

were often very meagre and came but slowly in. Sometimes they were without milk or butter. Frequently they had no tea nor sugar; at times the fuel ran short. She wondered often that the answer to her prayers was so long in coming. Sometimes she felt rebellious, and almost ready to murmur against the Lord. She was trusting Him wholly, doing His work, seeking only His glory. Why then should she be so straitened? With strong crying and tears she pleaded that He would show what was hindering Him from giving more liberally in answer to her prayer. After a time the Lord revealed to her that she herself had been to blame. The Master's voice seemed to say, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not. I want you to look more simply to God and trust only and wholly in Him, and this not only for yourself, but for your little ones. You have been praying for food, and clothing, and fuel, and money to pay the rent and purchase what you need. You have been seeking for gifts which God possesses, and looking and longing for *them*. Now I will show you a more excellent way. God is better than all His gifts. Centre your desires and prayers more on the *Giver*, and less on what He can bestow. Plead that the Lord Himself would come into your heart and home: and if you have God with you, the gifts will surely follow—all these things will be added unto you."

When a child is lost in a crowd, when it is in any sore distress or extremity, you cannot satisfy it with gifts, with gold, or food, or toys, or gay clothing. "Won't you, please, take me home? I want my mother—to be clasped in her loving arms—to have mine around her neck—to put my cheek