

when she wished to raise the money for Columbus in the long ago, that even this precious jewel grew old and dull, so that it had to be recut. For days and days the lapidary had to hold its face close to the burning stone, until all the dust and the pale dimming of the years had been taken away, when the gem shone forth once more in all its old-time beauty.

It is when the diamond is freshly cut that it shines most brightly. Human hearts are like diamonds in this respect. They do sometimes lose their glow. It seems a pity, does it not? Why should it be that a soul redeemed, bought with a price, even the precious blood of Jesus, should ever fail to reflect into His face the glory wherewith we once were blessed.

This is the price we pay to the world for its poor promise of reward for services. "Do as I ask you to do," whispers the world, "and I will make you really happy." And then we try to follow the world's hot pace. Not that we would like to leave the Master and His service entirely. Oh no! That is farthest from our thoughts. "I will be true to Jesus," we tell ourselves. "Nothing can ever woo me away from Him. I will only walk a bit farther from Him for a while, always keeping Him in sight while I enjoy the world's best gifts."

So do we try to follow two masters. You know how that is. You have done it more than once. With how much of pain do you think of it now! And how disappointing it was, too! You proved the truth of our Lord's words when He said: "Ye cannot serve two masters!" Just stop and think how it was with you! Slowly but surely the glory faded out of your life. At first you did not realize the change. "I am doing all right!" you told yourself. "The lovelight is just as bright in my heart. I shall not let it ever fade!"

But it did fade, in spite of your resolutions. One day you awoke with a start to find that Jesus had passed almost out of your sight. Something else had come to take the place of the warm glow which once lighted up your soul. Then you realized how poor a thing was the promise of sin. With a cry you started up from your dream and called in agony of spirit, "Oh my Blessed Lord! Let me see

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the King once more in His beauty!" Do you remember the price you paid for that wandering? Pain? Oh, you know all about it! Bitter tears? Have they not stained your pillow many and many a night? Sorrow and crying? You know all about them now. They have done their worst! And this was the chiseling which brought back the glory of the days you used to know.—Edgar L. Vincent, in American Messenger.

WHY MOTHER WAS PROUD.

Jerry and John were gazing through the shop window at the gorgeous display of fireworks; their eyes were eager, and their tongues busy. "Don't I wish I could have that big one—rocket, I guess 'tis!" and John's wisp of a finger pointed to the huge plaything that had such brilliance locked up inside of it. "And I'd like that blue thing over there," said Jerry. "Looks as if 'twould make lots of noise. "The



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shop door opened, and two boys came out, boys somewhat older than the two at the window. "My, I wonder if he's got that full of fire-crackers!" said John, eyeing the box under the taller boy's arm. "Let's follow 'em, and see where they go," suggested Jerry; so the little ones plodded on behind. The "following" led them a long march up a business street, but there were no stops. "Say," whispered Jerry, excitedly, "the cover's comin' off that box!—I see something red! they didn't half tie it!—oh, my!" for as the owner of the box of crackers gave it a hitch higher, the cover slipped, and a number of bunches fell to the sidewalk. The boys picked them up, and went on; but one bunch, being hidden by the sweeping skirt of a lady that was passing at the moment, escaped their

notice. The next instant it was safe in Jerry's pocket. "Perhaps I ought to give it back." "He'll never miss it he's got piles of 'em, Jerry." "Seems 's if it fell out on purpose for us; doesn't it?" "Cause we couldn't have any," agreed John. "Guess Mary'll open her eyes when she sees 'em." "Perhaps you hadn't better show it to her; she'll ask you where you got it." This from John. "I needn't tell," Jerry answered. "But, if mother found out"—"That's so," Jerry began. The thought of mother stopped speech for a minute. "Say," he went on, "maybe I'd better give 'em back—they're 'way on ahead—I can see 'em." Jerry's pronouns were rather mixed, but John understood, and his little breast rose in a deep sigh; those crackers meant so much to his fun-loving heart. But he was brave. "I guess—we had," he said. "Come on!" The little feet were fleet, and those ahead did not hasten. Jerry and John came up breathless. Jerry held out the crackers. "You dropped 'em," he said. "Oh, didn't I pick them all up?" was the careless answer. "Thank you." John and Jerry walked soberly home. A forlorn hope had been uppermost in each heart. The big boy had so many, they had wondered if he wouldn't—but, no, he hadn't! Yet, with their disappointment, their hearts were light; they were not sorry they had given them up—oh, no! That afternoon one of the Alley boys was arrested for stealing. Jerry and John saw him go past their window with the policeman. "There is one thing, in all my poverty," said mother to a neighbor, "that makes me glad and thankful—my boys and girl are as honest as the day, I am always proud of them." John and Jerry looked at each other with flushed faces. What if a certain bunch of fire-crackers had stayed in Jerry's pocket! But the pocket was joyfully empty, except for a stubby pencil and an old nail—and two pairs of clear eyes met mother's loving glance with smiles.—Emma C. Lourde.

A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden—swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.

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