

often to wait for a chance of saying the word in season, but in the meanwhile, our lives will be eloquent and those around us, noting changes for the better in the little things which make up the sum of our daily lives, will begin to wonder how they have come about. Perhaps they will take knowledge of you, dear ones, that you have been learning at the feet of Jesus, and seeing that you are happier in yourselves and more anxious to promote the happiness of others, they may wish to know your secret and give you the chance you long for. Then you will not speak for Christ in vain. I repeat, "Do not be in haste to speak, but be ever watchful for an opportunity, and then ask that the right words may be given you in accordance with Christ's own promise to His disciples."

As a last word on this subject, let me urge upon each of you how important it is that you should be a bright, happy-tempered, Christian girl, and that you should specially manifest yourself as such, when things are not running smoothly in your daily life. It requires little effort to show a bright face and say cheery words when you have everything in your favour. To do this under depressing circumstances needs more than mere human strength and courage; and it is an evidence that, far below the surface of your being, there flows a well-spring of hope and gladness and a sense of enduring blessedness, which neither the storms nor trials of daily life can exhaust or destroy.

Now I want to say a word or two about the persistent day-dreams which prove a disturbing element in the spiritual life of one of you—probably of many.

In a recent talk I said something to you relative to the golden dreams in which many of us are prone to indulge. I think most of us, if asked individually, would plead guilty to day-dreaming at one time or other. I should for one, and more than this, I should own that I had often found it very pleasant, especially when the dreaming accompanied manual work which was not altogether congenial and needed no thinking about.

When I was a young girl, I was taught to do every kind of household work, and I did not always like it. Then however, it was part of every girl's education; for fewer servants were kept and, even in the homes of wealthy people, the daughters superintended their work or helped in turn in all but the menial part of it.

I used to dream over my share of it many a time, and many a story which some of you may have read, had its beginning as the box-iron glided over the skirt of my muslin frock.

I am sure that pure, happy, innocent day-dreams lighten labour. They bring smiles to our faces and pleasant anticipations, though they may never be realised. Still, not being real buildings, their ruin does not trouble us much. Our "Castles in Spain," are like the card houses of the little folk, built to be demolished, many a time and oft, yet one always has a sort of childish pleasure in beginning again.

All the same, a word of warning about day-dreaming will not be out of place. If a girl can say, "I should not be afraid were my good mother to look into my mind and read its imaginings as in an open book," her day-dreams are not likely to be hurtful ones. If, however, they mean a constant longing after forbidden pleasures, foolish picturing of ourselves in positions impossible of attainment, and for which we should be utterly unfitted if we could attain them; if they serve to make us discontented with the place and portion God has allotted to us and neglectful of daily duties; or, if they bring a flush of shame to our own faces when we dwell upon them, they are bad and to be fought against at all costs.

Should we continue to cherish these worse than idle fancies, they will grow and multiply

to the injury of our higher nature. By constantly dwelling on unrealities, we shall lose both the will and power to devote ourselves to the duties which lie nearest to us. At the same time, conscience will reproach us for the misuse of the talents, whether few or many, which we can call our own.

If any of you have such day-dreams, fight against them. Banish them as the gardener unsparingly tears away the weeds and clears the ground before he plants the flowers.

It is not enough to banish bad and foolish imaginings. The ground of the heart must be occupied with seed of some kind. Resolve that it shall be such as will blossom into the fair flowers of good doing and the faithful performance of present duties, and when dreaming as you go about your work, dream of the highest and best things.

Many a girl who indulges to excess in reading unwholesome and unnatural fiction, straightway sits down and fancies herself a heroine of the sort described. A nobleman's daughter in disguise, a peasant endowed with such rare beauty and gifts as fit her to be the bride of a prince! She sees herself adorned in costly garments and decked with priceless jewels, with a palace for her home and countless servants to do her bidding.

Naturally, when necessity arouses her from such visions, she is disgusted at the realities around her and discontented with her lot.

Let me tell you, dear girl-friends, that a higher title and a more glorious home are yours by right if you are true disciples of Christ, for you can claim the proud title of "Daughters of the Lord Almighty," and "Children of God."

