

ancial trouble which had overthrown all her cherished plans, and for the present at least there seemed to be no prospect of anything better. She was roused from her reverie by Ted's voice.

"I'm glad I'm not a fish!" that young man announced suddenly.

"Why so, Ted?" Irene asked, smiling, in spite of her gloomy thoughts of a moment ago.

"Why, I shouldn't like to have to live in the ocean when it's all rough and stormy like this. It must be awful. If I was goin' to be a fish at all, I'd want the water to be always nice and quiet."

"Don't be too sure about that, Ted," Irene answered, smiling down in the honest eyes lifted to hers. "I'm afraid the poor fish would find it hard to live if the waters were not tossed about some of the time."

"Why?" Ted asked, with wonder in his eyes.

"You see, Ted, fish have to have air, the same that we do. Of course, they do not breathe as we do, but get what they need from the air that is imprisoned in the water. With so many, many fishes living in the ocean, it would not take a great while to use up all the air that is held by the water. When the waters are stirred up by a storm or by the wind, more air is caught to take the place of what the fishes have breathed. You remember, Ted, we have to change the water in our aquarium every day. That is because our gold fish breathe all the air that is in the water. If we would take the time to shake the water up a good deal, or pour it back and forth from one dish to another, we could put in fresh air in place of what they have breathed. But that takes too much time, and it is easier and better to give them fresh water. So you see, even though it may not always be comfortable for the fish to have the water stirred up and the ocean stormy, yet it gives them what they must have in order to live."

Ted was silent, pondering over this new thought. Irene, too, relapsed into a reverie, but this time her thoughts took another

turn, suggested by her talk with Ted.

"Perhaps this tossing about that has come to me is something I need as much as the fish do air," she mused. "Maybe if everything had gone on quietly, and we had had nothing but happiness and prosperity, some part of my nature might have stifled for want of this very air I'm breathing now. Trials and troubles aren't easy to bear, and it's hard to be tossed about on a stormy sea, but I'm sure that I could bear it more patiently if I knew that it was meant to give me something I needed—something that I couldn't get from peace and prosperity. I wonder if that is the way of it?"

There was nobody to give an answer to her unspoken question, but the very thought made her happier, and the great brown eyes were full of quiet trust as they looked out over the tossing waters.—*Alice L. Griggs, in Young People's Weekly.*

REPENTANCE.

Repentance is not merely a little twinge of remorse over some wrong thing. It is not simply a gush of tears at the recollection of some wickedness. It is not mere shame at being found out

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in some meanness, or uncleanness, or dishonesty. It is the revolution of the whole life. Sins wept over must be forsaken forever. Repentance is a change of heart, a turning of the face just the other way. It is well for us to make diligent quest to be sure that we always abandon the wrong-doing which we deplore, that we turn away from the sin which we confess.

A good many people get only half the gospel. They talk a great deal about believing, but very little about repenting. It needs to be remembered that a faith which does not lead to genuine repentance is not a faith that saves.—*Rev. J. R. Miller.*

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