

months come next Wednesday, sir." "I hope you have some sons who support and cheer you in your loneliness?" "Indeed, sir, my boys are very good to me, but work has been slack, and they have been very ill, so that I have been able to do little besides waiting on them, and we have been hard put to it this severe weather."

After a little more conversation, I felt, from her modest and quiet answers, that *hers* was a case deserving help, and slipped into her hand half-a-crown; not a mite, far less two mites yet as much as I could then well afford, or thought it prudent without further inquiry to give. Not a word was said. I could not tell what was passing through her heart. Had I been able to perceive it, I should have known the reason of her silence. Her feeling of gratitude was, in fact, too deep for utterance. It seemed so marked a providence. If my steps had been delayed so that I had been ten paces further back, or had she quickened hers, so as to be ten paces further forward—in fact, had all those impediments not been removed, which in a meeting of this kind always *are* removed—the widow's heart would have lost this cheering token of her heavenly Father's care.—*Exchange.*

DYING POOR AND DYING RICH.

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker, "the saddest I have attended for years."

"That of Edmondson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor, poor as poverty—his life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfilment."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! he was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."

"Did he not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance.

"No, sir, he died poor, as I had just said. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and thought he died rich."

"No; he has left nothing behind," was replied.

"The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of the estate."

"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

"And precious examples," said another.

"Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence, when no sunbeams fell upon his path," was the testimony of another.

"And high trust, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich!" was the emphatic declaration; "richer than the millionaire who went to his long home the same day, a miserable pauper in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was rather a triumphal procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonial attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed! Why his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. No, no, he did not die poor, but rich, rich in neighbourly love, and rich in celestial affections."

"You have a new way of estimating the wealth of a man," said the one who had at first expressed sympathy for the deceased.

"Is it not the right way? He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide forever; and he who has to leave all behind on which he has placed affection, dies poor indeed. Our friend died richer than Girard or Astor; his monument is built of good deeds and noble examples. It will abide for ever."

A CROSS WORD SPOILT IT ALL.

"Why didn't you hurry along?" said a teamster to a stranger, who was passing him. That teamster had very kindly driven his team to one side of the highway, and waited for the other to pass. This act of kindness had excited in the bosom of his unknown friend emotions of gratitude which would soon have been expressed in thanks. But just then the man of a kind act cried out in a *cross* tone, "*Why don't you hurry along?*" Ah! that expression spoilt it all. It swept away in an instant all grateful emotions from the bosom of the other, and produced dislike. Thanks were no longer felt, and were never expressed. Oh, what a pity that *kind acts* should sometimes be spoilt by *cross words*!