

Eunice, who had heard it before, but never in such a way as this. She was utterly absorbed in the sermon, and on the way home, as unusually thoughtful and quiet.

That evening, as Sarah was sitting on the porch alone, Eunice came out and abruptly asked: "Is it all true, Sarah? Did He do so much for us?"

"Is what all true?" said Sarah, who was a little startled by the question.

"Why, what the minister said this morning, to be sure."

"Oh, yes, Eunice. He died that we might live," said Sarah softly.

"Then it seems to me we ought to do something for Him. But what shall it be and how shall we find out how to do it?"

"Do you ever read the Bible, Eunice? That is His book of directions, and it tells us how we are to love one another for one thing, and that commandment covers a great deal of ground, we are to confess Him, we are to preach Him, we are to live Him."

"But I haven't got a Bible," Eunice said—"I mean not here."

"Take this one Eunice, and study it daily," said Sarah, as they bade each other good-night.

"To think of that child not having a Bible," said Sarah to herself before she went to sleep. "And to think Mr. Carruth should set her thinking the first Sunday. But that sermon was powerful enough to set any one thinking. I must help her all I can."

As the summer days sped on, they were filled with herrying parties and picnics, with reading and idling in the hammock, and sometimes long moonlight rows on the pond in search of fragrant water-lilies. It was not all pleasure for Sarah, however, for it was seldom she could accompany them on their rambles. Much of her time was spent in the hot kitchen. There were days too, when the bread wouldn't rise, and the cake would fall—small things, but very trying to the soul of a housekeeper.

Sometimes, as she caught a glimpse of Dora and Eunice in their cool muslins, flitting about in the shade or lying in the hammock, her heart rebelled a little, and she had to run to her chamber, open her writing-desk, and take from it that scrap of paper—her "eye-opener," as she called it. She knew all the words thereon, but the touch and sight of that bit of soiled paper were to her an inspiration, almost as much so as her Bible. Then she would come downstairs with a serene face and with her purpose stronger than ever.

At last the time came for the girls to go home. Dora had received a letter from her mother, saying, as it was now September and Eunice so much improved in health, she would expect to see them on the following Monday.

And so on this their last Sabbath evening at the farm they were all assembled in the parlor. Sarah and Eunice were talking very earnestly about what had happened at the meeting that night. The minister, just before closing, had asked if there were any present who had been trying to live a Christian life secretly, and who would like to confess the Lord Jesus by rising. Eunice was the only person who had arisen.

"But, Sarah," Eunice was saying, "I don't feel sorry for my sins as some do. I wonder why it is?"

"Don't let that trouble you, Eunice. You remind me of a child, who after years of a parent's tender care suddenly wakes up to the appreciation of that care."

"Do you mean God is the Parent, and we His children?" Eunice asked.

"Yes," said Sarah.

By and-by their talk drifted upon missionaries and mission work, and Sarah related her experience in that direction. That was a pleasant evening, and one long remembered by each girl. Dora had not taken any part in their conversation, to be sure, but she made none of her usual sharp remarks.

After they were gone, Sarah found it very lonely, yet there was a satisfaction springing from the sense of having accomplished her purpose; for when she came to settle her accounts, she had a goodly sum for her beloved work.

About three months afterward she received two letters. One was from Eunice she knew, because she recognized her writing. She opened that first and read:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—Remembering my promise to you, I hasten to fulfill it; but there is so much to say, I hardly know where to begin. It's all about Dora, too. After we came home from Easton, I prayed earnestly for her, and tried to have her

attended church, but she seemed to be absorbed in society more than ever. However, one Sunday I persuaded her and mamma to go with me to the evening services. I was particularly anxious they should attend this meeting, as a returned missionary was to speak.

"It was a powerful address. After it was ended, the speaker asked any who wished the prayers of Christian friends to rise. Several persons rose in a distant part of the room. Suddenly there was a little stir in the seat near us, and Dora, with her voice all broken with feeling said: 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And what prayers went up for her."

"No comfort came to her soul until at last some one started the hymn beginning 'I bring my sins to Thee,' and before they had reached the second verse, Dora had risen, with a happy face shining through her tears. You may be sure that was a joyful time for us all. Dora was very quiet—she was always so, you know—but one could see happiness in every line of her face.

"It was a terrible blow to mamma, for I believe she never expected this of Dora. She did not care for my conversion so much, because, as she says, I am the odd one of the family, and any strange freak in me is not surprising. Some few days after, when Dora announced her intention of going on a missionary tour, mamma's wrath was something terrible. She has not spoken to Dora since. How long her anger will last I do not know—not long, I think, for she loves her children, and is naturally good-hearted. I suppose it was a disappointment to her, for she had many plans for Dora in society this winter."

