

lege to inform and instruct, saves his learning by distributing it—and multiplies his knowledge and his accomplishments in other lives.

Nothing is so self-forgetful as love. Its law is self-sacrifice. The wife loses herself in gaining her husband. The winner of souls loses his life in saving others. Shaftesbury flung his life away for God—lavished his love on the poor, outcast, destitute, criminal classes. Behold how he saved his life. Was there a life in his generation that is more imperishable? It is living to-day and cannot be forfeit while memory or humanity survives. Ignatius was ground between lion's teeth, but he became bread for God's people. Pousa flung himself into the furnace but his wares came out decorated, as none ever were before, by his self-immolation. Mr. and Mrs. McAll have "buried themselves" in Paris—for the sake of French workingmen. They "eat, drink and sleep—their mission"—it is their food and thought and study and whole life. They have given up everything—home, friends, comforts, money, ease, luxury, everything has been thrown into the basket out of which the destitute souls of France are to be fed. But if you can point to any life more sublimely saved than theirs, where is it?

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