

added to the sum raised that afternoon. Some of the members would have opened their eyes had they known, but Miss Fairchild kept her own counsel. She selected the chair herself, the handsomest, easiest and strongest one in the whole establishment down in the city, with soft, yielding cushions of loveliest green; a chair fit for a millionaire's home, or for a queen or a princess, and she only smiled when she paid for it.

Aunt Becky's rheumatism was bad that day and the old wooden rocking chair was uncomfortable. Every once in a while she sighed from pain caused by her cramped position. A cheerful fire burned on the shining stove and the old cat purred at her feet.

Aunt Becky rocked back and forth thinking deeply.

'Yes,' she whispered, 'it would just about kill me to have to go to the poor-house. I don't know but I'd run away if they put me there. They declare they won't, but maybe they'll get tired of caring for me. I wish I was sure about it. The church members say they love me, but I'm afraid, I'm afraid.'

A knock sounded at the door.

'Come in,' quavered Aunt Becky.

A man entered, half lifting, half pushing a heavy article done up in brown wrapping paper.

'Bless my heart,' cried Aunt Becky surprisedly, 'what's that? Why, it's got wheels.'

'It's a chair,' the man explained smilingly. 'A reclining chair. There's a card on it. The church ladies gave it to you. You can fix it to suit yourself. You can have a bed, a sofa, or a chair, whichever you please. Let me show you.'

He untied the wrappings and handed the card to Aunt Becky. Aunt Becky looked at the card and at the names attached, and back at the chair again. She could scarcely believe her eyes. Such a beautiful, beautiful chair stood before her, of polished wood, with soft, green, velvet, luxurious cushions.

When the man had gone Aunt Becky knelt down by it. She felt of the shining wood, smoothed the soft cushions, then she sat down in it, relaxing her tired and weary limbs.

'Oh, Lord,' she whispered, 'it's good to sit in a chair like this. It's good to have such friends. It's good to have the assurance of a home in heaven when life is over. In seventy-eight years I've never had anything so grand, so soft, so beautiful, and to think it's mine. Green, too. I love green. I've always thought it was a favorite color up in heaven. Don't the old hymns say:

'Sweet fields beyond the swelling floods,  
Stand dressed in living green.

'And

'There is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall.'

'Yes, it's a favorite color up there. I'm sure of it. It won't be a great while till I go to find out and meantime I can have a little taste of it here as I sit and meditate in this beautiful, green chair.'

She took up the card, regarding it with loving eyes. 'They do love me after all,' she whispered. 'I guess I needn't be afraid of going to the poor-house. Folks with friends like mine don't have to go. Lord, forgive me for my doubts.'

She folded her knotted hands and sat motionless. Suddenly her old cracked voice quivered into the old hymn:

'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;  
What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled.

'Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent Hand.'

'What, singing,' a voice asked at her elbow. Aunt Becky started. It was the minister.

'Haven't you a text that will go with the chair, too, Aunt Becky?' he said.

'Yes,' replied Aunt Becky solemnly. She smoothed the soft green cushions with a ten-

der and reverent touch, then she looked up. Her old eyes were full of tears.

'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.'

The minister understood. He stooped and took the wrinkled hand. 'Let us praise Him together, Aunt Becky,' he said.

### Lost Secrets

Years ago an Italian priest, named Luigi Taranti, discovered a method of making stained glass, the coloring of which was declared to be equal to that made by the ancients, whose secret has been lost. Taranti abandoned the priesthood and set to work to execute the hundreds of commissions he received, in the secrecy of his workshop at Ostia, near Rome.

The finest stained-glass windows in Italy were made by him, and he guarded his secret well, for when a year later he was found dead of blood-poisoning it was realized that he had carried the secret with him. The cleverest workmen were called in to examine the ingredients, but they one and all failed to find out the dead man's secret.

The first man who was successful in taking photographs in color was a martyr to his discovery, the secret of which was lost. Some years ago, Dr. Herbert Franklin, of Chicago, submitted a number of colored photographs, to the leading American scientific institutions, and the encouragement he received was such that he built himself a laboratory, proof against the wiles of spies, at the cost of \$15,000, wherein to perfect his invention. In the preparation of his plates he used a charcoal fire, and one day when he omitted to open the ventilators he was found suffocated. He had told no one of his methods, and the way in which his plates were prepared was a problem that baffled men to this day.

