

feel called to join either side—were nootril-like. I kent see as they did a thing aginst the Lord's people. They lived up there as peaceable as a pa'col of sheep, and mebbe never so much as looked at the Canaanites as they rushed through the pass below. I declare I kent understand it!"

"I think I can," said his wife. Her voice was mild, but she put her finger down to mark the place in her open Bible in a way that said plainly, "I'll speak my mind for once in my life, if I never do again." "I think I can," she repeated. "Them people got that curse because they didn't do nothing. If they'd cared one bit for the Lord's side they'd hev been out there long aforeight stopping up that pass."

"Mebbe they couldn't have stopped it up, Jane."

"I don't know nothing about that," rejoined she, "and whether they could or not makes no difference. It's the being set on a thing that counts with the Lord. Didn't the postle Paul say that when he'd done all he could, that he just stood there nothing nootril about him—and the Lord put His hand down atween him and his enemies every time? I tell you, Deacon Brown, grace is good, but it's a sight better if you mix it about half-and-half with grit."

"Jane, Jane, I'm afeered you're gettin' a leetle excited," the Deacon soothingly remarked.

"This story stirs me all up. It makes me think of us, Deacon Brown, you and me, with our comfortable home, and this big farm, and the children all settled, and we adoin' so little for the Lord, and it might be so different!"

"I'm sure, Ma'-Brown, I never forgot to pray for the heathen, and the missionaries, and that the gospel may have free course and run."

"Yes, indeed, and right ~~emphatic~~ <sup>emphatic</sup> exercises prayers, too. But 'tain't much use to pray for the gospel to 'run' unless you're willing to provide it with legs." Mrs. Brown was deeply stirred, as her heightened color and rapid speaking showed, as she went on. "When our minister stood there in the pulpit last Sunday a beggin' and pleadin' for money to send the gospel to the Injuns and Mexicans, and then to the millions beyond the seas, I'd like to hev seen that angel, to hev had one good look into his face when he saw our contribution box. Twenty-five cents for the saving of the world from Deacon Brown!"

"Mis' Brown we hev forgot we hevn't had prayers yet," was all the answer the Deacon vouchsafed to this unusual outburst. And they knelt before their Maker. On her knees Mrs. Brown's resolve was taken. How, she could not tell, but some way she would make an offering to the Lord that should prove to Him that if she could not herself tell out His glad message to those who had never heard it, she would have some share in a substitute who would do it for her. She would have some right, even in her thin weak tones, to join in the last great Hallelujah, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

The time went on, and Mrs. Brown's resolve was yet unaccomplished, when one bright October day, as she was down in the spring house skimming her pans of milk, she heard the voice of a neighbor asking her husband how much he would take for Coley, the black six-year-old horse.

"You'll hev to ask Mrs. Brown, for the animal belongs to her," was the reply she heard. Sell Coley? Why, she had raised him from a colt. The deacon had given him to her when but a few days old, declaring that he would "never amount to any thing." Mrs. Brown had taken her doubtful gift undoubtingly, declar-

ing that as "one never knows how boys and colts are going to turn out," she should try her skill on this little long-legged, slim-bodied creature, whose jetty color suggested his name. Now six years old, how firm and proud he stood, and it needed never the touch of the whip to make him spin along before the wind as if he were its forerunner. Sell Coley? Why, it could not be possible. And Mrs. Brown stepped out upon the scene.

"Surely, Deacon Brown, you're not thinking of letting Coley go?" she said.

"Wall, neighbor Wilcox offers me three hundred dollars for him as a match to his black mare, so I've just told him you could do as you pleased about it."

"I didn't see how we could get on without him," she half-questioned.

"Wall, that's for you to say; he's yours. If you really want to make a sacrific, why, now's your chance;" and the deacon gave a low chuckle.

"But if I sell him is the money to be mine to do with as I please?"

"Yes'm, as true as preachin'," the Deacon answered; and he mentally added to himself, "I think I'm even with her now, and she won't say nothing more to me about not givin' up for the Lord."

"But how will we get to church if Coley goes?" questioned the wife.

"O as you're always sayin' you want to give up somethin' to make a regular sacrific, and as I ain't looking for that kind of a job myself, why, perhaps you'd be glad to walk. As for myself, I could ride the colt. He's broke splendid to the saddle."

Mrs. Brown hesitated a moment. "I'll have to think it over a little, neighbor Wilcox. If you'll stop over after supper, I'll give you my answer." And Mrs. Brown left the two to their own conversation. "I'll have to talk this over with the Lord," she said. "Perhaps Mr. Brown is only teasing me—and perhaps the Lord Jesus is testing me. At any rate I must get word from Him before I move another step." Living much alone since the children had found homes of their own, Mrs. Brown was accustomed to talk to the Lord as she went about her daily work. But to-day she felt that a revelation was to come—that her Master had some special message for her. But not till dinner was over and the dishes washed could she take time to go to Him alone and untrammelled. Then she sought her room. No ray of light had come from her husband, for the subject had not been broached. Outwardly just the same as ever, inwardly he was ill at rest, for how could he refuse to keep his promise to her? and what if she would sell the horse and throw all the money away on missions? "But she won't do it, never. She's too proud-spirited to foot it to church while all the other neighbors would ride. No; Jane's got a will of her own, but she's got good sound sense with it, and she won't ever do it." Thus the good man settled it in his mind.

A different course of reasoning was going on in the chamber above. She remembered how many times she had said, could she have her own way, she would answer some of her own prayers. Was the Lord giving her a chance to do it? Many times she had said she would like to give till she felt it in her own life. Was this the time to test her sincerity?

Not till time to put the tea-kettle on did Mrs. Brown come down from her chamber. Then there was a new light on her face. As they sat at the table her husband could not help looking at her. "She's been a wantin' to see angels," he thought, "and she's actually looks as if she's seen the flutter of their wings to-day." It