

and I do something more without worrying father? Just think.'

And Miss Lake, thus abjured, proceeded to exercise her powers of thought just as Mrs. Moss had done, and, like Mrs. Moss, emerged from the effort triumphant.

'Since your father allows you a share of the fruit and flowers to give away, why not send some sometimes to the Temperance Hospital. Of course, you must pay the carriage out of your allowance, but as your father has been good enough to raise my salary this year, I can afford to help you, and the railway companies take things for hospitals at lower rates.'

'The very thing,' said Nina, delighted; 'I'll send off a hamper to-morrow.'

'Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

'The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares,  
Out of all meaner cares.

'Honor to those whose words and deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low.'

Had the foregoing lines been read to Mrs. Moss, she would probably have asked for some explanation concerning them. But, poor and simple though she was, the spirit of them possessed her, and, all unknown to herself, her loving deed and earnest thought had that day uplifted two sister souls to higher levels in the Master's service, whose overflow, in turn, would uplift others. Verily no man liveth to himself!

### III.

'I know not where His islands lift  
Their feathery fronds in air,  
But this I know, I cannot drift,  
Beyond God's love and care.'

Summer had come and passed away, and during most of its sultry afternoons, Mrs. Moss and Sammy, (who had been quietly initiated into the secret) had made the humble offering of a glass of water cheerfully to the dusty pedestrians passing their door as occasion offered. Often it was refused, but more often accepted, and some who came by constantly regularly availed themselves of the widow's kindness. And this one effort to do good multiplied itself in other ways, for Sammy's eyes seemed not only to take in all thirsty souls, but once when a little child was accidentally left behind in the village he saw her first, and coaxed her to his home with a promise to look at a picture-book, and thus kept her safe till her parents returned to look for her. Then the grocer's lad from Brewley, with errands to fulfil in more than one direction, would often confide one of his baskets to Sammy's keeping till he had disposed of the contents of another; while the number of people to whom shelter from summer showers was given had really reached quite an unexpected figure. But when the blackberries were over and the ivy began to flower, Sammy—never very strong—took a chill, and now he lay white and suffering in the tiny attic above the porch where he had watched and worked so long. Some of the neighbors had shown what kindness they could afford to Mrs. Moss in her trouble, such as sitting up at night with the sick boy; but Mrs. Baynes, never friendly because of Mrs. Moss's efforts to assist the Temperance

cause (which she declared had injured her ginger-beer business), now asserted openly that it would have been better if, instead of running after other people's wants, his mother had looked more to Sammy, and not left him so much by the open door on showery days. Worse, however, was to come. Mrs. Moss had received more than one visit from the first recipients of her simple hospitality, and had heard from Miss Lake and Nina, to her astonishment and delight, of their fresh efforts to assist the Temperance cause, owing to her earnest example. On one occasion she had even asked to contribute flowers from her own little garden, to add to those they were sending to the Temperance Hospital. But Miss Lake and Nina had paid their last visit about three weeks before; and one wet, dreary, October evening, Mrs. Baynes's daughter (who was kitchenmaid at Nina's home) had brought the news to Brooklea that the family were not going to London after all. Miss Nina was dangerously ill with typhoid fever; and further, that the General (Miss Nina's father) had said, that his daughter's illness was all owing to her teetotal ways, and from drinking bad water in some old woman's cottage.

'There, now, don't take on so,' said the talkative body, who had made known all that Eliza Baynes had repeated to the worn-out, sorrowing mother, as Mrs. Moss sank on a chair and said faintly—

'It's too cruel! First to say Sammy got ill through my not seeing to him properly, and now that I've been making the dear young lady ill! Good-night, Mrs. Paynter, thank you for telling me. I would rather have heard it from you than anyone else. Good-night.' And Mrs. Paynter, though very loath to go, found herself compelled to depart, for Mrs. Moss, as she uttered the last word was already half-way up the stairs to Sammy's bed-side, and Harry had risen to open the door for her. A wounded spirit who can bear? But as long as the boy lay awake, which was far into the night, Sammy's mother made no sign of all she was enduring. When, however, the little face at last lay with closed eyes turned from her, Mrs. Moss broke down and sobbed bitterly. Every unkind speech connected with her attending the Temperance meetings, and the simple work she had undertaken to assist the cause, rose up in her thoughts, and rang in her ears; and alas! some of them were in the old familiar tones of kinsfolk and friends!

