

I might have done more ; I see it now. How often I think of that hymn.

"I gave My life for thee ;
What hast thou given for Me ?"

That is the question, Cynthia : What have I brought to Him, what have I given to Him ?

"She was very sad, and I wanted to comfort her, so I said, 'Perhaps eternity will show that you have brought more than one soul to Him ; and you have given Him your own heart. Surely He will not despise that gift. The Lord knows that you had no opportunity to give liberally. He knows that you have borne privation without murmuring, and tried hard to do right. He will not withhold from you the praise He bestowed on another, "She hath done what she could."'

"Perhaps He will accept my poor endeavors. I hope so, I hope so. But, Cynthia, this view of the case will not answer for you. You have means, and you can do much more than I have done."

"I did not reply, for I was thinking of you. Mother read my thoughts, and she said, 'Amos will not hinder your giving it if he knows that your heart is set upon it. Besides, he needs only to be convinced of his duty, and he will do it. Promise me that you will give to the spread of the Gospel as the Lord gives you strength and prosperity.'

"It was a good deal to promise, and I hesitated a moment. Great tears stood in her dim, faded eyes, and I answered, 'I will, mother, I will.'

"God bless you, Cynthia, for I know if you give me your promise you will fulfil it," said mother, and she looked so satisfied that I repeated the promise in my heart.

"You may easily imagine how her words came back to me the following day as I stood beside her helpless form. "How could she have done more?" I said aloud. I remembered all her little sacrifices, and I thought if she had reason to reproach herself because she had not done more for the spread of the Gospel there was no excuse for me. I made a solemn vow that from that day I would do more for the Master, that I would not be like those of whom He spoke when He said, 'I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest, and art dead.' I thought of all our means, that we have not even the excuse of laying up wealth for our children."

Here Mrs. Parker stopped suddenly and

wiped her eyes, and Mr. Parker's head bent low, for both were thinking of the bright little son who had once been their joy.

A moment later Mrs. Parker continued: "Since mother's death I have saved as much as possible of the money you have given me. I shall give it to the mission fund, together with the sum you give me now ; and please, Amos, let it be no less than I asked for."

Amos Parker cleared his throat to take away its huskiness, then asked, "How much have you saved?"

Very slowly came the words, "Fifty dollars."

"Then I will not be outdone by you, Cynthia ; I will add fifty dollars more."

In her joy and surprise Cynthia Parker put her arms around her husband's neck and gave him a hearty kiss. He was not a little touched by such an expression of her gratitude, but wishing to appear unmoved, he said, "There, there, Cynthia, that will do. Ain't we going to have any dinner to-day?"—*Gospel in all Lands.*

SUPERFLUOUS DECORATIONS.

We always admire those shooting-stars, or meteors, which appear so suddenly at night in the arching heavens, shoot so brilliantly across some portion of the sky, and then as suddenly disappear, "a moment bright, then gone forever." They obscure the steady old stars that have so faithfully kept their sentinel stations in the skies since "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Their course is always downward. Why th, are certainly beautiful, they seemed to be quite superfluous decorations. Their usefulness has never been discovered. We sometimes seem to find the analogies of these beautiful shooting stars in our religious world. In our pulpits there have sometimes appeared men of wonderful intellectual brilliancy, but not of wonderful intellectual balance. They have swayed audiences at their will. Before their brief corruscations, the efforts of other and more faithful men—bright, constant, and steady moral lights—have paled and been unnoticed. The crowd has followed and admired them—and got very little for its pains. Their sparkling time—and they only sparkled—was brief. They went out suddenly, with no useful work accomplished. They only held the world agape for a moment.—*Evangelist.*