

the door and laid the plate upon the steps: What a look he gave me. And the tears came into the dark, wistful eyes in answer to my own sad smile.

I went in and knelt down by the window, and looked through the closed blind to observe him. And a prayer was in my heart and on my lips that the little tract—"How to become a Christian"—might be owned and blessed of God. I knew I had given it for Christ's sake. I watched him to see if he would take those dear words of truth with him. He did. And how I hoped and prayed that he would have them read to him; that they might live in his soul, the voice of eternal life.

The stranger boy went his way and I mine. Many shadows often came up in my pathway; many trials were meted out to me, and all this was forgotten. And was I remembered? And now, I think, I know it is a cherished thing, a blessed thought, to feel that we have a place in the heart of another, though that heart be lowly and alone; to know that we have done deeds of mercy, and that we are remembered in prayer; that there are those who plead for us at the throne of grace. It is a beautiful, a blessed legacy. Life and love have made it precious, priceless.

Time passed on, and then came the dreadful war, with all its dread accompaniments of sorrow and suffering. A few months since, while on a journey, I went with some friends to visit one of the hospitals of the sick and wounded. How sad the sight was!—the bleeding hearts and the broken hopes, and the silent struggle with suffering; I inwardly prayed that He, to whom all power is given, might be in their midst, to help and to heal them.

The physician stood silently counting the faint pulses of one who lay on a cot lower than the rest, but with pillows and clean coverings. His face was youthful, but oh! so faded and white, and sunken! His eyes were