

did seem as if a reflection from the burning bush was upon her, and her gaze kept wandering off out the window, as if it would follow her thoughts to regions with which he was not familiar.

The expected rap at the door startled her; then, without waiting for the customary formalities, as Mr. Wilcox entered, she said: "Neighbor Wilcox, you can have Coley. I know you will take good care of him. He's always been used to good feed and a nice bed, and he don't know the feel of the whip. I raised him myself, you know, and he's most like one of the family; but he'll take kindly to any one who speaks to him gently and pets him a bit." Her voice shook a little at the last sentence.

From the tone of voice, one who listened would have thought she was speaking of some of her dead; and yet there was a ring of triumph in it too. The next morning Mr. Wilcox brought the money to Deacon Brown, who placed it in his wife's hands.

They did not exchange a word, but Deacon Brown will be a very old man before he forgets the look in his wife's eyes as she took the roll of crisp bills. Dinner over, she took it with her to her room, spread out the bills upon the table so that no little corner of one should be covered or hidden by any other, and then upon her knees, with tears streaming from her eyes, she thanked God for his wonderful gift to the children of men, and gave to Him without reservation her little all. Sabbath morning dawned bright and clear, as it only can in the country, and as the sun touched the gaily colored tree-tops, it seemed to Mrs. Brown that the gates of heaven were ajar, and its radiance streaming out upon her; or was it all in her own heart? "For I just think sometimes," she told herself, "that I've walked a good piece up the golden streets when I haven't been there at all."

"It beats all I ever see," said her husband grimly. "What'll folk say? I to go dashing by on a colt, and she, the weaker vessel, a walkin'."

But Mrs. Brown did not need pity. With her precious gift tightly clasped in her hands she hurried on, hoping to see her pastor before the service began. Almost breathless she reached his door, and scarcely waiting to salute him she thrust the bills into his hands. Astonishment made him mute. Hurriedly she explained: "It's all my own, Mr. Hill. My husband gave it to me—or, rather I sold something for it, but he let me. I want it to go quick, for I've had to wait so long that may be some of the very ones the Lord meant me to save will be gone before this gets there; and let this all be between us, Mr. Hill." Then she was gone.

Never before since Parson Hill was settled over them had he been so tardy in coming to the pulpit. But wonder reached its climax when he confessed, in a voice trembling with emotion, that he, with perhaps many others of his people, "had many times prayed earnestly, yea, with anguish of soul had put their requests before the Lord, and then had forgotten the very things they had asked for, till the Lord surprised them by giving them their requests." And then, in tender tones, he besought the Lord "to bear upon the wings of His love any to whom a fresh impulse to higher, more self-denying service had come." Deacon Brown could hardly repress a groan. "It must be Jane he's asking the Lord to carry on His wings," he thought; "it can't be me, for I ride the colt." Mrs. Brown's heart was the abode of a peace that shone through, lighting up her face. The service ended, Deacon Brown bestrode the colt and started for home. His wife lingered for a few words of greeting to her friends, and then began her walk. The way seemed shorter than in

the morning. Her gift was safely on its way, and now she had nothing to do but pray the Lord of the harvest to use it for His glory, and to make it as far-reaching as possible, for it was her all.

The weeks sped on till winter was almost over. Deacon Brown watched his wife closely. Daily he grew more restless and irritable, while she seemed to be living upon food that had not been given him to taste. The sharp tones were lost out of her voice, and in a thousand little ways she showed her tenderness for him. "And it ain't put on, neither," he said; "Jane never makes-believe anything. I actooally think she has seen an angel—mebbe that one from Meroz, and I'm afraid that one of these days he'll coax her away." And the sigh he heaved came from a heavy heart.

The spring was just upon them, and Deacon Brown had grown so thin and white that his wife was thoroughly alarmed. "I can't see that he is sick anywhere," she said, "but he surely needs chirking up a bit." And she plied him with syrups and herbs, but without effect, and at last he was prone upon his bed. He savagely refused to see the doctor, wanted but little care, and said he "would like to be let alone." And poor Mrs. Brown bravely assumed the care of the house and farm. Long after he had pronounced himself better he lay with closed eyes, seemingly in a restful sleep, his wife tiptoeing about lest she should disturb it. From that time on his gain was steady, and soon he was able to be out again. "But it worries me to see him so quiet and gentle, and all the time a studyin' like in his mind. I'd be glad to hear him fret and fume like he used to do," said faithful Mrs. Brown. When the Lord's day came, Mrs. Brown hesitated whether or not to leave him alone. The chores were all done, everything arranged for his comfort, but his manner troubled her.

"If you'd any ruther I'd stay at home, I'd just as soon," she said.

"O no," he replied; "perhaps I'll feel like takin' the ride myself by'm by."

So she set out. But wonder, of wonders! there at the front gate, hitched to a handsome phaeton, his black coat shining like satin, stood Coley.

"What does it all mean?" she exclaimed wonderingly.

"Why, jest this," replied the Deacon; "that if you don't object, Jane, we'll ride together after this till one of us has to be kerried away alone, and then I hope we won't be far apart. No, Jane, I must confess it. The Lord offered me a fine chance—to be kind of a partner of His, He to do the guidin' and take all the reaks; but I was as set as Pharaoh, and wouldn't take it—thought I'd ruther go grazin' round on stones than to be turned loose into green pastures, and pretty tough picking I found it. My soul feels as empty as them pods on that cucumber a rottin' there. I tell you, Jane, I've found out the Lord don't need us, but He just gives us a chance to put in our share. He can pay us twice what we earn every time. Of course ef we hain't got sense enuff to take His offer, he lets us go on, like the prodigal son, a-eatin' our husks till we shrivel and shrink so that we must look like a pa'cel of dried-up mummies to Him. But now, Jane, git in. I don't think it 'ud be a sin to go round by the medder road to-day, even if 'tis Sunday."

"But Coley, Deacon Brown; how did he come here?"

"I paid neighbor Wilcox three hundred and fifty dollars for him last week, but he's yours now. I declare to you, Jane, that every time I rode that colt, and seen his shadder a-followin' on after me, I thought I could hear it bawl out at every step, 'Cheatin' the Lord!' and the faster I'd make him go, the louder it 'ud sound; and