

ately to consecrate her life to the work of the Church. In order that the renunciation might be complete she was ordained as a Sister of the Holy Communion. Then her religious life began.

She established as a first venture a school for abandoned girls. Very soon a dispensary followed. In a short time the cholera epidemic came, and the girl who once thought it her highest mission to lead a cotillon discovered that she was happier to lead a band of nurses. Wherever the scourge raged, there Sister Anne was to be found. She was absolutely without fear. No danger was too great, no loathsome work too hard for her. The sick blessed her, the dying looked their last into her loving eyes.

After the epidemic passed, and there was no longer any need of dramatic heroism, she quietly gave the rest of her life to the Sisterhood of St. Luke's Hospital. To be an everyday nurse, to have common drudgery, to relieve suffering that ranged through the whole gamut of misery, to bury herself in unheroic work — herein lay her womanly heroism.

The sisterhood that she founded has now many thousands of members throughout the world. When she died at an advanced age her only request was that her ashes should be placed beside those of the preacher who opened her eyes for the first time to the unselfish uses and the true value of this mortal life.

Such, in a few words, is the story of a faithful and triumphant stewardship. To her the first step must have seemed a great sacrifice; but very soon the sacrifice was sublimated into contentment and joy. To all of us the secret of the way to make the best use of life is shown in some of the conditions and associations in which we are placed. The revelation of what we ought to do and what we can become greets us in plenty of time for a decisive choice. For the sake of a few slight, evanescent pleasures shall we allow the soul's opportunity for beneficent, godlike achievement to pass us forever by?—'Youth's Companion.'

The Queen and the Umbrella.

There is a story that the Queen of England, in one of her wanderings among the cottages of the poor, was caught in a shower.

Entering the dwelling of an old woman, she said:

'Will you lend me an umbrella?'

'I hae twa umbrellas,' said the old woman; 'ane is a guid ane, t' other verra old. You may take this; I'll maybe never see it again,' and she handed over the old umbrella, which showed its ribs, through its coarse, torn cover. The visitor took the umbrella, which was better than nothing; and went forth into the rain. The next day one of Her Majesty's servants returned the umbrella, and then the cottager knew what she had missed.

'Eh! eh! had I but kenned who it was that asked for the loan, she wad hae been welcome to the best of a' that I hae in the world,' exclaimed the mortified old woman. She had missed her opportunity; she did not know her visitor.

To the woman by Jacob's well the Saviour said, 'If thou knewest the gift of God; and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked him, and he would have given thee living water.'

How much we miss when we do not know the things which belong to our peace. 'There standeth One among you whom ye know not,' said the great preacher on the banks of Jordan. Many in that great day will say, 'Whaer saw we thee a-hungered or a-thirst?' They do not recognize the Son of God in the person of his humblest child.

There are those who would traverse

oceans and cross continents to do a kindness to the Saviour of sinners, but who miss the opportunities within their reach and before their eyes.

They do not perceive in the faint and weary traveller who asks a cup of cold water, a likeness to him who, 'wearied with his journey, sat on Jacob's well.' They do not see in those who are reproached and scorned for righteousness's sake, the representatives of that Man of Sorrows who stood at Pilate's bar and hid not his face from shame and spitting.

They do not discern in the scoffed-at follower of the Lord Jesus any resemblance to him who was 'despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' They do not recognize in the worn and weary bearer of the gospel message, the representative of him who, 'went about doing good.'—'American Messenger.'

Thoughts From Plato.

Better be unborn than untaught; for ignorance is the root of misfortune.

If a man be endued with a generous mind, that is the best kind of nobility.

He best keeps from anger who remembers that God is always looking upon him.

Nearly all the blunders committed by man arise from continued adoration of one's self.



PLATO.

Passionate persons are like men who stand upon their heads; they see all things the wrong way.

He that lendeth to another in time of prosperity, shall never want help himself in the time of adversity.

He that boasteth himself to know everything is the most ignorant, and he that presumeth to know nothing is wise.

Except wise men be made governors, or governors be made wise men, mankind shall never live in quiet, nor virtue be able to defend herself.

The proud man is forsaken of God; being forsaken, he groweth resolute in impiety, and after purchaseth a just punishment for his presuming sin.

—'Great Thoughts.'

Inasmuch.

A large, coarse-featured woman was Mrs. K.; her hair was trimmed with red and blue ribbons, and her dresses were ill-fitting. I

could perceive the odors of the kitchen about her, so at the lecture-room meetings I always avoided a seat near her if possible. She was a member of our church, and I supposed a very good woman, but I thought how much pleasanter it would be if all our church members were genteel and well-dressed, and people I could associate with.

A very different woman was another member, Mrs. P. She was a widow; her husband, dying suddenly, had left her in very straitened circumstances. She made the best of what little means she had, and we ladies of the church gave her nice sewing and embroidery to do, so she got along quite comfortably. She had a pretty figure, dressed with taste and neatness, and, though poor, was a pleasant woman to meet and converse with.

One Sunday I did not see Mrs. P. at church. I inquired for her.

'Why, don't you know? She has not been out of the house for five weeks, she has been very sick—not expected to live at one time.'

'Indeed! I must go and see her.' So on Monday morning I selected some jellies and other delicacies from my well-filled pantries, made a nice bouquet from my conservatory, arranged all with white napkins in a neat little basket, and went with a very complacent feeling to call on Mrs. P. I found her pale and thin, propped up in her chair, but convalescent. 'How have you been cared for in your sickness?'

'I don't know what I should have done but for Mrs. K.'

'What! that large woman who belongs to our church?'

'The same; she moved in downstairs just before I was taken ill, and it seemed as if God had sent her. Of her own accord she has taken care of me, kept my clothes and room clean, seen to my medicines, lifted me in and out of bed with her strong arms, and, though I know I have been at times peevish, cross and exacting, she has always been kind, and never showed any impatience but once, and that was when I spoke of paying her. If she had been my own mother she could not have been kinder.'

When I learned that while doing all this Mrs. K. had three children to care for and a dissipated husband, who was a poor provider, I felt humbled at my contemptible benevolence and ashamed at the pride I had felt toward Mrs. K. I sought and I hope I obtained forgiveness from our Heavenly Father, and I know that it has since seemed a privilege at our evening prayer meetings to look on the same hymn-book with the sister who wore the red and blue ribbons.—'American Messenger.'

Not Grudgingly.

If giving is to be acceptable to God, the heart must accompany the hand in the offering made. 'Every man as he purposeth in his heart,' is Paul's word. 'Not grudgingly,' says the apostle, which literally means 'not with grief.' Do not give if you are going to cry over the parting. 'Not grudgingly or of necessity.' That is to say, not with a wrench, and not with any compulsion, save that born of a grateful, loving heart. Much of our giving, it is to be feared, would not stand this test. And God tests it all. He loves a cheerful giver. No wonder! When he gave his Son, he freely gave him up for us all. When Christ gave himself to die in our stead the only compulsion back of the gift was the compulsion of love.

'Nothing brought him from above
Nothing but redeeming love.'

Our giving must pattern after, though it may not peer the divine.—N.Y. 'Observer.'