

together with the love of Christ ; but this cannot be. The love of money and of pleasure will prevail over the love of Christ, if we try to keep them both in our hearts at the same time.

Neither money nor pleasure could get for us what Christ has got for us ; and therefore they should never be allowed to have a place together in the same heart.

We could not by pleasure or money get pardon and life, but we have got them through Christ.

We could not by pleasure or money get a treasure in heaven, but we have got it through Christ.

He is the Word, which is the seed of life to us.

No man can have an honest and good heart who does not keep Christ as the Word of life. But if he keeps Him, then he will bring forth fruit.

Everything we do by which we show that Christ is precious is fruit.

To confess His name is fruit.

To give thanks to Him is fruit.

To suffer for His sake is fruit.

To show kindness to one of His disciples for His sake is fruit.

This fruit is brought forth with patience, because we have to bear His cross and endure many things.

"JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL."

It was late, and only three people remained on deck, one of whom paced up and down, while the remaining two nestled under their rugs.

The latter were Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood, of New York, the wife evidently English, and the pair were generally believed to be bride and bridegroom, though the hair of the handsome, dark faced man was becoming gray.

"How came you to sing a hymn for the occasion, Jack?" questioned the bride. "I never heard you sing one before. And this was such a dear old fashioned thing, too—'Jesus, lover of my soul.' I think I never heard you sing as you did that little hymn to-day. You seemed to throw all your heart into it, and your eyes had a dreamy, far-away look, as though your song had transported you hundreds of miles away.

"And so it had, for a time, many miles and many years," responded John Fleetwood. "It had carried me into Georgia, in the days of our Civil War, twenty-seven years ago. I sang that particular hymn one night then, and I haven't sung it since. But to day it came into my mind, and I seemed forced to give it voice ; I couldn't conceive why until, after I had begun to sing, I remembered that this was the anniversary of that night. I recollect the date, because it was on the eve of a great battle."

"Tell me about it, won't you? I like to share your memories."

"Oh, it isn't much of a story, though you shall have it if you wish."

"I beg your pardon," chimed in a voice close at hand ; "I really couldn't help hearing you just now, when you said you fought during the Civil War in Georgia. I, too, am an American, returning, after a long absence, to my own country, and I knew Georgia very well in the days of the rebellion. Will you allow me to listen to your story?"

"Oh, but there is absolutely no story to tell," said Fleetwood, in some embarrassment. "The talk simply swung round to a hymn I happened to sing this afternoon."

"I heard you with great pleasure,"