'Setting herself up to be better than her neighbors! Won't associate with us now I suppose, and her own father used to reel home as drunk as a lord on Saturday nights.'

'She does it just for what she can get. She likes tea-meetings and them things.'

'Let her alone; she'll soon get tired of it, and find she can't do without her beer no more than we can, unless she takes of it on the sly. Them teetotalers is an awful deceitful lot.'

'I daresay her poor husband would be here now, if she would have given him a drop of port now and again.'

But, 'there is an Arm that never tires,' thank God, 'when human strength gives way,' and that Arm whilst Mrs. Moss's grief asserted itself, was as surely around her as it had ever been. It only needed for her to lean hard to realize to the full its sustaining power, and the grace to do this came at length by prayer.

'Blessed Lord,' she sobbed, 'Thou knowest that I feel as if I could bear no more! I have tried to do my best, but trouble and

evil seems to have come of it. Maybe, I wasn't careful enough of Sammy, but it wasn't because I neglected him. It has been such a happy summer! It has been his chief pleasure to sit at the door, and to help me offering the water. It went to my heart to shut the door when the wind blew a bit cold, and he begged so hard to have it open; and I thought his thick coat would have kept the cold out. And now the dear young lady is ill, and they are saying she took harm from our well! I never knew there was aught amiss with it—if so be there is. But I can't think as Thou wouldst have sent the ladies here, if there had been anything wrong. I am not worthy to ask anything, but the Cause will suffer if things don't come right. Whatever will become of us if Sammy is ill much longer?' And with the uplifting of Mrs. Moss's petitions the echoes of the bitter speeches that had rung in her ears died away, and instead many a precious promise read in her large brown Bible came to her remembrance.

'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.'

'I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.'

'They shall not be ashamed that wait for me.'

'Lord,' she cried, as her fainting soul was thus refreshed, 'I have done my best for Sammy and the Cause, and I believe—yes, I do believe—thou wilt do thy best for me in thine own good time. I often say to the little ones, when they get impatient, 'All in good time.' I am just like one of my own little ones. Help me to wait patiently for thine own good time, and to believe all will come right. Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief, for Jesus' sake, Amen.'

And then four little lines upon a card, which had been given her by one of her guests in the summer rose to her lips—

'He knows, He loves, He cares,  
Nothing this truth can dim,  
He gives His very best to those  
Who leave the choice to Him.'

And as she repeated them over and over again to herself in the darkness, so it was that God gave to her his beloved sleep.

### IV.

'Make you His service your delight,  
Your wants shall be His care.'

In the morning Sammy was no better, and, faint and weary, Mrs. Moss set about her household duties, whilst eagerly longing for the doctor. As she was hanging out the clothes she had just washed in the little garden beside the cottage, two gentlemen drove into the village; and, after making inquiry at the inn opposite, left their carriage in charge of an ostler, and made their way to her door. The elder of the two carried himself very erect, and spoke in a loud, hasty, though not unkindly, manner, to his companion—a much younger man with a kind, thoughtful face, which reassured Mrs. Moss as soon as she beheld it.

'Mrs. Moss, I presume?' said the stout gentleman, without raising his hat.

'Yes, sir; will you come in?' And inwardly wondering what the gentlemen could want with her, Mrs. Moss opened the door as widely as she could, and, curtesying, awaited their reply.

'Thank you, yes,' and forthwith the stout gentleman entered, and promptly seated himself in the nearest chair, whilst his companion, hat in hand, followed him into the room.

Now, doctor, you do the talking,' said the stout gentleman abruptly, and the young