

not happy in it, the other a poor, though clean room, and the owner filled with Peace.

A beautiful room with tinted walls,  
A bust where the coloured sunlight falls,  
A lace-hung bed with a satin fold—  
A lovely room all blue and gold—  
And weariness.  
A quaint old room with rafters bare,  
A low white bed, a rocking chair,  
A book, a stalk where a flower had been,  
An open door—and all within  
Peace and content,

I must not forget to tell you of another occupant in the room, as well as myself. It is my sweet little canary. He sings beautifully, but we do not notice that so much as his dainty little tricks. He pretends to be angry sometimes, and pecks our fingers. He often comforts me when I feel more downcast than usual, and seems to say, "Cheer up," "Cheer up." He is very fond of my cat, who is often up here from early morning, until quite late at night, when my Mother calls him to go out. Sometimes, he will run up and down stairs. His little feet go, patter, patter. Sometimes he will not go at Mother's call, and she has to come and fetch him. Directly he hears her footstep, he takes hold of me very tight, and often when she pulls with all her might, she cannot get him away.

He often comes up here in the morning, and no one sees him, and if he cannot get in my room, he tries to reach the latch, and shakes the door until someone comes to open it. Then he is in my arms with a spring. I had him almost at the beginning of this long illness, when he was six weeks old. Some children gave me him, who lived about a minutes walk from our house. The kitten's mother used to come every night for him, and wait until he came, when they would run off together to bed, which was made up for them in a shed. Many people laugh about being fond of a cat, but this one has been with me in some of my extra bad attacks, and could not be kept from me. I could not bear the thought of parting from him, if he is, "only a Cat."

I think I have told about everything—except two chairs, and a table under the window, upon which stands a lovely berried plant, given by a school friend, on my Birthday, a few days ago. It seems to quite brighten up the room, and reminds me of the love which still remains in my friend's heart. I appreciate it more, knowing how very frail is human friendship, and how soon ended. But what matters. To the Child of God, One friend is ever near, and remaineth true, that is—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

I, like so many of your Readers, have no work to tell you of. At one time, I was able

to make little things to send out to Missionaries, and it was such a pleasure, but lately, my strength has so declined, that it seems as if, very soon Jesus will call me to that beautiful Home, where none can say "I am sick."

Perhaps, it is a work given me, to strive each day to bear with patience and submission, the pain and weakness God has in His infinite wisdom and love, seen fit to give me to bear. Each one's work is not the same. Some are striving to win their daily bread, and others are striving to win souls, and to give to them, "The Bread of Life."

God only can understand the longing we imprisoned ones often have, to be up and doing, and working for those, who in spite of age and increasing infirmities, are obliged to work for us. Well may we say—

"Help us Lord, to bear in patience, what Thy love sees good for me."

Let my fellow-sufferers bear in mind, that we are not alone in our hours of pain, and weariness. Jesus stoops from His Throne Above, (where His eye is ever upon us,) to soothe and quiet us, and tell us how He loves us, and that in a little while He will take us to dwell with Him in that beautiful Home. Until then, God be with you, and bless you all, is the Prayer of—

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Herts.

## "MY ROOM."

(ONE GUINEA.)

