

There the Spirit of the Living God had spoken in a "still small voice," and many a young ear caught the tone, and many a bright, joyous life was consecrated in loving trust. Kate's was one. Yet she had failed to renew her vows in the house of God.

Asked one who loved her—"Do you love your Saviour now, as you thought you did when at school?"

"Oh, yes! Every day I love him more. Every night I have so much that needs forgiveness, that I see how hopeless I should be without Him."

"And yet you have never confessed him before men."

"I shrink from the publicity of it, and I distrust myself."

"Does your religion teach you to trust *yourself*? or shrink from a commanded duty from an instinctive modesty?"

"I have often felt that I should love to sit with Christians around His table, but thought perhaps I could serve him as well without."

"You have been thinking of yourself. Have you thought of others? That you are keeping them away?"

"I do not understand you."

"Kate, you are the belle of this town, and your claims are so pre-eminent that all the towns around acknowledge them —"

"Don't talk that way to her," interposed her mother; "you will make her vain. I always tell her that she is not handsome, and that when people tell her she is, they only do it to flatter her; they don't really mean it."

"Yet *you* know she is beautiful. And *she* knows it, too."

"I always try to think I am not"

"You find it decidedly difficult to think so, I fancy!"

"Yes. And it always makes me so mortified and humiliated when I am dressed, and — and —"

"And look at yourself in the glass!"

She laughed and blushed.

"Here you come," said the mother, "and begin a religious conversation, and end by fostering the pride she is struggling against, and I am trying to uproot."

"My dear Madam you began wrong. You should have broken up her mirrors! Allow me to finish."

"Certainly."

"My dear Kate, instead of looking in the glass and trying to forget what manner of woman you are, look, see your beauty, and remember beauty is power. Think of your fine voice and your cultured fingers and remember accomplishments are power. See your surroundings,—remember wealth is power. Your talents and education, too, are powers, and for *each* and all combined, God will hold you directly and certainly responsible—for your beauty and position, as truly as for your talents and education!

Many a one, you will know, is looking to walk as you walk, sit as you sit, changing the style of her hair as often as you change yours, and *dare* you think she is not shaping her life by yours? One of my Sabbath-school scholars, the last Sabbath, said: 'Miss Kate A. is just as sweet as any church member. I guess she'll go to heaven, if anybody does.' So you see your very religion, so long as it not the *avowed* motive power of your life, is made to tell against religion. And the very gifts your God has been lavishing upon you, you have ignored, and permitted to be forged into weapons to wound Him in whose hands are the prints of the nails."

The quick tear trembled in her large brown eyes, and the rich ruby lips quivered, and there were depths of loving tenderness in her voice, as she said:

"Instead of trying not to think of, I should have thanked Him for, *all* His gifts, and consecrated them to Him. I never before realized the fearful responsibility they imposed."

The next communion day Kate stood before the altar!

Oh, mothers! mothers! if you tell your beautiful daughters that they are not beautiful their mirrors will dispute you. Tell them frankly the truth. There is no danger of your injuring them. *Your* truth is the *only* antidote to the poison which will be presented on every side to their lips. Tell them they *are* beautiful, but show them the responsibility which therefore presses upon them, and that very loveliness, *consecrated*, will shine as the beauty of holiness, by which sinful souls are illumined and drawn upward, and the "well done" will as surely be her plaudit, as it will be his of the ten talents.—*Mother at Home.*

PRACTICAL NOTES ON CEMENTS.

It may be a somewhat bold assertion, but it is nevertheless a true one, that nearly every man, woman, and child in the country is interested in this subject. It is not alone the carpenter with his glue, or the professional paper-hanger and the book-binder with their paste, but it is the business man with his bottle of mucilage, the house-keeper with her cements for mending broken furniture, glass, and crockery, the school-girl with her scrap-book, the boy with his kite, and even the little girl with her toys, that feel a desire to know the best methods of preparing and using cements. We consequently find that no contribution is more acceptable to those journals that deal in practical matters than a recipe for a new cement, and the paragraph containing it is sure to be extensively republished.