

delight to heap diamonds and rubies at the feet of Him who had been her stay and comfort through long years of poverty and sorrow.

After supper Miss Banks laid her week's earnings on the table. The money was in small change; one tenth of it she put by itself as the Lord's share—it would just pay her pew rent. No thank offering could come out of that. The remainder she separated into little piles: so much for room rent, so much for coal, and the rest for food. A very small amount of food it would purchase; but Miss Banks knew to a cent's worth how much food she would be obliged to eat during the coming week. From her food money she took a bright dime. Could she give that?

As she asked herself the question she heard an ominous click!—and a long crack went halfway down the lamp chimney. It might last another week, but likely not. She must have a bar of soap; she had forgotten that. No, Randilla Banks could not afford even a ten-cent thank-offering. Neither could she afford strength for a "good cry," though five or six tears did roll down her sallow cheeks, for she knew about the importance of home mission work, and sighed as she thought of the empty treasury; but what could she do to help the work of her beloved church?

Nothing, apparently nothing, but to go to her Bible, to her chapter, the fifty-fourth of Isaiah.

How Miss Banks wished that the words, "old maid" might have been put into the Bible, at least twice! There was plenty of comfort for widows, she thought, but that did not belong to her. So she hunted for promises for the desolate and solitary.

Then this solitary soul turned to the Psalms in search of something suited to one who was too poor to give even a dime thank-offering.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee"—and sustain even the burden of his work, she thought. "Thou tellest my wanderings; put thou my tears into thy bottle; are they not in thy book?" One of Miss Bank's tears had fallen on the thank-offering envelope. There it lay a little damp spot just where she would be glad to write ten dollars. Would God accept that salty tear for a thank-offering? Then Miss Banks thought of the "golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints." Like a whisper from the Holy Spirit came the words. "I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry; for I know their sorrows. And I am come down to deliver them."