

Surely God might do something to deliver his church in answer to her "cry!" Unmindful of her rheumatism, she got down on her knees, and I wish all the church members in Canada could have heard her prayer!

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That Saturday evening, in another house on another street in a cosy room, sat another woman alone. She, too held in her hand a thank-offering envelope, the counterpart of the one Miss Banks found awaiting her. It was still empty, though the other hand held an open pocketbook whose contents had evidently just been examined, and consisted of two silver quarters and a dime, besides two twenty-dollar bills.

"I must remember to ask Fred for a dollar or two. Of course, I suppose I could put in this change and let it go at that, but I shouldn't like anyone to know I had given so little."

"I know just what I shall do with these two bills," mused their complacent owner, as she spread them out in her lap. "This one will buy me a new spring jacket—the new cape collars are so handsome, it is sure to be ever so much more becoming to me than the one I bought last fall. Dear me, what a shame that styles change so often! I really never wore that jacket a dozen times; but I do like to have my clothes modern."

"That other bill," continued the speaker, soliloquizing, "will buy the hat I admired at Madame Dupre's opening. I know I have always said that it was a shame to put so much money into a hat, but that is a beauty, and I mean to indulge for this once."

So saying, the envelope and money were slipped together into this fortunate woman's purse, and the whole matter forgotten, as a telegram came, saying, "Fred" had been called out of the city, and would not be home before Monday. As she made ready for church the next evening she suddenly besought herself of the thank-offering, and with a half guilty flush of mortification that her offering was to be so little, she hastily placed the silver pieces in the envelope, and sealed the end, slipping both into her pocketbook, with the comforting thought: "Oh, well, no one will know the difference, for there is no way of identifying the gifts, as no names are used. I forgot to select a text, but never mind, it will have to go as it is. It's rather a shabby gift for a thank-offering I am afraid, but I'll make it up next time."

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It had been decided by those having the matter in charge that the collection should be taken up from one aisle at a time,