

ful thought to her, that patience having its perfect work, would glorify her Saviour. She had just meekly borne, because it was His will. The tears gathered in her eyes, and she made sign for her slate, and wrote upon it, "This makes me so happy. How wonderful and how kind, if He will make glory for Himself out of such a poor creature as me." Soon after, she added, "He has taught me to say of Him, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am His. He has forgiven all my sins. He loves me freely. He fills me with peace and joy in believing.'"

When her companion came down stairs, I asked her if she tried to go out for a little fresh air sometimes, and had any one to relieve her occasionally of the nursing by night.

She said, "I take a turn in the alley to get a little fresh air, now and then; but I should not like to leave her for many minutes, nor to be sleeping much, while she is suffering."

"Is she your sister?" I inquired. "No, ma'am, we are no relations; we were fellow-servants together at a hotel in the West End. And once, when I was ill, she nursed me very kindly; so when this terrible illness came on her, I could not let her leave her place alone to go among strangers, for she's an orphan, so I left with her."

"And may I venture to ask, how are you both supported?"

"She had saved a good bit, which lasted some time; and now I have still some left of my own savings whilst I was a housemaid."

"A housemaid! a QUEEN!" I thought to myself, and could have laid down my hand for her to walk over, and felt it honoured.

That woman of a royal heart sent me through London that day, feeling the whole world better because I had met with such an instance of disinterested, self-sacrificing love. One word revealed its inner secret. "We are as good as sisters," she said; we both know that our Saviour loves us, and we love Him, and want to love Him better."

This story was told the following day to a few young men, who were members of a Christian Association in Beckenham, and who were chiefly men of the working classes. Early the next morning four pounds were sent me, to be conveyed anonymously to the sufferer and her nurse, with these words written on the envelope,—“A token of sympathy and respect from Christian brothers.”

It seems scarcely necessary to add, that when a few weeks later the afflicted one entered into rest, in the full assurance of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, her faithful and devoted friend was not left friendless. Five houses were thrown open to receive her, but she preferred returning to her original situation, where she had been treated with uniform kindness and consideration.—*Midnight Chimes, by Miss Marsh.*

CHRIST NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT HIS PEOPLE.

Till the Church be fully gathered together, there is in some sort a want to the perfection of Christ. We must consider Christ two ways—*personally*, and *mystically*. Personally, or abstractively in himself, he is not only perfect, but perfection itself. Mystically, or in relation to his body, the Church: "*Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.*" And Christ's will is, that where he is, his members may be there also. So that till the whole body be gathered to the Head, the Head is in some sort not perfect.

What a treasure of joy and comfort is here opened to us! Our Saviour so loves us, that he thinks not himself perfect without us. Thou hast saints, the spirits of just, blessed and obedient angels, thy own infinite self to delight thee,—what need hast thou of a worm? What am I, O Saviour, that thou shouldst not think thyself perfect without me? Well may this sweeten all our poverty, and the misery, disgrace and ignominy, that the world casts upon us. A great gallant blusheth to see thee take acquaintance of him, looks upon thee betwixt scorn and anger, thinks himself disparaged by thy company: be content, the God of heaven and earth thinks himself not perfect without thee. He that can break thy countenances to pieces, respecteth thee. Thou art unworthy of the favour of Jesus Christ, if thou canst not content thyself with it, without the favour of the world.