

the son of a prophet, and I always feel my limitations at such times, for my vision in its less extensive sweep never takes in any such possibility. Because there would have to be a complete re-organization of Christian Endeavor principles, if Christian Endeavor is to destroy denominations, and become undenominational. Each Endeavorer is pledged to his own church, remember, and as long as that is true, Christian Endeavor can take no steps without its church's leadership, and each church will have to give up its denominational affiliation before Christian Endeavor can be undenominational. We have to-day in the Christian Endeavor conventions the best example I know of spiritual interdenominational fellowship, and I like it, and believe in it, and praise the Lord for it; but at the same time I never expect to see undenominationalism promoted by Christian Endeavor principles. I don't, and I want to be put on record as saying so, too.

"So let us have a general shaking up on this matter. Let us get thoroughly right ourselves. Ask God to keep us from making mistakes, and I, for one, want to raise my voice as loudly as I can for the principles of Christian Endeavor, which have taught, and are teaching, me to become a more loyal Presbyterian at the same time reminding me that Presbyterians have not a monopoly of the grace of God, and that I can gain inspiration and enthusiasm by gathering with other children of God from other folds? Yes! I am a Presbyterian, Christian Endeavor makes me more so; but I tell you plainly I am first a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and bow to Him as my Leader and King."—"Pres. Journal."

A WORD TO THE WEARY.

There recently lived and died in New York a woman who, by reason of the unselfishness of her life, merits that her name should be written high among "those who loved their fellow-men." She was not rich, or handsome, or learned; she had founded no institution, nor given her name to any great movement; but many called her blessed, and in her humble circle she was more beloved and mourned than many called great in this world's reckoning.

Her name was Mary Carew, and she stood for so many years behind a certain counter in one of the largest shops that the oldest employees had almost forgotten when she came, and to the younger ones she seemed a part of the store itself. Indeed, to many she was the best part; for life to shop girls and errand boys is not easy, and kindness such as her's is not frequent enough to be undervalued. Every one in the establishment knew her and loved her. From the "floor walker" to the smallest cash girl,

every one had at some time received kindness at her hands.

It was Miss Carew who spoke a word of welcome and encouragement to the new clerks, and did what she could to help them in their work. She always knew if one was sick or disheartened, and in sorrow, or death, or poverty, she was always at hand to console and help. Somehow she kept a watch over the thoughtless among the girls, and her gentle guidance saved them from many of the follies of their class.

No home was too humble, or dirty, or unattractive for her to visit, when there was need, among her boys and girls, as she called them; and she was never too tired to welcome them to her own cheery, home-like room. In the dull season when many of the girls were turned off, and were homeless and helpless, they found shelter with this good woman, and she often went without the things really necessary to her comfort, to help others, poorer than herself.

She never "preached," she never rebuked; but her few gentle words of advice or entreaty were rarely unheeded, and many a soul owed its birth into the kingdom, under God, to this humble woman. She had but one talent—the talent of loving; but in her sphere she became a power for good.

Year after year passed away in an unending round of work for others. She rarely took even a day's rest, but worked over hours for the sake of earning a little more to help her needy ones. She sat up late at night beside the sick or dying, and denied herself every luxury.

Gradually her health began to fail, her step grew feeble, and she had a troublesome cough. She had saved nothing in all those years of toil; the necessities of others had been too great; and so, when she became too ill to work any more, she went to a hospital.

She seemed to think that her life had been in no wise exceptional, and was surprised and touched by the concern manifested for her by her friends.

Each day the clerks from the store, or the customers she had served for years, would come to see her, and her eyes would fill with tears in speaking of their kindness or in showing their little gifts of fruit or flowers. Perhaps this servant of God received part of her reward as she lay suffering in that charity hospital, but surrounded by the love of those to whom she had ministered.

One day, as she was failing fast, one of the shop girls, kneeling by her bed, begged Miss Carew to "tell me the secret of your life, why does every one love you so, and why are you so happy, even when suffering?"

"There is nothing to tell, dear child," said the sick woman, "except that I found my work." When I was a girl it seemed as if there was no work for me. I should have liked to be a missionary, or do something great for God and the world, but I was not