

necessities or even our comforts ; we should have got only so far as the women when they gave their burnished metal mirrors to make the brazen laver.

Our last illustration shall be the story of Princess Eugenie and her jewels. Eugenie of Sweden has a name already immortal for her self-sacrificing, sympathetic friendship for the poor and suffering. It is now many years ago that she was ordered by her physicians to go to an island off the coast for her health. On that island she found a large number of wretched cripples, many of them hopelessly incurable. She could not be happy until she had done something for their relief. She devoutly prayed God to put into her own heart his own thought about the matter and show her his will concerning this thing.

Then the thought came into her mind which has now made her famous. She would build a home for those poor cripples, where they might have loving nursing and sisterly care. Their number was so great that the house must be large and costly, and she knew not how to raise the necessary funds. Then another thought came into her heart. She wrote to her brother, the king, asking his consent to sell all the crown jewels that belonged to her and to use the proceeds of the sale for God. The letter was baptized in tears and hallowed with many prayers that the king would accede to her request.

At first he thought Eugenie must be crazy. These jewels were heir-looms ; they had come down to her from past generations. Who had ever heard of such a preposterous notion, that a royal princess should part forever with her precious family treasures to build a hospital for cripples ! But there was one phrase in her letter that her brother could not forget. Her whole plea was "*for Christ's sake.*" And at last he wrote a reply giving his consent. The princess, happy in the sacrifice, sold her jewels and finished and furnished the hospital.

And not only so. Her sublimest gift was the gift of herself. Into the home she had built she went day after day, God's ministering angel to those deformed and loathsome cripples. One day a poor woman, at whose bedside day after day she had thus been a visitor, was drawing near to death. Eugenie had been wont to sit by her, holding her hand and pleading with her to accept Jesus as her Saviour. And now as the last hour had come she raised herself in bed, bent over the princess' hand, and caressing it said, "*Lovely princess, I bless the Lord for sending you to this island, for but for you I never should have learned to love Jesus and my soul would have been lost.*" Then she fell back and expired, but the hand of Eugenie was covered with the tear-drops from those dying eyes. Eugenie looked down at her hand, saw those grateful tears glistening upon her hand in the sunlight, and lifting her eyes to God said, "*O my Saviour, I sold my jewels for thee, but I see them all restored, and how much more beautiful they are than when I formerly owned them !*"