

Catching sight of a little unpainted house she thought "I do have more comforts in my life than poor Mrs. Brown, and yet she is always one of the first at the thank-offering meeting. I'll go in and ask her what she is going to give thanks for this year; what she is most grateful for." Suiting the action to the word she found Mrs. Brown in the yard hanging out clothes, not at all surprised to see her there, but quite astonished that she had come to talk about the thank-offering meeting. "What am I most thankful for?" she said, "It is that I have something to give to foreign missions. For years I have been father and mother both to my children, and yet I've never been too poor to give twenty-five cents a month to missions. Is not that something to give thanks for? And every year a thank-offering is put into my hands in time for the meeting. Last year dear old Mrs. Hill died, and for the little service I was glad as a neighbour to render, her daughters sent me five dollars as an expression of their gratitude and love they said. How glad I was to give it as an expression of my gratitude and love at the meeting! I have not received my offering yet for this year, but it will come. It is my token, as my old Scotch grandmother used to say."

"If I should receive a token," thought Mrs. P., as she drove away, "I might be moved to give a thank-offering. My token would have to be something else than money. A little more or less of that would not signify." Suddenly her attention was attracted by a great clattering of hoofs, and looking back she was startled to see a loose horse with a broken harness dangling around his feet, flying toward her down the hill. He dashed by without a collision, but she was soon shocked out of her returning serenity by her old coachman, who turned to say "It is Miss Margaret's Billy, ma'am." Miss Margaret! Her daughter! She had been thinking of her and contrasting her beautiful young married life in a home not ten miles from the home of her childhood, with the life of a young married child in India, as it was told at a meeting not long before. Mrs. Porter had been moved with great indignation when she heard the story, but she had tried to forget it, saying:

"If Hindu mothers will follow so blindly the old customs, they must expect their daughters to suffer."

She had plenty of time to think of it as she drove hastily over the miles that separated her from her own daughter, perhaps more bruised in body, though not for want of the tenderest care.

At last she caught sight of the overturned phaeton. A puffing steam roller not far off explained the accident, but there was no other sound. Her