

sad news that Mr. Anderson had fallen from a building, and was seriously, if not fatally, injured.

"I hastened to the cottage to find the rumor only too true, the injury affecting his spine, and rendering him a cripple for the rest of his life.

"Bravely did they bear this great trouble and Persis began at once to take in sewing, succeeding so well that she learned dressmaking and soon had a thriving little business, all she could attend to.

"After a time her husband was able to sit in a chair, and carve odd bits of wood into fancy articles which found a ready sale.

"Thus time passed on until the twins were graduated from the high school.

"Only one of us can go to college, and that must be Perry. I have education enough to teach and help along, and it is my wish to do so," said Phebe.

"It seemed too bad to give the one a better chance than the other, but it really was advisable, and so it was arranged as Phebe had planned, and after one year spent as clerk in my husband's store Perry entered college.

"During the year he had boarded with us we had gotten to know him even better than the close friendship existing between the two families had ever admitted, and there were certain traits of character that made us feel anxious for his future. He was too easily led, and did not have self-reliance enough; but his desire to please his parents and sister seemed so great that we tried to think all would be well.

"He worked faithfully the first year, and we had reason to feel pride in him when he returned to his old place in the store during the long summer vacation. Soon after he went back to college, however, vague rumors were circulated concerning his career.

"About this time his father grew worse, and almost ere we realized the fact, he had drifted out of life. Perry had been summoned home and reached the bedside only an hour before his father's death.

"Promise me, my son, to do all in your power to make your mother happy. She has worked hard for us all; she will depend so much upon you in the years to come; see to it that you reward her untiring love."

"No suspicion of the truth was in his mind, yet he seemed more anxious for his son than for the rest of the family.

"For a time, grief over the death of his father caused the young man to avoid those who were leading him astray, but not for very long, and the inevitable result followed.

"He was expelled, and the news, reaching his mother and sister, rendered them nearly heartbroken. He wrote his mother, telling her his sorrow and shame. Said he, "Mother, sister, I will return to you sometime when I am not a disgrace to you." And the years sped on until ten had passed by, and the waiting mother and sister had received no further message; yet so firmly did the mother-heart trust in the prayers she offered up for her son and in his promise to return to them, that she never gave up expecting him.

"Her health had been failing for two or three years, and at length we realized that she must leave us.

"I have not much longer to stay with you, yet it brings the time when I shall see my boy again so much the nearer. I

am expecting him every day now, and I can hardly wait to see him. Come to me as often as you can, Esther. We have had many happy hours together, and your kindness has helped me to bear many unhappy ones," said she one day, as I said good-bye to her after a long call at the cottage.

"Christmas came and passed, and still she lingered. I had promised to spend the last day of the year with her, but guests prevented. However, as they took their departure late in the afternoon, I asked my husband to drive over with me after tea.

"It was a lovely moonlight evening, and the sleighing was fine. As we neared the spot where we gathered these ferns a team was driven rapidly past us, taking the turn to Mrs. Anderson's.

"I believe that Perry was in that sleigh," said my husband.

"I do hope it may prove so," I answered.

"We stopped at the turn, for the sleigh was coming back, having left one of the men at the cottage, and the snow was too deep to allow us to turn out after having the main road.

"Shall we not go back home?" I asked.

"I think you better go in, Esther; for all she is expecting him, it will be a shock to her, and Phebe may need your help," said my husband.

"I alighted from the sleigh and hastened up the walk, but before I reached the door Phebe had opened it and came to meet me with outstretched hands, sobbing like a child.

"He has come, Mrs. Hayes! He has come!" at the same time drawing me inside the door, where a tall, handsome man stood waiting to greet me.

"No traces of depravity in the clear-cut, handsome face, in the piercing black eyes, and the grasp of his hand told me how glad he was to meet me.

"Why have you waited so long?" was my first question after I had assured him of my pleasure in his return.

"I waited until I could come back a man, and one whom my mother and sister would not be ashamed of, but I see my mistake."

"Tell her I have come, and take me to her, Phebe," said he, in a husky voice.

"Tell her, please, Mrs. Hayes. I am too greatly agitated to go in now," pleaded Phebe.

"As I entered the room Mrs. Anderson extended both hands, and said in a voice excitement had made strong, "Perry is coming to-night, and I am glad you are here to meet him."

"I stooped and kissed the wasted cheeks, and then with a voice far less firm than her own, I said, "Yes, dear, he is coming; he will soon be here."

"He is here. I want him!" and a minute later she was in his arms.

"She lived about three weeks after he returned—lived to know that her son was what they had wished him to be—a minister of the Gospel. She would never let him speak of the years when he was in the depths, but listened eagerly to the story of his struggles to complete his education, and his final success.

"Phebe has stayed at the cottage since then, with a friend as companion; but she goes away this fall to help make a home for her brother, and to assist him in his work. He has reclaimed many from a

drunkard's life, and we rejoice in his power for good. He feels that he has much lost time to make up, and is ever on the alert, lest a chance to help some poor unfortunate should pass him by.'

A week later I met him. That was one year ago, and after next week, I too shall help Perry Anderson make a home and also assist him in his life work.

A Fresh Recipe for Happiness

A PICTURE FROM LIFE

(By Mrs. D. B. Wells, in 'S. S. Times.')

She was just a little nine-year-old girl, paralyzed from babyhood, so that only head and neck were usable. How should she come to know more and be wiser than the grown-ups who are searching for happiness with all the energy and ability of perfect health and sound bodies! Bright, sunshiny, happy all the day long, sometimes all the night long, in spite of wakefulness and pain. With the usual stupidity of strong, well people, some said, "Oh, it comes natural!" "She gets it from her grandmother, I guess." "I don't suppose she wants things like other children."

But the real secret was 'being so busy.' For three years now she had had to pray daily for every one she loved; for every one of whom she heard as being in sorrow, in need, in distress, in pain; for all the neighbors and the neighbors' children; for the minister, and the Sunday-school superintendent, and the Sunday-school teachers; for the men in the same shop with her papa, and their children; for the people who passed her window. She could not shut her eyes when she prayed, 'because I might miss some one going by me who needed me real bad.'

In January, her mother came from the missionary meeting with a Yearbook of Prayer, in which the names of some missionaries were set down for every day to be prayed for. This was a treasure, a delightful broadening of her privilege of daily work. It opened so many 'windows,' it brought such a wealth of labor. The day was full, more than full, now. It takes time to remember everybody, not to forget one single one, and yet to add the new ones every day was bringing to her notice. As she grew busier, she also grew happier; no time left to be restless, fretful, peevish. Night often came before the list was completed, and she went to sleep with a name on her lips and a love-thought in her heart. Sometimes she woke in the night, and would be heard communing with herself that, like a provident young housekeeper, she was enabled to get ahead on to-morrow's tasks.

Finding that slender physical strength was diminishing under the continuous demands made upon it, the physician begged that some of the earlier objects of her remembrance might be dropped from daily mention, and some time given to rest. To this came a happy little shake of the head: "I can't. I haven't anything but my mouth to work with, you know. It's just got to keep on working for all the rest of me."

And so that corner by the window in that upper room is a little child's workshop, and Bethel, and sunshine factory for the village.