A man who discovered how to make ulminate, an explosive that would have entirely altered warfare, and to whom the German Government offered twenty thousand pounds for his invention, unexpectedly came to his death in an explosion in his laboratory, and the secret is a lost one.

There are, indeed, many lost secrets; but it was not a lost secret, but an open secret, that the apostle Paul was writing about when he said, 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.' 'Godliness with contentment is great gain.' Piety connected with a contented mind, a mind trusting and calm, and satisfied with God's will, this is the highest possible riches, the greatest gain. Trade secrets are sometimes kept, but this secret is free to all—how to be rich without money—how to obtain the wealth of Christian contentment.

These are the open secrets to a happy life. It is a happy fact that while we cannot all be rich in money, we can all possess that godliness which with contentment is great gain. May we be so happy as to learn St. Paul's secret and come into this rich possession.—Dr. Hallock in the 'Cottager and Artisan.'

### A Fortune Given for a Pink.

In Austria it had long been thought that among aristocratic ladies the Princess Pauline Metternich, widow of the former Paris ambassador under the second empire, bore the palm in the accomplishment of charitable works in Vienna. This honor, however, the Princess disclaimed not long ago in conversation with some of her friends. She said: 'The most charitable lady in Austria is the Baroness Reinelt of Trieste, whose husband lately died, leaving behind him a fortune of 20,000,000 florins to the State for benevolent purposes. Three years ago,' continued the Princess, 'when I was president of the committee for the music exhibition, we made the disagreeable discovery on winding it up that we had a large deficit. I got up a flower corso and a flower show, where ladies sold flowers. Among the visitors was Baroness Reinelt, to whom I offered a pink. "How much may I pay for this flower?" she asked. "There are no limits set to your generosity, Baroness," I answered. "Well, then," she said, "I will pay enough for it to cover the arrears of the music exhibition." The amount required for this purpose,' added the Princess, 'was 95,000 florins, or £8,000.'

### Religious Notes.

To the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission belongs the honor of being the oldest missionary society working specifically for the regeneration of India's womanhood. One of the chief channels by means of which the Gospel is taken to the women and children is the agency of medical missions. There are now six hospitals under the care of the society situate at Lucknow, Benares, Patna, Ajoudhya, Jaunpur, and Nasik. The total number of in-patients registered last year was 2,066, while the out-patients amounted to 595; and the attendances at the dispensaries numbered 83,494. The women doctors are all fully qualified, and the Indian hospital assistants are thoroughly equipped and carefully trained for their important tasks. The missionaries and Bible-women have access to 11,233 zennas, and the Bible-women visit 1,529 villages.—'Missionary Review of Reviews.'

Mrs. Florence B. Manly writes to 'World-Wide Missions,' that the 'closing session of the West China Annual Meeting, held at Chentu, January 23 to 28, was turned into an enthusiastic impromptu foreign missionary meeting. It would seem as if the mission in the farthest interior of China, located as it were at the ends of the earth, could have no "foreign" missionary motive. But for some years Tibet has been in the hearts of many foreign missionaries and native workers. A number of the Chinese Christians have expressed their desire to go into the regions beyond. This would probably mean to them a sacrifice even greater than that made by the Caucasian who comes among the Mongolians. The food, habits, and customs of the Tibetans are as strange and often as repellent to them as are the Chinese customs to Europeans. It was on the last evening of the session that the fire was kindled most brightly. Foreign missionaries had privately subscribed a fund of \$245 in addition to \$100 which had been sent from home for the purpose of opening a station among Tibetans. At this closing meeting it was decided to solicit contributions from the Chinese preachers. Each one present contributed an amount varying from fifty cents to \$10. (The latter amount is nearly one month's salary of a Chinese preacher.) These subscriptions amounted to \$155, making a total fund of \$500 for commencing mission work in Batang. Later, when the bishop's appointments were read, we heard the announcement: "Batang: Mr. Buh and Mr. Tsen." A request was then made for a few words from these first foreign missionaries who were to go out from the native church in West China.'

### Acknowledgments.

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Received for the maintenance of the launch: Mary S. Williams, Knowlton, \$1.00.

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Previously acknowledged for the launch.....	\$539.84
Previously acknowledged for the cots.....	109.98
Previously acknowledged for the Komatik.....	86.85
Total received up to August 20..	\$745.17

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

All contributions in the way of clothing, etc., must be sent to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal.