

cottage in order. Washing and mending the brothers' and sisters' clothes, making the daily soup and coarse bread, sending the children to school in season with well-washed faces and hands, tidy aprons, and smooth hair. The outline of her busy life was told, with sweet modesty, in words not yet free from the German sound. In the morning, while the children were away, she worked willingly with her hands, singing as she went songs learned in the Sunday-school. In the evening, she cut out and made coarse garments or crocheted laces and tidies, which she sold to procure for them various little comforts. Hence came the Sunday pennies always ready, and the school-books for the little ones.

"Our little Gretchen" had in her hands a pretty thread mat, nearly finished. The lady asked the little woman if she might buy it, as she had been wishing to get one. A hearty smile spread over her face. "My money was all gone," she said, "and to-morrow is the Lord's day again."

"Perhaps you cannot always manage to carry a penny for the collection," said the teacher, "you must not work too hard."

"Oh, it does me good, in my heart," she answered quickly, "those pennies come so easy."

Four children, rosy-cheeked, came in, and presented themselves to "our little Gretchen" to be kissed, rather shyly, however, for they saw the lady's silk dress resting on the bare floor. Then the two boys and two girls sat down demurely on low stools around their protectress, the girl only twelve years old.

One of the boys began to weave a coarse basket, very skillfully. The lady noticed that his clothes, clumsy and ill-fitting as they were, looked whole and warm.

On the face of "our little Gretchen," no shadow of doubt or distrust seemed ever to rest. She had received "the kingdom of God as a little child," and was "not faithless, but believing." The teacher carried away many lessons. "Even a child is known by his doings." No one needed to ask "our little Gretchen" if she loved the Lord Jesus.

Engaging a tidy, some pieces of lace, and a basket from the little boy, the lady went home in the early dusk, earnestly desiring for herself, the simplicity and child-like faith of her little German friend.

On the morrow, the Sunday-school teacher went with a glad heart to her class. The sight of "our little Gretchen" quickened and revived her soul. With deeper love, she told