

a week before her call came to her to give up her life "for His sake." She says: "I am so happy out here. He has been so good to me, and He does so fill the blank in one's heart that is made by leaving home. We must not be too much engrossed in the work itself to forget the Master, but to remember if He likes to call us away to other work He is at liberty to do so. We are His bondslaves, just to go here and there as He pleases, and He has made me so glad to leave it all with Him now, and there's not a shade of worry."

These are the last words recorded of this brave young heart, who, at the early age of twenty-five, finished her work, and received the martyr's crown.

MOLLIE'S GIFT.

[Leaflet issued by the Women's Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Church.]

"Oh, mamma! we had a new scholar to-day, and don't you think, she's black! Her name is Delia, and she came all the way from North Carolina," cried Mollie, breathlessly.

"Talk a little slower, my child; where does this little girl live?"

Mollie tossed off her hat, and, coming close to her mother, began again.

"Well, she lives with Miss Cross, up on the hill. She was in a school down South, and Miss Cross wrote down there for a girl; you know nobody up here will live with her because she's Cross by name and cross by nature."

"That's not very kind, Mollie. Tell me about Delia."

"Well, it was Delia's turn to go, because she had been there longest, and they wanted to take some other girl in the school right away. Isn't it funny? Their schools are not near large enough to hold the scholars, and some of them have to wait so long they never get a chance. Miss Cross wrote a letter and sent money enough to have Delia come by express—just think of that, a girl by express! and she really did. They tied a long tag on her, too, but they let her sit in the passenger car."

"When she got in New York the express agent put her in the horse cars to ride to the railroad station, and there somebody else tied another tag on her and sent her straight out here. I think she must be glad to get where she can go to school without crowding somebody else out."

Mollie's home was in one of those rare country districts where negroes were seldom seen. But the "law of heredity" held its own, and the abolition principles for which their fathers fought were sustained by these children as they welcomed the little colored girl to their games and classes. They tried to make her at home, just as they would had her black cheeks been pink and white, or the woolly kinks on her head golden curls. Every spare moment out of school hours saw her surrounded by an eager group of girls, who listened while she told of the school she had left. One day their teacher overheard one of these talks and thought it a good time to do a little missionary work. That afternoon Mollie came home with a new store of information.

"Mamma," she began, "we heard lots more about Delia's school to-day. Besides lessons in books, they learn to wash and iron, and bake and sew, and their teachers tell them about Jesus, too, for, just think! some of them have never heard of Him. Delia says two hundred were turned away from her school last year, and

some of them did cry so when they found they couldn't stay. Well, while we were talking, Miss Price came in and showed us, on the map, where Delia's school was, and told us all about the schools for the Indians out West, and even way up in Alaska. My! the missionaries who go there must be awful good to go so far away. Then out in Utah among the Mormons, they are trying to teach the children, too; but in every place they have not near money enough. Miss Price says her little sisters at home belong to a mission band and give a penny a day to help these poor children. Why! in Delia's school two cents will send a child to school one day—only a postage stamp! Miss Price thought we might have a band here, but, oh, dear! I can't join, for I never have a penny a week, even. I wish I could help them some way, but I haven't a thing to sell, nor any way to earn money."

Mollie ended with a sigh, and Mollie's mamma gave another, for, like all mammas, she loved to give her little girl what she wanted. But there were many things Mollie must do without, for they were poor people. Her father kept the little station on the Sura and Safe Railroad, and, that he might be always near his work, occupied, with his family, the rooms on the second floor. Mollie's one pet and plaything was a beautiful Maltese kitten, and, next to mamma, "Kittie Gray" shared all her troubles. So, of course, she must be told about Mollie's desire to help those forlorn little ones who had no home comforts, no school, and, worst of all, no God. Mollie poured it all into Kittie's ear, and received many a sympathetic purr.

But she thought, "Of course you can't help me any, for you're only a cat, after all."

That night Mollie's usual prayer of "Now I lay me," had a new petition, as she asked God to show her some way to get some money.

The next morning, as usual, Mr. Monroe came to take the train to New York, and, as he entered the little waiting-room, stumbled against "Kitty Gray," who had disobeyed orders and stolen in there.

"That's a fine kitten you have here," he said, "and it's just what my little girl most wants. What do you say to letting me have it?"

"Oh! sir, that's my Mollie's, and 't would break her heart if I gave it away."

"Well, I'm sorry for that. It's an unusually fine cat. Tell your child I'll give her a dollar for it if she can make up her mind to sell."

Then the train steamed in, and he was gone. Mollie's father laughed to himself as he thought how his girl would scorn even the large sum of one dollar, when compared with her loved "Kittie Gray." Meanwhile Mollie started off to school, sunny and happy, for she had great faith, and, as she bade her kitten good-bye, she whispered, "I know I'm going to get some money, for I told Jesus all about it."

That evening, as she sat fondling Kittie, her father said, "Now, Mollie, if you want to make money, here's your chance."

"Oh! papa, what is it? Tell me quick?" she exclaimed.

"Well, I don't hardly believe you'll take this, though it's good for a dollar."

"Take it? Well, I guess I will! You don't know how much I want some money."

"Wait a minute, little woman, and I'll explain," and he laid Mr. Monroe's proposition before her.