

ped up with pillows in a big rocking chair. Three or four white-haired children played about the floor.

'I am afraid you have been sick,' said Molly, as she shook hands with the woman.

'Yes, miss, very sick. But I am getting better now. It was a happy day for us when the doctor said I could be moved. My husband came on ahead and got everything ready, and then he brought me here yesterday, after the storm.'

'And it was goot,' put in her husband, breaking into a beaming smile, 'it was goot to haf wife and chillen and heim all again togedder once more.'

The sweet family picture rested Mary's excited nerves. She hardly knew how it came about, but in a very little while she found herself in the midst of a full description of the matter that lay so near her heart. Very sympathizing auditors these strangers were, the man, with knitted brow and intent eyes, eagerly striving after every word. That he had managed to catch the drift was soon apparent.

When he finished, there was a rapid interchange of foreign speech between him and his wife, after which he got up and left the room, and soon his heavy footsteps could be heard overhead. Presently he came back and, standing with his hand on his wife's chair, said to Molly:

'My wife and I luf de church. Dees town here now will be our town, and your leetle church will be our church. So we gife to it how much we can.' He broke off and added the rest in German.

'He says,' interpreted his wife, 'that God knows about the sickness and the many children and the few dollars, and that he will forgive the gift that it isn't more.' Meantime the man was fumbling in an old worn purse, 'big enough for a multimillionaire,' as Molly thought, and now he drew out and offered to her a shining five-dollar gold piece!

When Molly left the little house, she felt as though the gold piece in her hand were a whole mine of treasure. She met Jack Horne presently and held it out on her palm to show him.

'Who do you suppose gave it to me?' she asked.

'I can't imagine. Has he got any more for general distribution?'

'Poor man, he has very few for anything, I should think.' And then she told the story of her visit. 'Now, Jack,' she said, finally, 'we simply must raise the money for the salary. I couldn't live in the country with that German if we didn't; I'd have to move away.'

'That would never do,' said Jack. 'The salary must be raised. Did you say "we" must raise it?'

'Yes, I did. How much will you give?'

'I shall have to look over my coupons first, before I promise any particular sum.'

Molly laughed and shook her head. 'You don't expect me to let you off with that, do you? Say that you will give something outside of your coupons, and then you may go.'

'I will.'

Molly walked on a few steps before she called over her shoulder:

'And let some of it be cigarette money, please.'

'Maybe,' laughed Jack.

As he went his way he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a few loose coins. 'I guess,' he commented, with a grin, 'the sermons that I could pay for would be just about the right length to suit my taste. Still, it wouldn't have occurred to anybody

but Molly Tucker to ask me to help, and, besides, there's a certain amount of sport in working a boom.'

He went into the one village store and said to Mr. Jones, its proprietor:

'If the roads are open on Monday I'm going to drive over to college again. I wonder whether you couldn't put me in the way of earning something by using me for an express company instead of Adams.'

'You want to earn money, do you?'

'Yes; for the church,' said Jack, with dignity.

But he could not sustain the situation; he subsided upon a flour barrel and broke into a roar of laughter under Mr. Jones's wide-eyed amazement.

'It's a fact, though,' he said, at length.

'I do want money for the church.'

Mr. Jones entered heartily into the arrangement, and the bargain was soon struck.

'To last during good behavior,' said the storekeeper significantly. 'And, I say, if any of the farmers choose to send over some eggs or potatoes or bacon, I'll dispose of them for the young ladies along with my own stock.'

Well, the plan grew and grew. It was wonderful how the hands of the church trustees were strengthened by the unexpected zeal of the young people. The usual subscription list which, under the general discouragement, had threatened to drop calamitously, stood well up to the old figures and somewhat above. Then the 'queer people' whom Molly had put down on the back of the envelope, rose to the occasion nobly, some of them.

'I wish everybody to know,' said Katharine, 'that I could have had a new Sunday-go-to-meeting hat, this winter. But as it was a choice between a makeshift hat and a makeshift Sunday-go-to-meeting itself, I hope everybody will put up with the old one.'

And they did.

