

be. You have your natural limit of power as much as an engine—ten-horse power, or twenty, or a hundred. You are fit to do certain kinds of work, and you need a certain kind and amount of fuel and a certain kind of handling." How much grace it requires for many ambitious souls to "resolutely take a slower pace"! Yet I am sure that a short experience would convince us that the quality of our work was improved. Macdonald says: "Mind, it is our best work that He wants, not the dregs of our exhaustion. I think He must prefer quality to quantity."

Not only would our work be done better, but our home life would acquire an atmosphere of restfulness. There would be fewer tears shed over quick, impatient words; there would be more time for quietly growing in grace. Many a woman mourns in secret over her hasty temper and the fretfulness of both husband and children, when the truth is that her influence is irritating instead of soothing, and this proceeds directly from overwrought nerves. What we are is of so much more consequence than what we do.

We are many of us making plans for the work of another year. Life seems so short that we would gladly crowd all that we can into what is left to us of it; but do we not hear a voice saying, "Keep quietly to Me, and think upon the eternal years"? Shall not our hearts respond, "We would be content to fill a little place if Thou be glorified"? Help us to be

"More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly."

—*Freda B. Fisher, in Congregationalist.*

ABNORMAL MEMORY.

A GERMAN scholar, Herr Muningen, who died several months ago, is said to have possessed a memory which retained an indelible impression of every word which he had either read or heard. He was able to repeat whole volumes in Latin, German, or French.

A well-known American clergyman, now in his eightieth year, has almost as remarkable a power of verbal memory. After once reading aloud or hearing read two or three pages of prose or poetry, he can repeat them without the omission of a word.

Instances of this abnormal power of memory are not rare in history. An officer in the army of Nicholas I. was said to have been able to repeat the roll-call of any regiment in the Russian service after reading it over twice.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, the famous linguist, required to read over only once the gram-

mar of any language to remember accurately its every detail of rule or exceptions.

Boys and girls who find an irregular French verb or a few historical dates a heavy tax upon their powers of learning by rote must read these accounts with envy. They may find some compensation in the fact that these marvellous memories clutch all that comes within their grasp, both bad and good. They apparently have no power of rejection.

"I forget nothing," said one man so endowed. "A page of nonsense or of vulgar trash, if I read it, is as indelibly fixed in my brain as the most sublime passage of Holy Writ."

Many physiologists hold that nothing is ever lost from the memory of any man. Impressions remain, they assert, in the recesses of the brain like words written on paper with invisible ink that are ready to light before us some day.

What seems to indicate that this may be true is the fact that each of us can tell of trifling facts and words which memory sometimes suddenly brings to the mind after they have been forgotten for years.

That we must some day ourselves remember all the follies and events of our lives is a terrible suggestion.

But if we forget, may there not be One who will know?—*Youth's Companion.*

FANNING THE SPARK.

It is only a spark, you may say, in that mass of dead embers, a tiny heart of fire in that blackness. The wind, though, gets to the tiny heart and fans it, and fans it again. There is a widening of that surface of crimson. It flashes, scintillates, kindles on every side, and soon there is a ruddy mass of flame sweeping up the chimney. What a centre of warmth and comfort is that fire! How it heats and irradiates all the room, and how the wings of ruddy light beat against the window, as if they would get out and reach some poor soul bewildered on the water, wondering where a harbor and home may be! And out into the black night reaches its cheering light, and guides some tempest-tossed bark to a haven of rest, to the mariner's home.

Fanning the spark!

Do we ever think of this in the Sunday-school when we talk of the Messiah's kingdom and the glorious days when everywhere shall go the light of God's royal truth; when the sceptre touch of Jesus the King shall bow all hearts in submission?

How will the light go? It will be torch-

work, light borne from hand to hand, truth passed along by the King's messengers everywhere. The first demand, then, is not money, but men. Where can we find these human agencies? What source of supply will furnish us with the men and the women who will take out the light?

We look to our Sunday-schools, not to find full-grown missionaries, but boys and girls whose interest will grow with their growth until they finally be dismissed to their world-wide work. We look for the tiny spark of mission interest kindled to-day in some child's heart. It is our great, kingly privilege to find the spark, to develop the interest, to bring it where it shall feel the quickening breath of the Spirit of God. It may be said that the success of the Gospel will be commensurate with the realization of our responsibility for the development of a mission interest in our Sunday-school scholars. We may be a positive hindrance to the spread of the Messiah's kingdom or a great help. We are first to find the spark in some child's heart; next to fan it, and especially bring it where it will feel the quickening breath of the Spirit.

The consecrated heralds, the hearts all aflame, the King's torchbearers speeding away into the night, are in boys and girls looking up with animated faces as we tell of the Messiah's kingdom, and that China, Japan, India, the isles of the sea, must become parts of that kingdom. Oh, for eyes to see and hearts to feel and hands to accept this responsibility! Dwarf not this work, you who help make the King's heralds, who get ready the Truth's torchbearers! It is your noble and ennobling privilege to find in a child's heart some little coal of feeling, to fan this hope, and then, O Spirit of the living, loving God, breathe upon that kindling heart till it is afire with consecration to Jesus!—*S.S. Journal.*

FAITH.

A LITTLE fellow not ten years of age was employed by a lady to sweep snow from the doorstep; her kind heart pitied the boy's pinched appearance, and her compassion was strongly excited. "Did he not feel discouraged and afraid to be alone in this world?" The sweeper, outcast though he was, knew nothing of the misgivings suggested by the lady's questions. He had faith, and acted accordingly. "Don't you think," he cried, "that God will take care of a feller if he puts his trust in Him and does the best he can?"