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to confess his faith; in the beautiful and symbolic act of sacrificing the present for the future, stepped forth into the open furrow.

His open countenance, bronzed with the sun, was lighted with love and adoration; his lips smiled; his eyes glowed; he lifted them to the heavens in an unspoken prayer for the benediction of the great life-giver; he drew into his nostrils the sweet odors, into his lungs the pure air, into his soul the beauty and glory of the world, and then, filling his hand with the golden grain, he flung it into the bosom of the waiting earth.

All day long he strode across the clearing and with rhythmical swinging of his brawny arm lavishly scattered the golden grain.

As the sun went down and the sower neared the conclusion of his labor, his emotions became deeper and yet more deep. He entered more and more fully into the true spirit and significance of his act. He felt that it was a sacrament. Thoughts of the operation of the mighty energies which he was evoking; of the Divine spirit who brooded over all; of the coming into this wilderness of the woman who was to be the good angel of his life; of the ceremony that was to be enacted in the little meeting house; of the work to which he was dedicated in the future, kindled his soul into an ecstasy of joy. He ceased to be conscious of his present task. The material world loosened its hold upon his senses. His thoughts became riveted upon the elements of that spiritual universe that lay