

'green things growing' said, with frank friendliness, 'Wouldn't you like this? It doesn't need much sunshine, only plenty of water; we made them to give away to people who can't go to the woods whenever they'd like to.'

'God bless you for such a thought, my dear,' said the woman, after a moment's struggle to find her voice. 'I hope you may never know what it is to be penned up in a place like this, day after day, and week after week, hungry and thirsty for the country. And you must let me tell you something—I see you have some more of your pretty gifts there—don't be discouraged if you meet with what looks like thanklessness—keep on doing such things. I do believe that another month of this would have made me that hard and bitter I'd not even have said "thank you"—but now—'

And bending above the little garden, she let the ferns and grasses gently touch her cheek.

'I never was much of a hand for flowers; I don't know as I can do anything with it,' was the reception which their next offering met, and it was the 'cross looking old woman' who thus sustained her character. Surely it had not been chance which had prepared them for this.

'Oh, well!' said Kate easily, 'you'll let us leave it, now we have brought it, and if you don't care about it you can just give it to somebody who likes such things.'

The one given below-stairs met with a very different reception, and Sally laughed, as she listened to Kate's account of the lodger's reluctant acceptance.

'Her bark's a long way worse than her bite, poor soul!' said Sally, 'she was pleased enough, I'll be bound! And months afterward she said to Kate,

'You'd laugh, Miss Kate, if you could see the way that poor old body fidgets over the box you gave her, and if mine happens to have a thing in bloom when her's hasn't, she doesn't like it at all!'

'I don't more than half like to hear the shoemaker in his den,' said Kate, as they turned from bidding Sally good by, 'How do you think we'd better begin?'

'I thought of that before we started,' replied Anne, 'and I asked mother if I might order my walking boots of him, instead of at the usual place; she said I might.'

Kate screwed up her lips into a silent whistle. She knew how dainty Anne was about her boots and gloves.

'I'm afraid I couldn't do them to suit you, Miss,' the cripple said, when Anne had told the first part of her errand, 'It's a long time since I've done such fine work, but I'll undertake it on this condition,—if the boots are not to your liking you will just say so, and no doubt I can sell them in time.'

It did not occur to the girls, until afterwards, to be amused at the manner in which the little man had dictated his terms, and Anne had meekly accepted them. They were fluttering over the difficulty of leaving their gift, when, to their

amazement, the cripple suddenly bent over it, saying eagerly,

'Would you object to letting me know where that fern grew? I've read of it, but I never saw it before and I should like to get some if it's anywhere near—I go to the country once in a while of a Sunday.'

It grew a long way from here,' said Anne, seizing her advantage, 'away down the Cape. But you must let me give you this. We thought—we fancied—that perhaps some of our friends here in town would like a little reminder of the country, and, indeed, it will please as very much if you will take this.' She pushed it across the narrow counter as she spoke, and he put both hands about it with a tenderness which went to her heart.

'I don't suppose you're doing this for thanks,' he said, touching the ferns with his face, as the woman in the shop had done, 'but it pleases me to think that, if I have the gift, you have the blessing.'

The girls did a good deal of think, as the car carried them up-town; but it was not until they were luncheoning cozily in the cool depths of their favorite restaurant, that Kate said suddenly,

'I wonder if everywhere doesn't lead to somewhere else? Anne laughed, but she understood, as I hope you, who read this, will understand. The doors of opportunity which opened that day were not allowed to close, and other doors were opened, as the summer went on, by the same gentle means. We may all hope for the chance to 'do some great thing' before we die; but we cannot better train ourselves for the endeavor than by doing daily, as we have opportunity, the

'Little kindnesses

Which most leave undone or despise.'

#### THE RATIONALE OF THE CHURCH'S EXISTENCE.

It goes without saying that missionary work, properly so called, in the outfield of non-Christianity is the plain duty of the Church of Christ. It is the very rationale of her existence, according to the original law given to Abram, the father of all them that believe, when he himself was called out and separated from the world to become a centre of blessing to that world. 'I will bless thee and thou shalt be a blessing, and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth'—or, as St. Paul has it, 'all nations'—'be blessed.' In the present century, well designated 'the century of missions,' the cause has been abundantly vindicated at home, and proven to be a success abroad, on the testimony literally of 'all sorts and conditions of men.' We have learnt the fact of the complete adaptability of the Gospel of the grace of God to dull racial and religious varieties of man. A vast accumulation of evidence of the power of the Gospel to every soul that believeth has been collected from every part of the globe. The Church's responsibility for the evangelization of the world has been increasingly brought to light, and to a considerable extent practically

acknowledged; and the day is past when the old gibes at missions and missionaries are endured, at any rate among thoughtful and intelligent people.—*Church Missionary Intelligencer.*

#### MARRIED.

THOMAS-ROBINSON—On June 22nd, 1891, at the Church of St. Mary, Novar, in the Mission of Emsdale, by the incumbent, the Rev. Alfred W. H. Chowse, David Allan Thomas to Sarah Ann Robinson, both of Emsdale, Ont.

#### DIED.

FISK—At Emsdale, Ont., May 27th, 1891, Stephen Bateman Fisk, and was buried in the burial ground here with Masonic honours.

MITCHELL—On the 5th inst., at Jeddore Oyster Ponds, Halifax County, N.S., Eliza, beloved wife of John G. Mitchell, Jesu Marcy.

Also at Jeddore, on May 30th, Elizabeth Day; on June 5th, John H. Mitchell; on June 12th, John Bakley; on June 14th, Rachel Dozee.

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