

ever succeeded in getting. It is one of the absolute impossibilities of life. Hearts were never made to conform. They were made to grow, each opening up to God's eternal sunshine, and being filled and satisfied with no tinted lights or half lights.

As we read the words of David and Jeremiah and Paul, we should every man listen for his own special word from God, as they listened for theirs, and heard, when, and as, they listened.

Labor we all, then, in word and doctrine and life, not that any man shall do or believe as we have done. Verily, no! But we seek so to labor, that each, for himself, and to himself, may be answerable.

Do we respect persons? Do we fear to trust men? God does neither. He has confidence in His handiwork. May not we so trust Him as to have like confidence?

The ark is safe. Truth will stand. Righteousness varies not. The on-coming generations, how majestic they are! How they bear the ark! How royally do they stand in the breaches! There is hope in all those ranks, is there? Ay, better than hope. There is face-to-face sight. There is courage born of standing in heavenly places with God's fair Son.

Then, with age, and problem, and method, and men, new and ever new, we labor rejoicingly, catching from day to day some hint of the rarer beauties of the shimmering pattern, and growing in gladness, as, turning aside to the holy ground, we take the shoes from our feet, and bow down in worship before Him who sits in the loom.

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The Other Prodigal

By Rev. John A. Clark, B.A.

The prodigal son has too often been looked upon as the type of all sinful men. It has been forgotten, that the father, in our Lord's parable, had two sons. The elder son represents man, just as much as his prodigal brother. To go into the far country and waste one's substance in riotous living, is not any more common, nor is it more dishonoring to the father, than the cultivation of a mean, narrow, grudging, jealous nature. To be

respectable and industrious and thrifty and moral, is not the whole of virtue. No man is a true son of the perfect Father, who is not generous and forgiving and loving.

It is not difficult to recognize the elder son. He is a very excellent and useful man. He is one of those steady, industrious men, who do their work and discharge their duties in such a way that no one can possibly charge them with neglect. The neighbors and friends of the family often contrast him with his brother. The prodigal is a lazy, vicious, degraded creature. His brother is a hard-working, trustworthy, useful citizen.

But the morality of the elder son is a poor thing after all. It is a mere formal, external, monotonous performance of duty. There is no motive of love in it. There is no joy nor power in the daily task. The law of the father is, a constraint rather than an impulse. Life is wanting in all the deeper and sweeter emotions. This explains his conduct when his prodigal brother comes home again. The prodigal's absence and folly have been the shame and sorrow of the father and the father's house. It has meant nothing to the elder brother. The prodigal's return and repentance are causes for the greatest rejoicing to his father. They have no interest for his brother. This elder son has no living, loving relations with those around him. He lives at home, but he is not at home; for he has nothing of that sympathetic and fraternal spirit which makes a home. He lives with his father; but he is separated from his father by a distance greater than that of any space, because he has no fellowship with his father's generous and loving spirit. And so his life is empty of all gladness. We know why his father never gave him a kid, that he might make merry with his friends. He had neither time nor inclination for play or the cultivation of cheerful friendship. "Music and dancing" are for living men, not for mechanical drudges.

To be worthy and true sons of our heavenly Father, we must be more than dutiful and moral. We need most of all to have that mind and spirit which is warm, pitiful, generous, forgiving, loving. There is a grave temptation to think ourselves excellent and worthy men, because we despise and