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The Comforting Text.

I always had a great horror of chloroform, and declared over and over again—when in perfect health—that I would rather die than take it. So you may imagine my dismay when, consulting a doctor one day about a swelling on my neck, he declared that I had best take a room in St. Anne's Hospital for a fortnight, as I would have to undergo a slight operation.

'An operation!' I exclaimed; 'but not with chloroform, because I could not take it.'

'My dear young lady, it is well seen you are not acquainted with that great boon to suffering humanity. The taking of chloroform is but a small matter; trust yourself entirely to me, and you will have nothing to regret.'

The doctor was an elderly gentleman,

thoughts on any subject, except the misery of my situation. I was delighted with my nurse, who did everything in her power to rouse me.

On the morning of the dreaded operation day, the postman brought me a long-shaped parcel. It was very thin; the address written in my eldest pupil's handwriting. I opened it, and my eyes met the text beautifully worked. 'As Thy day, so shall thy strength be.'

I read the words over and over; they were to me like a direct message from heaven. Tears of gratitude came into my eyes. The text was familiar to me. I had often read it thoughtlessly; now the meaning of it was like a revelation to me.

A great calm came over my mind, all restlessness passed away, I felt ashamed of my want of trust. I thanked God fervently for

Grandmas' Message.

(By Helena H. Thomas, in 'American Messenger'.)

Among my friends I count so many sweet-faced grandmas that old age is to a great extent robbed of any but its beautiful side.

But the one of whom I now write had been so sorely afflicted since a former meeting that I half-expected to find her unlike her old cheery self. Blindness had been added to the loss of husband and children, but, 'I am so glad to see you, dear,' was her greeting to me, and the speaker looked cheerful in spite of her sightless eyes.

At first we talked of everything but the fresh sorrow which had come to the aged one; but after a little she said cheerily:

'Do tell me what you have read lately; you see, I must look to my friends for my eyes, these days.'

Afterwards she talked freely of her blindness, which led me to say,

'I cannot understand how you can resign yourself to the loss of your sight when you have been all your life such a reader.'

She answered, 'I've a message to the dear young people, and I want you to give it to them.'

'Me!' exclaimed I in surprise; 'it would carry ten times as much influence if your own lips spoke the message.'

'Oh,' she replied with a winsome laugh, 'you do not understand me. I do try to reach the young people about me, but I am not satisfied; I want all the world to hear my message. Won't you please set the ball a-rolling?'

A few words more made her meaning clear, and I gladly promised to pass on her messages as best I could.

'I want you to tell them that I was born in New York city over eighty years ago and that I was the only child of wealthy parents; but that I had a wise Christian mother whose watchful care and painstaking I never appreciated as I do to-day.'

She blushed in spite of her years as she added half-shyly, 'For, if I do say it, I was quite a belle, and received so much attention that my head might have been turned but for my dear mother.'

'Tell them that I had the best school advantages New York furnished at that time, and that being fond of study I made the most of my opportunities and carried off first honors time and again.'

'But tell them the best of it all was that my mother not only insisted on a daily reading of the Bible, but every week for years she expected me to recite to her a psalm or chapter committed during the week; not in a half-learned stumbling way, but so thoroughly that time could not rob me of it.'

'Foolish girl—I often rebelled and called it a waste of time; but my mother wasn't one of the yielding sort, thank God!'

'You say you wonder how I take my loss of sight so cheerfully. That is the wonder of all my friends, knowing my life-long fondness for reading. But I owe it all to my mother; for, thanks to her, my memory is so full of Bible gems that as I ponder them over and over I am happy in spite of my many afflictions.'

'The days are all night to me now, but



with a most kindly face; his clear gray eyes beamed with benevolence and sympathy. He patted me on the head with his soft hand, and added, in a most persuasive tone of voice: 'Never fear, you will be all right.'

'Oh, but could you do it without chloroform, doctor? I would rather feel any amount of pain than take it.'

'Oh, yes, I could do it, but you could not stand it.'

I saw it was no use remonstrating any longer. I felt like a little Skye terrier trying to shove a St. Bernard off the road. The next day I was installed in a private room of St. Anne's Hospital in a very unhappy frame of mind. I tried to find relief in prayer, but a painful restlessness would not leave me. The saying good-bye to my affectionate pupils had been a great trial to me. I had left them at the station on their way for a seaside holiday, hoping to join them after a successful operation.

I spent three unhappy days. I did not care to read, and could not concentrate my

such a wealth of comfort sent to me. I had prayed before, but prayers for my recovery. Now I prayed, 'Thy will be done,' and I felt happy.

When summoned to the operation-room the doctor took my hand, spoke a few kind reassuring words. I thought over the words of the text, inhaled the chloroform quietly, and, instead of all the imagined horrors, I felt a most pleasurable sensation of floating away. The doctor informed me afterwards that not one of his patients had ever taken it better. On awakening, I seemed to hear soft whispering voices first of all, then I felt nurse touching my hands, recognized her smiling face, and heard the doctor say beside me: 'Oh, you are awake, are you? now you are all right.'

I had no discomfort from the dose, only a headache for a few hours. My wound healed rapidly, and I was able to join my pupils in a short time. The text has been framed, and my eyes meet its many-colored letters on awakening every morning.—'Friendly Greetings.'