

"Not long afterward I wrote to Deacon Sims. He had written me a good, fatherly letter, telling me that I must always consider him as my father, and write and let him know whenever I was happy or unhappy, and so I wrote to him very soon, to tell him how happy I was with Aunt Patience. I told him that she wasn't at all what I had supposed a sanctified woman was; that she wasn't dull and poky, and solemn and disagreeable; but just as sweet and good as she could be, and that I'd give the whole world to be sanctified, if it would make me like her.

"Deacon Sims's answer (for he wrote me very soon) I have always kept; and I often read it over, although it was written so many years ago. He told me that the word sanctified had frightened a great many people; and yet that the more we were sanctified the happier we were, and the happier we made those about us. He said that a bright day was pleasanter than a cloudy day; and that it was the *sunshine* that made all the difference. 'And just so,' he added, 'a holy heart is happier and gives more happiness to others than an unholy heart, because it is full of the sunshine of God's sweet grace.'

"My home was with Aunt Patience until I married; and during all those years she seemed to me a miracle of sweetness. Her smiles and helpful words made a straight and easy path for every one in the house. I saw more and more of her gentleness and goodness; but never saw anything that eclipsed her loving treatment of me when I broke all her china and glass."

"Why, she was an angel, wasn't she?" said Alice.

"She was quite as sweet and good as an angel," replied Cousin Bessie. "Chloe used to call her 'an angel woman.'"

"The angel woman, Miss Bessie!" she would say. 'She's got de real happyfyin' religion, and she's got it all troo and troo her. She don't hab it in spots.'

"And Chloe would often remind me of 'dat awful china and glass day,' as she used to call it. 'Not very awful, either, Miss Bessie,' she would say, 'though it was tremendous awful for a few minutes. Seemed like as if you'd go crazy. But laws, Missy, dear, I knowed what kind of a woman your Aunt Patience was. I knowed just how full she was of religion, and that you wouldn't get the fustest word of scolding.'

"What ain't in can't come out,' added Chloe. 'You might squeeze and squeeze dat woman all day, and you wouldn't get no fire and brimstone out of her—'cause dey ain't dar. I'll tell you what, Miss Bessie, I likes dat sort of religion dat's all honey, wid de gall left out. But some folks has a curus kind of religion—just all gall and no honey. Dey goes to prayer-meet-

ing, maybe, and to church, just as reg'lar as Sunday comes round; but nobody wants to come near 'em, dey snarl and snap and scold so.'

"I treasured up old Chloe's words," added Cousin Bessie, "and almost everything that Aunt Patience ever said or did while I was under her roof is graven on my heart. And this one impression was made upon me by her beautiful life—that pure religion is the sweetest and best treasure that any man, woman, or child can have; and that those who have it are a perpetual joy to others, and feel within themselves an unfailing fountain of joy. The life Aunt Patience lived with me was like the freshness and brightness of a long June day; and I often told Deacon Sims, when I saw him—as I sometimes did—that although I wanted a great many good things, I wanted, above all things, a holy heart. And the Deacon used to smile, and say: 'You've found out, my dear, that to be sanctified don't mean to be dull and poky, and solemn and disagreeable.'"—*N. Y. Independent.*

MILDRED AND HER BABY.

BY RICHMOND.

"Write her not to come," said my wife. "It is out of the question. We cannot have them here."

She was greatly disturbed; and I not less than she—but hiding what I felt. We were living in such quiet ease; in such luxurious order! No children's voices made music or discord in our home. No busy little hands or feet disturbed its nice adjustments, or shattered its harmonies. We had nothing, out of ourselves, upon which to lavish affection save a little King Charles spaniel, and that had more care and attention than is given to half the babies in the land. A whole house, crowded with comforts, and only myself and wife to enjoy them. We were growing narrower and narrower every day—more selfish and less sympathetic—getting farther and farther away from our common humanity, and so farther and farther away from the divine humanity of our Lord. And yet we were devout worshippers; never omitting the least things of formal service, and counting ourselves among those who are accepted of God through obedience to the Church.

"She is my mother's sister's child," I answered.

"I'm sorry for her—very sorry. But it's out of the question. We cannot have them here." And my wife—who had been looking over my shoulder at the picture of a lovely baby, sent in the mother's sorrowful and appealing letter to plead with its soft eyes for a home and love—threw a hasty