

Lowenberg and family attended. After a long talk with that faithful but over-burdened servant of Christ, the lady offered to pay the salary of a deaconess for a year, and her daughter suggested that Gretchen's deaconess be asked to accept the position. The delighted and gratified pastor thanked the ladies, and said he would write to the Training Home at once. "Do you know the name of the deaconess I am to ask for, madam?" The young lady laughed. "No, only Gretchen's deaconess, but Mrs. Lowenberg will tell you."

"Certainly! and I am going to see her at once, and then to the hospital to see the husband. God will surely bless you, madam, for your goodness to those worthy people; and as for your generosity in making it possible for us to have a deaconess among us, I feel certain that when our people once have her they will not let her leave, and another year the money will be provided by the congregation," said the pastor as he escorted the ladies to the waiting auto.

That afternoon as the ladies were entering the hospital grounds—they were taking the children to see their father—Gretchen sprang to her feet exclaiming, "Princess! Look! there is the boy that stole my purse."

The boy heard the child's words, and ran quickly from sight, while the chauffeur, touching his cap, said, "Madam, I'll know him again, and I'll catch him, too." "All right Scott, but get a detective," said the lady, while the little girl said excitedly, "Oh! if we could get the coin back, Princess, I