

with her, an' we was back on the old farm, an' while I was kissin' of 'em both, I heard some one sayin', 'As one whom his mother comforteth.' An' I woke up, an' I was sayin', 'O Lord, I am a wicked, ungrateful woman !'

"Mis' Malcolm, I don't suppose you could understand—you that's a minister's wife, and thankful to the Lord, in course—what I thought that night. I laid awake, thinkin' and cryin,' and yet not all sorry, for half the night. I kep' thinkin' of all the things the Lord had ever done for me, an' the more I thought of mother an' the old home, the softer my heart seemed to grow, an' I jest prayed with all my might an' main, an' that there box weighed on my mind like lead. 'A cent apiece !' I kep' sayin'. 'A cent apiece for all his benefits !' Why, they come over me that night, while I laid there prayin', till they was like crowds an' crowds of angels all round me. In the mornin' I went up to the box feeling meaner than dirt, an' I put in a cent for mother, an' a cent for father, an' one for the old farm, an' the rose-bush in front of my window, an' for my little pet lamb, that made me so happy when I was a girl, an' for heaps of other things I'd been forgettin' in them hard times. An' when I couldn't spare no more, I went to work, an' do believe I was a different woman after that. For there were the verses in the Bible, that I used to get up early to read them mornin's, an' there was the love of God, that I'd never rightly understood, an' there was church, that I couldn't bear to miss now, an' there was the daily bread, that I had never thought of bein' thankful for till after that night when I found out how much I'd had in my life, an' begun to look about me for what I had now. An' so it went on, till the box grew heavier an' heavier, an' before the day come for it to be opened, three months from the time I'd had it, it was all full, an' I stuck one cent into the slit at the top, an' said :

"'That's for you, Mary Pickett, for if I ever had a bene-