

"Why, child," said I, "come here and sit by me; I want to talk to you. Do you mean to tell me that you give a tenth to the Lord?"

The girl was rather surprised at my vehemence, but she answered simply, "Why, yes, ma'am. I am very sorry it is so little I can give, having only my earnings. Sometimes I think it would be nearer right if I, whose whole is such a trifle, should give one-fifth. There is so much need of money, you know. It is different with rich people; one-tenth of their money is a great deal, and so much good can be accomplished with it."

I winced under Maggie's ingenious argument—such a decided inversion of mine—but she, sweet child, all unconsciously of my thoughts, went on to tell me of the good matron at the Home, who had taught her as a little child, that she had a Father in heaven ready to be more to her than the father or mother she had lost. "She told me," said Maggie, "that when Jesus left the earth, after His resurrection, He put the missionary work He had been doing for three years—and for that matter, all His life, the matron said—in our hands to do for Him; and He said plainly that everyone of us who love Him shall show it by what we do of the work He loved. If we cannot preach or teach, or give up all our time to Him here or over the seas, we can at least give a part of our money to Him. She liked to give a tenth, because that was God's own plan for the people He loved, and so must be the division of one's money that pleases Him best. 'It is all right,' the dear matron said one day, 'to give a tenth of our all; and after that, if we spare more, we can call it a gift.' She gave us a tithe-box, and the very first money I earned, all my own, I put a tenth in it."

"So your matron thought that every one should give a tenth to the Lord, Maggie?"

"No, ma'am," was the quiet answer. "She did not say we ought to; she did not think of it in that way. But she said that, like the other plans the good Lord has made for our everyday living, it is really all to make us good and happy. We are so glad when once we begin to give in that way, and the nine-tenths which we keep are blessed of Him with the one He accepts; so it is lifted above being ordinary money, and does us far more good."

My mind was busy with those sweet words long after Maggie had left me, and the question came, "If she can give out of her pitiful poverty, what is my excuse?" Yes, I saw clearly now. I had been in the wrong, and a stumbling block to my husband. So, in the evening, as we sat cosily by the fire again, both happy in my returning strength, I said to Dennis, "I have learned a lesson which makes my illness a blessing, dear. Shall I tell you of it?" And then I told him of Maggie's ministering to my soul as well as to my body, and showed him a little box on which was written "tithes." Dennis did not speak at first, but a glad look shone in his eyes, and he clasped my hand very tenderly.

"The Lord's hand is in this, Clara," he said at last. "We will pledge a tithe of all God ever gives us, over this little box, won't we?"

It would be a half truth to say that we never miss that money. It has brought us a blessing. Though we are not rich, and probably never will be, we are content, which is far better, and need to fret about matters no more. "Oh, Dennis," I said, the other day, "how well worth heeding that suggestion of yours has proved!"—*Selected.*

PLODDING.

(Carey's estimate of himself.)

Do not for large talents praise me,
Said the faithful man of God;
This plain truth alone portrays me,
"I can plod."

Not with genius in her glory,
Is my soul endowed of God;
This one sentence tells my story,
"I can plod."

All the way my work surveying,
Giving all the praise to God;
I have said, while Him obeying,
"I can plod."

Let not coming ages doubt me,
I have swayed no magic rod;
This alone is true about me,
"I can plod."

He, who thus far, safe hath brought me,
Through whose grace my feet are shod;
He hath well this lesson taught me,
"I can plod."

Marching where the desert dreary,
Hides from view the growing sod,
I have said, though faint and weary,
"I can plod."

This it is that scales the mountain,
Turns to gold the common clod,
Finds amid the rocks a fountain,
"I can plod."

Let each one who now is treading,
Where the noble Carey trod,
Say like him, no danger dreading,
"I can plod."

True success comes not by shirking
Duty's task, or chastening rod;
He who wins must say by working,
"I can plod."

Not by special gifts displaying,
May we win the smile of God,
But by faithful service saying,
"I can plod."

Let no brother think of swerving
From the path the Master trod;
Let each say, by patient serving,
"I can plod."

T. WATSON.

Colborne, 1895.

Work Abroad.

TUNI.

Dear Friends of the LINK,—Is it time to report myself again? Although I have very little that is news to write of, still I think I would like you to know that I have moved, and where my new home is.

You can see where to address your letters by glancing at the heading of this letter. Please remember it well. When you see that name, Tunì, I know you will think