

## Comfort Powders

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MISS MORGAN walked slowly down the avenue. It was spring time, and the trees were beautiful in their new suits of green. The tulips were a brilliant mass of crimson and gold. The air was fragrant with the perfume of apple blossoms. All nature was choral with praise. Lillian Morgan was in perfect harmony with the gladness all around her, and as she listened to the robins singing so gaily in the tree-tops "Cheer up, cheer up; God is good, God is good," her heart responded, "God is good, God is love."

She became so absorbed in her thoughts that she was quite startled when Dorothy Lawrence touched her arm.

"Oh, Miss Morgan, do you know that Jeanne has scarlet fever, and that we can't go to see her or do anything for her? She will be quarantined for six weeks," said Dorothy disconsolately.

"Why don't you write to her, Dorothy? That would help a little, wouldn't it?" asked Miss Morgan.

"It might if I knew how to write letters, but I don't."

"You don't know how to write a letter to your most intimate girl friend, and you are in the second year at High School; I can scarcely believe that, Dorothy."

"Oh, you know what I mean, Miss Morgan. I can't write good letters like you write. Do you remember the letter you wrote me last summer when I was away on my vacation? I read that letter about twenty times. I am trying to do what you asked me to—I am trying to live it now."

Somehow just at that moment Miss Morgan's hand touched Dorothy's with a loving little pressure which Dorothy understood, and, thus encouraged, she continued.

"Of course I know how to write an ordinary letter about school and tennis and all such things, but I have been thinking lately that when one becomes a Christian they should write better letters. I mean the kind that help people."

"Yes, I understand what you mean, and I am glad you are thinking of such things."

"You know how to write that kind that help. Will you tell me the secret?" coaxed Dorothy.

"I have no secret, Dorothy; unless it be prayer and practice."

"Pray about writing a letter! Why, I never thought of that. Do you really do it, Miss Morgan?"

"Certainly! I never yet wrote a letter that really helped anyone without first praying about it. I always ask God to give me the message that will help, for you see He knows just what help is needed. Won't you try it, Dorothy? Ask His guidance and direction in everything."

"Yes, I will try, Miss Morgan; but I do wish I could do something for Jeanne right away. It will take me a long time to learn to write letters."

"I'll tell you what to do. Send her some 'Comfort Powders.'"

"'Comfort Powders,' what are they? Something nice, I am sure. You always do have such lovely ideas."

"Come in and spend the evening with me. I shall be all alone if you don't," said Miss Morgan, as they stopped in front of her home. Dorothy gladly accepted her friend's invitation. They left their hats and coats downstairs and went up to the den.

"Oh, what a dear little room! I'd just love to have a den like this. It's so nice to have a little place all our own,

isn't it? I think it is perfectly lovely that I can have you all to myself to-night. I am so lonely without Jeanne. It must be awful to be shut in on such a glorious day as this," and so Dorothy chattered away, not noticing that her friend and Sunday-school teacher was very quiet. Then suddenly the thought of Jeanne brought Dorothy back to the "Comfort Powders."

"Tell me about those 'Comfort Powders,' Miss Morgan. Where did you ever hear of them?"

"I really do not remember where I first heard about them, whether I read of them or whether someone told me; but I never paid much attention to the idea until the time came when I especially needed comfort myself. Sometimes the Great Physician brings them to us Himself, and sometimes He lets someone else be His messenger. I shall never forget that night a few years ago when He brought me such comfort and peace."

Miss Morgan paused and looked out of the window for a few minutes, then said, "On the second shelf of the bookcase over there you will find my every-day Bible. Open it to Isaiah 66: 13, and you will find the 'Comfort of Powder' that helped me so much that night."

Dorothy found it and read, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

"Now turn to 2 Corinthians 1: 3-4, and you will find that we are not only comforted because He loves us, but that we must bring it on to others."

"2 Corinthians 1: 3-4," repeated Dorothy. "Why, Miss Morgan, it opens right there itself."

