

But, though I have nothing of worthiness,
My wish is, indeed, Thy will;
And I long, I long to be used by Thee—
O give me Thy messages still!

Fill Thou, with Thy precious words, these lips
Till they speak upon earth no more;
And then let me pass to sing Thy praise
On the bright, eternal shore.

Toronto, Ont.



Too Late.

By Mrs. J. J. Butchert.

MOTHERLESS! What a world of pathos there is in the word. A sense of utter loneliness swept over the heart of the daughter as she crept silently up from the darkened room where the Angel of Death reigned supreme, and bowing her head upon the window-sill of her own room, gave way to the grief that possessed her.

The dying sun fell in golden bars across her sunny head; the wind stole softly in from the garden, laden with the scent of all the sweet things of summer. As she sat there, vainly weeping for one touch of the loving fingers lying so still across the pulseless heart, one smile from the lips sealed forever by the stamp of death, she fell asleep. And as she slept she dreamt, and in her dream she became as it were the soul of her mother. She felt, as her mother had felt, the thrill of joy when her little daughter lay in her arms for the first time, and she touched its rose-leaf cheek and understood its cries, of which the mother is the only true interpreter; later on how the mother's heart glowed when the little arms were laid around her neck and the rosy lips murmured loving words; the pride when the first faltering baby steps were taken; the delight when the first words, almost unintelligible to others, were lisped; the nights and days of anxious watching and patient care; the entire merging of the mother's life into that of the child. Then after childhood came girlhood, with its widening horizon and wondering brain. And now the mother's heart was more often sad than joyful, because of the waywardness of her daughter, and the sweet eyes were growing dim with tears that were shed over unkind words and actions. But still the mother's voice was gentle and her love strong. Girlhood merged into the borders of womanhood, and the mother saw another love steal into her daughter's heart, and by-and-by it filled it so full that there seemed no room for the old love. But she only sighed and toiled on to make her child's life brighter, and kept the smile upon her lips in spite of the pain at her heart. Only sometimes when others slept all the bitterness of being neglected made itself felt and drew the tears and marked the brow. But she sighed again and prayed a little, and told herself that she was getting old now and must expect to be forgotten. So she toiled on and sighed on and prayed on, until one day an angel beckoned her, and then—

The sun had died down, the wind was chill and no longer carried the summer scent with it but the dampness of evening, and the girl awoke with a shiver. Ah! she must go to mother and tell her that she was not forgotten, not unloved, and would never again be neglected. Then, like the breath of frost across the heat of a summer day, came the thought that she was motherless. A hand of ice seemed pressing upon her heart. She cried out—a cry that meant "Ah, mother, mother, come back!" It was sad enough, but vain, for she who had understood the heart-language, before the child's lips had learned to speak in any other tongue, was gone. There was no mother now to lavish kindness upon, only the still clay in the darkened room that took no heed of the flowers heaped around it by loving hands or of the burning tears of love and sorrow dropping above it. Mother was gone. It was too late. She had waited too long, and now all that she could do or say or think was vain. Around her were other loves, that of father, brother, sister, friends, and lover, but the mother love was gone, and in all the world there was no love like it so tender, so true, so strong, and ah, the bitterness of the thought! She had not known it until it was too late.

Toronto, Ont.



The Grace of Giving.

By A. B. C.

IN our work as a society in the years since our organization, we have come to know a good deal about giving—and taking as well, for we can both give and take. We have come to know pretty well all sides of the question: what it means of self-sacrifice on our part, as well as the pleasure that has followed upon the sacrifice; what it means in soliciting aid from others, the friendly reception or the chilling disappointment. We have learned that the more we give the easier it is for us to give—it then becomes a luxury.

There are three motives that should impel us to give: (1) because it is our duty; (2) because of the pleasure to be derived from its exercise; (3) because we thereby show our love to God and to our fellows. There are many ways in which we can give. Besides the gifts of money, food, or clothing, there are the priceless gifts of kindly deeds and helpful words and bright smiles. There are none of us too poor to give the latter. Life with us is short at the best, but it is full of opportunities for giving. Let us seize them, determined to lose none, abhorring a selfish life.

We have also learned in our work the value of systematic giving. It is the easiest way to give and it is the best. The pressing needs of the Lord's work demand generous treatment at our hands, and to Him must we render a strict account of our stewardship—for after all we are but stewards. Let us each do our part, give freely, get others to give, and then we may confidently ask for the Divine benediction to abide upon our efforts.