"Sarah, I am so glad and thankful for this, I want to thank God every hour of the day. I see Dora is writing to you to-day, so perhaps she will give you a better account of what it happened. With love and kind wishes from your friend,

"EUNICE LYMAN."

What good news this was to Sarah! She made haste to open the other letter, which was as follows:—

"DEAR SARAH: I know you will be interested to hear of the change that has come to me. I hear I have found the Lord Jesus. Where the first seeds were sown I am not certain, but I think on that Sunday at your church when Mr. Carruth preached that wonderful sermon. Then the last Sabbath evening, when you and Eunice were talking—you showed us the scrap of paper and told us how it affected you. Eunice herself, the dear child, has had a great deal to do with it. One night, as I was dressing for a masquerade, she gravely said to me, 'You speak of the other things before the kingdom of God, don't you, Dora? It says we must seek the kingdom of God first, and all these things will be added unto us. I remember making some sharp remarks at the time, and I suppose I thought her words did no good, but they just haunted me.'

"I tried to drown all such thoughts by gayety, and was succeeding to a certain extent, when I consented to attend church with Eunice one evening. There God sent such a conviction to my soul, I asked for prayer. Many prayed with me, and still there was no light. God's clear eye piercing into my heart only made it seem more dark and sinful. At last some one with a beautiful voice began to sing, and my soul was immediately flooded with light. The atoning blood of Jesus was real to me."

"That night after Eunice had left me, happening to catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror, and seeing my diamond earrings glistening in the light, my silk dress with its costly lace trimmings, and my many-buttoned gloves, the thought of the thousands who were suffering for the necessities of life forced itself upon me; and I said, 'Dora Lyman, the first change that has come to you, is in your dress.' Now I think, Sarah, the Lord loves beauty in dress as well as in His flowers or His birds; but I've just found out to be beautifully dressed does not necessarily mean diamond earrings, and costly dresses, and many-buttoned gloves. Then and there I determined to give up these things, and devote myself to God—body, soul and spirit."

"So now it is settled. I am to go to India as a missionary next year. If it had been possible, I should like to have gone immediately while there is such a call for workers, but I feel the need of at least a year of preparation. We have you to thank, Sarah, for this beautiful and wonderful change that has come into our lives; for it was by your influence we were persuaded to attend church that day. Your own Christian life was not lived in vain—that, too, made its impression on us."

"I must bring this to a close with the wish that I might hear from you soon. Your sincere friend,

"DORA LYMAN."

"Well," mused Sarah, "our ways are not God's ways. Here I've been fretting because I could do nothing for Him in foreign lands but give money, and, after all, the Lord gave me a bit of missionary work to do in my own little corner."

Many years have passed since all this happened and years usually bring changes. Sarah's father and mother have passed away while Sarah herself has grown into a noble, earnest woman. She still lives on the old place, which is a silent, lonely spot when the winter snow is on the ground, but when the summer comes, the house and fields near it fairly ring with the music of children's shouts—children who are pallid and lifeless from living in close, crowded rooms in the city, and whose spirits and fine instincts are

completely crushed by their unnatural parents. Yet what wonders a month of good wholesome living, of rambles in grassy pastures and sweet, pine-scented woods will do for them! Under such influences these poor little beings blossom out, and become what they were intended to be—childlike children.

Eunice Lyman is Sarah's assistant in this grand work. As many of these children attend the mission school where she has a large class, she is enabled to look after them both winter and summer.

Dora is still in India. Though separated from these two girls by many miles of ocean yet the long, cheery letters which pass between them, and the fact that all are engaged in the same work, bridges the distance, and helps to bind them closer in spirit.

When the "Merry Christmas" comes, the children who are under the care of Eunice are made glad by many gifts, and by beholding the beautiful tree, on which there are strange preserved fruits, also wonderful plants and grasses, sent by Dora from India. These things Eunice makes use of, in an object lesson, as she tells her children of those others in that far-off land.

Although Mrs. Lyman is somewhat reconciled to Dora's position now, she is very worldly still, and thus it is strange her two daughters cannot enjoy themselves like other people.—*Zion's Herald.*

GIVING.

"Yes, I always give for missions and everything else," said Phil. "I give something every Sunday, don't you?"

"Why, no—I give five or ten cents when I think I can spare it, when I have a good deal of money and don't want it all for anything," said Tom.

"I give whatever papa or mamma give me for it," said James. "Sometimes it's more and sometimes it's less."

"Oh, I always give my own money," said Phil. "I don't think it's any giving at all unless you do that."

"Your's is the best way, I'm sure," said Tom, soberly. "They say it's the regular giving that counts."

"And then, of course, what you give is just so much out of what you'd like to spend on yourself."

"Yes," said Phil, feeling very self-denying and virtuous.

