

## The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

(M. A. Sands, Morris, Minn., in  
Ram's Horn.)

The quiet, orderly Sunday-school in the little town of N——, had finished the review of the lesson, and the superintendent now spoke of the barrel they were soon to send to the poor children in a large city many miles from there.

As soon as they were dismissed the girls gathered in little groups talking excitedly of the things they should send.

All except one, Mary Lee, a poor widow's daughter, who stood watching the groups for several minutes with wistful, longing eyes, then as she walked slowly by them, she heard one exclaim: 'And, oh, girls! I'm going to send one of my dolls. I have so many, you know. I think I will send the one with the blue silk dress. I have had her so long, I am really getting tired of her, and, besides, my aunt, in Paris, just sent me a new one. It's beautiful. You ought to see it, girls. She is dressed like a rich bride. Arrived last night. Come up next week and I'll show her to you.'

Mary heard no more, as she hastened along to hide the falling tears which would persist in chasing each other down her thin cheeks.

Then she thought of her mother working hard to support the family; certainly it was not her fault that Mary had no doll to give. She did not wish to trouble mother. She would not let her see she had been crying, so she quickly dried her eyes and as she entered the tiny cottage she greeted her mother with a cheerful smile.

Mrs. Lee saw beneath the smile an eager, wistful expression, and by a few gentle questions drew from Mary's lips the whole story. As she finished, Mrs. Lee said:

'Well, my dear, do not feel so sorry because you cannot give a beautiful doll as your class-mate will, for there are many things of more value than dolls, some of which I think we have. Some of those poor children know nothing of Jesus and his love. A Bible would tell them this, and so very much much more. You know, Mary, dear, you have two little Bibles. Would you not be willing to send one to them?'

'Yes, mother, I will send the new one that grandma gave me last Christmas. The other is much smaller and very old, but I should rath-

er keep it and send the new one.'

'That is right, my dear,' said her mother. 'It is always better to give the new and keep the old ourselves.'

As Mary went to get the Bible her eyes fell upon the neat roll of Sunday-school papers she had been saving so long, and above them hung the beautiful drawing of Jesus blessing the little ones. 'How the poor children would enjoy the papers, and the drawing would seem still more beautiful to those who had never seen the picture of Jesus' loving face.'

As these thoughts came into Mary's mind, she felt willing to give the picture also, though it was very precious to her.

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The day came for the barrel to be packed. Many of the gifts were those the givers were tired of or had been replaced by new. Mary's gifts were also there. She had given the best she had—had given because she loved to give.

The train had stopped, the barrel had been taken off the car with the rest of the baggage at the large city where it was sent. Soon it was carried away by the dray-man and left in a large hall in which the poor people had gathered to receive the gifts. Mary's first gift—the Bible—was soon handed out and eagerly grasped by a thin-faced girl not more than ten years old, whose eyes lighted with pleasure as she gazed upon the book. She had wanted a Bible of her own so long, and now this beautiful one was hers. Many times before she had resolved that if ever she had a Bible she would read it every day, and to-day as she stood with it in her hands, she made the same resolve, never to be broken.

Next was the beautiful doll given by Mary's schoolmate, as eagerly grasped by another little girl.

The drawing was given to a poor crippled boy whose thin, white face shone with delight as he gazed at it, longing to be one of the little ones Jesus blesses.

The papers were handed to another little boy who was very fond of reading, so he, also, was pleased with his share of the presents.

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Many years have passed since Mary sent her three gifts along with the others in the missionary barrel. Let us see what good the presents did.

The kind-hearted old lady who sits in her chair reading the Bible

to the children, gathered around her knees, still remembers the day it was given to her with the name 'Mary Lee' neatly printed inside. The little girl who received the beautiful doll is also an old lady, but she has nothing to remind her of the day it was given to her.

The little crippled boy, although no longer a little boy, still sits patiently in his room waiting to be 'called home.' Above his bed hangs the picture of Jesus blessing the little children. He gazes at it fondly, no longer wishing to be one that Jesus blesses, for Jesus is blessing him now. The Sunday-school papers also did their work. The little boy who received them was so interested in the stories that at first he went to Sunday-school to get more of them, but now he goes to the same little church to preach every Sunday. Mary is a dear old lady now, but she still remembers the verse that came to her as she carefully packed her three gifts, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'

## You Can Never Tell.

You can never tell when you send a word—

Like an arrow shot from a bow  
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,

Just where it will chance to go.  
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,

Tipped with its poison or balm;  
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart

It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell, when you do an act,

Just what the result will be;  
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,

Though its harvest you may not see.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped  
In God's productive soil;

Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow

And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do

In bringing you hate or love;  
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings

Are swifter than carrier doves.

They follow the law of the universe,  
Each thing must create its kind;

And they speed o'er the track to bring you back

Whatever went out from your mind.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.