



### BY WINTER SEAS.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

I stand upon the shore,  
And watch the waves, all hear,  
Lone whit'ning o'er a leaden colored sea ;  
I watch the low clouds drifting,  
I long to see them lifting,  
But in my heart, I know it cannot be.

The piercing winds come blowing ;  
Far out to sea 'tis snowing,  
And soon, I know, the storm must reach the land ;  
But still in patience waiting  
The coming and debating,  
Safe in the cleft of *one firm rock* I stand.

The wild storm beats around me,  
The raging winds surround me,  
The weary heart is chilled almost to doubt ;  
But suddenly uprising  
There comes a thing surprising :  
A warmth of glory floods within, without !

The sombre clouds have lifted  
And where the wild foam drifted  
The glory of the sunset floods the sea :  
And with its promise tender,  
The quick'ning purple splendor  
Fills all the storm with gladness, now, for me.

For I in peace have waited  
Until the storm abated,  
And God has sent his smile across the land :  
While, flashing through the clearness  
Comes the sweet sense of nearness—  
The comfort in the pressure of God's Hand.  
*Woman's Missionary Friend.*

### HAVE YOU DONE ANY MORE ?

IT was just toward evening, in a little cottage down by the rocky shore of Nova Scotia. The door was open, and looking out, you could see the beautiful Atlantic dashing against the neighboring islands. On a bed lay a little sick girl. Mary and her grandmother had lived alone for five years. Be-

fore that they used to be so happy and comfortable ; but one Spring her father went down to the Banks, fishing, and never came back. Two years after, Mary's mother died, and since then she and her grandmother had struggled along, working hard, until little Mary's cough grew worse, and then it was hard to get along at the little cottage. They would have fared badly some days in the cold winter, if it had not been for kind friends. And now, as we look in the cottage door, we see the grandmother sitting by the bed, reading to the little girl.

"Grandma," said Mary, "what a lovely story ; read it to me again, all about the 'Man who died for me,' " and her grandmother picked up the little leaflet, and read again how even the wicked miner found a friend in the Savior. "Oh, how I wish we were not poor," said Mary, "for if only I had money, I would give so much of it to help tell others of Jesus ; but I have none—not enough to pay my Mission Band fee this year. I do wish that Mrs. Stewart would come, and perhaps she could help me."

"Never fear, little one," said her trusting grandmother, "some way will come that it shall be paid, for the Lord has never left us yet."

The next day Mrs. Stewart went down to the cottage to see them. They told her how they had been talking. "Now I will tell you what to do," said Mrs. Stewart. "I will get you a ball of knitting cotton, and perhaps you can crochet some little toilet mats, or do something that I will sell for you, and pay for your Band fee."

The next day she began her work, and she was so happy in thinking that she was going to help a little, that, though her suffering was great, she would put in each little stitch, saying to herself :