

that you mean, though in heaven I believe it will come out that we were very near related,' and the woman wept like a child. 'I believe,' she continued, 'that it is owing to the prayers of that dear saint, whose body has been put into the grave this afternoon, that my soul was ever snatched from the wrath to come and brought to Christ.'

After a few minutes the old woman entered into a fuller narrative. 'Late one evening,' she said, 'long after the shop was closed, Frank Mason, (Margaret's unworthy husband) came to our side door with a bundle of wearing apparel to put into pawn. At first I refused to have anything to do with him out of business hours, but he said he must have money on any terms. So my greediness of gain prevailed as usual. I advanced the money and took the things.'

'In those days my heart was hard as flint, yet when I turned over the carefully mended clothes, that cloak which had faced so many a storm, those shoes which had trodden so many a rough mile in duty's path, those coarse petticoats, always tidy, yet worn threadbare, somehow my heart misgave me. I tried to fight it out with conscience, but it would not do. So in the morning I rose earlier than usual, tied up the clothes in a bundle, and hurried with them, and some breakfast to the cottage.'

'Hearing Margaret's voice I waited and listened a minute at the window. I expected to hear reproaches and complainings, but the words I heard were:

"'Forgive him, Lord, Thou who clothest the lilies, wilt thou not much more clothe me also? Thou knowest I have need of these things. Yet, though the fig tree shall not blossom, neither fruit be on the vine, I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.'"

'I heard no more, but after giving Margaret the things—I hardly knew how it was—but something within me prompted me to say, as I was turning away, "Mrs. Mason, speak my name sometimes, will you, in your prayers?" Till that hour I never cared for prayer, and felt no reverence for it, and no need of it.'

"'What is it," said I to myself, "that makes her differ from me? She talks to the great God as a friend, and calls him the God of her salvation. I know nothing about the God of this Christian woman.'"

When I came home I went upstairs to an old lumber-room, and there I sat down by myself. There was a heavy weight upon my heart. I groaned aloud, though I hardly knew what I wanted. Presently I said to myself, "I wonder if I could pray?" But no word would come. At last I fairly smote upon my breast and cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," I knew afterwards, but not for a good while, that God by his Holy Spirit had put these words into my heart, though I had not heard them since I was a child at Sunday-school.'

'Well, I rummaged out the only bible we had in pawn (for we scarcely ever took bibles) and turned over its leaves. I was as ignorant as a child where to find the place. You will hardly believe it but I searched all through Genesis to try and find that story about the publican, from which I had drawn my first prayer.'

'I knew our business was not a good one for a body to be in who wanted to be a Christian, and I urged Davie (that's my husband) to give up the pawn-shop, whatever it might cost us. At first he flew into a passion and declared that he was not going to be henpecked out of a good business by any woman. So, then God showed me that it was my place to wait a bit, and be patient, and to put the difficulty into Christ's hands.'

'Well, to make a long story short, Davie soon felt as I did. So we gave up the busi-

ness, left the place, and settled in a neighborhood where my husband had relatives, who might help us to some honest calling.'

'There was one desire, one little prayer that would always slip in, like a whisper, between my petitions, and this was that I might see Margaret Mason's face once again and tell her of the change.'

'I could not afford the journey, so I put it off from year to year, always hoping the time would come. Now and then I sent her a little token of love—some flower seeds, a silk handkerchief, or a few yards of black 'love ribbon.' It was all I could afford, and she never knew from whom they came. I thought I would tell her all when we met. I had managed to save a few shillings, and had fixed to come this very summer.'

'But Margaret's Lord had called her home to himself before I could see her. She never knew on earth that her prayers for the pawn-broker's wife had been heard and answered. And yet, I think she knows all about it in that place where there is "joy over one sinner that repenteth."—Sunday-school World.'

Her Gift.

The minister's eyes swept with intense searching the apathetic faces of his stylish, worldly congregation. He had made an impassioned appeal for help in the support of a little mission church up among the mountains—a section where rough men and women knew hardly anything of God and the religion of Christ. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and—he had failed. A sense of deep desolation crept over him.

'God help me,' his lips murmured mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure that was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

'Lord Jesus,' the little one was saying, brokenly, 'I ain't got nothin' ter give. I want the people in the mountains to hear about my Saviour, O Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter—'

What was it that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart? 'Yes, you have, Maggie,' whispered a voice from somewhere; 'you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was given ter you, and is worth a lot of shinin' dollars. You kin give up your best friend what helps you to get 'into the park where the birds sing, an' takes you to preachin' an' makes your life happy.'

'Oh, no, Lord,' sobbed the child, choking and shivering. 'Yes, yes, I will! He gave more'n that for me.'

Blindly she extended the polished crutch and placed it in the hands of the deacon, who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled, then, comprehending her meaning, he carried the crutch to the front of the church, and laid it on the table in front of the old pulpit. The minister stepped down from the platform and held up the crutch with trembling hands. The sublimity of the renunciation unnerved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

'Do you see it, my people,' he faltered, at last, 'little crippled Maggie's crutch—all that she had to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord and you—'

There was a moment of silence. The people flushed and moved restlessly in their cushioned pews.

'Does any one want to contribute to the mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring, and give it back to the

child who is so helpless without it?' the minister asked, gravely.

'Fifty dollars,' came in husky tones from the banker.

'Twenty-five.'

'One hundred.'

And so the subscribing went on, until papers equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

'Ah! you have found your hearts. Thank God! Let us receive the benediction,' almost whispered the minister, as he suddenly extended his hands, which were trembling with emotion. Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and the love that prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought for the future, of how she would reach her humble home, or of the days in which she would sit helpless in her chair, as she had once done. Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it with the blind faith of an Abraham. She understood no better when a woman's arm drew her into its close embrace, and soft lips whispered in her ear, 'Maggie dear, your crutch has made six hundred dollars for the mission church among the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one.'

Like a flash of light there came a consciousness in some mysterious way that her gift had been accepted of God and returned to her, and with a cry of joy she caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart, then, smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverential eyes, she hobbled out of the sanctuary.—American Paper.

My Bible and I.

We've travelled together, my bible and I,
Through all kinds of weather, with smile
or with sigh,
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamp and
my psalm.
We've travelled together, my bible and I,
When life had grown weary, and death e'en
was nigh,
But all through the darkness of mist and of
wrong,
I found thee, a solace, a prayer or a song.
So now, who shall part me, my bible and I?
Shall ism, or schism, or new lights who try?
Shall shadow for substance, or stone for
good bread,
Supplant its sound wisdom, give folly in-
stead?
Ah, no, my dear bible, revealer of light,
Thou sword of the Spirit, put error to flight,
And still through life's journey, until my
last sigh,
We'll travel together, my bible and I.
—'Christian Herald.'

More Than a Trifle.

It was only a little blossom,
Just the merest bit of bloom,
But it brought a glimpse of summer
To the little darkened room.
It was only a glad 'Good morning,'
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day.
Only a song; but the music
Though simple, pure, and sweet,
Brought back to better pathways,
The reckless, roving feet.
Only! In our blind wisdom,
How dare we say it at all?
Since the ages alone can tell us,
Which is the great or small.
—'Wait.'