"Yes, it has been opened there a good many times. Now read what it says."

And Dorothy read, "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

"Isn't that beautiful!" exclaimed Miss Morgan. "Now, to make these powders, you select such verses as Phil. 4: 19, Psalm 104: 34, Isa. 41: 10, Deut. 33: 27, and many others that you can hunt up for yourself. Then take some pieces of white paper, about 2½ by 3½ inches, write your 'Comfort of Powder' on one of them, fold it up as a physician folds up a powder, slip a dozen of them into a small envelope, and mark it on the outside:—

"COMFORT POWDERS." Take one each morning and evening."

"Thank you, Miss Morgan. I will do that to-morrow. That will be something different, anyway. I suppose you have written to Jeanne, Miss Morgan?"

"Yes, I heard Tuesday night that she was ill, and yesterday morning I sent her some flowers and a note of congratulation."

"Congratulations! What do you mean?" gasped Dorothy. "Don't you know that she has scarlet fever, and—"

"Yes, dear."

"And that she is very sick, and that they are quarantined and no one can go near them?"

"Yes," Dorothy, I know it is very serious."

"Well, I don't see anything in all that to congratulate anyone about," said Dorothy.

"I suppose it does sound strange and almost heartless to you, but you see it is just like this. Won't you tell Jeanne to

feel that she is so badly situated. I told her that I was sorry she was ill, and that I would remember her every day. But I also told her that she was to be congratulated on being shut in with such good company. She is a Christian, you know, and no contagious disease can keep Christ out. She has her mother with her, and a trained nurse to take care of her, and everything money can buy right at hand to make her comfortable, so why should we condole her situation? Think what it would have meant to Mary Carter, down in Harris' factory; alone in a boarding-house, and away from all her own people. Do you not see the difference?"

"Yes, I see now. I might have known you meant something good, but it did sound dreadful to me at first."

"No doubt it did; but couldn't you girls be more friendly to Mary and make life more pleasant for her. I asked Jeanne to try and plan some way to help her. She will have plenty of time to think while she is shut in."

"I suppose we are selfish in our friendships," said Dorothy slowly. "You see, Jeanne and I are always together, and we do not need anyone else."

"No, but Mary needs someone else. I wonder if you couldn't be the one."

Two days later the postman left a letter at the Russell home. Mrs. Russell carried it upstairs to Jeanne. When she opened the letter two small packets dropped out; one was marked "Take one every morning" and the other one "Take one every night."

"Oh, mother, look quick! What do you suppose these things are? They are from Dorothy."

"Read the note; perhaps it will tell."

But the note did not explain. It did not even mention them for her. I asked to open one to see what they were. She took one from the packet marked for the morning, and opened it very carefully, lest she should spill the contents.

"I am afraid Dorothy is playing some trick on me," she said, when she found it was empty. However, as she unfolded it she saw the verse written on it.

"Oh, look, mother, there is a verse on it. Listen. 'Cause me to hear thy loving kindness in the morning, for in thee do I trust.' Psa. 143: 8."

This gave Jeanne something new to think about. All day she was wondering what her evening powder would be. This is what she found: "I will bow of flowers, I will dawn and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

During Jeanne's illness Dorothy cultivated the friendship of Mary Carter, and together they planned surprises for Jeanne. Every day they sent her something—a note, a picture postcard, a puzzle, a snapshot, a bag of fruit, a bouquet of flowers, or an illustrated letter. Mary had a knack of making a letter very interesting by drawing a picture or two to illustrate some part of it. At first she was very backward about sending them to Jeanne because she did not know her very well, and she was afraid, a fear which was not for them; but Dorothy coaxed her to help until she finally consented. Jeanne was so pleased that she watched eagerly for the postman every morning.

She was often lonely, and began to feel more sympathy for Mary. After many consultations with her mother it was decided that Jeanne should ask Mary to accompany them to their summer cottage in Muskoka. Of course Dorothy was to go too; she always did.

"I'll give her the invitation as soon as