

years,' said old Mrs. Simmonds, who lay in a cot, with a weight on her right foot. 'Mother used to have sweet peas. Mother loved them.'

The old lady's eyes were on Letitia's two flowers, but what Mrs. Simmonds saw was a garden of long ago. It was full of pink and white sweet peas. Over the hard, poverty-marked years of the past there came back to old Mrs. Simmonds the perfume of those flowers. For an instant her eyes grew dim. She was a little girl again in her mother's garden, but Letitia did not know it.

'Thanky, Letitia, for letting me see your posies,' said old Mrs. Simmonds.

Letitia hesitated.

'You may keep one sweet pea,' she said.

'May I?' asked old Mrs. Simmonds. 'You are real good, Letitia.'

The withered, shaking old hands took one flower, and Letitia went on with the other sweet pea, showing it to the patients.

The last woman in the ward pushed Letitia's sweet pea away.

'I don't care for your flower!' said the woman, bitterly. 'I don't care for anything, only to have the daylight last! And it's going fast as it can! It must be three o'clock now. I hate the nights! One lies awake and thinks of all the misery one's ever lived through, and wonder's where one's ever going. You hear a noise and you think maybe someone's dying. Some night somebody does die. The ward is so dim and long and lonesome at night! It seems as if your soul might slip away, and no one would care! I hate the nights!'

'I used to hate the nights, too,' said Letitia. 'I used to lie awake and cry because I hadn't any mother, and I had pain, and I was afraid I was going to die. But I don't do that any more.'

'Are you well enough so you don't lie awake any more, do you mean?' asked the woman. 'You don't look so.'

'No,' answered Letitia. 'To-day's one of my nice days. The doctor doesn't believe I'll ever be well enough so I won't lie awake at night. But I don't hate the nights any more now. The doctor's wife told me a beautiful verse out of the bible. It's about the Lord Jesus, and it says, "Who died for us that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him." So, you see, if I'm awake in the nights, I'm not frightened any more. I just remember that "whether I "wake or sleep," I'm "together with him." You're not lonesome when you think of that.'

'Aren't you?' asked the woman, 'I should think it would frighten you.'

'Why no,' said Letitia, softly. 'He's my Friend. He's forgiven my sins.'

'How do you know?' asked the woman sharply.

'I asked him to,' returned Letitia. 'And the doctor's wife says, if you really mean it when you ask him, Jesus does forgive you.'

The woman did not answer. Letitia was about to pass on, when the woman stretched out her hand.

'Let's see your flower,' she said.

Letitia gave the sweet pea. The woman looked at it.

'Don't you want to keep it?' asked Letitia. 'I've showed it to everybody in this ward.'

'Yes,' said the woman. 'I want it.'

During the following night Letitia lay awake in her cot. The old pain had come back and she could not sleep.

'I don't think I did much good to-day,' she thought. 'I'm glad I had two sweet peas to give away. But that's all! Seems as though I can't do much good on well days, and now, like as not, I shan't have another nice day for a long time.'

But Letitia did not know that old Miss Abby, sore-hearted over the rude rebuffs she

received from others, had fallen asleep that night with her button-string in her hand, murmuring gratefully, 'Anyhow, Letitia likes my button-string! Letitia'll look at my button-string to-morrow!'

Nor did Letitia know that this night one of her sweet peas lay crumpled inside sleeping old Mrs. Simmond's withered hand. Nor did Letitia know that at the other end of the ward, her other sweet pea lay pressed against the cheek of a woman whose wakeful eyes looked on towards night's painful, sleepless hour with dread. Yet there came back to the woman the words of Letitia's text, the words concerning him 'who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.' A tear rolled down

## A Story of Admiral Coligny.

(Dr. Herrick, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

The great Admiral Coligny, honored soldier and statesman, was once attending with his wife the service of a little Huguenot church near the castle of Chatillon. Just before the communion service the Admiral rose from his seat and said:

'I beseech the congregation not to take offence at my weakness, but to believe me sincere, and pray for me, when I ask the minister to explain the Lord's Supper a little more fully.'

The minister complied with the request, and, when he had concluded, Coligny rose again and said:



COLIGNY'S STATUE IN PARIS.

the woman's cheek and wet the sweet pea. Might she, too, find comfort in Letitia's text? Could there ever be comfort, and not terror, in those words, 'together with him?'

The long, lonely hours went on. To those who, suffered and lay awake the night was much as usual. Yet, through the hours, there went up, from this woman in the last cot of the ward, an earnest prayer for forgiveness, and the blessed answer of wonderful peace came back to her soul. Letitia's day had not been in vain.—'Zion's Herald.'

'Permit me, brethren, to return thanks to God for this instruction, and to the pastor who has given it so patiently. God sparing me, I shall seek to receive the communion on the first day hereafter when it is administered in my parish.'

'Why not now?' said the pastor,

'I have not yet made so public a profession of my faith as I ought.'

'You are making it now. Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour and Intercessor for fallen man? Do you