

ing for the refreshment of others. She is no common woman, but has much of the refinement of a Christian gentlewoman. Our children delight to spend an afternoon with her; and often, when I come to visit the other cottages in the district, I leave them with Mabel till my return, quite sure that everything they see and hear from the dear old woman will be profitable and good. There she is at the little gate; she sees us now, and has come to welcome us."

We presently arrived at the garden gate.

"How are you this afternoon, Mabel?" said Adeline, with her cheerful voice.

"Well, thank you, ma'am, and glad to see you."

"I have brought my friend, Miss Drummond, to visit you; and, if John will take the ponies for half an hour, we shall come and sit with you."

The old woman's eyes sparkled, and she went to call John.

"He is her eldest grandson," said Ada, "and a careful lad. He likes the charge of the ponies greatly, when I come."

Presently John appeared, a fine, healthy youth, and the reins were placed in his hands.

"I will be very careful, my leddy," he said, "and take them down by the mill."

"Very well, John," said Ada; and we passed through the little garden gate.

All was neat, and sweet flowers bloomed and shed fragrance around. Within the cottage, too, neatness reigned.

"Shall we sit in your arbour, Mabel?" said Ada, after we had seen the grandchildren.

"Ay, if you please, ma'am. It's a fine, warm afternoon, and the flowers are very sweet."

Thither we went, and Mabel and Ada began to talk.

My heart was touched with the deep Christian piety which welled up spontaneously, as it were, from Mabel's heart, and I did not wonder at the love Ada had for her.

There was a wondrous simplicity as well as dignity about her. After they had conversed for some time, they turned to the subject of God's love, as well as wisdom, being manifest in the trials which He sent to His people. I ventured to ask this aged saint a question which pressed heavily upon my heart.

"Mabel," I said, "when you speak of a child of God being perfectly submissive under all God's dealings with him, you do not mean that he is to act towards those that have injured him, and have been the instruments of his distress, as if he had no spirit of independence in the matter, and would just meekly submit to all their injustice? Vengeance, I know, is with the Lord; but, surely, in the case of actual injury and injustice, we may resent it to them, in spirit and speech?"

"Ah, no, no, dear lady," said Mabel; "the world may, but not the child of God."

"Well," I interrupted, "perhaps not, as a habit; but, when some very worrying, unfair circumstance has occurred, do you think the Christian must always give in?"

"You send me back, Miss Drummond," said Mabel, "to one of my 'two life-springs,' as I call the two texts, to which, in my own experience, I have had many times to repair — *springs* that come from the Fountain-head, and are life-giving and life-regulating."

"What are they?" I eagerly inquired.

"The one (though not the first in course, but which applies to our present subject) is, 'Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil'—in any wise."

"But were you ever in such circumstances as I describe, Mabel?" I asked.

"Very similar, ma'am: and, if you choose, I will mention them, and how the text I have quoted brought light to my soul then, and ever afterwards."

"Do tell us, please," said both Ada and myself.

"It is now many years since I first tasted a Saviour's love to me, and, having experienced it, I longed to live as his child, and began earnestly to set a watch