

was hot as fire, inside an' out; and 'long about five o'clock, back she come with them two boxes.

“ ‘I've brought you a present, Aunt Mirandy,’ says she, settin' of it down, and when I see what it was, I jest stood an' stared. 'Twarn't that one there, 'twas one jest like it, an' it had a motto written on to one end: ‘What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me?’

“ ‘Well, you're smart,’ says I, an' Mary she jest dropped into a chair and laughed till I couldn't help laughin' too. ‘Great benefits I have,’ says I, standin' with arms akimbo an' lookin' that box all over. ‘Guess the heathen won't git much out of me at that rate!’

“ ‘I s'pose that depends on how much you render,’ says Mary; says she: ‘You might try at a cent apiece awhile, jest for the fun of it. Nobody knows who's got this motto, you know, an' even a few cents would be some help,’ says she.

“ ‘'Bout's many as grapes on bean vines, I'd get!’ says I, for I was more than usual low-spirited that night, an' I jest made up my mind I *would* keep count, jest to show myself how little I did have. ‘Them few cents won't break me,’ I thought, an' I really seemed to kinder enjoy thinkin' over the hard times I had, while I was settin' the table, with Mary helpin', an' I kep' sayin' little mean things, about how I s'posed she wanted me to put in a cent for the smoky stove, an' for the bread that warn't light, so't I knew all the boarders would be grumblin' at supper, an' plenty more in that line, that she never took no notice of. Mis' Stapleton said once that Mary was a girl of great tact, an' I guess I know it better'n any one else.

“ Well, the box sot there all that week, and I used to say it must be kinder lonesome with nothin' in it, for not a cent went in till next missionary meetin' day. I was settin' on the back steps, gettin' a breath of fresh air, when Mary