

instead of buying a new doll, after I broke Henrietta Matilda."

Then the two golden heads bobbed together for a long time, and two little tongues went as fast as they could. When luncheon hour came they parted with very wise and important looks.

Flossie was half way across the street, when she heard Daisy calling, and saw her running down to the gate. "I've just remembered," Daisy explained, "that we unustn't tell anybody anything about it, because there's a verse in the Bible that says we mustn't."

"What verse is it?" asked Flossie. "I don't think I ever heard it," she added doubtfully.

"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," Daisy repeated proudly. "I had to learn it once, and mamma said it meant not to tell anybody when you did something good. Don't forget. Good-bye," and she slipped away.

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At half past four that afternoon, two queer little figures went down the village street. Miss Alvira Tomkins, who was at her parlor window, declared they were beggars, but Miss Jane, who was upstairs, assured her they were two nicely dressed children.

And no wonder Miss Alvira, whose sight was not very good, thought, for a moment, Daisy and Flossie were beggars. In one hand Daisy held an open umbrella, with two large rents in it, and on the other arm she carried an open basket, filled with strings of beads, two Bibles, a hymn book, an orange, a doll, and a little blue box, with money jingling about. Flossie was laden with a rag mat, a camp stool and another basket.

When the little brown house at the corner was reached, they turned in at the gate, and walked up to the door. Daisy knocked. A very tiny girl, with a frightened face, undid the bolts and peeped out.

"Is the heathen in?" asked Daisy.

"Nobody's in but me," answered the child. "Drampa's gone for the cows, and I'm getting his tea ready."

"Well, I think we'll stay out here till he comes, we can be getting things ready."

Flossie gave Daisy a nudge, and whispered, "Praps she's a heathen too." But the little girl had disappeared.

The hush of evening was settling over the land, when Farmer Jones brought home the cows. He went into the house to get the milk pails, and called out, in a harsh voice, to know when tea would be ready.

Daisy heard him, and she said to Flossie, "There's the raging heathen, gnashing his teeth and imagining vain things. We'd better begin before he gets worse."

So upon the gentle breezes stole two sweet, childish voices, singing: "Jesus, lover of my soul." The brook habbled an accompaniment, with little trills and variations all its own.

Farmer Jones rushed to the door in amazement. The singers nodded pleasantly, and when the hymn was finished Daisy said reverently: "Let us pray," and Flossie added, "Kneel down, heathen." One repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep," the other, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me," and still kneeling they sang "Shall we gather at the river?"

The sunlight fell upon the two white figures, with clasped hands, and reverently bowed heads. It seemed to Farmer Jones they must be angels, and the glowing western sky, looked like the gate of heaven. And was it the voice of God that repeated the beautiful words: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And was it His hand that poured the healing balm upon the sin-scarred heart, and drew the penitent tears from their source?

When the children arose, they saw the old man sitting on the door step, his grey head bent upon his toil worn hands, and tears trickling through the fingers.

"I think God will see to him now," whispered Daisy. "Its time we were going home."

"He doesn't seem exactly like the heathens Miss Mason told us about, does he?" asked Flossie. "Do you suppose we'd better leave the beads?"

"Well, p'raps not. We'll leave the mite-boxes, and my doll for the little girl."

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Nothing was heard of Farmer Jones, until a day or two before Christmas. Daisy and Flossie were sliding down the pony-pasture hill, when Dr. Graham, passing in his sleigh, called out to them.

"You dear little Missionaries, he said, as they reached the road, "Farmer Jones told the minister and me all about it. He died this morning, after a short illness, trusting in his Saviour."

"Did he go to heaven, papa?" Daisy asked.

"Yes dear, undoubtedly."

"Our Christmas present for Jesus," said Flossie softly.

Farmer Jones was laid to rest on Christmas day. Some time afterward a beautiful monument was placed at his head, bearing the simple inscription:

Here lieth the body  
Of Solomon Jones,  
Who fell asleep in Jesus  
December, 23, 18--

and underneath it had been written at his own request,

"He shall speak peace unto the heathen."

MARGARET EDNA EVANS.

### INASMUCH.

"If I had dwelt,"—so mused a tender woman,  
All fine emotions stirred  
Through pondering o'er that Life, Divine yet human,  
Told in the Sacred Word;

"If I had dwelt of old, a Jewish maiden,  
—In some Judcan street,  
Where Jesus walked, and heard His Word so laden  
With comfort strangely sweet,

"And seen the face, where utmost pity blended  
With each rebuke of wrong,  
I would have left my lattice, and descended  
And followed with the throng.

"If I had been the daughter, jewel-gimled,  
Of some rich Rabbi there,  
Seeing the sick, blind, halt, my blood had curdled  
At sight of such despair;

"And I had wrenched the sapphires from my fillet,  
Nor let one spark remain;  
Snatched up my gold, amid the crowd to spill it,  
In pity of their pain.