

intense, frightened gaze at the pale, silent face among the pillows, then, as the bitter truth suddenly confronted her, she ran quickly forward with a sharp cry of stifled agony falling to her knees beside her child. Soon a hundred wailing voices took up the dreary note of mourning; but the King of Heaven had healed the little Raja forever.—The Independent.

### A True Story of Impressions.

One afternoon in the autumn of 1861, a Chicago business man in his office was suddenly impressed that he must go home immediately. Finding all well there he handed his wife a parcel, and said, 'Here are three pounds of pork steak.'

Greatly surprised, she returned, 'I attended to the marketing this morning as usual — why did you purchase? — why did you get three pounds this sultry weather? — above all, why did you get pork? — since we never use it? — and pray what good fortune brought you home so early?'

'I don't know,' he answered, 'but about three o'clock I felt impelled to return; I feared you might be ill, or that something had happened; as I passed a meat shop, I was impressed that I must stop and purchase. Since you market in the morning, and prefer a different place, I kept on; but if a voice had spoken from the sky the impression would not have seemed more imperative. So I turned back, thinking, 'What must I get?' Something seemed to say, 'A pork steak — three pounds.' I knew we never used pork; yet I felt compelled to get it. I cannot understand it at all. Perhaps you can.'

'Yes, I can,' said Mrs. Shelby. 'This is of the Lord, and he will send for it.'

'Don't give it away, we can use it somehow,' replied the skeptical husband.

But, though expected, no beggar appeared.

On retiring at night, the wife prayed: 'Grant, O Lord, that we be not deceived by vain imaginings. If this impression is from thee, make us to know it unmistakably,' and she fell asleep.

At dawn she was awakened by what seemed a whisper, saying, 'Arise; confer not with flesh and blood.' This must mean that I say nothing to my husband, she thought; and, stealing from the room, she murmured, 'Lord, let me not be deceived by a hallucination. Is there some one to whom I should go — and where?' While hastily dressing she seemed to see an outside stairway, which she had once ascended in search of a servant.

Determined to test these impressions which had come to her husband and herself, she got the parcel and flitted into the street. The sun was just rising. A brisk walk brought her to a narrow passage which led between dwellings to a back yard in which stood the cheapest of two-story tenements. The only person she had seen, a savage-looking man, was washing his face at the pump. A thought suggested to her the folly of coming here upon an impression; but climbing the outside stairs she reached the platform atop, and paused before an uncurtained window.

Within stood a fine-looking woman, wringing her up-lifted hands in prayer, before an opened cupboard, which held nothing save a small burnt crust!

'Yes, God has directed me, and this is the place,' she thought, as she pushed open the rickety door, and stood within the room, which was scantily furnished and spotlessly clean.

Twice, thrice she addressed the agonized woman, who, standing with her back to the door, neither saw nor heard. A noble looking boy sat up in bed. Holding out the half-opened parcel, Mrs. Selby said, 'Here is a

pork steak.' His face quivering with emotion and wonder, he called several times before the agonized mother heard. She turned, saw, staggered to a chair and fainted.

Mrs. Shelby kept Norwegian servants, and therefore, despite the lad's very broken English, was able to comprehend their story.

Among a body of Scandinavian immigrants was Niels Nielson, with wife and two children; but the father died during the passage. Most of the party went on to Minnesota as farmers. The widow stopped in Chicago, rented this room, put in a few poor things and courageously went out in search of employment. Though she could not speak a word of English, her sweet face and tidy appearance opened two or three doors for her. Near by a woman lived in a chamber alone, who engaged the little girl, aged seven, to bring up wood — a stick at a time, and water by the quart, until the day's supply was in. For this the child received her breakfast. Early as it now was, she was already away at her task. The boy, aged nine years, would have only that burnt crust before going out to sell papers all day. They could not afford a stove, consequently for months had lived on milk and baker's bread. Yet the mother had borne up bravely until yesterday. About three o'clock she came home exhausted after a day of washing and twenty-four hours' fasting. In her native speech she had sobbed out, 'I am so hungry! O my God, if I only had a pork steak!'

'Now, you have the steak, but what can you do with it?' said Mrs. Shelby. He replied that the woman downstairs had a stove, and had offered to cook meat for them on shares, but they had had none to cook.

