

## THE MESSENGER.

mosphere she created in the humble home. When times of discouragement came, it was alone with God she met them, coming off conqueror through his strength, upon whose arm she rested.

But to-day, this balmy spring morning, she was sadly disheartened, and the color rose to her face, as she thought over her words to Mrs. Ford. Though it was true, as she had said, that they had for years been accustomed to struggle against poverty, yet the day before, pretty Della Foster had stopped at the door in her carriage to say, that she would need Mrs. Myers only a week to sew for her, instead of three weeks as usual. Since the mills had been closed all winter, papa had told her she must economize, so she would have to do without several of the new dresses for which she had been planning. Then Miss Bergner had sent word that she would not be able to attend her cousin's party, so Mrs. Myers need not reserve the time for her dress, and when Mrs. Ford ran in to ask whether Mrs. Myers did not think she could make over her dress herself and thus save expenses, it was more than she could bear. If it had not been for the thought of the thank-offering meeting, perhaps, she would not have given way to her discouragement. It did seem very hard. She had taken up the little envelope on the shelf, looking at it sadly. Only twenty-five cents to put in it, and she had hoped to be able to give at least a dollar. It seemed so little and God had blessed her. And then had come that tempting thought. What have you to be thankful for? What has God given you but sickness, struggle, poverty? Is it for these things you are grateful? While she was indulging such gloomy thoughts little Mrs. Ford had run over, and her discontent had put itself into words.

A quick step on the walk, and a flushed, boyish face appeared at the low kitchen window.

'See, Motherie, dear, what I've brought you? I got up early and studied my lessons before breakfast that I might have time. Chris Evans would have given ever so much to know where I found that arbutus, but I wanted to get it for you.'

'O Frank, how sweet it is; aren't the blossoms perfect? We must put some near father's couch. I have prepared everything ready to leave, Frank, and you and Sadie

can see to lunch. O how fragrant these flowers are.'

'You'll wear a bunch to the meeting, mother? Those rich, city ladies can't have anything prettier, even if they do wear fine clothes.'

'You're a thoughtful boy for your mother, Frank.' Mrs. Myers stooped to kiss the boy's face as she spoke.

'I don't see how I could be otherwise; I'd be a queer chap if I didn't try to do something to pay back all you do for us.'

'As if I do more than a mother ought.'

It was with a light heart, filled with gratitude, that Mrs. Myers left the house that morning, turning to wave a last farewell to her husband and little daughter, who were near the window.

She smiled, and her thoughts were pleasant, as she rode into the city in the electric car, glancing down occasionally at her fragrant cluster of trailing arbutus. Even the thought of the tiny envelope with its mite could not sadden her now, with the remembrance of her boy's bright face, and her husband's expression as he looked into her face at parting, saying:

'There's not one of those missionaries you'll see to-day, who has lived a more beautiful, devoted life than you have, Mary.'

It was an enthusiastic missionary conference, and the morning passed quickly away. At luncheon Mrs. Myers met a number of old friends, whom she had not seen for years.

'Ada Crawford, it is not possible you are here. I should have known you anywhere.'

'And yet it was more than ten years ago that we met last. I remember seeing you with your little boy.'

'Yes; he is my big boy now,' Mrs. Myers said proudly. 'Where is your home now, Ada.'

'In Chicago, but I am home on a visit. What perfectly lovely arbutus, Mary. It carries me back to my childhood, and the charming days we used to spend in the woods; do you remember?'

'Of course I do. Frank brought this in for me early this morning; he is such a good son.' Mrs. Myers had unpinning the blossoms, and was now dividing them. 'You shall have half of my bunch, Ada. I remember your fondness for wild flowers.'

'O, how kind. I really think that is something to be thankful for;

I'm almost sorry my envelope went in this morning. Suppose I drop a dollar into the basket when it is passed this afternoon. And you can tell your son he has contributed to the missionary cause to-day. I wonder if he has your enthusiasm for missions.'

Mrs. Myers' eyes were misty, as she responded, 'Nothing, I am sure, could give him more pleasure than to know he has helped in that way.' She was rejoicing that God had in this unexpected manner increased her offering.

Lingering at the close of the afternoon session, to speak to the President of the Society, a noble-hearted woman, she placed the remaining flowers in her hand.

'I want to give you what remains of my bouquet,' she said, and then she related the story of the flowers, and how they had helped to swell the contribution of the afternoon.

'They are exquisite,' Mrs. Woodward said, as she looked admiringly at the delicate pink blossoms. 'I really know these will delight little Mabel's heart; the child has been ill for weeks, and has grown so tired of hot-house flowers. Do you mind if I follow Mrs. Crawford's example, and add another dollar to the fund?'

'And so my thank-offering was \$2.25, but I didn't deserve it,' Mrs. Myers said that evening, as she told the story to her husband and children. 'I shall have to confess that I was very rebellious at the thought of taking so little as a thank-offering. If it had not been for my son's thoughtfulness, I should have had but twenty-five cents to give.'

'And if I had not the best, the most selfsacrificing mother in the world, perhaps I shouldn't want to do all I can for her. So you see the credit all comes back on you after all, mother dear.'—Pres. 'Observer.'

### Light.

The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world  
dies

With the dying sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies,  
When love is done.

—F. W. Bourdillon.

'Beautiful faces are those that wear  
Whole-souled honesty printed  
there.'