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Hushed Was the Evening Hymn!

(By J. D. Burns.)

Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

Oh give me Samuel's ear—
The open ear, O Lord!
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh, give me Samuel's heart!—
O lowly heart, that waits
When in Thy house Thou art;
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night!—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death:
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

The Puzzled Committee.

'I believe we are all here now,' said Mrs. Mortimer Brown, as Mrs. Stephan Amory came into the door of the small vestry in one of our largest city churches. 'Good afternoon, Mrs. Amory,' she said, as she rose, stepped forward and took the hand of her handsome friend which was neatly gloved in an exquisite shade of delicate tan color, harmonizing well with the elegant sealskin and the light tan feathers in her brown velvet bonnet.

'I beg pardon for being a little late,' returned Mrs. Amory. 'I knew I must catch Mrs. Radcliffe now to say a word about our southern trip, as she wanted to plan with her sister in Philadelphia about it, and she leaves for New York at four o'clock.'

'We have not been here long,' interposed Mrs. Lushington, as Mrs. Amory seated herself near the other four ladies of the committee, 'and you know we must always have a little prelude. To plunge directly into committee work would not be at all natural.'

The committee was a representative one, three of its members wives of wealthy men, and two of them ladies of moderate means. The special work of the committee at this time was to plan how the \$600 apportioned to the women of this church, by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, should be raised.

Mrs. Brown, the chairman, and one of the wealthiest of these ladies, stated that perhaps she would better read a letter received from the home secretary urging the ladies to collect and send in the money as promptly as possible, since the society was then borrowing money to pay expenses while waiting for the circles to remit their collections.

Mrs. Lushington expressed her surprise and seemed quite overcome with the amount apportioned. 'Six hundred dollars, isn't it?' she asked. 'Why, what in the world do those women want with that amount of money?' She knew nothing of the work of the society, how many missionaries were supported, where they were, or, in fact, anything whatever, except that every year she gave something to 'those women' for foreign mission work.

One of the ladies responded to her query by stating a number of interesting facts concerning mission fields, and how a large part of the money was used.

'Well,' rejoined Mrs. Lushington, 'I do not see how we can ever raise such a sum as that, and,' with a little asperity in her tone, 'for my part I can not see what right they have to give us a certain amount to raise. It seems as if we were called upon for money, money, money all the time. We gave \$400, didn't we, for home missions, and now we are asked for \$600 for foreign missions. I think they expect too much of us! How much do we give to the industrial school, and the Baptist Hospital, and all the other charities? Do any of you know?'

Mrs. Lushington was evidently excited, and had talked so rapidly no one had had the opportunity until now to reply. Mrs. Brown then said, 'We can easily find out what has