

wealth of the sea, of the mine, of the mint, even of the buried treasures of India and that with one word He could call it all in, and instead of this present, slow process of evangelization, the earth might suddenly become full of His knowledge?" "Yes, it has occurred to me, Aunt Mary," I said, "but I suppose that is not His way."

"No, it is not His way. 'As the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts.' God's way has a thought of us in it. Do you see?"

"I suppose you mean," I said, "that He wants us to be workers together with Him."

"Yes, that is it, workers together with Him—not alone, not without Him. This is what Life membership means, not life interest merely, but life service. The apostle says we are called to be stewards, a word implying responsibility or trust. Stewards of what? Of the manifold grace, or favor of God. What is that manifold favor for which I am responsible? First, there is my birth in a Christian land, with my exemption from evils I must have suffered in a less favoured condition and my knowledge of an atonement sufficient to cover the sins of a lost world. My education, whatever it may have been, the development and cultivation arising from enlarged ideas and an ever broadening horizon. My personality, my influence, my time, any gift or talent I may possess. Not one of these to be hid away in a napkin but to be held in trust, for the benefit of others, that my Lord at his coming may receive his own with usury. This, I think, is what Life Membership means!"

"But are not those obligations equally binding upon annual members," I said, "or is the measure of our responsibility the amount of money we pay?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Whenever upward, even the lowest round,
Man by a hand's help lifts his feebler brother,
There is the house of God and holy ground;
The gate of Heaven is love: there is no other:
When generous acts bloom from unselfish thought,
The Lord is with us, though we know it not.
—Whittier.

Words of Cheer for Weary Workers.

"Sow not in sorrow;
Fling your seed abroad, and know
God sends to-morrow
The rain to make it grow!"

Agnes' Lesson.

(CONCLUDED)

He stopped; for Agnes, white and afraid, stood by the gate with wide open eyes staring into space. For a moment her lover wondered if the call had come already, she was so white and still.

"Agnes! Agnes! What is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh Alf! you almost frightened me."

"Why."

"Oh death is so solemn."

"Life is more solemn, Agnes. Now, I must leave you until the evening. Good-bye dear. 'God watch between thee and me.'"

What did he say that for? It made her feel as though they would never meet again.

"Supposing God should take him from you, so as to bring you nearer to himself."

Oh dear. Here was Conscience again, and it would not be hushed.

That night Agnes had a dream. She thought the time of her dying had come. Her friends were about her, heart broken. Alfred was near her, praying for strength to bear the separation, praying for her. Oh. But she wasn't ready to die. No, no, she must live a little longer. Saved? Yes, but there was so much she remembered now to do that had been forgotten.

"It is too late," said Conscience, "too late, you must go as you are, you would not work when you could, the night has come when you can neither work nor pray."

There was a great shock and she was dead. They were closing her eyes and kissing her dead face, which was now only a clay mould, while she herself was rising above them. A great gloom enveloped her while she was born upward until she stood before shining curtains of rosy clouds, which suddenly parted and she was in the land of rest. There was Mollie and many others whom she knew, joyously welcoming her. How beautiful everything was, how glorious was the music, the jewels, flowers, and above all the perfect peace. Every one moved around the great throne on which sat her Lord. Surely that was the Christ. She knew Him by his glory; but more by the look he gave her, thus must he have looked on Peter. But could this be Heaven and she tormented thus, no jewels in her crown, no souls saved, no golden sheaves of good works to lay before her Master's feet. She did not dare lift her eyes to her Father's whom she had never treated as a Father, but rather as a task master. She must be lost; for the saved have no griefs. She had been weighed and found wanting.

"Oh God forgive," she cried, throwing herself