

what their Lord had taught them. Probably at this time the apostles did not comprehend it, but these words of the Lord signify that the Holy Spirit is to be constantly in the world, ruling the hearts of all true believers. It was necessary that the Lord should come on earth as a man in order to make known God the Father, and also to show in Himself, in His life as a man, what it was to be a true child of God.

But if He was to stay on earth it could not be as a man. Not only did His work require that He should die and be raised from the dead, and ascend to the Father, but to be truly one with His disciples He must be spiritually present to their souls, not visibly to their senses. Therefore it is that the Holy Spirit comes in His place to guide them into all truth. Probably as long as Jesus was with them, bodily, they would always be going back to their old thought that He was to be King of Israel, on the earthly throne of David. In order for them to understand what His Kingdom truly was, He had to pass away from their sight. And thus it really happened, as you will read in all the rest of the New Testament. That portion of it shows what the disciples learned of the Holy Ghost.—*The Churchman*, N. Y.

THE FABLE OF THE GRASS BLADES.

BY FRANCES BELL COURSEN.



LD Sol, far up in the midst of the blue heavens, smiled a great, broad smile.

Sol is the sun, you know. And he smiled right down upon a meadow until every little grass blade in it smiled back, and waved shining and green in the sunlight.

"Oh," thought our good King Sol, "I will send down so many warm yellow rays that they shall grow strong and beautiful, and rejoice all who come that way."

So the dear sun went on shining and smiling, and all the little grass blades had to do was to shine and smile back—green instead of golden.

But the sun did not know what they were thinking about.

Presently a man came walking up the road.

It was noon, and he was very tired and warm, so he threw himself down under a tree to rest. He was so weary that he looked very sad, but when he raised his tired eyes they fell on the lovely green of the meadow, and then the poor man smiled and felt refreshed.

If he had known what was whispering among the grasses!

There was a little girl, too, standing by the roadside, and she looked greatly troubled, and tears stood in her eyes.

For nurse had said, "No, no, Miss Nettie, you cannot play with Prince." (Prince was her great black dog.) "The road is so dusty

you'll be all dirt. Now come, give me your hand and walk with me."

But the very thing Nettie wanted to do was to play with Prince, and the very thing she did not want to do was to walk slowly along, holding her nurse's hand. So she was very near a crying fit when suddenly her eyes brightened and the tears dried up out of them in a twinkling.

"Oh, nurse," she cried, "over there is a splendid big meadow full of grass, and it's so clean, so clean, can't I play there?"

Nurse said "Yes," so she and Nettie and Prince all three started in high glee for the meadow.

They had to climb over a stone wall and several fences to reach it, so we will leave them on their way.

But I wonder if they learned what the grasses were saying.

Other eyes had seen the grasses too, and at that minute a flock of sheep were trotting gently down the hillside toward it, thinking how much nicer it would taste than anything they had been able to find on the mountain.

And behind them came slowly stepping the red-brown cows with the self-same thought in their mild eyes.

And more than this—If you had looked low down on the ground, in the grass, you would have seen hundreds of busy little creatures running this way and that among the leaves. There were big ants and small ants, little spiders, and all sorts of other little bugs. Some were tiny red or white specks, so small you could hardly see them; a pin-point would make a hole too large for them to squeeze through. And yet they could run so fast for all they were so very little!

Some of these wee, strange creatures had fairy wings so thin and white you could not see them unless the sun shone through, and then you noticed that they sparkled with jewel colors, pale ruby or emerald, or a liquid, flaming topaz. They were such wonderful little beings they made you dream they must have lost their way from fairyland, where, perhaps, a sunbeam resting on a dew drop woke it into some such marvellous little life!

And yet there were so many that they seemed quite common. You can see them any summer day.

What did they all think of the mighty grass blades up which they climbed, under which they found safe shelter?

Perhaps to them each blade stood for a stately palace or a broad green tent; or they seemed to form an enchanted, never-ending forest of tall wonders; or possibly, to some of the tiniest, a mountain-range of inaccessible peaks!

At all events, you may be sure they thought