


for the school in his own house, getting a teacher, securing pupils, and so on.

"After I started on my spring tour, Mrs. Martin made a visit to his village. He was not very well, but no one supposed his illness serious. He was delighted with the opportunity the women of the place had of hearing the Gospel from one of their own sex. When Mrs. Martin returned, he rose, dressed himself, and attended her a little distance on her way. He only lived four days from that time.

"The man who lived in his house and cultivated his vegetable garden, and his neighbours, have been just telling me about those days. He did not suffer much. He prayed almost constantly. He wished to talk of nothing but religion. He was joyful. He walked with God like Enoch and was not, for God took him."

### THE WHITE FRILL.

" COULDN'T you put a little white into your mourning?" said Ellen Douglas to Lucy Hayne, one bright morning in June. "I mean just a frill or something. Mother says it's so dreary to see you going about all in black. Sick people get fancies, you know, and that's a fancy of mother's; though, perhaps, she wouldn't be pleased at my telling you."

The speaker was a good-tempered girl of about seventeen; and though the words may seem hard, they were not unkindly spoken. Ellen was a farmer's daughter, a healthy, happy girl, and very fond of her cousin, who had lost her mother a little before Christmas. Lucy's father had died when she was a baby, and in losing her mother she had lost her home, and was now living with her uncle and aunt Douglas.

Lucy made no answer. The tears came into her eyes, and she felt, it must be owned, a little hurt. But she was a good girl, and loved her aunt dearly; and, indeed, she had much cause to do so. It happened that very afternoon her uncle gave her a beautiful white rose, and she pinned it into her dress, on purpose to try and make herself look brighter for her aunt.

Mrs. Douglas noticed it directly, and said, "I'm afraid Ellen hurt your feelings, my dear, by what she said this morning. She told me afterwards she wished her words back again the minute they were spoken. But she did not mean to be unkind; only she is too anxious to give in to all my fancies. And really that rose does look nice—like a little bit of hope in the midst of your great sorrow."

A word sometimes takes deep root, especially in a mind like Lucy's. She thought over what her aunt had said; for she was a thoughtful girl, and she had not sorrowed as one without hope. Why, then, should her dress give no expression to the hope, but only to the sorrow?

That very moment she looked up, and saw how the sun, which was breaking through a heavy cloud, had given to it its "silver lining;" and Lucy's heart was not slow to receive the lesson. But she said nothing.

She was in the habit of looking up, not at the earthly sky only and the material sun. The spirit within looked up, and sought the illumination of the Sun of Righteousness.

Every night before Lucy went to bed, she read a few verses in her Bible, and thought about them, praying that her mind might be enlightened to understand them. And she tried sincerely to act out what she read. She was reading though St. Paul's Epistles, and this night she read the 5th chapter of the first of Thessalonians, as far as the 16th verse—"Rejoice evermore."

There she stopped, for she wanted to read it all again. Three verses particularly struck her.

First, St. Paul says, we are "all the children of light and the children of the day."

How often words like these are used in speaking of those who follow Christ! And does not "the light" and "the day" mean joy as well as purity?

Lucy thought it must; and the 10th verse gave her such a feeling of reunion with her mother that she found a reason for rejoicing, and learnt the verse before she closed her Bible: "Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

Such comfort this gave her that she wondered less at the words "Rejoice evermore" when she came to them the second time, and felt that it might be possible, after all, even to rejoice in suffering.

As Lucy put away her Bible, her eye fell upon the white rose, which was lying on the table, looking faded and sad enough.

"Poor rose!" she said to herself; "I will give you some water. Mother was so fond of roses."

The next morning it was quite revived, and she fastened it again into her dress. As she did so, some thoughts which came into her mind about it gave her a lighter heart than she had had a long while. She entered her aunt's room with a look more than resigned; it was cheerful, for a flood of light seemed to have broken in on her cloud of sorrow.

Before the day was over she put a white frill into her dress, as Ellen had requested her. "After all, it's more Christian," she said to herself. "Surely Ellen is right; and one ought always to have a little white in one's mourning."

Perhaps, reader, you would like to know what Lucy's thoughts were about the flower. Well, I will tell you.

As she noticed how it revived in the water, she remembered that God's Holy Spirit is often compared to water in the Bible; and she thought, "God will send Him upon me if I ask Him earnestly; and He will just give me fresh life every day, and help me to be cheerful."

After this Lucy would as soon have forgotten to wash her face in the morning as neglect to ask for that dew from heaven which she wanted so much to refresh and strengthen her soul. She became quite noted for her cheerfulness; and, though she had many severe trials, she was always ready to forget her own sorrows in trying to sustain and comfort others. The Lord had indeed given her "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."