

a little severely, perhaps. "Besides, you know what commendation was given by the Saviour to the widow who cast into the treasury all her living."

A radiant smile lit up her face for a moment as she said: "Yes; but, ma'am, I never heard that He gave any commendation to the rich who stood by and cast in their 'much.' As I said before, it's such a muddle. I wish I knew the rights of it."

Then a happy thought came to me. "Perhaps it is all a part of the character building which our Father is carrying on in us. 'The cattle upon a thousand hills' are His, indeed. He does not need our money in one sense, for it is all in His power; but we need the discipline of love and service, which giving brings to us. You, a poor woman, need it as surely as your rich sister does. Neither you nor she could really love the Lord without testifying that love in some such way. Then, too, a true self-denial is not obtrusive. You would never think of publishing to the world the fact that you had given your mother's nosegay to missions; so you may well believe that others, and rich women also, are constantly making sacrifices of which you never hear. Self-denial may be one thing to you, and quite a different thing to another woman, but the blessed rewards come to both. Is it not so?"

Her face softened, and it was easy to trace the connecting thought as she replied, "Mother said she'd had such a happy Sunday—the Saviour had seemed so near she'd hardly thought to miss the flowers all day. I suppose He made it up to her ('Poor in this world, rich in faith,' I thought). Thank you for talking to me so kindly, Mrs. Hoyt. I'm sorry if I said anything to vex you, but you've made me see things a bit clearer. I shall remember, hereafter, that my Father wants me to show my love, and that somebody else can't do it for me. All the same, it does seem a shame that our missionary society has to just beg for money, as if 't was a pauper."

And so it is a shame. I think over this talk with my clear-headed sewing-girl, and find it very suggestive of questions.

If, as she says, one-tenth is her right proportion for giving, then what is the right proportion of the person whose income is a hundred or a thousand times as much as hers?

Every person who is engaged in the benevolent work of the Church knows that it is the aggregate of small sums given by the comparatively poor which swells the treasury. Is this right? Everyone knows that the work of missions is constantly crippled by the lack of liberal gifts. Is this right? Do we not read of One who was rich, but for our sakes became poor?

What is self-denial? Who will tell? Certainly I know there was self-denial in the twenty-five cents which my sewing-girl sent off in her little envelope, and there wasn't a particle of it in the five dollars I sent in mine.—New York Observer.