

words of affection to her child. And to me, oh, my dear, it will be sweet indeed, to be endowed with natural gifts and graces, like others. Dwarfed, and ugly, as I have always been, I have seemed shut out of the pale of communion and intercourse with my kind, to a very large extent. And it is a cross to carry, I can assure you. But I have reached to seventy-five years of age, and I can now look forward shortly, to gaining that bright and happy place, where I shall be arrayed in glorious beauty, not my own. I shan't be a dwarf in heaven, my dear. My deaf and dumb mother will have all her senses, without one drawback. So am I not right, when I say that heaven is a place full of all compensations?

"Well, not very long after my mother died I broke my leg. This is how it was, my dear," and here, the sleepy white cat roused up, and commenced purring, as if she quite understood all her mistress was going to say. "Yes, my cat knows all about it. And she rubs herself against my lame leg, and talks to me in cat-fashion just for all the world as sensible as a Christian. I was going down the street one Christmas morning on my way to church, and travelling as best I could in the deep snow, when somebody walking behind me said, 'Good morning! A merry Christmas to you, Patty.' I turned round to answer and suddenly I fell, with my leg twisted under me. I tried to move but the pain made me faint, and the passers-by took me to my home somehow,—I don't remember how—for I knew nothing more about it, until the doctor came to set the leg. But the limb was not set skilfully, or I was too old for the bones to unite well. At any rate they did not unite for a long time and I was a prisoner upon my bed for weeks and months from that time. For the first six weeks the parish made me an allowance of two shillings and a loaf weekly, besides a small payment to a neighbour to wait upon me. But at six weeks' end the relieving officer sent me a message that the parish authorities could not continue to pay the neighbour for waiting upon me. I was at my wits' end. With no one to wait upon me and I lying helpless in bed, you may fancy my feelings, my dear. True, I still had the weekly allowance of two shillings and a loaf, but that was as little as I could possibly subsist upon. So I laid my case before the Lord. I told him how poor and afflicted I was, but I need not have done that for He knew it all, and I begged Him to raise up some means or some friend, should help me in my distresses. Then, suddenly it was laid upon my mind that I should request a poor neighbour to come in for a few moments morning and evening and supply my wants, while I engaged to pay her sixpence per week for her kind offices. Where the weekly sixpence was to come from I knew not, but I had faith in my Lord that it would be supplied somehow, as surely as Elijah's wants were supplied by the ravens. And so it was. Week by week, some kind friend would call to see me and leave sixpence, just so much as I wanted and no more. And who shall dare say that the Lord didn't put it into their hearts, in answer to my prayer, to give me the sixpences as I needed them.

"Several weeks passed by in this way, but one week the sixpence was not forthcoming. Somehow, my friends did not come, or if they came they did not think about money, so my helper had to go unpaid. The next week it was the same, and I began to fret and worry as I could not bear to receive the poor woman's help for nothing. She had a family, and she was poor like myself, so that every minute of her time was valuable. So I could see no way but to do without her help and manage as best I could. But how? Ah! my dear, that was the question. I was as helpless as I could be; and my conscience troubled me exceedingly in relation to the shilling which I owed the poor woman.

"Well, I lay awake all one night praying to the Lord about it. And I begged Him, if He saw fit, to keep me on that bed of helplessness and pain, to send me a shilling by some means or other. I prayed till morning light, and I felt sure it would come. The day wore away until afternoon, when two ladies came to see me. One was a pretty constant visitor, the other was a stranger. They asked me how I was, and if I needed anything? I told them how I felt, but I said nothing about my trouble, because I couldn't bear begging; besides, I had been laying it before the Lord, and that was enough. But presently the strange lady said:

"Tell me, Patty, do you want anything in particular?"

"Well, ma'am, I hardly like to say. I'm much as usual, and I have my regular parish allowance. I can't bear begging."

"But is there not something of which you stand very much

in need? I should like to know, I have a particular reason for asking this."

"Well, ma'am," I said, "I do need a shilling very badly. I've been telling the Lord all about it; and He knows how much I need it."

"With that, I told the ladies of my circumstances, and the special need for which I required the shilling. The strange lady said:

"Now I know that God has sent me to you. I could not sleep in the night, and it was laid upon my mind very strongly, that I should give somebody a shilling to-day. I have been visiting three or four other people this afternoon, but I have not felt prompted to give anything until I came here. As soon as I entered your room, however, I felt a powerful influence prompting me to give the shilling to you. Now I know who has sent me here. There is the shilling. God has made me to be the bearer of the answer to your prayer."

"The lady gave me the shilling my dear, and I received it, with many, many heart-felt thanks. I felt that God *did* take notice of me, and supply all my need. Well, I paid the woman to whom I owed the shilling; and then I began to consider what course I should take next. I had lain in my bed for months my dear, because the bones of the leg wouldn't unite; no, they wouldn't unite. So I bethought me that since doctors, and bandages, and all the rest of it had failed to get them to unite, I would just try the prayer of faith. So next morning I got out of my bed and sat on the side, longing to stand, yet dreading to try. And I said, "Now Lord, Thou hast said that whatsoever we shall ask of Thee in prayer, believing; we shall receive. Indeed, Thou hast said that if we shall ask anything in Thy name, we shall have it. And now, O Lord, Thou knowest that I am a poor, lone creature, beholden to other folks' kindness, and that I have no means to pay for that kindness. But Lord, Thou canst make my leg firm and well in one minute. Now do it, Lord, or I'll never trust Thee again! Now, Lord, just now, I take Thee at Thy word. Make my leg firm and strong. I'll try to stand upon it now, in the strength which Thou givest to me."

"Well, my dear, I *did* stand upon it. I stood up, and lo! I found that I could rest my weight upon it. And I have no more doubt about the Lord's actually imparting to me strength than I have of your sitting there at this moment. Of course, my leg wasn't strong; but I could get about with crutches, and from that day I have always helped myself. But the doctor didn't set it quite straight in the first place, and so it has always been a little crooked; but I've managed to keep about ever since with the aid of my crutches, and troubled nobody. I know I'm a dwarf, and not good-looking, and poor, and odd with my crutches, but what then, my dear? I shall get to glory with the best of them all, and then I'll be arrayed in glorious beauty not my own, and know nothing of crutches, poverty, dumbness, or wait. Oh, yes! heaven is full of compensations. I shall find it so, I know."

Patty Quick is still upon earth, but if she knew how many troubled hearts she cheers from time to time, with her lowly, fervent faith, she would feel doubly thankful for the lot which God has given to her. And I expect that poor Patty will hold no undistinguished place among the crowd of happy spirits which surround the throne. She is "only waiting" till the morning breaks, and "the shadows flee away." Then she will receive her portion in that life which is to her so surpassingly beautiful, because it is "so full of compensation." Poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, Patty Quick will shine with glorious beauty as a ransomed jewel in the crown of the Redeemer.

"As much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had;
I diet on as dainty food,
I am as richly clad,

Though plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's Son, and Nature's Lord."

"Who suffer with their Master here,
Shall soon before His face appear,
And by His side sit down.

To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all who to the end endure

The cross, shall wear the crown.

The crown of man's manhood is some insight, or authority, or knowledge that puts him above the ordinary plane of everyday things; he must take hold somewhere, spiritually, upon the things of God.