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“Well,” said Mrs. McKinlay, “I don’t know that I have any gifts to stir up.”

“You wouldn’t like any one else to say that,” remarked sharp Minnie Lyle.

Mrs. McKinlay laughed good-naturedly. “No, I don’t suppose I should; but what I mean is, that though I may have a kind of a knack about some things, I have no decided talents—nothing you could call a gift.”

“But your kind of a knack is the very thing,” exclaimed Miss Lansing, eagerly. “You know Dr.—— said in his sermon that all endowments and qualities of every kind which God bestows upon us are gifts. Personal attractiveness, grace of body or of mind, acquisitions of wealth, knowledge, or skill, places of power and influence, he regarded as gifts which we are to use for God’s glory.”

“That is all very true,” said Mrs. Lyle; “but we may have some of these gifts and yet they may not be available; for some reason or other we may not be able to make use of them.”

“That is exactly where part of the ‘stirring up’ comes in,” replies Miss Lansing. “We must make them available. We must shape them so that they will fit in where they are needed. I will read you something else the