

"Yes, I have, mother," she exclaimed, "I have a great deal, and it is just silly to think that I can't be good if I choose."

"Well," I replied, "daughter, if you will be good in your own strength a month, I will give you fifty dollars."

She agreed to this eagerly, and said that she would begin right off, and wanted to know what day of the month it was, "Only," she added, "you must not be provoking!"

I assured her that I would be as sweet as possible, advised her to make a great many good resolutions, and left her, praying that God would use this opportunity to teach her a never-to-be-forgotten lesson.

She waked up the next morning bright and early, and called out to me that now she was going to begin. It was a fair beginning, but in *less than five minutes*, without any observable cause, she was in a most unhappy, irritable state, which lasted more or less all day.

Her cousin slept here that night, and also last night, and so I could not have any talk with her, but I reminded her of it now and then. To-night, however, we had a chance to have it all out. She began by saying—

"Mother, I am cured of that about my own strength. But, mother, you ought to preach about this everywhere, for I expect a great many other people think the very same as I did; and I believe it is Satan that puts the notion in our heads."

I assured her I *did* teach about it every time I taught, and this seemed to satisfy her. And then in her prayer she said—

"I thank Thee, dear Jesus, for curing me of this; and if I am not every bit cured, please do it before to-morrow morning."

Then I continued—

"Well, daughter, since you have so much faith, I wish you would ask and believe for papa, that he may be prospered in the recovery of his health."

She agreed to this at once, and covering her face with her hands, prayed for it, and then said—

"Now, mother, I *believe*, so I am SURE He will."

A week or two later her friend Fanny had her birthday party here, and, of course, everything else had to give way to that. Her mother had filled Mary's and Fanny's heads full of the idea of being dressed in white, with sashes, and flowers, and everything in style. But when the day came, poor Fanny's dress came home from the dressmaker's a great deal too large, and she could not wear it. Of course, I had then to put Mary's white dress away, and this nearly broke her heart. She hid behind the bed to cry, and it really seemed as if she never could be comforted. I reasoned with her, and sympathized with her, and did all I could to comfort her, suggesting all possible ameliorations; but in vain; and I thought the day was utterly spoiled. Then, all of a sudden, she threw herself on my lap, and sobbed out—

"Mother, say 'The Lord will provide' to me."

I put my arms around her, and repeated a hymn of Toplady's all through, —the one beginning—

"Though troubles assail;"

and by the time it was over, she had got the victory, and was all sweetness and smiles again.

In the evening, going to bed, she said—

"Oh, mother, I am so glad I did not wear my white frock to-day!"

I asked her why so, and she answered—

"Oh, because I got such a victory, and it made me so happy."

I asked her how she got it, and she said—

"By asking Jesus to make me feel differently about it, and He did."

So I hope that she is cured of trusting in her own strength.

Let us who are older all be as wise.—
The Christian.