

tempted to wish that she had not chosen such a hard one, as she called it.

One evening some friends asked her to accompany them to a concert; now it happened that day the baby had been very cross and her mother unusually feeble, and dearly as Maggie would have enjoyed the music the thought of the text came to her mind, and she knew that it would not be for God's glory to leave her mother to look after the baby that night, so she refused with a brave outward appearance, but inwardly with a little quiver of disappointment. Her reward came full and sweet though, when her mother, on giving her the usual "good-night kiss," said, "Maggie, it was a great relief to me when you refused to go to that concert, I felt as though I could not spare you, and yet, I did not want to influence you. What helped you to decide as you did, my child?"

"These words, mother, 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,' and I knew I should not be glorifying Him if I left you to manage baby, because you were not well enough."

"God bless you, Maggie; you have given your tired, worn-out mother a lift on her way to heaven; nay, you need not look so surprised, love, it is quite true," and she stroked the girl's hair caressingly.

"Oh!" thought Maggie as she went to sleep, "how lovely if I could always remember our motto text. I am so happy."

Alas! how soon even those who love the Saviour forget Him! Next morning Maggie was very angry with one of her little brothers because he tore her dress, and he said, "She was a nasty cross sister, and he wished Nora was his sister instead of her." At the mention of Nora's name, the remembrance of the motto text flashed into Maggie's mind, and, oh! how grieved she felt that so soon she had forgotten it.

At the end of the week, as their custom was, the two friends met to have a walk, a talk over the week's work, and to choose another motto text. After a long silence, Nora said, softly, "Don't you think, Mag, we'd better stick to this text a while longer, till we can do a bit better at it?"

"That's just what I was thinking, Nora, only I was afraid to suggest it; but it seems to me if we had it for our motto text for a whole year we should never have done all we can with it

"No, I'm afraid not; but at any rate we'll go on trying and asking Jesus to help us; it is when we forget Him we fail."

Many years have passed since Maggie and Nora took the words, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," as their motto; but they are still both earnestly striving in their daily life to do the small and great things in the name of the Lord Jesus," and to His glory — *Isabel Maud Hamill.*

GRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

"WE see much of the tragic side of life at the death-bed," said a venerable clergyman of Virginia lately. "There the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as the good in human nature, are very often dragged to the light. I have seen men die in battle, children in their mother's and wives in their husband's arms, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my church."

"I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigour. She married and had four children; her husband died and left her penniless. She taught school, she painted, she sewed; she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the same chance which their father would have done."

"She succeeded; sent her boys to college and her girls to school. When they came home, pretty, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn-out, commonplace old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died of some sudden failure of the brain. The shock woke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her as she lay unconscious in an agony of grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried:

"You have been a good mother to us!"

"Her face coloured again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, 'You never said so before, John.' Then the light died out and she was gone!"

How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their life itself, to their children, who receive it as a matter of course and begrudge a

caress, a word of gratitude, in payment for all that has been given them.

Boys, when you come back from college, don't consider that your only relation to your father is to "get as much money as the governor will stand." Look at his gray hair, his uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remember in whose service he has grown old. You can never pay the debt you owe, but at least acknowledge it before it is too late. — *Selected.*

"CANNOT WE DO SOMETHING?"

A MISSIONARY in Africa had established a school for coloured children. One day he told them that there were still a great many idolaters in the world, who did not know the Lord Jesus Christ, and that there were societies in England, Germany and France, which sent missionaries to these poor pagans. The little coloured children then said, "And cannot we do something also?"

"Reflect upon it," replied the missionary; "and when you have found out some way of contributing to this good work you may come and tell me."

These poor children raked their brains to discover how they could obtain something to give; for you know that they have no parents or friends who are rich enough to let them have a little money occasionally, and that there are many in Africa who do not know what a piece of money is.

One morning they came to the school full of joy, and said to the missionary, "We wish to form a little missionary society."

"That is very well," said the master; "but what will you give for missions?"

The eldest answered, "We will form a society like grown-up persons, and each of us will collect as much money as he can without begging. As for those boys of us who are largest and strongest, we will go into the woods to find bark, and we will carry it to the tanner, who promised to pay us a florin for each load."

Another child interrupted him and said, "And as for the rest of us, we will gather gum, and will sell it for more than four shillings a pound."

"And we," exclaimed the smallest children, "will carry ashes and sell them to the soap-maker."

Then the girls came; and some of them said, "We will collect locks of wool, and we will sell them." Others