One day a lonely old maid asked Molly:

'Now, how is it about taking things for the church? What kind of things do you take?'

'Everything,' said Molly.

'Well, then, I've got a present for you,' said the lady. The next day she brought in six pumpkin pies.

'Give them to me,' said Jack. 'I'll take them to college with me and auction them off to the felows.'

The upshot was that the preacher was asked to remain and that he preached to bigger congregations than he had ever had before.

'But where is our miracle?' asked Molly of Katharine.

'It came,' said Katharine. 'The feeding of the five thousand is not the only miracle. There's the widow cruse. The five thousand got one meal, but the widow and her household were fed "many days." I guess the best miracle for a church isn't when Mr. Pollock gives them a blank check, but when "the people have a mind to work!"'

There are many thousands of cases of paralysis, heart and lung difficulties, besides numerous other ailments among women and children, that are caused entirely by breathing air poisoned with tobacco, and by sleeping with those that use the weed. For when the system gets full of nicotine it must be thrown off in some way. The poison is most easily passed off through the skin and lungs, hence persons constantly in company with or sleeping with tobacco users absorb the poison, and these evils—paralysis, heart trouble, etc.—follow as a natural consequence. In fact, tobacco using is a habit which sometimes kills one's friends even faster than one's self.—'Pacific Ensign.'

For 'Gain.'

(By James Cassidy.)

'Simple fisher-folk, indeed! Don't you believe it, Mary, there's no cunning they're not up to; no ambition for them before money-grabbing. Heroism is foreign to them; their so-called heroic deeds are invariably prompted by hopes of gain.'

'A bold and sweeping assertion, Jack, yet there's no doubt you believe in your doctrine,' she replied, keeping as calm as she could, though she felt her indignation trying to run away with the reins.

'Believe in it, my dear girl, I should think so; but I'll clear up any doubts you may have concerning my good faith by giving a fiver to any charity you may like to name if you can introduce to me any fisher-chap, old or young, who can upset my theory.'

'I accept that offer, Jack, and invite you to come with me on a visit to a fisherman living at East Molesey.'

'East Molesey, eh! Is he a bona-fide fisherman, or a Thames waterman?'

'A fisherman, Jack, but you'll find out everything when you see him.'

'You may be sure that I shall before I part with the fiver.'

It was a three-mile walk to East Molesey, but the pair were young, and not bored by each other's company, while the afternoon was bright and clear, and the Surrey roads in capital condition.

'So this is the hero's home,' said Jack, as Mary tapped lightly at the door of a small cottage overlooking the river.

'I said nothing about his being a hero, Jack,' she answered quietly; 'I merely accepted your suggestion to introduce to you a fisherman, old or young, who could upset your theory.'

'Never you fear, dear, my theory's tumble-proof,' he replied, with provoking audacity.

The door was opened by the old man himself. 'God love you, my bairn,' he exclaimed, as he saw who was his visitor.

'Can you find room for two of us, Wilson? I've brought a friend interested in fisher-folk to see you,' said the girl.

'He's welcome enough, and will you kindly come in, the both of you,' replied Wilson.

The room into which they stepped was clean and comfortable. In the centre stood the usual round table, covered by a gay-colored cloth, and against one wall leaned an old horse-hair sofa. Two or three pots of plants served as the old man's garden-in-the-house, and in the grate glowed a ruddy fire. The pictures on the walls were mostly sea-scenes. There was the sea in storm and in calm, at night and by day, at sunset and sunrise. Fishing boats empty and loaded, going out and coming, were depicted, all suggestive of Wilson's former occupation.

'Hallo,' exclaimed Jack, as his glance alighted on an oar suspended athwart the wall and amongst the sea-pictures, 'what have we here, a champion?'

'Sir, that oar is more to me than I can put into words; there's ne'er an oar like it.'

'It isn't for sale, then?' asked Jack, his eyes twinkling.

'I'll tell you its story, sir, and then you shall judge whether its weight in bank-notes 'd buy it.'

'Fire away,' said Jack, 'I like a good yarn, and you fishermen are well up to spinning them.'

'Don't mind him, Wilson,' interposed Mary, gently; 'tell him the story.'