

appeared at the door with the message that her mother was sick, and would Mrs. Stanton please come in and sit with her a little while.

She went with the little messenger. "I am sorry to trouble you," said Mrs. Hale, "but the nurse is away for the day, the cook is in a temper, and I feel one of my terrible headaches coming on. Sometimes the nurse has been able to ward them off by rubbing, and, as company is coming to-morrow, I don't see how I can afford to have one now. So in my despair I sent to see if you can help me."

Mrs. Stanton could and did. A half-hour's gentle manipulation of the aching head sent the sufferer into a quiet sleep, from which she awoke two hours later with the pain gone, weak, but happy.

"Surely," mused Mrs. Stanton that evening, "I ought to be thankful for the power to do a kindness—even a little one—as well as to receive one," and she dropped a dime in the envelope.

"It is getting heavy," she thought, with a happy smile. "At this rate I shall be bankrupt soon." Yet she did not seem greatly alarmed at the prospect.

One afternoon Helen Brown, a member of her Sabbath-school class, came in. She seemed distressed and anxious. After a little commonplace talk her teacher said:

"What is it, Helen? Does something trouble you? Can't I help you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Stanton, I want to be a Christian! I am so unhappy. Will you tell me what to do?"

The sacred hour that followed neither of them will ever forget. When Helen left it was with a new light in her eyes, a new love in her heart, a new purpose in her living. Her feet were set in the way of everlasting life.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Stanton to herself that night, "this is not one of the 'little things.' For this great privilege—this great honour—of leading a soul to Christ, all that I have in the world would be a small thank-offering. What can I render unto the Lord for all His goodness to me? A fresh and whole consecration to His services is the least I can offer."

Put into the envelope went the largest contribution yet.

As time went on life had a new sweetness and a new meaning for Mrs. Stanton. Her days seemed to be full of pleasant things; her heart was attuned to thanksgiving; and out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spoke. Her envelope grew full almost to bursting; and yet there was no lack of earthly comforts. She sometimes felt as if

the miracle of the widow's cruse of oil and measure of meal was repeated in her, for the more she put away in the sacred envelope the more she had to put there? and when the next thank-offering came around, it was no vain oblation that she carried to the place of meeting, but her little gift—small yet in comparison with some of the others—was sweetened through and through with gratitude and love.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

REFUSE TO SHAVE WIDOW'S HEADS.

The agitation among the barbers of Bombay, is likely to result in their refusal to shave widows' heads. Of course, those who are acquainted with native views in India will recognize that this intimation is not so comical as it sounds, but has a very serious meaning and reflects great credit on the native barber. It is a relic of a system of cruel treatment of native widows that they should have their hair shorn off at the moment of their affliction. Native journals have recently been denouncing the cruel practice in spite of the opposition of the Brahmins, who have themselves threatened to cut the hair of the widows if the barbers refuse. This, however it is said the Brahmins could not do without losing caste. The revolt in Bombay is due to the excessive cruelty practised toward widows there. Up country, says an Indian contemporary, the practice of shaving the widow's head is not so persistently enforced as in Bombay. The hair is allowed to grow again, and the widow is only expected to submit to a renewal of the unwelcome operation when she visits a shrine of special sanctity. In Bombay widows are shaved regularly once a week, and this causes them deep distress.—*Bombay Letter to the London Daily News.*

The secret of the genuine higher life is simply living nigh to God—on the Sabbath in God's house, and through the week in our own house and places of business. It is keeping our citizenship in heaven, and our eyes above the wretched mists that lie near the ground, and our hearts in close touch with Christ. They that thus wait on God out-fly the petty vexations that worry the worldling, and the grovelling care and lusts that drag selfish sinners down into the mire. Living nigh to Him whom their souls love in this world, they do not spend a thought about dying. Being always ready to exchange their home with God which they found here, for a higher home in heaven, they have nothing to do but to enter the door of pearl as soon as it opens, and go in to be for ever with the Lord. Dr. Cuyler.