

would that we all knew how even to eat and drink to the glory of God. There are some Christians who cannot do much or say much, but their godly lives, their patient suffering, their quiet holiness, are good witnesses to Jesus. I have looked at the lilies and the roses in the garden, and I have thought, "You toil not, neither do you spin; you preach not, neither do you sing, and yet you praise my Lord, simply by being beautiful, and by unconsciously shedding abroad the perfume which he gives you." May not some saints be glorifying God most truly though they can do no more than this? Besides, some one of the family was needed to keep the Master company, and preside as host at the table; and who could do this but Lazarus, the master of the house? Anywhere else Lazarus might have been out of place; but to me it appears most seemly that Lazarus should sit at the table; and if he modestly declined to take the head of it, and sat with others, still he was bound to be there.

But what shall Mary do? She need not be at the table; Lazarus is there. She is, perhaps, of small use in the kitchen; her abilities are slender in that direction. What shall Mary do? Her heart was very warm, and she felt she must do something. She did not ask anybody, however, for her own mind was inventive. She knew that it was a usual custom with honoured guests to anoint them with ointment; and she perceived that this had not yet been done, or, if done, not in the royal style which her love suggested. Perhaps she was very lovely, and had been somewhat fond of adorning her person; her long hair may have been much cherished, and she may have been profuse in the use of perfume upon it. The thought strikes her she will consecrate that hair to Jesus; and that pound of fragrant unguent, which she had stored up for

the beautifying of herself, shall be spent upon Him. It was very costly, but it had not cost a penny too much, now that it could be used upon Him. There was a pound of it, but there was none too much for Him. It was very sweet, but none too sweet for Him. She brings the pound of ointment, and pours it on his feet as he lies reclining at the table, and then begins to wipe his feet with the hairs of her head, consecrating her personal beauty as well as her valued treasure to him whom she both loved and adored. She had found something to do, and that something not the least of the three works of love.

The service of the three members of that elect family made up a complete feast: Martha prepared the supper, Lazarus conversed with their honoured guest, and Mary anointed the Master's feet. Judge you not one another, my brothers and sisters: do each one what you feel you can do, and what the Lord expects of you; and look not on another's work with ungenerous eyes. Neither Martha, nor Lazarus, nor Mary, complained of each other, but together made the service complete. All members have not the same office, but each one must lovingly supplement the office of the rest, and emulation and jealousy must never enter among us.

We will now forget the others, and look alone at Mary. We are struck with the service which she performed for Christ. It was somewhat singular, it was very demonstrative, and it proved her love to be of no common kind. Other women besides Martha had made him a supper: other hosts besides Lazarus had sat at the table with him; but no other had anointed his feet exactly in her fashion, though perhaps some may have come near to it. Mary was inventive, demonstrative, patient, ardent, enthusiastic. What she did was the deed of a soul all on fire: the deed of a woman