

And love must sometimes be permitted to act upon its impulse, even if that impulse be towards prodigality. It must sometimes be allowed to consider the deeds rather than the needs of the recipient. When another life has touched and crowned us with a distinguishing grace; when it has brought to us a fine and permanent enthusiasm; when it has restored to us a joy which we had lost beyond all hope of recovery; then love cannot find an adequate expression in common and calculating ways. Thank-offerings for special mercies belong to a class by themselves. In giving these we seek for something that can speak the language of the heart with a distinctive accent. In such rare hours we may give the sense of gratitude its way without restraint. To fetter it with the customary considerations of frugality, economy, and utility would stifle it. Such gratitude cannot calculate in cool, utilitarian fashion. It finds its fitting sphere of action in realms which "the world's coarse thumb and finger fail to plumb." It longs for abandon. It is a lark that can only carol on the wing. To cage it up amid dry, mathematical estimates of proportions and percentages is to quench its song within its breast. Christ would