

depths. Even the thought of my mother seemed like torture to me. She was a widow and I was her only child, and I think her heart must have been broken, when she found that I wished to be lost to her for ever in the great city. Just before she died she wrote me a letter begging me to come home. I put the letter away scarcely glancing at it and a little afterwards I saw in the newspapers a notice of her sudden death. That is forty years ago. Year by year my misery seemed to make me harder, and as I grew to be an old woman people wondered at my wickedness.

"To-day when the little butterfly brought up again the thought of home and of mother, I thought I would read again that faded letter written 40 years ago.

"As I read I saw my mother in every line, and I could scarcely see the pale writing for tears. The last part of the letter I never remembered having read before: 'And now, Sarah,' she said, 'I want to say good-bye to you. I have asked God to bring you back to me, but you have not come. I am too weak to write much. Perhaps your heart feels hard even to me just now, but I think I love you more even than when all loved you. When I'm gone perhaps sometimes you'll read this letter again, then I ask you to remember that God's love is even stronger than mine, that He has said a mother may forget her child yet God will never forget you, and that neither heights nor depths nor things present nor things to come nor life nor death can separate us from His love which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Whenever you may read these words, the Good Shepherd is looking for His poor lost lamb. He still says, "Seek, and ye shall find, Knock, and it shall be opened to you."'

"Others had said like words to me before, and I had laughed in their faces and answered them with curses, but now they seemed different for they came as a message from my dead mother and through them I have found like that other poor woman that was

a sinner that love which comes from knowing we have been forgiven much."

* * *
Few knew besides Miss Grant about the butterfly's message to Sarah Brown. Strange stories got about the court that her angel-mother had come to her and taught her to live a good life. But though the cause of the change in "Swearing Sal" was not well understood all the court saw that it was a reality. Her room became the brightest and cleanest in the tenement. Children no longer dreaded her approach, and whenever sickness or death entered a house, the afflicted looked for her and seemed to find hope and comfort in her presence. She was so full of sympathy and love some said she had by a miracle been allowed to catch a glimpse of heaven in her little attic. And they spoke truly though not knowing. For heaven is open here on earth from childhood to all men if they only seek for it.

* * *
Sarah Brown is very old and childish now. She has left the dingy attic and lives in a little vine-covered cottage. In her second childhood, she can catch again the perfume of the lily and the lilac and hear dimly the hum of insects. And still when a butterfly settles on the flowers about her, her face will brighten, and she will thank God for the little messenger. He sent to her dreary attic that led her from storm and darkness into peace and light.—*P. L. Weaver, Winona.*

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

Let us not talk of the fruits of the Spirit; it is the fruit of the Spirit—nine grapes in one bunch. Here are nine beautiful grapes, and they all relate to character, rather than conduct. Perhaps you are longing for splendid conduct, wanting to go and do some great works. God wants you to begin with character. The Holy Ghost works character; then He can fill you for service; and assuredly God desires all to be thus blessedly filled.—*H. W. Webb Peplow.*

CHRISTMAS.

Thou cam'st from heaven to earth, that we
Might go from earth to heaven with Thee:
And though Thou found'st no welcome here,
Thou did'st provide us mansions there.

A stable was Thy court, and when
Men turned to beasts, beasts would be men:
They were Thy courtiers, others none;
And their poor manger was Thy throne.

No swaddling silks Thy limbs did fold,
Though Thou could'st turn Thy rags to gold;
No rockers waited on Thy birth,
No cradles stirred, nor songs of mirth,
But her chaste lap and sacred breast,
Which lodged Thee first, did give Thee rest.

But stay! what light is that doth stream
And drop here in a gilded beam?
It is Thy star runs page and brings
Thy tributary Eastern kings.

Lord, grant some light to us; that we
May find with them the way to Thee.
Behold what mists eclipse the day!
How dark it is! Shed down one ray,
To guide us out of this dark night,
And say once more "Let there be Light!"

—*Henry Vaughan.*

OUR BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

From Home Words.

The Communion Service.—In 1559 one happy improvement was made; it was to unite the two forms of delivery of the Bread and Wine (1549, 1552) into one—exactly as we have it now. The first half prays that the once-sacrificed Body and Blood, the once-offered Lamb of God, may be our means of salvation. The second bids us "take and eat," and "drink," "this" (Bread and Wine), in holy remembrance that salvation is ours, with thankful hearts.—*Professor Moule, D.D.*

The Value of a Liturgy.—Let any man go to all those places of worship where our Liturgy is not used, and note down every prayer which is offered in them, and then compare them with our own, and he will see the value and excellence of ours.—*Charles Simeon.*

John Wesley.—We do not think John Wesley said too much when he declared: "I believe there is no Liturgy in the world, either in ancient or modern language, which breathes more of a solid, Scriptural, rational piety than the Common Prayer of the Church of England."