

MRS. GRAY'S SACRIFICE.

Mrs. Gray drew a little breath of pure content as she stood by the cheerful grate fire in her cosy little library. She had just finished her morning's work of putting the parlors to rights.

"I believe," she said softly to herself, "that I am just as near being perfectly happy as it is possible for any one to be. I ought to be content, certainly, with such a dear, good husband and pleasant home."

Then, having assured herself that everything was in order for the day, she ran upstairs to her own room and took up her Bible for her morning chapter. It was in Malachi. She wished, as she opened to her place, that it was one of the Gospel's or Epistles. Those were written for everybody as long as the world should last, but she never thought of finding any special work for her own life in the Old Testament. She read it because it was a part of the Bible, and she thought that she must.

So now this morning, as she read, her thoughts were not on her reading, but down stairs, wondering what kind of a spread would be prettiest for the little stand in the back parlor, and if the new statuette would not look better between the two front windows.

Suddenly she stopped. What was that she had just read?

"And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? Offer it now unto thy governor, will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts."

Her Bible slipped from her hands as she sat gazing into the fire.

What kind of sacrifices and offerings had she brought to God? His gifts to her had been rich and plentiful; what had she offered unto him? "The more John does for me the more I want to do for him," she thought, with crimsoning cheeks. "I just try to think of things to please him, and to do for him, but I am afraid it isn't so about God. I don't see as I have given anything but old clothes that we could spare as well as not, and the regular contributions, but then I spend twice as much for things I do not really need.

"I gave myself to God, of course, a long time ago, but I am afraid that has been anything but a perfect offering. And I do believe," she exclaimed in her earnestness, "that imperfect as I am, instead of giving the best of myself to God I have given it

to John, to society, and to my own pleasure.

"I never would have gone into any evening company as tired and worn out as I went to last Thursday evening's meeting."

"Oh, dear! if the Lord was displeased with his people in those days, what must he be with me?"

It was with a very penitent, humble heart that Mrs. Gray knelt to plead for pardon and help for the future.

She had an errand down town that morning. On her way home, she met Dr. Rogers. She knew him slightly; he was a member of the church they attended, but she was not prepared for his bright smile of greeting and outstretched hand.

"I believe the Lord sent you to me," he said. "I was just asking him to show me some one for a teacher in the Foundry Mission school. Won't you and your husband each take a class? I was almost in despair, for we are so short of workers just now; but I could not make-up my mind-to give up the field, for the harvest is plentiful."

Mrs. Gray was on the point of refusing, decidedly, when suddenly her morning's reading flashed into her mind.

Here was a chance for a genuine sacrifice, for the mission school held its session Sabbath afternoon, the only afternoon when John was home, and they did enjoy it so! To be sure, it would not take all the afternoon, but it would spoil it.

"It wasn't," she pleaded with herself, "as though they spent the time as some did riding, paying or receiving visits. To think of giving up those nice long talks and hours of Bible study together for teaching those rough foundry boys and girls! No, she could not," she decided, as she hurried along. She wanted to get as far away from that troublesome doctor as possible.

And yet should she always offer unto the Lord that which cost her nothing, that which was cast off—like her last winter's cloak that she gave to a poor woman last week, that which was left over from everything else?

A sudden sense of bitter shame at her own ingratitude swept over Mrs. Gray. He, the Lord of hosts, had redeemed her, he had filled her cup of blessings full and running over. Could she refuse anything?

The hot tears sprang to her eyes; and turning, she rapidly retraced her steps to