

face. "How kind of you to come, Dinah!" she said faintly.

"I have come gladly, dear lady, and with God's blessing I hope soon to see you better. This is one of the presents; the Colonel will bring the others up. May this be a truly happy birthday to you."

During the day her weakness increased, and great fear was entertained. At night Dinah sat watching, relieved to see her patient fall into quiet sleep. In the morning restlessness returned; but after a while she asked to have the new vase put nearer.

"It was good of her to send it, but what does that card say?" for she had been too ill to notice it before.

Dinah simply raised it and read: "This is eternal life, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent" (John xvii. 3.)

"I cannot understand Mrs. Statham putting a text on; how very odd!" said Mrs. Valious.

"You will forgive an old body, I know," said Dinah, "but when I saw the choice gifts, I just thought of the best gift of all, and 'twas I who hung my little card there, such a tiny present—but it tells of the largest gift of God, in sending Jesus to give us eternal life, and I've been asking you may receive no less than that."

A faint smile crossed the lady's face; she knew nothing of such life; enough for her to beguile herself with earthly pleasures.

"You are a good old soul, Dinah, I forgive you; but take it off the silver wings, for fear my friend should call and see it. There, give it to me, I know you meant it well," and she took the card to avoid seeming unkind.

Another day came, and, refreshed by sleep, she was able to hear her husband read to her, while Dinah went to rest herself.

"Poor old body! See, Hugh, what she hung on those wings," and he read the words, new words, hard for him, wise and prudent in worldly wisdom to understand, but failing to see the hidden meaning in words so grandly rich.

But one woman under the same roof had faith in the "whatsoever ye shall ask in my name," and she asked of God eternal life for the Colonel and his wife.

When danger was said to be gone, and strength seemed to return daily, the Colonel's joy was great, and he went out with a gladsome heart to find some book or present.

He selected what he thought suitable, and then before him, he saw in large silver letters on a scroll the very words of Dinah's card. He purchased it and returned.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Dinah was content to leave God to work, while thus she prayed in silence. And his ways are wonderful.

"Hugh, I have seen something in my dreams so strangely beautiful," said his wife, as he entered the room with his parcel. "Sit down and let me tell you."

The books were given to her, and the scroll placed on the mantel-shelf, and he sat down to listen.

"I saw all things around me fading and passing away, and I was on a rocky steep, alone, and frightened, and I seemed to know I must fall and die; when a being stood before me and held out his hand and asked, "Will you not trust in Me?" And as I took his hand he said, "I give you eternal life!" and such a burst of glory came around me,

and my heart swelled with joy; and I heard singing and voices of those I could not see, saying, "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent;" and I wanted to know him—nothing else seemed worth a thought then. But I woke, and still I can hear the words. Where is Dinah? Let me tell her, she can help me."

Three weeks gone, and still those words ring out their joyful message in the ears of the Colonel's wife, and she has heard, to the saying of her soul.

"Good-bye, Dinah; God bless you, I shall hold as a memorial of you that little silver-winged messenger," said Mrs. Valious, as she let her nurse go.

The humble and thankful woman returned to her cottage home, rejoicing in the work of grace begun, and for the honor put upon her in allowing her to call the wanderers to eternal life.

I thank Thee, Lord, for using me
For Thee to work and speak;
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak
For those to whom, through me Thou hast
Some heavenly guidance given.
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven
—The Christian.

A Real Teacher.

(Mrs. M. A. Ehlers.)

Among my early teachers was a woman of rare worth, whose feeble step and hectic flush told why she was often absent. Sometimes we went to her room and listened to her words, or repeated the scripture texts she had assigned. In her absence it was difficult to find any brother or sister willing to respond to the superintendent's request, "Won't you take that class this morning?"

But with gratitude I recall the one supply teacher, whose words, though few were a well-spring of life. She was the most modest, self-ignoring woman I remember ever to have known; one who seemed painfully conscious of having come into the wrong world, and therefore with no claim to the modicum of space she occupied. Every Sunday morning, after performing household duties of a peculiar and most trying character, she glided into the street and toward the village church. Her faded blue shawl, and bonnet of yellow straw, dulled by age, and extravagant only in its tendency to reach skyward, were recognized from afar. It was her habit to drop into a rear pew, late enough to escape the salutations of those who were on time. Great was our surprise, one morning, when under the protecting shadow of the superintendent, Mrs. — came up the aisle, and took the seat usually occupied by our teacher. Through how much of timidity and self-distrust had she come to that class of bright-eyed, mirth-loving girls! Some months earlier, I had made a public confession of faith, but the glow of the revival season was over, and secret prayer and meditation were beginning to be neglected. Our lesson was from the third chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. There was no special attempt at exposition. We read the paragraphs in turn. The sixth was mine: "But Christ, as a Son over his own house; whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end." There was no comment until I read again, this time the fourteenth: "For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." Then,

with earnest and subdued voice our teacher said: "Both of those verses seem to come to you, Mary, "Hold fast," "steadfast unto the end." That was all, but repentance for past neglect, and determination for the future, were born of those words. As one whose feet had well nigh slipped remembers the hand that rescued him, so after many years of precious Christian experience, I recall the faithful woman whose love to God enabled her to feed the lambs.

The great Teacher in asking men to join his class gave as his supreme qualification: "For I am meek and lowly of heart." One who possesses that spirit of sanctified meekness, whose synonym is love, may rightfully say to others: "Learn of me."—The 'Standard.'

In Spite of Weakness.

Don't be discouraged if your health is poor and your body undersized. Ability isn't measured by the pound, and men who couldn't put on their own clothes have governed empires. Dr. Gregory well says: "Many people who have made a mark in the world have been weak people, who made up for their weakness by strength of will. Florence Nightingale has been an invalid, shut up in a sick room during the greater part of her life. Mrs. Browning was a delicate woman with a baby's strength. You see how these two—one by exciting people to merciful works, the other by noble songs—have influenced girls and women of their time. It is said that Julius Caesar was of delicate constitution, had painful headaches and fits of epilepsy, yet he became master of the world. Macaulay says of William of Orange that he was so weak as to be soon fatigued, and was continually suffering pain; but the force of his will had never failed. Grand old Dr. Johnson, Alexander Pope, Robert Hall, and others, were men greatly afflicted, or with many drawbacks which their resolution overcame. One of the most spirited travellers of her day, Miss Isabella Bird, had less physical strength than ordinary women. Lord Nelson never went to sea without being seasick. The biography of greatness is full of records of people who nobly fought against their difficulties and said, "I am resolved what to do!" The triumphs of mankind are not triumphs of physical strength or of mental genius, but of will.—Christian Work."

[For the 'Messenger.'

Prayer, Sweet Prayer.

(Sent by M. McMillan.)

When torn is the bosom with sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
prayer;

It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to life and puts passion in chains.

Chorus.

Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
prayer.

When pleasure would woo us from piety's
arm,

The syren sings sweetly or silently charms;
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the
snare,

Till, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.

When forced from the friends we hold dear-
est, to part,

What fond recollections still cling to the
heart;

Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments
are there—

Oh, how hurtfully pleasing, till hallowed by
prayer.