

And that was a happy Sunday! The prayers and lessons were beautifully read, for Mr. Gracey was a good scholar, and the chants and hymns were nicely sung. Many people present were so happy because they heard their good old service again. It made them think of home in better days.

And so the time went by and Mr. Gracey's house became too small. He wrote to the bishop and asked if anything could be done to build a church in his settlement. The bishop told him that he could get him a small grant if he would collect what he could among the people. A meeting was called and some money was raised, but they all set to work to build what they could could of it themselves. A site was selected close to Mr. Gracey's house. Trees were cut down and soon a neat log church was erected.

How happy were the Graceys when they saw the building being put up, with every prospect of its being soon ready for divine worship! But a cloud was gathering for the little household. Alice kept getting worse. The cough troubled her very much, and she kept her own room a little longer it seemed nearly every day. Still she was made very happy by the progress that the new church and parish were making. When the church was nearly ready Mr. Gracey received a letter from the bishop saying that a congregation in one of the cities of Ontario had undertaken to support a missionary in his diocese in whatever place he might choose and that he had selected Mr. Gracey's newly made parish for that purpose. And this was fresh joy. Mr. Perry, the new clergyman, soon arrived, and arrangements were made to open the church. Poor Alice hardly ever went out now, but on the Sunday when the church was opened she went to the morning service and was able to stay to the Holy Communion, and then she went home and gradually grew worse and worse until it soon became evident that the end was not far off. One day when Mr. Perry was paying her a sick visit she said to him,

"Oh! Mr. Perry I know that I shall die soon and that I shall then be with the Saviour. You will carry me into the new church for the burial service and then bury me near the church. I can fancy that I may hear the bell ring and perhaps the singing when the windows are open. If a plain stone is put at my grave please have these words only engraved upon it,—

"Alice, a waif, who loved her Saviour and her Church."

Deeply affected the good missionary promised that he would do as requested. Then all too soon came the end. In the sweet calm of a summer evening the soul of the devoted girl took its flight. She was, as she termed it, but a waif; and a little tomb stone close to a log church spoke of her as such. She had often sung,—

"We are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate,—
What can we do for Jesus' sake—
Who is so high and good and great."

And she had learned that a child could do a great

deal. At all events Mr. Gracey always said that it was Alice who built the church where now he worshipped, and established the parish and procured the clergyman. He loved to say that it was the poor little waif, picked off the streets of London who did it all. No doubt the Saviour will think so too in that day when to his workers he will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"AND TO EVERY SEED HIS OWN BODY."

By MRS. LAURA ACKEN, HAMILTON, ONT.



TWO thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed brightly in a far off land;
Two thousand years ago its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth,
That man had lived and loved and died,
And even in that far off time,
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,
The dead hand kept its treasure well,
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last,
The seed is buried in the earth,
When to the life long hidden there,
Into a glorious flower bursts forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew,
From such a seed when buried low,
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed
And died two thousand year's ago.

And will not He who watched the seed
And kept the life within the shell
When those whose loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well.

And will not He from 'neath the sod
Cause something glorious to arise,
Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here you prize.

Just such a face as greets us now,
Just such a form as here you wear,
Only more glorious far will rise
To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears,
For in my flesh shall I see God
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

A LOFTY INSPIRATION.

In a recent volume of sermons Dr. Whiton refers to a colored woman "who bequeathed to the Yale Theological Seminary the savings of a life spent at the washtub, to be a fund for the education of men of her own race to preach the Gospel of Christ. On the spirit which animated the bequest he well remarks: "Here we have found, on one of the humblest levels of the modern world, a life of the commonest drudgery filled with dignity and power by the same divine object that inspired St. Paul's life of tribulation with thanksgiving. The laundress, the Apostle are both full of the same inspiration."