

went down the road, and felt almost impelled to run after it and tell her father that she must go with him. Home sickness is a distressing malady. Only those who have suffered from it know the misery of it. "God's biddings are enablings," said Adelaide to herself as the stage passed out of sight. And grandmamma was feeling so poorly just then because her boy had gone, that the young girl found her ministrations of love and solace needed at once. It seemed so strange to hear grandmamma speaking of her middle-aged son as "a boy." Somehow, she told her grand-daughter, she could not get used to thinking of Willie as a man; he always seemed a boy to her. The old lady's face brightened as she told Adelaide the pleasant little incidents connected with her father's childhood, and the amusing things he said and did, as they came to her mind, made the mother laugh heartily. Retrospect regarding Willie was always pleasant to her.

Clayton had no regular religious services in the old church, which was built on a hill-top where in winter the wind howled and held high carnival: and yet forty years ago people did not mind the summer's heat or winter's cold, for grandmamma said then the meeting house was always well filled.

Grandmamma's eyes were so weak that she could read only a short time before they gave her great pain. Although she was over eighty years old she kept up her interest in all the progress of the world, and it was a real pleasure to her to have Adelaide read to her.

"You have no idea, child, what your young eyes are doing for me," she said one day when her grand-daughter had been reading some matters of interest to her. "How much it would brighten old Deacon Brown's and Mrs. Clarke's life if they had a granddaughter like you to cheer them up and read to them; and there is Mrs. Peters, too, one of the saints of the earth, so patient and cheerful, and yet she is almost blind. She says she can distinguish colors, and that is about all."

A new, inspiring thought came to the young girl at that moment, and her face fairly glowed with enthusiasm. "Oh, grandmamma," she said, "I can go every day and read to them; it would make me so happy to feel that I was doing some work here."

"Could you go, child? It would be a mercy to them to have such a bit of brightness come into their homes these dark, winter days, and you read such good things that it would give them something to think of besides the little every day occurrences in our shut-in town."

Adelaide had only been in Clayton a fortnight when the circle of King's Daughters received a letter from her asking for interesting reading matter to be sent every week. "I have found work for the King in Clayton, and

I am getting to love it, and the dear old people too, who are so glad to see me every day when I go in. You have no idea what a dear place Clayton is, and nearly all the inhabitants are old men and women. It is like Goldsmith's 'Deserted village,' but I hope to put a little more life into it while I stay. I am not a bit home-sick now, although I should love to see you all."

It was remarkable what new life Adelaide did put into the hearts of the Clayton dwellers that winter. What a brightness came into the faces as she came into the quiet homes for the hour's reading. How trim the sitting-rooms looked when the old clock pointed to the hour when Miss Adelaide was expected. After she had been in Clayton a few weeks, the young girl held a Sabbath afternoon service in grandmother's parlor. Such a blessed time it was to everybody who came, and the fame of spread about, so the young people down at the "Hollow" drove over, and finally the parlor and sitting-room were both well filled.

"My dear old people cannot spare me," wrote Adelaide, when the spring sunshine came and the birds returned to build their nests in the trees about the old homesteads. "Besides, the old meeting-house is going to be cleaned and opened for service, and I have promised to take charge of it all. There is a minister at Greytown who has promised to come once a month all summer and hold services, and when he is not there the young people from 'The Hollow,' who have formed a Christian Endeavor Society, are going to conduct them."

And so Adelaide stayed, and is still giving these beautiful ministries to God's aged saints, and making the last few miles of the journey easier for their weary feet, "God's biddings are our enablings!" *Susan Teall Perry in New York Evangelist.*

LOVING AND GIVING.

Lord teach us the lesson of loving,

The very first lesson of all;
Oh, Thou who dost love little children,
How tender and sweet is thy call!
Now help us to hear it and give thee
The love thou art asking to-day.
Then help us to love one another,
For this we most earnestly pray.

Lord, teach us the lesson of giving,

For this is the very next thing:
Our love ought always be showing
What offerings and fruit it can bring.
There are many who know not thy mercy,
There are millions in darkness and woe:
Our prayers and our gifts all are needed
And all can do something we know.

—Sel.