

He looked under the chest, "I see it very plainly," said he; "there it sits, close to the wall; and the white wall, and the floor, and the dust, shine quite bright around it, just as if the moon were shining on them. But I cannot reach it, my arm is not long enough."

"Have patience," said Mary; "it will soon come out again."

The child waited a little while, and then went to his mother, and in a gentle, entreating tone of voice said, "Oh, mother! *do* reach it for me, or move out the chest a little from the wall, and then I shall easily catch it."

Mary stood up and moved the chest, and Felix took the fire-fly, and looked at it as he held it in the hollow of his hand, and it gave him as much pleasure as another would have derived from the purest diamond.

But Mary's attention was directed to another object. In moving the chest, something which was between it and the wall had fallen to the ground. She picked it up, and uttered a loud cry, and said, "God has brought us through our troubles! This is last year's almanack which I had sought for so long in vain. I thought it had been destroyed by some of those who were here during my long illness, and who, during the time that I lay almost without recollection, did not take the best care of my house. We shall now find that my husband paid the money that is demanded of me. Who would ever have thought that the almanack lay behind the chest that he bought with the house, and which has probably never been moved since it was first placed where it stands."

She instantly lighted a candle, and looked over the almanack with tears of thankfulness running down her cheeks. All was regularly entered; what her husband still owed at the beginning of the year, and what he had paid off by his work and in cash. At the end of the account were a few words written by the old farmer:—"At Martinmas I settled accounts with John Blum, and he now only owes me fifty florins." Mary clasped her hands with joy, embraced her child, and exclaimed with rapture, "Oh, Felix; thank God with me, for we shall not be turned out; we shall not have to quit our home."

"Did I not say so?" said the child; "now this is owing to me. If I had not begged you to move the chest you would never have found the almanack."

But Mary said, "My child, it is God's doing, not yours. I feel overpowered with awe and thankfulness when I think of it. Even whilst we were praying He sent that brilliant fly, and by its light pointed out to us the very place where those papers lay concealed. Yes, God indeed directs all things. Without his knowledge not a hair falls from our heads. Remember this as long as you live, and trust to Him always, especially in times of distress. He does not require an angel to help Him, but can use a little fly as a messenger of his mercy. And how soon has He answered our prayer! Oh my child, never let us forget to pray to Him!"

Early the next morning Mary went to the magistrate, who caused the farmer to be brought before him. When he saw the paper, he could not help feeling ashamed of his unkind behaviour; and the poor woman proceeded to relate the whole story of her prayer, and the entrance of the fire-fly, he became much affected, and exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "Yes it is indeed true that God is the Father of the widow and fatherless. He is also their avenger. Forgive the cruelty I have used towards you. And now to recompense the injury I have done you, keep the remaining fifty florins and if ever you should be in want, come to me, and I will always help you. I see clearly that whosoever trusts in God will never be forsaken."

Only love and fear the Lord,
 Serve Him still in faith and prayer,
 Do his will, and keep his word,
 God will for his children care.