

an' I said it over to myself, kinder curious, to see how it sounded. It was jest what they said about Mis' Stapleton, she 't was president of the missionary society. An' that night our new boarder he picked up the magazine, an' said,

"Why, what's this?" An' I said quite pleased, before I thought,

"That's a magazine that my niece, Mary Pickett, she's subscribed to for me, bein' I'm so interested in missions.

"My mother used to take it," says he. He was a young man, not much mor'n a boy, an' homesick I guess. I'd like to look it over, if you don't mind, he says. 'It looks like home.' So I was so pleased to hear him say that, for the boarders they don't most generally say much, except to find fault, that when I went out in the dinin' room, I jest put another cent in, for the magazine itself, part for what he'd said, an' part for what I'd ben a readin' out of it that afternoon; an' while I was dropping of it in, Mary she come up behind me an' give me a big hug.

"You dear old inconsistent thing!" she says, an' then I knew she'd heard what I'd said in the parlour.

"Well, it went on that way for quite awhile, an' it come to be a regular thing that a cent would get in there every time I heard about the meetin', I thought Mary would 'a' died laughin' when I put one in because I warn't born a cannibal—an' one day—I'll never forget that day, Mis' Malcolm—she was tellin' me about Turkey, an' she told how some missionaries henrd a little girl sayin' how the smallest thing in all the world wa'n't any smaller than the joy of her father when she was born. Them words went right through me, I was standin' over the i'nin' board, an' Mary was opposite to me, but all of a sudden, instead of her, I seemed to see my 'Liakim's face, that had been dead ten year, an' him a-leanin' down over our little baby, that only lived two weeks, the only one I ever had. Seemed to me I couldn't get over it, when that baby died. An' I seemed to see 'Liakim smilin' down at it, an' it lyin' there all soft an' white—she was a white little baby—such a pretty baby—an' before I knew it, I was droppin' tears all over the starched clothes, an' I turned 'round an' went an' put another cent in that box, for the look on 'Liakim's face when he held her that time. An' Mary, she see something was the matter, I guess, for she walked off an' never asked no questions. But all the rest of the day I kep' seein' that little face before me, an' thinkin' how I'd had her for my own, an' how I knew she was in glory—I'd only felt it hard that I couldn't keep her before that—an' before I went to bed I went out to the dinin' room, an' I put in a little bright five cent piece for my baby, because I couldn't bear to count her jest like everythin' else, an' I found myself cryin' because I hadn't enough money just then to spare anythin' big-

ger. I suppose it was from thinkin' about her so much, that that night I dreamed about mother. I could see her as plain, an' father with her, an' we was back on the old farm, an' while I was kissin' of 'em both I heard some one sayin', 'As one whom his mother comforteth.' An' I woke up an' I was sayin', 'O Lord, I am a wicked, ungrateful woman.'

"Mis' Malcolm I don't suppose you could understand—you that's a minister's wife, an' thankful to the Lord in course—what I thought that night. I laid awake, thinkin' an' cryin', an' yet not at all sorry, for half the night. I kep' thinkin' of all the things the Lord had ever done for me, an' the more I thought of mother an' the old home, the softer my heart seemed to grow, an' I jest prayed with all my might an' main, an' that there box weighed on my mind like lead. 'A cent apiece!' I kep' sayin'. 'A cent apiece for all His benefits!' Why, they come over me that night while I laid there prayin', till they was like crowds an' crowds of angels all around me. In the mornin' I went up to the box feelin' meaner than dirt, an' I put in a cent for mother, an' a cent for father, an' one for the old farm, an' the rose-bush in front of my window, an' for my little pet lamb that made me so happy when I was a girl, an' for heaps of other things that I'd ben forgettin' in them hard times. An' when I couldn't spare no more, I went to work, an' do believe I was a different woman after that. For there was verses in the Bible that I used to get up early to read them mornin's, and there was the love of God that I'd never rightly understood, an' there was church, that I couldn't bear to miss now, an' there was the daily bread, that I'd never thought of bein' thankful for till after that night, when I found out how much I'd had in my life, an' begun to look about me for what I had now. And so it went on, till the box grew heavier an' heavier, an' before the day come for it to be opened, three months from the time I'd had in, it was all full, an' I stuck in one cent into the slit at the top, an' said:

"That's for you, Mary Pickett, for if ever I had a benefit from the Lord, you're one!" an' Mary she cried when I said it.

"So, when the day come, I said I was goin' too, an' I left the i'nin', an' we went off together, an' there was singin' an' everythin', jest as there always is, only it was all new to me, an' every one seemed as glad to see me as if I'd been as rich as any of 'em, an' at last it come time to open our boxes. An' I brought mine—an' I says, 'Mis' Stapleton,' I says, 'if ever there was a mean feelin' woman come to missionary meetin', I am the one; for I've been a-keepin' count of my mercies, at a cent apiece,' I says. 'It's all cents in there, 'cept one five-cent piece, that means somethin' special to me. An' I wouldn't let myself put in more.' I says, beginnin' to cry, 'for when I begun to find out