

could for the poor. She used to make a good deal of soap, and would always boil one pot of soap for the poor, and she told us that the soap she made for the poor was always the best. At one time when making soap, the pot she was making for the poor would not harden down right, and it caused her trouble of mind. She talked to her Father about it, and said, "Father, how is this ; this pot is for the poor and you have always given me the best soap for them, and now I can't make this right ; what shall I do with it ?" Her Father said, "It needs another bone, and you just cover the pot over, and let it stay where it is out doors till to-morrow." In the meantime the children had been teasing Ann about her failure to make good soap for the poor, and which she said her Father would send a good bone that would make it all right, they merrily laughed at her simple trust. Next morning Ann went out early, and sure enough there was a very large beef bone lying by the side of the pot, the very best kind and full of marrow, to make the soap with. Ann was praising God for the good bone, and the children said, "Why, Ann, some dog left the bone there," "Well," said Ann, "it was my Father's dog, and my Father's beef bone, and He made the dog bring it, and put it right where I needed it." Why do we not recognize the hand of God in everything ? Ann has the faith of God's Word, that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and this includes the