

long keeping, marked in one of the corners—"I am Downton."

Greg sprang towards her. "You're my sister, Patty, my own sister! oh, I am glad! You will love me, won't you? Say you'll love me!"

The girl looked greatly bewildered, but she put her arm round the boy and kissed him, while Mr. Goodwin and Isaac wept for joy.

"'Tis true enough, Patty," said Isaac; "you'll have a home and friends now, sure enough."

"Sit down, my child," said Mr. Goodwin—"sit down; you are overdone. I will tell you all about it." And as shortly as he could he told of Greg's life with old Mrs. Jackson of the discovery of his uncle and aunt, and of their anxious search for her.

"It seems all like a dream," said the girl; "I can hardly believe it."

"Yes, it is a great change for you, but it is true, my child," said Mr. Goodwin, kindly. "Now let us thank God for bringing us all together, and for giving us this joy, and then we must telegraph for Mr. Thompson."

"Why did you say your name was Patty Lister?" asked Greg.

"Well, I was called so, as I lived with Mrs. Lister."

"You won't say so again, will you?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, I won't," she said, taking his hand.

"And Isaac called you 'Martha' too."

"Well, you see we have all been making mistakes, but let us thank God that He's cleared 'em all away," said Isaac.

A few words of hearty thanksgiving followed, and then Mr. Goodwin hastened off to tell his wife of the discovery of Patience, and to telegraph to his brother-in-law. The girl took Greg up to her room and showed him her few treasures, meanwhile asking him many questions, and doing all she could to persuade herself that this wonderful change was indeed a reality. Then leaving the key of her room with Isaac, she and Greg went off to Mr. Goodwin's.

Next day a cab drove up, and to Greg's joy he saw not only his uncle, but his aunt too. He sprang down to the door and gave them both a hearty welcome, assuring them that Patience was very nice indeed, and that he was sure they would love her.

"How did you find her?" asked Mr. Thompson, as they walked into the house, and were gladly received by Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin.

As briefly as possible the story was told, and for some minutes questions and answers followed each other in rapid succession. All the evidence put before Mr. Thompson made him feel quite sure that this girl could be none other than his sister's child, and his heart rose in warm thanks-

giving that she had at last been brought to them.

"But where is the child?" asked warm-hearted Mrs. Thompson; "why don't we see her?"

Greg darted from the room, and quickly brought in his sister, a pale, timid-looking girl, who seemed shy and upset at all the changes that were taking place, and at being the object of so many people's interest.

Mrs. Thompson at once folded the girl in her arms and gave her a motherly embrace; and for some time the little room seemed in perfect confusion, such a noise of talking and crying and laughing went on, and Greg remarked quaintly, "It's almost like getting to heaven, isn't it?"

By-and-by Mr. Thompson went round to see the little room where Patience had lived. It was almost bare: a mattress was in one corner with bedclothes neatly folded over it, but no bedstead; a broken chair, small table, and a box made up all the remaining furniture. One or two books, and a cup and saucer, beside a small saucepan and kettle completed the inventory.

"Poor child, she has not much to move," said Mr. Thompson. "We will take the books and send for the box, and Isaac may as well have the remainder of the things; they will be no good to her now."

"It's a blessed thing for the girl," said Isaac, as Mr. Thompson went into his room—"a blessed thing to have a good home and friends to look after her here on earth; and it's a blessed thing for you, sir, to have the honor and joy of caring for and helping God's little ones. He will know how to reward you."

In a day or two more, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Greg, and Patience left London for their Worcestershire home. As they neared the village, Greg pointed out all the objects of interest to his sister, and talked away so eagerly, that by the time they reached the house she was in nearly as great a state of excitement as he was.

"Isn't it lovely!" he said as the autumn sunshine was bathing the house and garden in a crimson glow—"isn't it lovely, Patience? and it's home—your home and mine, do you understand? It's home!"

The girl looked pale, and there were tears in her eyes, though her lips were smiling.

"Be gentle, Gregory dear; your sister is not strong, don't excite her too much," said Mrs. Thompson, taking the girl's hand while speaking soothingly to her, and leading her upstairs.

