

"Now!" I said, "Can I go?" He looked at me a long time and then he said: "Hettie! How much patience have you?" Just what he said before. It was hard that time, for Hettie Green was getting a mite proud. I had quit night school for I could read quite well. Whenever I found words I did not know I used to copy them out and ask my pastor or class leader. I had to work hard and night school took more of my time than I had. "Hettie!" says my pastor, "I want you to take one of these verses you have learned—one each week—and tell it to somebody else." Now, I thought I had been doing that when I recited my verses in class. "Tell them to somebody who needs them, Hettie! Each week, ask the Lord to tell you what verse he wants you to speak for him. When you have delivered the message mark the verse with a cross in the margin—this way."

I turned the page of the Book and saw how many, many verses were underlined and crossed. Faithful Hettie!

"Then my troubles began, Miss Annie! Sometimes I'd pick out a verse I liked—I'd forget to pray about it—and when I found somebody who was not a Christian the verse maybe would not fit at all. Then I'd try to remember one that would, and maybe it was so long since I'd learned it I could not say it right. I got into all sorts of trouble. Sometimes there were ever so many people I thought I ought to speak to but not one that I wanted to! Then I'd get scared and keep still. Then I'd get bold and make folks mad at me. I did everything but give up. Now and then the Lord was gracious unto me and blessed someone through Hettie's poor, black lips. But I hung to it—hung to it a solid year. It was a solid year! Then I went to my pastor again and told him my patience was about given out and I guessed I could never be a missionary. I had my Bible with me, for I thought maybe he'd have something else for me to do."

"Had you gone through the fifty-two verses, Hettie?"

"Every one of them, honey! When I couldn't do anything else I'd copy one out on a piece of paper and hand it to someone."

"Well, that good man took my Bible and turned the pages over and over and when he looked up his eyes were full of tears. 'Shall we try again, Hettie?' he said. I was ashamed to say no, but I could not see the use of it and I told him so. 'Leave the Book with me for two or three days,' says he."

"When I went back to get it, he showed me a new set of verses, all marked in purple ink—you saw purple lines in places? But there were not so many of those, only ten. 'Hettie,' says that good man, 'every morning before you begin your work, I want you to read over these verses, on your knees. Read them before your Heavenly Father. Read them to your Heavenly Father. Pray to him to teach you what they mean. Do this every morning for a month.'"

"I was so glad, Miss Annie, he did not say a year! I had lots of patience but not enough for that. What do you suppose those verses were all about? My mouth! 'Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honor all the day.' 'Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say.' 'The

Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' 'I have put my words in thy mouth.'"

"Miss Annie, honey, those four weeks saved Hettie from foolishness and pride! On my knees I learned that unless God speaks through the mouth it had much better keep still. I learned that God made man's mouth and knows how to use it. I learned that the thing for Hettie was to know the Word, to hide it in her heart and then lean upon the Lord to use it through her mouth."

"I joined a Bible class and I learned the lessons every week so I could say them with my eyes shut. I prayed more and more. I clean forgot about wanting to be a missionary. I was so busy and so happy. There was hardly a day went by I could not speak something out of the Word for someone's help or comfort."

"One Sunday there was a missionary came to our church. I had never seen one before. He was a colored man and I was very proud to see him. How he preached! I never forgot one thing he said: 'The poor people in Africa need Bibles,' he said, 'but they need walking Bibles. They cannot read. But they can listen.' I just said to myself then, 'Why, Hettie Green, that's what you can be here at home! You can be a walking Bible! You've got a good memory. You can't preach. You can't do anything but repeat the Bible verses. That's what God wants to use your mouth for!'"

"I was so happy! I ran to my pastor and told him. He just shouted, right there among the people. The missionary shouted. The people all shouted and the Lord set a seal upon me there and then in the conversion of five dear souls."

"Since then, honey, I've tried to make the Bible walk and talk. That's why I came to you when I did. I was out of work and wondering where the Lord wanted me to go. And I heard your mother had gone away home to the Holy City and you needed someone just like Aunt Hettie and here I am! I am as a wonder unto many; but Thou art my strong refuge. Let my mouth be filled with Thy praise and with Thy honor all the day!"

Aunt Hettie Green is with us yet, and there is not a day that she does not bear messages of cheer or duty, not only to us but to many whom she meets in her busy life. She is, indeed, a walking Bible, giving eager feet to the blessed truths of God.

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Some After-Thoughts of Vacation.

(S. Jennie Smith, in 'The Christian Intelligencer'.)

"What did the summer teach you, dear?" Hope turned with a puzzled face and met Grandma Greyson's searching, though kindly eyes.

"What did the summer teach me?" she repeated; 'why, grandma! I didn't go away to be taught—I just went to—to—'

"To be a butterfly, I suppose," and there was a quizzical smile on grandma's face.

"Well, not that exactly," Hope said with some hesitation. She hardly liked the name when applied to herself. 'Of course, I did go to rest and have a good time,' she went on thoughtfully; 'but then hadn't I earned that rest and that good time? Don't you think, grandma, that there is a difference between the vacation days of a tired school-teacher, and the life of a butterfly that does nothing all the time but flit from one flower to another?'

"To be sure there is, child," the old lady said with more seriousness, 'and yet perhaps the butterfly does much that we do not give it credit for. I must confess my ignorance on that subject, for I have never had an opportunity to study it. I know, at any rate, that the world is more beautiful because the butterflies are here.'

"Yes, it is," Hope readily assented; 'I saw some pretty ones while I was away. Sometimes it seemed to me that I ought to do a little studying of Nature, but then other things interfered, and time passed so rapidly that vacation was over before I had got to work at it. Is that what you meant, grandma?'

"No, dearie, it was not that. Of course, I believe thoroughly in nature-study. I'm sure there is a great deal of benefit and pleasure to be derived from it. But it was of something else that I was thinking. I wondered if the every-day association with others—others that haven't the loving consideration for you that the dear ones here at home have—had taught you anything. Since you came back have you had any after-thoughts that were likely to really strengthen and sweeten your character? 'After-thoughts?'

Hope repeated the word in a questioning tone, but a moment's reflection drove away the puzzled look from her face, and brightening, she said:

"I really believe I have had some after-thoughts that ought at least to be really strengthening to one's character, though at the time I did not recognize them as such. This very morning I was thinking of a few things that happened where I was staying, and I realized that we could either become very selfish during our vacation days, or else learn to have a greater regard for others than we would be apt to have at ordinary times. For instance, where we were boarding there is a long, pleasant piazza that was always shady and cool in the afternoon. On that piazza were six big, comfortable rocking chairs. Always after lunch there was a grand rush for them, and the ones who came late had to hunt up other chairs or sit on 'he steps. Every body was for self—that is, nearly everybody. There were exceptions, of course, though they were few. One young girl, I think, I shall never forget. She was not exactly pretty, but she had the sweetest face, the loveliest manner, that