

THE SIMPLE STORY OF THE GOSPEL.—The evangelists are of course the historians of the time of Christ: but what strange historians they are! They leave out just that which worldly ones would write, and they record just that which the worldly would have passed over. What historian would have thought of recording the story of the widow and her two mites? Would a Hume or a Smollett have spared half a page for such an incident? Or think you that even a Macaulay could have found it in his pen to write down a story of an eccentric woman, who broke an alabaster box of precious ointment upon the head of Jesus? But so is it. Jesus values things, not by their glare and glitter, but by their intrinsic value. He bids his historian store up, not the things which shall dazzle men, but those which shall instruct and teach them in his spirit. Christ valueth a matter, not by its exterior, but by the motives which dictated it, by the love which shines from it. O singular historians! ye have passed by much that Herod did; ye tell us little of the glories of his temple; ye tell us little of Pilate, and that little not to his credit; ye treat with neglect the battles that are passing over the face of the earth; the grandeur of Cæsar doth not entice you from your simple story. But ye continue to tell these little things, and wise are ye in so doing, for verily these little things, when put into the scale of wisdom, weigh more than those monstrous bubbles of which the world delighteth to read. As long as this gospel is preached and wherever it is proclaimed, the story of this woman is to go with it. Our Lord's prediction goes on to be verified, while the memorial of this woman fills the church with fragrance. There must be something, therefore, remarkable in it; let us pause, and look, and learn, and God give us grace to imitate.—*Spurgeon*.

The same fire which softens the wax, hardens the clay.

Poetry.

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Up and away like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun—
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run;
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone—
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on stone?
The things we have lived for—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down the fields which in spring I have sown;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.