

pline among rough and vicious men and vile women, is truly wonderful—she controlled them solely by her own force of character. Only once did she leave them for a short time, and then was entreated by all to return.

The dangers and temptations that assail discharged prisoners did not escape Miss Martin's attention. In her neatly-kept set of books, which may still be seen in the Yarmouth Public Library, there are entries of payments from the 'Liberation Fund' she established, such as:—For a bench so that so-and-so might work at home (he had an excellent wife and two children), 7s; for a shovel for another, 1s 6d; for a donkey for a third, 18s; for a hundred of herrings, 3s; for carpenter's tools for another, 7s 6d; for a blue slob to enable a boy to go to Sunday-school, 1s 3d. The benefactress did not lose sight of her charges when they left her to face the world again, and the knowledge of many an amended life and soul rescued from sin came to gladden her heart.

Until the year before her death, which took place at the age of fifty-two in the year 1843, Sarah Martin continued her self-denying labors. She was reduced to poverty through the falling away of her employment, some persons ceasing to engage her on account of her visits to the prison. But this did not affect her happiness. She would not accept public remuneration lest it should impair her influence. But she was never distressed about it. If presents were sent to her, they went to her charities, unless the contrary was distinctly insisted upon. Months of acutest suffering proceeded the end, but the humble Christian was always rejoicing—there were no clouds, nor doubts, nor anxieties. She was satisfied that her Heavenly Father would supply all her needs, and friends appeared and gladly ministered to her necessities. When told that her departure was close at hand, she exclaimed, 'Thank God, thank God.'

The afflicted and sinful, who best knew this woman of the Christ-like heart, long remembered her as the 'Good Miss Martin.' The work she initiated has now largely become common property, but it is well to keep green the name of a woman who dared to be singular in doing good, and succeeded in purifying, physically, morally, and spiritually, so foul a den as once was the Yarmouth Tol-house Prison.—'S.S. Times' (English).

Grandmother's Blue China Teapot.

(By Susan Teall Perry.)

The night after Polly broke grandmother's blue china teapot, she could not get to sleep for a long time. Grandmother had been so sweet and lovely about it all that it made Polly feel worse than if she had scolded her and been disagreeable over the misfortune. If she could only buy another teapot to replace it! She would go to all the stores in town the next day, and take some of the broken bits with her to be sure and get the right color and pattern. She had heard her grandmother say that old-fashioned things were coming into style again. The broken bits Polly had thrown in the ash-barrel in the yard; she hoped they would be safe there when she got up in the morning. She overslept herself with this happy thought of making grandmother's loss good, but when she went to look for the bits she found that the ash-barrel had been already emptied.

There was nothing to do but to go and tell grandmother all about what she had intended to do. But when she told grandmother, the old lady opened the cupboard door, and there Polly saw the china teapot standing in

its usual place on the shelf. Grandmother had rescued those bits and cemented them together with the wonderful cement she had bought from a man in front of one of the large stores.

'We shall not dare use it any more, but we can look at it,' she said. 'I did hate to have to open that closet and not see that dear old teapot looking into my face like an old tried friend of the long ago. That teapot has a history, and I will tell you its story.'

So Polly and her sister sat down in her room to listen. Grandmother took her darning-bag and pulled out some of the stockings that needed mending, and then began her story. She always found something for her hands to do.

'When I was a little girl I had an Uncle Nehemiah, who was a very pious man. He was so very good that I used to be rather afraid of him, lest I should do or say something wrong in his presence. Somehow I never felt like climbing on his knee and putting my arm around his neck as I did with father, and Uncle Nehemiah was his own brother. I did not like to think he was more pious than father, but I liked father's ways of piety better than I did Uncle Nehemiah's. I had heard an aunt of ours say to mother once: 'If Nehemiah does not get to heaven, none of the rest of us need expect to get there.' So I imagined that the people in heaven were all tall and straight, and very serious-looking, like my uncle, and that it must be wicked to be happy and have a good time.'

'One night, in a confidential talk with mother, I told her, and she said it was only because Uncle Nehemiah did not understand children that he did not seem to have sympathy with them. He had none of his own and was not used to them. After that I noticed that, for some reason my uncle smiled oftener at me, and asked me questions about my lessons in school, and did not seem so very serious. I think now that mother said something to him of what I had imagined. He used to visit us twice a year, and once, when he was going away, he said to me, 'Hannah, if you will learn the fourteenth chapter of John so you can say every word of it, before I come again, I will bring you a nice present.' I promised to do so, and I began at once, to learn four or five verses a day, to recite to my mother at night.'

'When Uncle Nehemiah came I stood up in the middle of the sitting room floor and recited the whole of the fourteenth chapter of John without missing a word. He did not give me any praise, because that was not his way, but he went and unstrapped a small hair-covered trunk that had brass nails on it. I was full of great anticipations. I was sure it was a nice doll, or a large picture-book, or something of that kind that he had for me, and was very much disappointed when he took that blue china teapot out of his trunk and handed it to me. It was a present for grown-up folks, not for a child, but I thanked him, of course.'

Then I went to mother's room with it and burst out crying. 'I'll give you this teapot, mother,' I said, 'and I'm just as sorry as I can be that I studied so hard and learned the fourteenth chapter of John just for that old teapot.' Then mother put her arm around me, and said, 'My dear child, that precious chapter will be a comfort and a help to you all your life long. It is your mother's favorite chapter. Through troubles and sorrows it has brought me so much comfort.' I have often thanked God since that I learned those precious words. I can say every word of that chapter now, though so many other things have been forgotten.'

'Mother put the teapot in the china closet,

and when we had company she used it. Everybody admired it, and mother would turn an approving look toward me and say, 'That is Hannah's teapot, that Uncle Nehemiah gave her for learning the fourteenth chapter of John.' Then everyone would say, 'Oh, how good of him!' After a time I began to be ashamed of the way I had received that teapot, and I told mother I believed I would take it back again, and she said she never had considered it hers. When I was engaged to your grandfather, I used to laugh and tell folks that I had one thing towards house-keeping, and that was a blue china teapot, Uncle Nehemiah had gone long before that time to 'the many mansions' prepared for those who love God, and I used to think of him as having a face in heaven with a look of joy on it; instead of the grave one he used to wear here, for my idea of the inhabitants of that heavenly country had changed.

'When I went to housekeeping I put that blue teapot in a prominent place on my china closet shelf. The first tea I poured in my own home was poured from that teapot. I never look at it now without longing to thank Uncle Nehemiah for being the means of my learning that beautiful chapter which has been such a source of comfort to me all through life.'

'Do you understand why I do not wish to part with it? All the dear ones of those days, except a very few, have gone to be forever with the blessed Lord, who spoke those words of comfort and help. Somehow the teapot seems to be a connecting link between us. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Remember that, dear girls, and trust in the Lord at all times and all places. I hope you will both learn that beautiful chapter now while you are young. Children do not learn bible verses as we used to, and it seems to me a great mistake.'

Polly knew then that she could never have replaced that teapot by any new one from the store, and she was thankful her grandmother had been able to cement it together again.

After grandmother finished her story, she went to the closet and lifted up the teapot carefully. 'It seems to stick and I am so glad,' she said. 'I guess what the man said about his cement being the 'gen-u-line article' was true. I hope it will hold together as long as I live, so I can have it for a companion.' The girls thought that the companionship of an old china teapot was a queer one, but they did not understand it all as grandmother did.—'Evangelist.'

To Strengthen the Memory.

After reading a book or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it, and, if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or hints of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first, until your mind gets under control, and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think the matter all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory—so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.—'Alliance News.'