

ney had been rough enough, God knew.

"If only I could have kept mother longer!" he thought that night as he turned his restless head upon his pillow.

"I am in a position now where I could do so much for her!"

And he wondered why she had been taken, and the poor old woman who was lying in the Charity Hospital left. The design for the monument was a question that still troubled him. He was certain that his mother would not like any of the patterns he had seen. His mother was always so sacrificing, getting only necessary things for herself, and giving what he wanted her to put into luxuries and extras to the poor and suffering. What a monument to his mother would the erection of a Home for Aged Women be! What a thought! It came to him in the hours when we are told that ministering spirits are about us, and when that Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps is watching over us.

The next morning Clarence Rutger had settled the problem of the monument question. He would have at the head of the grave just a simple white stone, with his mother's name chiseled on it, and under the name these words: "*She hath done what she could.*" His mother's monument should be a Home for Aged Women; a resting place of freedom from the cares and anxieties of life; a place where those who had made a hard journey could sit and watch the red and gold light of the western sky as it gathered, and listen for the messenger to come and say, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

Before Clarence Rutger went to his office the next morning, he called at the hospital, and found that his new friend of the day before had passed away.

"She never spoke only those words she said to you," the nurse told him.

How natural it was for him to wonder if that poor old soul would meet his mother in that beautiful country to which they had both gone, and if she would tell her of the son who tried to make the last hours of her weary life a little brighter.

"The Abigail Ann Home." It was not a pretty name, as names go. He had often heard his mother laugh over it, and had heard her say that she could not imagine why her parents had fastened that cognomen upon her. But every one of its letters had a peculiar beauty to him when he saw them carved into the stone over the door of the Home for Aged Women.—*Susan Teall Perry.*

SOME "I WILLS" OF JESUS CHRIST.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Nearly all of Christ's promises are conditional. We shall receive blessings when we ask aright; we shall find when we seek with all the heart; the door of love opens at the knock of faith. Jesus will do His part when we do our part. "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him *will* I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." Here the condition on our part is a frank, open, honest acknowledgment of loyalty to our Lord in the face of sneer or scoff. When Christ bestows converting grace He demands open confession. There is too much dark-lantern religion; too many try to slip along, we might almost say sneak along towards heaven by a by-path. Are these cowardly souls quite certain that Christ will acknowledge them on the day of His triumphant appearing? But to those who fearlessly stand up for Him whether at the martyr's stake or against bitter opposition in the household, or the shop, or the social circle, or in public life, Jesus gives the precious assurance "I will never be ashamed of you."

(2.) Another "I will" is the commission to practical service, the promise of usefulness. "I will make you fishers of men." Here is the self-multiplying power of the Church. As soon as a church ceases to draw from the world, the world draws from it; if it does not convert others it becomes perverted itself. Every follower of Christ should be a fisher for Christ. Some angle quietly in their own households or Sunday-school class; some in a