

idle in the lap and the eyes were lifted to gaze slowly about the beautiful room, taking in its charm and harmony and comfort.

'Tithes of all I possess,' said the mistress of the home. 'I never thought before how much that meant, and what a very small part of my possessions the money was. It would mean a tithe of my time, and my thought, and my ingenuity, and my ability to make things go. I've always said, "I will give; but I will not be on committees and take responsibility and get other people to work." I've paid my fees, but I would not take time to go to the missionary meetings. I've subscribed for our missionary paper, but never had any interest in reading it. I cannot honestly say as much as the Pharisee did.

"All I possess"—that would mean love, human love, that makes me blessed among women. I am sure I never gave that. I never in my life gave any real love to those women whose lives are empty of it. I haven't taken time to love them. I have just let them be crushed out of my thoughts. I don't know just what good love could have done them; but it might have done me good, made me more grateful, more generous, more eager to help, and that would have reached them.

"All I possess," would mean opportunity and influence with others; it would mean the beauty and rest and delight of my home; but how could I tithe that except with those who can be brought in to share it?

'If I had plenty of money I should love to help in every other way, but I have no talent for personal giving. Yet that was the way Christ helped—"Who loved us and gave himself for us"—first the love, and then the giving of himself.

'Perhaps, if I had the love, really, truly, in Christ's measure, the giving would be easier. I might even have to give, for Paul says: "The love of Christ constraineth us." Well, I'll never say again: "I give tithes of all I possess."

She sighed and took up her needle, but it moved slowly now, and in place of the haunting words, a gentle, persuasive voice seemed to whisper, 'Freely we have received, freely give.' 'Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.' 'Wherefore receive ye one another, as God for Christ's sake hath received you.' The tears began to fall, and in the quiet, beautiful room David's prayer of thanksgiving ascended again: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'—American Paper.

Cyril.

(CONCERNING ONE SAUL OF TARSUS.)

'Pray for them that persecute you.'

(Arthur Chamberlain, in the 'Independent'.)

Cyril, a prisoner condemned to death—
Yea, even to the lions—greeteth thee,
Felix, my well-beloved in the Lord;
Grace, mercy, peace, to thee be multiplied!

Thy scroll came safely; I have read thy words.

My blessing on thee, that thou standest fast
And lovest me, yea, even to the end!

But, O my son! From whom didst thou learn
hate

And cries for vengeance? Not so taught the
Christ!

Ay, Saul of Tarsus! Well I know his wrath!
Who told the praetor where I lay concealed?
Who cries aloud: 'He hath blasphemed the
Lord,
Jehovah, and the crime demands his death?'

Who daily maketh ravage in the Church?

Who causeth mothers to sit desolate?

Who joyed at Stephen's death—first of the
saints

To seal with death his never-dying Faith?
Thou sayest. For these things the wrath of
God

Shall smite him; he shall perish in his sins!

Dost thou, indeed then know the mind of
God?

Hast thou instructed him—his counsellor?

We have the mind of Christ; we hear his
words:

'Father, forgive them!' And his pitying plea:
'They know not what they do!' Meet wrath
with wrath?

Call on the fire of God to shrivel him?

Or say that men are righteous instruments
Of vengeance from on high? Stir up revolt?
Send envoys to the Parthian, offering

Our aid against the Roman; so he will
Shield us from those who persecute and slay?
Why, then is Christ's the kingdom of this
world;

And Satan triumphs, yielding unto Him

These earthly glories as the recompense

And price of His allegiance! Darest thou

To haggle thus for Him, to whom is given

All power alike in Heaven and on earth?

Do I reproach thee, O my son in Christ?

Nay, I must not forget thy warlike youth,
Schooled in the Roman camp, and early taught
That force is all in all; it clings, it clings!

Who conquers? He who smites his foe and
leaves

The enmity untouched; or he who checks

The enmity and makes his foe his friend?

Hadst thou been, from thy youth, a Pharisee—
A Hebrew of the Hebrews, like to Saul—
Reared in that narrow and that rigid creed
That holds the God and Father of mankind
God only of the seed of Abraham;

One to be worshipped with the outward rites
Of sacrifice lustration, prayers by rote,
Prostrations, posturings; thus, thus, and so—

Then, suddenly, hadst felt a mighty wind
Blow through these dry, dead leaves of ritual,
Starting them all a-flutter; while thy heart,
Long nested there asleep, waked all amazed
To find that shelter scattered; knowing not
The larger shelter of the universe.

What—thus I make an end—wouldst thou
have done,

Half-frantic at the seeming loss of all?

Art thou, too, of the darkness? Dost thou
think,

To triumph, grinding Saul beneath they heel?
Then go thy way proclaiming. 'This is
Thine!

Thy victory, O Christ!' What if the love,
The eternal purpose of Almighty God,
Hath other use for Saul? What if the light,
Blinding his vision, purgeth it at length,
And he go forth, commissioned and declared
Brave soldier and true servant unto Christ?

Farewell! One goes, one tarries; we abide
Not parted, tho' apart. Thou hast my pray-
ers,

And I have thine; pray not for me alone,
Nor for the martyrs only—pray for Saul!

Patriotic Women of Japan.

The present war means a great deal to Japan in every way, but its effects in the breaking down of caste lines and the absorption of all ranks of society in patriotic self-devotion is sure to be epoch making whatever the result of the contest. The nation is a

unit. The men are in the field, the women are organized in relief and aid societies. William Dinwiddie, the special correspondent of 'Harper's Weekly,' in an interesting article describes these organizations and their work, which consists in practical training for nursing and first aid to the wounded, the preparation of bandages—eighteen thousand in a month by one society—the visiting and aid of soldiers' families, the making of clothing, the collecting of money for Red Cross and relief work. These organizations and co-operations largely officered by the wives and daughters of the Japanese nobility, but open to all other classes, make for a unification of feeling among women which is essentially democratic. Such popular fusions of thought are one of the compensations of war and in their effect upon the home life of Japan must bring great and wholesome changes.

A manifesto posted on the walls of Paris by order of the French Government declares that 'alcoholism is chronic poisoning due to the drinking of spirits, even though such indulgence does not lead to drunkenness. It is a mistake,' adds the poster, 'to say that alcohol is of service to men engaged in work that puts a strain upon the muscles, or that it gives heart to the workman and enables him to withstand fatigue.'

Helpful Mothers.

The pet name given to the old Napoleon by his army was 'The Hundred Thousand.' A holy mother is worth a hundred thousand other people in God's service. No human being is more beautiful than a noble, queenly, Christly mother, with her sons and daughters looking to her for counsel and coming to her for the settling word on every question, little and large, her own blood-washed soul drawing its strength from him to follow whom Hebrew mothers risked all, and to whom they brought their hearts' treasures, their little children.

None can ever hope to wield the power for good that God has put into the mother's hand. She shapes the life. We are what our mothers make us, except as the supernatural powers come in to work 'in us to will and to do' of their 'own good pleasure.'

Old Jerome said that he could tame the lion of the desert; but only the Lord Almighty could tame the lion, Jerome. Only the Lord Almighty can undo the mother's doing in a human soul. If she frets ever so secretly, her children will be fretful. If she is bright in her disposition, they will be joyful. If she has Christ in her soul they will be devout. If the blood of Christ saves her from the taint of worldliness, they will give their lives to the Lord. If there is inconsistency between her profession of heart purity and her life at home, they will doubt the genuineness of that work in anybody's soul. Their hearts will be set against the doctrine of full salvation.

Of all who live, mothers need most sorely the blood that cleanses and the grace that keeps clean.—Jennie F. Willing.

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