

bag of clothing with me, giving it to them, some for her and her children. She wept for joy, wanting to know if the articles of clothing were really for her. I could not help but think if many of the ladies of our land knew of the expression of thankfulness that this person manifested upon receiving some clothing cast off by others, they would give more than that which was cast off.

“About two weeks ago I visited a home, carrying with me a bundle of clothing. The wife, and mother of a number of small children, told me of her husband drinking; then I thought, “Well, what can you expect in a drunkard’s home, but just what I see here, half-clad, half-starved children, and a heart-broken wife.” She wept for joy on receiving the clothes. I visited a home where the wife, and mother of two small boys, lay sick, I thought on her death-bed. On making inquiries, I learned that about all she had was potatoes and salt pork—hard fare for a sick woman; and no doctor within twenty-five miles. Learning what was wrong, I went away, procured medicine, food and clothing and sent them. She got better. Her husband was sick at the same time. I visited the poor abode of a family who were once in better circumstances, but who, by some misfortune (not drink), were reduced very low. Giving the mother some clothing, she reached out her hand, grasping mine, with tears in her eyes, saying, ‘Inasmuch,’ etc. I thought surely the Lord Jesus knew all about those things, and this work of helping others is blessed indeed. Another, the case of a woman left with seven small children, whose husband was found dead out in the field one cold winter’s day by herself. He had been in the woods chopping, and on his way home fell, and walked no more. She is struggling in the backwoods; kind friends send her food and clothing. The God of the widow careth for her. These are cases of those who are striving in their helplessness and weakness to gain the blessed portal, where there shall be no poverty or pangs of hunger felt. I will give another account of a family where the husband drinks every cent he can get. The wife, and mother of five small children, is not striving to serve God. They are in very destitute circumstances. Some days ago I carried a bag of clothing to them. I do not think I will forget the sight soon—the woman with a