

penny fee" had found its way to the contribution for carrying forward "the standard of the cross."

"An excellent old lady," said some one; "one of our oldest members. Her father was the first Deacon, but of course she cannot do much for the church."

Now, had the sum total of Mrs. Hampden's gifts been published it would have exceeded considerably that of many who had a hundred times her means. But what of offerings more precious than money?

Far away in India is the grave of a missionary teacher, who in his brief span of labor was singularly successful in winning souls to Christ. If you had asked that missionary where he first heard the call and why he gave himself to the work, he would have told you, "I owe it all under God to my old Sabbath school teacher, Mrs. Sally Hampden. She loved the mission cause and taught me first to pray and then to work for it."

Down in the darkest, poorest, most forlorn region of a Southern State is a church and school for Freedmen. It is supported almost entirely by a legacy left by a lady of wealth in one of our large cities.

"How did your mother come to give so much to Freedmen?" asked some one of that lady's daughter.

"Why, the summer before she died, mother was visiting in Eaglewood, and there she made acquaintance with some old lady; Hampden, I think was the name; and she got mother to read a parcel of tracts about the colored people, and mother took the matter up with great interest, and left this money."

Away in a Western State was a young clergyman, working hard among a wild and rough population. The little church he had gathered was a city set on a hill. He had been a wild boy, spoiled at first by every unwise indulgence, and then when his parents began to reap the fruit of the seed they had sown, driven into complete revolt by equally unwise severity. Had you asked the Rev. Charles Grey what had saved him from ruin, he would have told you, the prayer, the faithfulness, the love-taught wisdom of an old woman who had sowed for his mother and had nursed him when a baby.

These are but a few of the things I could tell. But it was the general impression that Mrs. Hampden gave nothing more than the few cents she could contrive to spare from her narrow means, and it was a curious circumstance that the good woman thought so herself.

It was a cool September night, and Mrs. Hampden was sitting in her room alone. The building she lived in had been a tavern in old staging days, but had been made over till little of its original aspect remained. The room Mrs. Hampden occupied had been made out of parts of two others and had two chimneys, in one of which was her stove and the other a fire-place. These two chimneys the old lady was accustomed to reckon among her mercies, for her little open fire answered for merely cool weather, saved her coal and gave out a cheerful blaze; but nevertheless to-night there was a cloud on her face as she sat by the fire with her knitting, and her eyes turned from time to time with a wistful look to an old tea-cup of "flowing blue" that stood on the high mantle-piece.

The truth was she had always given twenty-five cents as her half-yearly subscription to the Ladies' Missionary Society, and now it was all but time to expect Miss Dawson, the collector, and with all she had been able to pinch and save from the very narrow margin of her annuity she had only five cents in the old tea-cup which she dedicated to mission money.

Some-way it was very hard for the old woman to bear what was certainly a very small matter compared with all the other trials she had endured. She thought to herself how her father had given the ground for the church and most of the timber; and when "the settled minister" came how her parents had rejoiced; and how on the first Sunday's Communion they had sat in their old high pew surrounded by all their boys and girls. Of all that bright troop of brothers and sisters she, now a frail old woman, then "the

baby," was the sole survivor. She thought how, year by year, her contribution had grown less, and how she had had to give up paying for her pew; and now she must resign herself to "doing nothing for the church."

To be sure, this very Missionary Society owed its existence largely to her exertions, and nearly every subscriber to the magazines had been secured by her laborious pilgrimages from house to house.

Poor old Mrs. Hampden had a sad evening, and when the clock struck nine she rolled up her knitting with a sigh; and took the Bible, as was always her custom. That night her chapter was the 6th of St. John. She read on till she came to the 9th and 10th verses.

"There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many? And Jesus said, Make the men sit down."

"Sally Hampden," said the old lady, dropping her book on the table, "are you a fool after all these years? You don't think the Lord can do anything with five cents, do you? I doubt if the lad's gift was worth five cents, and it fed the whole multitude, and it's been feeding the saints ever since." And the cloud lifted, and the light shone as it seemed with a clearer radiance than ever before, and the old saint fell asleep with thanksgiving in her heart.

(To be Continued.)

## CHAPTER II.

Miss Dawson, the young lady who made the collections for the Missionary Society, was a young lady who had been "converted to missions" only within the last two years. From early youth she had been a member of the church, had been a regular attendant at its services, and when the stated collections were taken up had given sometimes a dollar and sometimes less.

Until very lately, however, she had known little and cared less for missions. Indeed, in her secret heart she had had a sort of grudge against them as taking away money that might have been spent on her own church—that is to say, the building, the organ, new carpets, cushions, and such like necessities. If you had asked her she would have told you that she was a member of the Presbyterian Church, but the idea of the mighty family of God, of which the company to which she belonged was but a very small section, had never penetrated her mind.

It was not for want of opportunity that Miss Dawson was no missionary woman. Her pastor and her aunt, Mrs. Dillon, who was President of the Missionary Society, had both done their best to open her eyes, but she opposed to them a gentle, but obstinate indifference, and her name had never appeared on the Society's roll, nor would she, when asked by Mrs. Hampden, subscribe for the Magazine.

About two years before the date of my story, Miss Dawson's eyes had suddenly been opened. She had been visiting friends in New York, and had gone to a Wednesday evening service, and instead of the celebrated divine whom she had expected to hear, the desk was occupied by an old Indian minister from the West. She had been much disappointed at seeing the Rev. James Partridge instead of Dr. D—. Being an Indian, it was not to be expected that he could have anything to say which would be of interest to Miss Dawson.

The Rev. James Partridge was, as many of his people are, an orator by nature, and had been carefully trained in his youth after the fashion of his people. He was a man of education and talent, and he was in dead earnest.

He never knew that then and there Ella Dawson's prejudices and indifference were swept away in a flood of repentant tears. The light streamed in upon the hitherto closed eyes of her soul, and she asked herself with shame and wonder why she had hitherto been so blind to her Master's benoning hand. She went home resolved to do her part in the church.

That day she put her name on the roll of the Church Missionary Society, and when a collector was wanted she had