If you sigh in poverty here, do not waste time in longing after costly surroundings, but remember that if you are indeed believing and loving children of God, you can claim a more glorious heritage than earthly imagination can picture. Read what God's Word tells us.

"If children then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ."

As to the inheritance! Once yours it is yours for ever, since it is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for you.

No fear that this will vanish like those you have seen only in fancy. Once yours, it differs too from the grandest of real earthly possessions in this. Death robs us of them. Death gives us the eternal title-deeds of our heavenly heritage.

Do you who are poor envy the wealthy ones amongst us, their rich apparel and ministering servants?

There is one robe which is worth more than all the costly garments that skill can devise and mortal hands fashion; that one in which those are clothed who, in the eternal home above, praise Him who has redeemed them.

If you are children of God and heirs of salvation, here is another message for your comfort. It matters not what may be your station in this life you have a share in the ministry of angels, for, "are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Let us take comfort from these things and bear in mind that this family name and title, the rich heritage, the clothing, the home and the service are alike for high and low, rich and poor, young men and maidens, old men and children on the one condition. We must be children of God, through faith in Christ.

Dream if you will of your heritage, and in God's good time you shall awake from your last earthly sleep to find in the Home above how real it is.

Before we met to-night I meant to speak of our daily life, including its lighter occupations and amusements in relation to the glory of God. I have been a little carried away by the subjects which have occupied us thus far,

so the rest must await our next meeting. To fill our last few moments one of yourselves shall speak to you as she has already done straight to my heart in her delightful letter signed "Une de vos filles."

I am not going to quote the grateful, loving words addressed more particularly to myself, but I will read you bits here and there which will be helpful to you. As you listen you will feel with me how much each of us may contribute to the good of the rest, and that, in striving to bless others, we are ourselves doubly blessed.

"For some weeks it has been in my mind to write to you, and yet I shrank from it in case you might not like it. The thought comes to me that it is only right and kind to let another know when he or she has done us any good."

The writer tells how our Twilight Talks have been helpful, "sometimes by rebuke, sometimes by encouragement, and sometimes, just by showing me that others have the same difficulties and temptations to contend with." She describes her surroundings, and the picture she draws of parents, home and family is very beautiful. "Yet, having so many rich blessings," she writes "there is still room in my heart for gratitude to God for giving me this extra one, the strengthening words," which have travelled to her through our sittings in the twilight.

One passage I must give in its entirety. "The only thing that others might think a drawback to my happiness is, that for fifteen years I have been more or less of an invalid, some days suffering severely, at other times tolerably well, but never quite free from pain. And yet I can truly say I would not have been without this discipline, for I know that God has given me some of the highest and most precious blessings of my life as direct consequences of the suffering. Sometimes I do long to be able to serve Him more actively; but then it comforts me to remember that, 'Lord, all my desire is before Thee,' is true in my case also, and that, afterwards 'His servants shall serve Him.' So I am very happy, and it is wonderful how He sends little wee bits of work to do for Him within the power of even a weary frame like mine."

Surely this sweet message from "Une de mes filles," is one of the "bits of work" done in Christ's name. Does it not show us all that it is possible, even amid many drawbacks, to keep on the look-out for something to do for God and our neighbour, and to rejoice in using all the powers we possess in His Service?

So many, even of those who profess to be God's servants turn aside, and shirk the share of work they are well able to perform, but the one who has truly given her heart to Him, cheerfully does her best and only grieves that she cannot do more.

My dear correspondent is a day-dreamer, and she allows me to have a glimpse of her visions. Would that all were like hers, for looking onward and upward, she pictures our gathering again, not in the twilight as now, but in heaven where there is no night. For the heritage and the home we have been talking about are real things to her now, and she concludes thus, "I have been trying to give you a little of my share of thankfulness, and I am looking forward to talking to you about it there when we are both in the presence of the Lord, 'whose we are and whom we serve.'"

Do not you, with whom I have shared a portion of this sweet letter, join with me in a heartfelt message of love and thanks to the dear writer for the good she has done us?

A prayer too, that the same spirit of patience, submission, firm faith and loving service may animate us all, and that our day-dreams may be not of earthly splendours, but of the time when we shall dwell in the eternal "city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."