

which had stuck between it and the wall, fell upon the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she picked it up.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "now all our trouble is over. That is last year's account book which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed as of no value, by strangers perhaps, as I lay senseless during my illness. Now it can be shown, that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who could have thought that the account book stuck behind the great chest which we took with the cottage, and which has not been moved since we bought it?"

She at once lighted a lamp, turned over the leaves of the account, while tears of joy sparkled in her eyes. Everything was correctly put down—the sum which the deceased husband owned of three hundred crowns at the beginning, and what he had paid off in money and work. Below stood the following lines, written in old Meyer's own hand:

"I have settled accounts with James Bloom to-day (St. Martin's day), and he now owes me fifty crowns."

The mother struck her hands together with joy, embraced her child, and exclaimed with delight—

"And I was the cause, was I not, mother?" said the little fellow. "If I had not begged you to remove the chest, you never would have found the book. It might have lain there a hundred years."

The mother stood for a while in silent astonishment, and then said—

"Oh! my child it was God's doing. I feel a thrill of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. Look! as we both prayed and wept, there came the sparkling

fire-fly, and pointed out the spot where this book was concealed. Yes, truly. Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of our head are all numbered; not one of them falls to the ground without His knowledge. Remember this for thy life long, and put thy trust in Him, especially in time of need. It is easy for Him to aid and to save. He does not need to send a shining angel to us. He can send us aid by a winged insect."

The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after break of day she took her way to the judge, who at once sent for the heir. He came. He acknowledged the writing as genuine, and was much ashamed of having slandered the woman before the court, and having called her a liar. The judge declared he owed her some recompense for the shame and great sorrow he had caused her. The man was not willing to make atonement for his injustice.

But when the poor woman had related the whole account of her evening prayer, and the appearance of the fire-fly, the judge said:

"That is the finger of God; He has visibly helped you!"

Young Meyer, however, was much moved, and said, with tears in his eyes:

"Yes, it is so. He is the father of the widow and the fatherless; and their avenger also. Pardon me for harshness towards you; I release you from the payment of the fifty crowns, and if you are at any time in need, come to me, and I will assist you. And if ever I come to want, or if my wife should be a widow and my children orphans, may He help us also, as he has helped you."

NO ONE can know what temptation is unless he has been in it.