

eyes turned to her jewel case as she recollected the treasures hidden therein,—costly, valuable gems. Could she give them? “Shall I offer unto my Lord that which cost me nothing?” Half unconsciously the question rose to her lips as she unlocked the case and drew out the ornaments one by one; and then another picture rose before her and she whispered, “A jewel on my finger or a gem in His crown?” That settled it.

“All for Jesus! yes—Lord, take them, and use them for Thy glory.”

But as we see her this evening, sitting before the cosy fire, it is not the question of her will that is troubling her; that is past, now another question has to be considered. More precious far than any of her jewels is the little maiden down stairs who calls her “mother,” and it is of her Mrs. Merville is thinking as she dreams by the fire. “They would be all Evelyn’s,” she says softly, “all her’s, after I am gone, so she has a right to be considered. “But she is old enough to have a choice, I will let her decide,” and rising, she opens the door and calls her little daughter.

A bounding step is heard on the stairs, and a child, all smiles and sunshine enters. Then catching sight of the jewels, she eagerly takes them up, exclaiming, “Oh mamma, your pretty things! Why have you taken them out tonight? May I put on this?” and she fastens a gold necklet round her throat. Mrs. Merville sat down and drew the little one to her.

“My darling, mother wants to talk to you about something to night, something very special; will you listen, for you are to choose about this thing.”

In a minute the child had scrambled into her mother’s arms, and as she nestled there, with one arm around Mrs. Merville’s neck, and the other hand clasping the necklet, the mother told the story of the Jews, God’s own people, who were receiving the message of salvation, getting God’s Word, and studying it, to learn about the Saviour. With eyes fixed on Mrs. Merville’s face, Evelyn listened, and when her mother stopped she asked:

“But why have you told me this, mother?”

“Because, darling, when I asked God to show me what I could do to send help to those poor people, he reminded me of my ‘pretty things,’ and I remembered that they are worth a great deal of money: so when they are sold, there will be more money to buy Bibles to tell these poor people about Jesus. But then I remembered my little daughter, and how she would have mother’s ‘pretty things’ some day, and now I want to know if she is willing to give up these ‘pretty things,’ to send the good news about Jesus to His own people.”

For a moment there was silence, and then, flinging her arms around her mother’s neck, the child exclaim-

ed, “Take them, mother dear, every one; and do send lots of Bibles to the Jews. I don’t mind giving up the things one bit for Jesus’ sake.”

A silent “thank God” rose to Mrs. Merville’s lips as she clasped the child still closer, and that night her husband had the jewels placed in his possession, to be disposed of for the benefit of the Jews.

The next morning, as he sat reading, the sound of another sob fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw Evelyn standing beside him, her blue eyes full of tears, and her small hands clasping something with evident care.

“Why! what’s the matter, little One? he asked. Drawing still closer, she placed in his hand something, and on looking down he beheld a number of doll ornaments, made of glass beads. “Dolly’s jewelry?” he said, oh! very pretty; but what shall I do with them?”

“Take them, please,” sobbed the child; “they are for the poor Jews who haven’t heard about Jesus. Mother—gave you—her pretty things—and these—are my Polly’s—and—”

Here her sobs increased and speech was impossible, but her father understood at once, and as he gazed at the beads he wondered if, in the Master’s sight, the child’s offering was not of equal value with the mother’s gift!

My reader, of what have you denied yourself for the Master’s sake? Do you know that in India there are at least 21,000,000 widows, 1,500,000 of whom are under twenty-four years of age, 10,000 under ten years of age? That the heathen are dying at the rate of 1,000 an hour day and night? That from the open doors in India, China, Japan, Africa, the cry comes, “Come over and tell us the good news?”

Oh! do not ask yourself, “What must I give?” but “What may I give?” and if that question should lead you further still, not to say, “Why should I go?” but, “Why should I not go?” Will you now at once on hearing the Master’s “Whom shall I send, and who will go for Me?” answer quickly, Here am I, send me?”
Old Ridge, C. M., in “Wesleyan.”

WHAT CHRIST SAID.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

I said, “Let me walk in the fields;”

He said, “No, walk in the town.”

I said, “There are flowers there;”

He said, “No flowers, but a crown.”

I said, “But the skies are black;”

There is nothing but noise and din;”

And He wept as He sent me back;

“There is more, He said, There is sin.”

I said “But the air is thick

And fogs are veiling the sun.”

He answered “Yet souls are sick.

And souls in the dark undone.”

I said “I shall miss the light

And friends will miss me, they say;”

He answered “Choose tonight

If I am to miss you or they.”

I pleaded for time to be given,

He said “Is it hard to decide?”

It will not seem hard in Heaven

To have followed the steps of your Guide.”