sufficiently to warrant their separate deposit in pots. He explained the necessity of huddling them, as preventing evaporation and in several other ways benefiting the young plants, and at the same time he pulled a slip out of the sand here and there to show the process of root formation. We received the idea clearly enough, that although it is very helpful to the plants that they should be crowded together, it is, nevertheless, absolutely essential to the life of each that it should make its own roots. It was helped to grow by its association with others, but it grew by its own roots. Thereupon, we remembered the Saviour's parable of the sower, in the which some seeds are described as failing to come to stalk or fruit because they had "no root in themselves." How many Christians there are who have only a fellowship life. They think and live only as others do; they are borne along in doctrine and practice by the current of Church life alone; they conform to the conventional religious life in all things; they have no individuality, no separate life and power; they never think of doing anything for God or men on their own account; they never follow their own convictions of truth or duty, but always some other's; they are planted among ten thousand, in shallow, sandy soil, and

when the sun is up, which gives life or withers, as the case may be, they wilt and die because they have "no deepness of earth, no root within themselves." Fellowship is precious and indispensable in the development of Christian life, but it cannot take the place of individuality. One must have root within himself; by thinking for himself; bringing himself into personal relationship with God in Christ Jesus, and by being himself—allowing the Holy Spirit to develop in him a spirituality which shall run along the lines of his particular personality — *Words and Weapons.*

CULTIVATING THE VOICE.

"Mamma, mayn't I have something to eat, I'm so hungry?" whined Willie Cooper, as he came in from school, to his mother.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the mother, "but you must ask in a different tone from that. Now, smile and say, 'Mamma, please give me something to eat,' in this tone," and she spoke in cheerful accents to show him how.

It took two or three trials but at last Willie got all the whine out of his voice and all the cloud out of his face, and was given a generous slice of bread and butter to "stay" his hunger till supper time.

It was by no accident that all the Cooper children had pleasant voices, and clear and distinct enunciation of what they said; for the cultivation of their voices had begun very early in their lives, so their vocal organs had no opportunity to form wrong habits, or learn bad ways. They had not been allowed to talk bad grammar, to clip their words, to indulge in slang, to whine, and the example of the clear, sweet, ringing cadences in which their parents spoke was more potent, perhaps, than any other influence in forming their habits of speech.

A child may be indulged in whining until its vocal organs are so set that it cannot speak without whining, or it may be allowed to talk in a high, shrill key until it loses command of the lower register, and can use only the high key. It may be taught to speak with distinct articu-

lation, with natural resonant tones, with grammatical propriety and correctness, until this shall become a part of him and an inalienable possession. — *Northwestern Congregationalist.*

It will comfort the despairing minister to read a few sentences from the speech read by Bishop Whipple at a missionary meeting in Chicago:

"Thirty years ago Dr. Twing asked me to visit a dying clergyman who was suffering with such agony that reason almost tottered on its throne and the shadow of darkness had come over him; and I went to try to comfort the dying man. He looked up in my face and said: 'Oh, if I could do one year of work such as is done by missionary bishops, such as you are doing in that Northwest I would be so happy! But, oh, I have done nothing, nothing!' I knew the man. I said: 'Do you remember when you were a pastor in Troy?' 'Yes. It was the happiest time of my life.' 'Do you remember you had a Bible class of girls from Mrs. Willard's school, and that one year every member of that Bible class was presented by you for confirmation?' 'Oh yes.' 'Do you remember that one was the daughter of a Presbyterian elder, and she had to wait until she heard from her father and had his consent?' 'Oh, yes,' and he mentioned her name. 'Well,' I said, 'that girl met a young man in the hurry of the world who hardly knew that he had a soul to be saved, and she led him to Christ, and then in after years she led him to give up business and become a candidate for orders, and then he drifted out to Chicago, and then was elected Bishop of Minnesota. Ah,' said I, 'my brother (it was Richard Cox), you little thought, when you were writing the lessons of life upon that girl's heart and telling her about the dear home of the Church of Christ, that you were training a bishop for Minnesota.' — *Southern Churchman.*

It is the little rift within the lute, that by-and-by will make the music mute, and ever widening slowly silence all.