"Are you going to take Patience away, auntie?" asked Greg—"oh, I wanted to show her about everywhere."

"You shall show her about to-morrow wherever you like, but she must see nothing to-night. Remember how quiet I had to

keep you when you first came here."

So Greg ran off to tell all the farm servants the story of the discovery of his sister.

"I knew you'd find her, Master Gregory, I knew you would, I told you so. The dear Lord loves to do great things, and to look after them that are in trouble, especially the little ones," said Ralph.

"But Patience isn't little, she's bigger than me ever so much."

Ralph smiled. "Well, you've both come out of that battlefield, but you're on another, and you'll have to fight if you are going to follow the Saviour."

"Who must I fight?"

"You've yourself to fight, and sin to fight, and there's Satan, who is always plaguing any who try to walk like the Saviour; you'll find him a pretty stiff enemy to fight, I know."

"Then even in the country there's a battlefield, too?" said Greg, a little cast down.

"All over the world there's a battlefield, and no one ever won a victory on it except through Him that loved them. If you keep near the blessed Lord, He'll give you the victory, and you're as safe on one part of the battlefield as another, if you're where He has put you."

"Well," said Greg, wistfully, "I want to fight bravely, and you'll help me, won't you, Ralph? But there's the tea-bell. I'll bring my sister to see you to-morrow."

And he ran in quieter and happier than when he came out.

He found his uncle, aunt, and Patience already seated at the table, and no happier party ever united together in praising God than those who sat in the farmhouse parlor that evening, filled with joy at all the way God had led them, and had brought them together at last.

THE END.

SPOIL FROM THE HEATHEN.

A beautiful story is told of Buddha and a poor woman who came to ask him if there was any medicine which would bring back to life her dead child. When he saw her distress he spoke tenderly to her, and he told her that there was one thing which might cure her son. He bade her bring him a handful of mustard seed, common mustard seed; only he charged her to bring it from some house where neither father nor mother, child nor servant had died.

So the woman took her dead baby in her arms, and went from door to door asking for the mustard seed, and gladly was it given to her; but when she asked whether any had died in that house, each one made the same sad answer—"I have lost my husband," or "My child is dead," or "Our servant has died." So with

a heavy heart the woman went back to Buddha, and told him how she had failed to get the mustard seed, for that she could not find a single house where none had died.

Then Buddha showed her lovingly that she must learn not to think of her own grief alone, but must remember the griefs of others, seeing that all alike are sharers in sorrow and death.—From "Heralds of the Cross."

WHAT IS AMBER?

What is amber? It is the resin, or soft gum, of an ancient kind of fir-tree, become fossil, or hardened by time. The wood of the trees has all rotted away, except some small bits that were preserved in the amber. If you look at the Prussian side of the Baltic Sea, on the map of Europe, you see the place that produces more amber than all the world besides. Ages ago the whole region now covered by this sea, was covered by these amber-producing trees. No doubt there are great quantities of lovely amber lying under the sea. The amber fields on the shore are about fifty miles long by ten miles wide, and from eighty to one hundred feet deep. An amber mine is a source of great wealth. As long ago as Homer lived it was of equal value with gold. Since people began to date their letters "1800," some sixteen hundred tons have been dug up there; and it is believed that in three thousand years, since amber was first known, not less than sixty thousand tons have been found. It appears as if the digging could go on at this rate forever, so vast is the supply. The amber is found in separate pieces, from the sizes of beads to pieces which weigh pounds. The largest piece ever discovered weighed thirteen and one half pounds, and is now in the Royal Mineral Cabinet in Berlin. The commonest impure kinds of amber are used for varnish; the fine qualities always bring a good price for necklaces and other ornaments.

THE LORD'S BOX.

"My boy," said a pious mother to her little son when he had received the first sum of money that he could call his own, "give a sixth of this back to the Lord. I desire you to act upon this rule throughout life, and by thus 'honoring the Lord with your substance, and with the first-fruits of all your increase,' depend upon it, you will never be the poorer for it."

This little boy was the late editor of *The British Workman*. He took his dear mother's advice, and at the end of life said, "How thankful I am that our good mother taught us that wise lesson amongst the many she gave us!"—*British Workman*.