

the rusty satchel suddenly appeared at Mrs. Lander's. To say that that lady was surprised at the apparition would but very feebly express her sentiments. Her opinion of things that fitted differed materially from Mr. Bob's; and when she had ushered that bonnet, shawl and black alpaca dress into her gray and crimson guest-chamber, she closed the door upon the contrast, and said "Well!" in a tone that suggested three exclamation points at the least.

As for the old lady, she was innocently and heartily delighted. She laid aside her wraps, brushed the dust from her despised bonnet, carefully folded the much criticised shawl, and then looked about her with a contented smile on her wrinkled, kindly face.

"I do believe this convention is going to be a little bit of a heaven to me clear through," she said, softly. "To think of my being in a room like this? I wonder if David and Billy know?"

Whatever were Mrs. Lander's views of missionary meetings, decorative art, or the wisdom of entertaining committees, she was a lady, and having received her guest, she accorded her due courtesy. So, when dinner was announced, the well-preserved alpaca, brightened by a fresh collar, was not made to seem out of place at the elegant table, and the old lady ate and chatted in happy unconsciousness of self and enjoyment of her surroundings.

"Yes, I think it does us good to get away from home once in a while, out of our own little corner, and see what the rest of the Father's children are doing, don't you? I'd like to have been here in time for the morning meeting, but I started long before five o'clock as 'twas. They had a real good one, didn't they?"

"I did not go," answered Mrs. Lander, and then as the eyes fastened upon her looked such unfeigned surprise that any one already in the city should miss such an opportunity, she hastens to add the statement she always made to herself, "I had not time."

The kindly eyes wandered around the pleasant room in quick appreciation of its many demands.

"I s'pose it does keep you pretty busy," she assented, with a faint undertone of regret in her voice.

But who with a soul for art likes to be considered merely a housekeeper? Mrs. Lander did not, and as soon as they were in the cosy, back-parlor she pointed out the pitcher, on its little stand by the window, waiting a few finishing touches.

"That is my work," she said.

Then indeed the old eyes brightened into gladness, for their owner thought she understood it all. Was she not in a Christian home, where all gifts were consecrated? Were not the hearts around her in full sympathy with the great cause of missions? Why else would she be here? That bit of work touched a quickly responsive chord, and her tongue was loosened at once.

"And that's what you do? Ain't it pretty? I expect now you can make a great deal that way, and ain't it a blessed thing to do? Of course you could give a good deal without doing any such work, but it makes all the more. It's good to think how many's a working—one in one way, and another in another—all for the same thing. When I get back home again, and am drying apples and sewing carpet-rags, and counting how many shillings it'll bring, I'll be glad to think about your pretty work that'll earn dollars, and how the dollars and shillings'll all go to build up the same kingdom. I'd like to tell you how it come to me."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lander uncertainly, and she could say nothing more. There was a queer feeling at

her heart as if a searching eye had been suddenly turned upon it, and an authoritative voice demanding, "How much owest thou my Lord?" had found her bankrupt.

"There was no one left but my husband and Billy and me," said the old woman. "All the children married and gone, you see. Billy was my grandson, and we did set a store by him, me and his grandpa both. We lived in the country, a little place on the edge of the prairie, and we thought we had hard times—we thought we had. We got to thinking too much about our own wants, and what we couldn't have, and working just for ourselves, you see. We wanted to do for Billy, and give him good schoolin'. He was as chirk and bright a little fellow as ever was, and good to. But coats and shoes and books do cost a good deal, even if you don't get 'em extra fine, and so Billy says to me one vacation: 'Grandma, I've found something I can do up at the station, and they'll pay for it, too. That'll help.' 'Twas the railroad station he meant, right at the edge of the village near us. He started off the next morning, brave as you please, with his little dinner-basket in his hand. I can see him yet! But it was only three days before he was brought home all white and crushed—one leg cut off by the cars.

"That was trouble! But Billy bore it like a hero. He'd say, 'Cheer up, grandma; there's lots of things a boy with one leg can do.' Them was long days, though, in that lonesome little house, and I don't know how we would have got along if it hadn't been for the reading. There was the Bible and a pile of papers that had been sent us—"Missionary Heralds" and such. That was how it begun, for the more we read in the Bible the more we see how precious it was, and the more we read in the papers the more we see how hard it was for them that didn't have it. That was the first time the heathen ever seemed like folks to me, and the missionaries like our next-door neighbors. Well, we grew interested, we did, and one day Billy says to me, 'Anyhow, one boot can go to the other boys now.' I didn't know what he meant, but he said he couldn't wear but one boot at a time any more, and the price of the other could go to help some of the poor folks in Indy or China, or out west.

"That was how we begun to lay up a little to send away, and the more we worked and saved, the more we cared. It's surprisin' how much you get to think of any one when once you begin to do for 'em. Sometimes I most think the Lord Jesus couldn't love us so if He hadn't done so much for us. Well, Billy got up again, and went round on crutches, but some way he never seemed to get strong. He couldn't do the things he planned, and by and by the fever took him. His life just burned away then. He'd laid still a good while one day—it was one winter afternoon, with the sun shining bright into the room—and we thought he didn't know us and wouldn't ever speak again. But all at once his eyes opened wide and bright, and says he, 'Grandma, the other boy can have both boots now.' And he never said any more, but I knew what he meant.

"So husband and me, we agreed that what we'd have done and spent for Billy, we'd give to the 'other boys,' as he called 'em, and it sort of comforted us; we called it sending the money to Billy. When there'd come a call from Indy I'd say: 'Can we spare the boy a coat?' and when we'd hear of hard times on the frontier, David would say: 'I reckon we must manage a pair of boots for the boy.' 'Twas our way of puttin' it, you see.

"But after three or four years David went, too. When I see that was a coming I thought I'd nothing to live for, and I said there'd be nobody left. 'Yes there