

she stopped, quite confounded with this unusual condescension.

Mrs. Arnold felt somewhat embarrassed herself, but presently asked her little assistant if she read much. "I've read about the man with the pack, ever so many times," answered Elvira timidly, "we haven't any other book."

"The man with the pack?" repeated Mrs. Arnold.

"Yes'm. He did up his sins in a bundle and carried them on his back. I'd tipped them in the ditch," she added, in a sudden burst of confidence.

"Oh, you mean 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" said Mrs. Arnold, repressing a smile. "Perhaps you don't quite understand it yet. I think you'll find books here that will suit you better just now. Pick out any you like—I'm sorry I haven't thought of it before." Somehow this confession seemed to break down the barrier of shyness between them, and before America chose to return, Mrs. Arnold had learned more of her neighbors' needs than she had known during her year's residence among them.

The higher shelves having been put in order, as she stepped from the ladder she took up a volume Elvira had put aside, and to her astonishment it was a treatise on Prayer.

"Tisn't for myself," said the child hastily, interpreting the glance—it's for uncle. You see he's sick and real cross, and Pomp says it's cause he don't know how to pray, and I thought may be that would tell him."

"But you must take some for yourself—here are all the 'Prudy' books," replied Mrs. Arnold, amused both at Pomp's opinion and the child's faith in it, while Elvira with her arms full, started for home, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks rosy with joy.

"Curus," said America looking after her, "that scraggy lookin' young un's done plumpt up like a partridge in an hour."

Mrs. Arnold felt too self-reproached to even smile at the remark, as she thought how long the slight kindness and sympathy that could give so much pleasure had been withheld."

One Monday morning, some weeks after, she was surprised by a call from the minister who occasionally preached at the little school-house in the district—her own attendance upon Sabbath service being given to a church in the city, seven miles distant. Her surprise was increased, when Mr. Morgan told her he had come to give her the grateful thanks of one of his parishioners, who, by her means, had been led into rest and peace after weary months of doubting.

"My means!" exclaimed the bewildered woman.

"Yes madam. Means that God un-

doubtedly led you to furnish. That admirable book on Prayer, which you allowed the little girl to take, seems to have cleared away all the mist and perplexity that it has been impossible to dispel heretofore. The man is near death, and I have feared till now that his life would go out in darkness. 'Lord, save! I perish!' has been on his lips for days, and this morning he asked me to come and tell you that he had been heard and answered."

"'Twas more the child's means than mine," said Mrs. Arnold humbly, as she explained the incident to Mrs. Gordon; "and it seems such large reward for so small an effort," she added, wiping away the falling tears.

"That's so, honey," said America; who was setting the dinner table; "but the good Lord knows just what a weak un you is, and he's encouragin' like. It takes strong saints to stan' a waitin' on him." *Christian Weekly.*

A GERMAN TRUST-SONG.

Just as God leads me I would go;
I would not choose my way;
Content with what he will bestow,
Assured he will not let me stray;
So, as he leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content,
I rest me calmly in his hands;
That which he has decreed and sent—
That which his will for me commands—
I would that he should all fulfil,
That I should do his gracious will,
In living or in dying.

Just as God lead I all resign,
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfil;
(that which his love ordained as right,
Before he brought me to the light,
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, onward I go,
Oft amid thorns and briars keen;
God does not yet his guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How by a loving Father's will
Faithful and true he leads me still.