"I'm going to try your way," said Tom. "Am I going to keep an account and see what it will amount to?"

The three boys were on their way home from Sunday-school where they had heard, from a missionary, some very interesting accounts of the great work which is going on in Africa. He had treated his subject with all the power which comes of a heart glowing with zeal in the grand work to which he had devoted his life, and love for the poor creatures whose eyes had learned to look to him in earnest seeking for the knowledge of the way of life.

And, as heart always awakens heart, he had succeeded in deeply stirring the sympathies of his young hearers as he told of lives wretched and degraded in this world and hopeless as regards any other, of down-trodden women and neglected children who are crying out to those in our favored land: "Come over and help us."

So that many of them went away with the solemn feeling that they should, in some sense, be held answerable if they did not strive to hold out a helping hand to those in such sore need. For the present it was plain that missionary interest was to be centered in the Dark Continent, and little societies were formed among Sunday-school children, they believing it would be pleasant to put their gifts together to offer them separately.

Several boys came to Phil's house on the next afternoon to talk it over, and Phil brought his account book to put down their names as the first members of their society with a preamble in which occurred many high-sounding words setting forth their resolves and intentions.

"What's this, Phil?" asked his uncle, picking up the book on the same evening after tea.

"Oh, that's my account book, uncle. I brought it down to take names and draw up resolutions for our missionary society."

"May I read it, or is it a secret organization?"

"Certainly you can. I am simply, you know, trying to work up the idea of liberal giving among the boys."

"A most excellent idea," said his uncle, concealing his amusement at Phil's rather pompous tone. "Let me see—bananas, twenty-five cents; soda water, ten cents; peanuts, twenty-five cents; but, thirty-five cents; candy, fifteen cents; baseball cap, seventy-five cents; Sunday-school, six cents—"

"Oh, stop, uncle George, that isn't it. That's when I was visiting at cousin Tom's, and I promised mamma I'd put down every cent I spent."

But uncle George seemed not to hear and went on: "Peanuts, fifteen cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; getting shoe mended, forty cents; soda water, ten cents; missionaries, five cents; getting bat mended, fifteen cents; lemonade for the boys, fifty cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; collection in church, two cents."

"Please give me the book, uncle."

"I'm glad you don't forget your charitable duties, Phil," said his uncle, giving up the book with rather a mischievous smile.

Phil took it in some confusion. He had heretofore thought but little more of his spendings than to remember his mother's wish that he should keep an account of the money with which she kept him so liberally supplied. Now, in looking over his hasty entries, he was astonished.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he added up one page, "two dollars and ninety cents for eating and play, and seventeen cents for giving. And I bragging to the boys what a good thing it is to give regularly!"

He was a conscientious boy and his heart smote him as he ran over the long list and thought with his newly-awakened feelings of the bread of life which that much money might have carried to starving souls. If his mother had aimed to teach him a lesson through his account book she had not failed. He got up at last and stood before the glass.

"Now, my young man," he said, shaking his head very threateningly at the boyish face he saw there, "you know very well that a quarter for peanuts doesn't look any larger to you than a pin's head, and that a quarter for giving looks as big as a cart wheel—but that's got to stop, sir! This book isn't going to hold any more accounts of dollars for trash and cents for Sunday-school."—*N. Y. Observer.*

FRICASEE CHICKEN.—Cut up the chicken and boil with a slice or two of pork, in sufficient water, until quite tender. Fry some pork and when cooked a little, drain the chicken and fry with the pork until quite brown. Then take out and pour the broth into the frying pan with the pork fat, and make gravy thickened with flour, season well with butter, and put the chicken into the gravy. Be sure to have the fat quite hot when the chicken is put in, so it will brown readily.

CABBAGE FOR SALAD.—When you cannot obtain celery for salad—and this is sometimes the case—cabbage may be used in place of it, with the extract of celery for flavoring, or celery salt may be used. Choose the firm, white part of the cabbage; chop fine.

PREPARE early in the week for the Bible-class duties of the following Sabbath. Set apart a regular portion of your time for this work. Do not permit the evening for teachers' meeting to come around and find you unprepared for an intelligent discussion of the lesson.

APPLE SAUCE.—After paring your apples slice them in your stew pan with a little water, let them cook until soft, covering well to keep in the steam. Remove them from the stove, add brown sugar and cinnamon, stir them just a little.

HONEY FRITTERS.—Two teaspoons of cold boiled honey, stir in one cupful of sweet milk and a little salt, four tablespoonfuls of sifted flour and a little butter, one egg to be added last. Fry a dark brown in hot lard.

AUNTIE'S GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, flour to form a stiff dough, roll as thin as possible, and bake in a quick oven.

CORN FRITTERS.—To a can of corn or a half dozen of ears add two eggs, well beaten, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, mix well. Fry in hot lard.