

But is it more wonderful or mysterious than the gift of music, so strong in Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann; than the gift of song, so powerful in Jenny Lind and Patti; than "the breathing might of the immortal marble" possessed by Michael Angelo; the gift of poetry which made our own Whittier so dear to us; the power to hold thousands spell-bound by the fine delivery of noble words, as George William Curtis did; the talent for leading great armies that Napoleon had; or the gift of statesmanship of Webster and Clay?

Are they not all from the same great source, that uncreatable and indestructible force which we call God?

The spiritual gift is greater than these, because it may contain them or may work through them, but it is certainly not more strange, more mysterious.

They are all simply parts of the great vital and moral force, which is in everything—which is everything. It is the loving heart which speaks comfort to the troubled, and points to that higher life of unselfishness which alone can give rest to the world-tossed soul. It is the inspiring swell of the great organ in Grace Church, when it pours forth one of Beethoven's Sonatas or Mozart's Fantasia. It is the beautiful poem, breathed by our poet, when he said:

"O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight,
Thy presence maketh one;
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

"So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee, the fatherhood,
And heart of God revealed.

"We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray,
But dim or clear, we own to Thee,
The Light, the Truth, the Way."

It is the beautiful marble image shaped by the immortal Michael Angelo. And it is those hands of his which did the shaping.

It is all these and more. It is ourselves striving for strength to make our

days good days; to cultivate the gifts with which we are endowed—whatever they be.

Jesus possessed the spiritual gift to perfection. He understood the sorrows and troubles of those around him, and he said "Come unto me and I will give you rest." All possess the spiritual gifts who can speak comfort and lead to that higher life—the life that holds itself above trials, but not out of sympathy with them,—the life lived by Lucretia Mott which made it possible for her to bear the brunt of antagonisms with serenity during the anti-slavery times; the life of Fox and his followers who bore imprisonment and torture, and yet were happy.

This greatest gift can be cultivated, I believe, as those others can which I have mentioned. We can follow no regular course as the student of music does, but the methods are somewhat similar. The musician spends his days and months and years working to make himself better in this one thing. He makes every minute of practice mean something. He makes use of every opportunity to add to his musical education. The spiritual gifts increase under a similar treatment. If we keep ourselves alive to the needs of those around us, and use every opportunity to help them, to comfort them, day after day, year after year, our power for good will become greater and our gift—this greatest gift to mankind—will be increased.

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Give me a positive character with a positive faith, positive opinions and positive actions, though frequently in error, rather than a negative character, with a doubting faith, wavering opinions, undecided actions and faintness of heart. Something is better than nothing.—*C. Simmons.*

No woman is educated who is not equal to the successful management of a family.—*Burnap.*