

will,' says David, 'there'll be everybody—all the brothers and sisters we've been working for so long. Do all you can for them, wife, and never you fear but I'll know you helped 'em when I see 'em coming home one by one. I think I must know that even in heaven,' says he. So I've done what I could, and it's kept me up many a time. Brothers and sisters, and the Lord's brothers and sisters, too—every one that learns to 'do the will of the Father'—he says so. I couldn't do nice things like you, but I've raised chickens and braided mats and sewed carpet-rags. Coming up to this meeting seems most like a little bit of heaven to me. I do hope David and Billy know."

The rough, brown hands dropped idly on the old alpaca dress, but they did not look coarse and ugly to Mrs. Lander. A moment's silence fell over the room; and then up the street came that appointed boy with his predestined stone, aimed it at the Maltese cat sitting comfortably in the open window, and, missing her, crushed that precious pitcher to atoms. The boy ran, and there was a startled cry from the two ladies, but the tears in Mrs. Lander's eyes, as she gathered up the fragments, were not altogether due to the accident.

"Never mind, dear. The Lord can bring good out of it somehow," said the old voice, soothingly, and Mrs. Lander answered softly.

"I think He will. I am going to the meeting with you this afternoon."

It is needless to state that the meeting that afternoon was not like the old monthly concerts. There were eager young hearts, on the eve of departure for foreign fields, who said: "Call it no sacrifice. We go joyfully." There were grey haired veterans, home on furlough, who told of battles past. And as she listened to it all, catching from this height a glimpse of the grand army of workers marshaling from every village, town and hamlet, and reaching from the darkest corners of earth up to the gates of the dear Home City, Mrs. Lander forgot that this was a missionary meeting, and that she didn't like missionary meetings, and that she didn't believe in women speaking in public, but finding herself on her feet, told the story of her pitcher, and pledged herself to the cause.

"Now, if that ain't just like Gideon's army!" exclaimed the old woman from her corner. "She had a lamp all the time, but it couldn't shine till it was out of the pitcher."

"Even so," answered the clear voice of the leader. "All over this fair land of ours, hidden in pictures of selfishness, of indolence, of fashion and of pleasure are the lights that should be shining brightly for the Master, and carrying good cheer to the ends of the earth. Oh sisters of mine, let us pray for the breaking of the pitchers." *A leaflet by Kate W. Hamilton*

"Somebody Else."

I am more and more struck with the duties and responsibilities thrown upon "Somebody Else." If she assumes them all, she must be awfully overworked. Is she more executive, more willing? Has she more leisure, more intelligence, more influence than others? She must be very obliging to undertake what others by good rights should have done themselves. She must be very conscientious to take up duties refused or neglected by those who are afraid of exertion, and have no self-denial. She must be very generous to stand in the lot and place of all shirkers, or piteous, to minister when nobody else will.

Oh, the good gifted, generous Somebody Else, who

can do much better than we can when God and opportunity are calling for our services!

Is it from modesty, from self-distrust, from a feeling sense of incapacity or ignorance, that so many wish to excuse themselves and secure her services, when Christian work is appealing to them for help, for *their* help and influence? This putting or even asking to put it on Somebody Else cannot be humility; for humility gets *divine* help, and goes forward. It cannot be incapacity, for they were quite ready to fly in your face at any such imputation. Is it not selfishness?—for selfishness is very apt in self-disparagement when 'tired to quit its ease. Is it not spiritual idleness,—content with looking on, and nothing more?

Looking on is a pleasant exercise, but we must be doers of the Word, as well as spectators of the work. But suppose Somebody Else cannot be found—what then?—*Missionary Outlook*.

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Giving, and Giving up. or, the Test of Love.

"He certainly is a most generous man. He has just given five thousand pounds to the work of foreign missions. It's one of the most munificent gifts we have ever received."

"Not quite so," was the answer. "I know at least one more generous giver."

"Really? Well, I was looking through the reports of the last few years, and I saw nothing like that sum on the donation list."

"No; the gift to which I allude has not appeared in print, and will be known by very few except the Lord. The other day I was calling on a friend of mine, a very aged man, who told me, with tears running down his cheeks, that his only son was about to leave home for missionary-work in a far-away land. The father had discovered that the young man felt called of God to such service, but was tarrying at home for his sake. 'How could I keep him back?' said the old man. 'I had prayed all my life: "Thy kingdom come;" "Send forth laborers into Thy harvest;" and with all the pain of parting with my boy, in the certainty I should never see him again on earth, there is a deep joy in giving him up for Christ's sake."

I said to myself, on overhearing this conversation, surely here is a true test of love—not giving only, but *giving up*. For though love cannot exist without giving, there may be large giving without love; but we can hardly doubt that it is love alone which for another's sake gives up what is held dear.—*Missionary Outlook*.

A Lesson in Giving.

And now an Indian woman gives a lesson worthy of imitation. "The annual collection for Home Missions will now be taken," said the missionary, and the members of the little Indian church, with the dignified moderation peculiar to their race, took from various hiding-places upon their persons the bits of silver sacredly saved for this purpose, and deposited them in the missionary hat. The amount, all told, was small; but the Master knew that every offering represented something sacrificed for His sake. After the benediction, the missionary and his wife stood, as usual, by the door until each man and woman of their little flock had received the cordial handshake and good-bye, and gone their various ways, accompanied by the church-going dogs and babies. Then they turned back to count the home-missionary money, and tie it up