

aprons, and have nobody like this to love, 'r else you'd know."

But she has not learned yet that it was her own missionary effort that brought so great reward.

A SPINNING SONG.

BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

"And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen."
—Ex. xxxv. 25.

NO gold for the altar's adorning,
No jewels have I to bring,
And men with but whispers of scorning
May look at my offering.
But He who is purer, diviner,
Than altar or shrine can be,
Who dwells in the mystic Shechinah,
Accepteth and blesseth me.

The knots nor the tangles concealing,
I come with the gift I've wrought ;
I know in His perfect revealing
With failures the work is fraught.