

remaining means of subsistence, must be sold.

"I pity you very much, Martha," said the kind man, "and would willingly have spared you, but I have not the power to do so. I can only bid you go to Him who is the refuge of all his people, their very present help in trouble. He may yet open out a way, by which you may get the money before the time which has been fixed."

But the days passed only too quickly on,—no help came; and, on the last, poor Martha sat silently weeping by her little table; her head resting on her hand, brooding over her poverty, and thinking what she could possibly do, now that the cow, her only means of support, was going to be taken from her.

Sharing her grief, though hardly able to understand it all, her little boy stood close beside her; but she seemed to take no notice of him, and her tears flowed faster and faster. At last he broke the silence: "Mother, you have never heard that last hymn I learnt; may I say it now? it is so pretty."

There was no answer, so the little boy began—

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

"No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

"Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears my way:
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day."

Martha raised her head; the sweet words had come with strength and power to her heart, as a message of comfort from One who really cared for her, and she knew that one was mighty. Then she remembered in how many ways he had already appeared for her help, when the way had seemed so dark that she could not see the faintest ray of light; and had she not sinned in doubting his present power to deliver? Oh yes, she knew she had; but she would seek him again, for had he not said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will answer thee!"

So kissing and thanking her little boy, and making him happy by permission to go and play in the garden, she knelt down, and with a full heart spread out all her trouble before her God. She told it all to him whose ear is never closed to the cry of the needy; and sweet peace filled her heart. Thus lightened of the heavy load of care which she had borne alone for so many weary days, she felt no longer forsaken and desolate, now she had shared her sorrow with her truest Friend.

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour spent in thy presence can avail to make. We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power. We kneel, and all around us seems to lower; We rise, and all the distant, and the near, Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear! Why should we ever do ourselves this wrong, Or others—that we are not always strong? That we should ever weak or faithless be? Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer, And joy, and strength, and courage, are with Thee?"

Meanwhile, the little boy was playing in the garden. He had very often noticed a large molehill just beneath the apple tree, and he thought this would be a capital opportunity to level it with the ground.

Accordingly he set to work. One heap of earth was soon shovelled away, then a second, and a third; and just as he was going to take his little pickaxe to cut through the harder soil, he saw something shining amongst the earth he had already thrown up; he stooped to pick up the glittering thing—a second lay below.—Although he had never before seen these round, bright yellow pieces, he thought they must be money; and it was because she had no money that his mother cried.

With sparkling eyes he ran to the cottage, and held them exultingly before his mother's eyes; "Only see what I have found in the garden! gold! pieces of gold! and now, mother, you can pay the landlord, and we can keep our cow!"

Martha looked at the coins, the stamp was unknown to her, but they were evidently gold. She followed her boy, bid him show her the place where he had found them, and taking the pick, she dug up ten more similar pieces bearing the same mark.

Oh how inexpressibly happy did she now feel! Her heavenly Father had indeed appeared for her; he had heard her prayer. Tears of joy stood in her eyes;