'Well,' said the visitor, 'tell your mother that when she cried unto God for a pork steak yesterday afternoon, he sent a gentleman from business to procure it; and when again she cried unto him this morning, the All-Father awakened me and showed me this stairway, that I might bring the meat to you.'

After learning that the poor woman worked for her own neighbor, Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Shelby joyfully hastened to assure her skeptical husband that the Lord had indeed used them to minister to the widow and the fatherless.

When informed of Mrs. Nielson's distress Mrs. Kendall was greatly shocked; and explained how it had occurred. Her daughters were learning to keep house; therefore, she kept no servant. The woman had been engaged for a certain day in each week, to do the family washing. Finding her wholly reliable, it was arranged that upon that day all the ladies of the household would go out shopping and visiting. They would have everything ready — her dinner and wages on the table, and the door-key in a certain place, to which she should return it when her labor was done. The plan had worked well, and they had extended their outings. One day, in their haste, the money was left on the mantel instead of on the table. The next week the daughters were still more heedless; for, though the dues of the day were added to those of the past week, they forgot to put either food or pay upon the table as was agreed. On returning they found the amount still upon the mantel, and that the conscientious woman had not even entered the pantry for her dinner.

Then followed the narration of how Mr. Shelby had been called from business and impelled to make an unusual purchase; of Mrs. Shelby's awakening and the vision; also some discussion of 'impressions,' and whether we ought to heed them. Mrs. Shelby thought that if we put ourselves into the divine hand, to be used as the All-Wise thought fit, it might be duty to act upon an 'impression,'

The young ladies were not ready to accept the conclusion.

Some weeks later, just at evening, Mrs. Kendall, hastened to Mrs. Shelby's, saying, 'Do look out! and see my dainty daughters carrying a great heavy basket between them. They are so closely veiled that no one will recognize them. They have laughed about your 'impressions,' but yesterday, after our arrangements for Thanksgiving day were completed, one said, jestingly, 'I have an "impression," that we ought to send a turkey to someone,' and 'I,' said the other, 'have an "impression," that we ought to cook it, and add sundry things.' So I suggested that they act upon the 'impression,' and they did so, until with turkey, oysters, venison, vegetables, biscuits, puddings, rice, and pies, ready cooked, and butter, cheese, nuts, raisins, candy, fruits, tea, coffee, and sugar, they filled the large clothes-basket, and," she added, laughing, 'then they had an "impression" that they ought not to entrust the basket to any one else. They will not carry a trifling package for themselves; yet, see them now, going to test an "impression"! Will you go over to-morrow and see what comes of it?'

Most cheerfully did Mrs. Shelby climb again those outside stairs; but, to her surprise, the window revealed quite a party around a table; nine men and one woman with a baby sat with bowed heads, while a blessing was asked upon the bounties before them. Widow Nielson stood by and her countenance was wonderful. The door was partly open, and Mrs. Shelby quietly entered that she might understand the situation. All rose to their feet, each face beaming with the same wonderful expression. Not comprehending their words, Mrs. S. retired, and next day her servant obtained the facts.

About a mile distant stood a Scandinavian church. The pastor, a learned and deeply pious man, had come over as a true missionary. In Norway attendance at church was compulsory; but in free America the majority of his countrymen appeared to become indifferent to the sanctuary. They were losing the restraints of good habits; were drifting into saloons and sinking rapidly. Not having acquired yet the English language; they could only be reached by their mother tongue. Dr. Peterman's salary was trifling; his family could not come yet. So the self-denying man took up his solitary abode in the steeple and devoted the basement of the little chapel to a company of earnest men who would strive to turn the incoming stream of their countrymen into upward paths. One, who had a wife and babe, acted as head of the family. While they studied, the trifle they could earn provided little more than milk and bread, and yet this class came to number twenty or more. There was need of defter hands than theirs to keep in repair their much worn clothing, which must appear on a platform each Sabbath.

Wilow Nielson was unable to obtain employment more than two days in a week. Most of the other days she spent with the janitor's wife at the chapel, washing, mending and scrubbing, and of course without pay.

As winter drew on, in addition to their previous needs, the poor theologians keenly felt the need of fires and better food. One day they were speaking of the coming national thanksgiving. They had heard that that principal thing was an abundant dinner. Being greatly disheartened, several decided to leave that evening to seek work and a home for the winter. Those who remained almost lost courage entirely. As Mrs. Nielson was returning late to her cold and hungry children, she only cried, 'Oh, God, why can't we have a Thanksgiving dinner? and