

street, in a cosy room, sat another woman alone. She, too, held in her hand another thank-offering envelope, the counterpart of the one Miss Banks had found awaiting her. It was still empty, though the other hand held an open pocket-book whose contents had evidently just been examined, and consisted of two silver quarters and a dime, besides two twenty dollar bills.

"I must remember to ask Fred for a dollar or two. Of course, I suppose I could put in this change and let it go at that, but I shouldn't like any one to know that I had given so little."

"I know what I shall do with these two bills, mused their complacent owner, as she spread them out in her lap. 'This one will buy me a new fall jacket; the new cape collars are so handsome, it is sure to be ever so much more becoming to me than the one I bought last fall. Dear me, what a shame that styles change so often! I really never wore that jacket a dozen times; but I do like to have my clothes modern.'

"The other bill," continued the speaker, soliloquizing, "will buy the hat I admired at Madame Dupre's opening. I know that I have always said that it was a shame to put so much money into a hat, but that is a beauty, and I mean to indulge for this once."

So saying, the envelopes and money were slipped into the unfortunate woman's purse and the whole matter forgotten as a telegram came saying "Fred" had been called out of the city and would not be home before Monday. As she made ready for church the next evening, she suddenly bethought herself of the thank-offering, and with a half guilty flush of mortification that the thank-offering was to be so little, she hastily placed the silver pieces in the envelope and sealed the end, slipping both into her pocket-book with the comforting thought, "Oh, well! no one will know the difference, for there is no way of identifying the gifts, as no names are used. I forgot a text, but never mind, it will have to go as it is. It is rather a shabby gift for a thank-offering. I am afraid, but I'll make it up next time."

It had been decided by those having the matter in charge that the collection should be taken up from one aisle at a time, and after the envelopes thus gathered had been opened, the texts read, and the money put in the receptacle awaiting it, there should be a hymn and responsive reading while the envelopes from the contributors in the next aisle were being gathered up.

Miss Banks sat in the second aisle—there were but three—and rebunched that her envelope was the last to be opened of those gathered in that section. The minister opened it to find it quite empty save from a bit of paper from which he read: "It grieved me to think that no coin of mine could be counted among other offerings to-night, and I was tempted to bitterness of soul because of this, when the thought came that I could make an offering of prayer. Falling on my knees I asked that it might be the happy privilege of some one else to make a double offering because to me has been denied the privilege to give at all. That I might not dishonor God by unworthy doubts, that He would answer my prayer, I have chosen for my text, 'O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'"

There was a little silence after the pastor sat down; many who had given liberally remembered suddenly that there had been no odor of prayer about their gift. It was but a moment that the silence lasted, but it was long enough for the arrow of conviction, shot from a shaft in God's own hand, to pierce the heart of one who sat in the end of the aisle down which the collectors were now coming.

With fingers trembling with eagerness she tore open the end of an envelope she held in her hand, shook out the dime and two quarters which it held and tucked in their place two twenty dollar bills, when she hastily pencilled the words, "Go with the envelope which held the prayer, if God will accept it from one who was selfishly tempted to give a few coins of little value instead." None in the congregation knew who had made the offering, but as the pastor unrolled the bills and read the lines that accompanied them, and then with tender emotion asked for a blessing on the two who had made a special heart-offering, tears stood in the eyes of more than one; but into two hearts had stolen the peace which God grants to those who seek to do His will.—*A. B. in Woman's Missionary Magazine.*

HOW WE ADOPTED THE TITHE.

When Dennis mentioned the matter for the first time, I was almost indignant. We were sitting at the fireside one evening—he had been reading the paper, and I was almost dozing over a dull book—when he looked up quite suddenly and said, "I have been thinking, Clara, that you and I should begin giving systematically."

"Giving systematically to what?" I asked in genuine surprise, and endeavored to look wide-awake and interested.

"Why, to the church and missions, and so on," explained Dennis.

"Give what?" I asked again, setting my lip a trifle firmer, and making it just as hard for poor Dennis as I could.

"Money of course," he answered. "You know what I mean, dear. Suppose we keep a tithe-box. At present we really give nothing worth speaking of."

"Whatever are you thinking of, Dennis," said I, "to talk so soberly of giving, when you know we have not nearly enough to live on as it is? It is more of a problem every day, with our income, to make ends meet."

I looked meaningfully around the plain little room, with its modest, lonely-looking furniture, and reminded Dennis of the rent which was overdue, and the many things we both needed. I even quoted Scripture, to the effect that if any provide not for their own he is worse than an infidel; and, being fairly started, soon talked both him and myself into a very dissatisfied frame of mind. It all ended in Dennis saying, "Oh, well! no doubt, as you say, that is impossible is impossible, and that ends it. But I do wish we were able to give something."

A serious illness came to me, and, as I needed constant care, Dennis, who was very busy in the office, proposed that we send for a young girl whom we had become interested in, as a child, in the Orphans' Home. I know she had experience in attending the sick, and rather unwillingly consented. Maggie was a capable, well-trained girl, and had a peculiarly gentle and pleasing voice. I loved to hear it so well that during my convalescence I kept her talking on one pretext or other most of the time. In this spirit I asked her rather languidly one day what she kept in a little pasteboard box I had several times noticed in her hands.

"This is my tithe-box," said Maggie, turning her honest blue eyes full on me. "I was just counting the money over to see how much I have for the missions next Sabbath."