

## II

*She* lived in a quiet village, where she was born and bred,  
 She lay in a humble cottage, upon a pallet bed :  
 Alas ! she lay there day and night, both were to her the same,  
 For a hard cough shook the pallet bed beneath her wasted frame.

## III.

Yet she made nor moan nor murmur, by action or by word ;  
 But she lay and thought, and lay and prayed, and surely she was heard :  
 Her inward spirit every day was strengthened from on high,  
 And light as from a holier world shone in her fading eye.

## IV.

But she had heard how Heathens live, a blind and sinful race,  
 And how our wandering colonists pine for the means of grace :  
 And she drew a simple argument from what she felt and knew—  
 "I feel my Lord is kind to me, would that these felt Him too."

## V.

So she got a little mission-box, a homely thing of tin,  
 Where she might put the "widow's mite," her *very all*, within.  
 A single penny every month her parents' means supplied,  
 And she gave a penny every month, nine months, and then—she died.

## VI.

But when her parents weeping came to put her under ground,  
 Beneath the pillow of their child her mission-box they found :  
 They opened it and counted out her legacy to Heaven,  
 She had given a penny every month, nine pence, but lo ! eleven.

## VII.

And whence had come the other two ? Her father pondering long,  
 He feared by e'en a thought of doubt to do his angel wrong ;  
 But whence had come the other two ? at last the tale was told ;  
 Now hear the self-denying love of one not ten years old.

## VIII.

One day, when fever's heat ran high through every throbbing vein,  
 A neighbour saw the suffering child, and gave her pennies twain,  
 To buy an orange from the shop her burning thirst to slake :  
 And *in the box she dropped them both*, for her dear Saviour's sake.

## IX.

She bore the thirst, she told it none, her pains, her alms she hid ;  
 But "What she could do, she hath done," she scratched upon the lid ;  
 And there they were, the monthly pence, the two which made eleven,  
 Their worth on earth—but who can say what was their worth in heaven ?

F. W. M.