My room!—the cosiest, warmest corner of a snug ivy-covered house. How can I describe it? A friend, on first entering it exclaimed "Why, your bedroom is a drawing room!" While a young married sister, proud of her own well-upholstered abode says of my room contemptuously "Quite a *girl's* room!" Well, I can understand both remarks. My room has softly tinted cream and blue walls, on which hang over 40 pictures, the most prized being two lovely opals of my Parents and a quaint old-world painting on ivory, of my Mother when only 5 years old; rows of stiff curls on her head, a white dress with no waist, blue satin shoes and one arm thrown round her favorite dog. Six brackets of various styles, a quaint folding mirror and two pretty bookcases, also hang on the walls. Two inviting easy chairs with down cushions, and an inlaid Davenport—a table covered with a many-hued Indian cloth, together with numberless vases and ornaments that stand on every available ledge. All these things make "My Room" a very pleasant and desirable "Withdrawing" room (as the word originally stood) while, on the other hand, the absence of design, the curious mixture of what is valuable and what is worthless, both in my pictures, books and ornaments, together with a spice of "comfortable untidiness," sufficiently explains the young matron's criticism "Quite a *girl's* room!" I only laughed at her, and rejoined "Well, you wouldn't like it to be 'quite a *boy's* room' would you?" But, to continue this "voyage autour de ma chambre"—of course I have a bed in it, covered at this season, with a cosy Duvet—and all my valances, chair-cushions, mantel border and carpet, have a prevailing hue of gold and brown, which harmonises well with the walls. The daintiest of carved and tiled wash stands—wardrobe, and dressing table with 8 delightful little drawers, complete the fittings. A pleasant, restful "Chamber of Peace" I often think, as I come in tired and draw my easy

chair into the window, and watch the sunset across the belt of trees beyond the garden, or, turning a little to the South, catch the blue outlines of the Welsh hills some 30 miles away. A Room that basks in almost perpetual sunshine, and I love the sunshine—though, as I now glance round and see my pretty, corner, medicine cupboard, I am reminded that sometimes the venetians are drawn down, the cupboard is open, and pain and darkness hold sway. Other sunshine, however, is admitted the sunshine of loving, tender deeds—a mother's soothing touch, a sister's kind thoughtfulness, and a friend's loving devotion, make pain a less dreaded visitor. Oh, how much I could tell you about "My room" in the past. Here, on my bed, once lay my snowy confirmation dress and cap, on that "Happy day that fixed my choice" for eternity. Here I retired with flushed face and beating heart, to read my first love-letter. Here, after a time of patient waiting, lay piles of dainty linen, provided by a loving mother for her eldest daughter's departure to a new home—and here were passed long hours of agony, when the happy dream had vanished—the idol fell from its niche, and a lonely, unattached life, stretched out before one in all its dreary unattractiveness—

"Ah well! I would not overstate that woe  
"For I have had great blessings—little care—

"But since the falling of that heavy blow  
"God's earth has never seemed to me so fair."

But the doctrine of Divine Compensation is a very real one. "The Lord is able to give thee much more" as a dear friend whispered to me. I have had many joys in "my room," indeed there is mostly sunshine here. Sometimes it rests on the half finished picture on my easel, and sometimes on the equivalent that reaches me after the Exhibition! Sometimes, as I sit reading, a tiny hand fumbles at my door and a little voice asks "May I tum

in" followed by the pathetic enquiry "Auntie, hab oo anything to amoose me wif?" And then dear little fingers rummage in my drawers for any desirable object. Sometimes the request is "A story, please Auntie," so we pull the easy-chairs close and the sunshine rests on us while I tell once more the old Bible stories so dear to every childish heart; I say sometimes "Hadn't we better go into the Dining room dears?" but the reply is—"Oh no, do let us stay here, we like your room far the best."

At intervals, my room is shared by the friend whose love (passing the love of women) has so amply filled the blank caused by man's unfaithfulness, and then indeed the sunshine is complete. "A friend, you know, should be a second self" and so she is to me. She too, infinitely prefers "my room" to the rest of the house, so it is the scene of our sacred talks and readings and musings.

Indeed everyone seems to like "my room"—the little ones creep in to prepare some wonderful present, which "Mother mustn't know about, but Auntie can help in." If dressmaking is on the tapis, the request is, "Will you fit me in your room, its so light and warm," or when dressing for a concert, "May I do my hair at yr glass?" or again "May I go and write my letter at your Davenport, its so quiet there"—and so you see I often have visitors, and they are all welcome—but most welcome of all is the Heavenly Guest, who, when the door is shut upon all outside worries and distractions, stands in the midst and says, "Peace be unto you!"

I hope He will send me the "Home Call" in my dearly loved room—for it looks "Towards the Sunset" and I know, (for I have His promise) that "At Eventide it shall be Light."

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