

"Fill up the Ranks!"  
 Hold high His Flag above you;  
 "Fill up the Ranks!"  
 Charge tho' the lines before you.  
 Strong hearts—think not to yield,  
 Hold firm your priceless shield,  
 The Spirit's sword now wield,  
 Press on to gain the field;  
 "Close up; fill up the Ranks!"

Providence R. I.

## The Conversion of Aunt Polly's Pocket-Book.

BY FRANK HUNTINGTON.

"Oh, Aunt Polly!" I said, dropping wearily into her best rocker, and fanning myself with my hat; "I am so discouraged I can't go another step without a smile and a dollar!"

"We will soon have you at work again, if that is all you ask," said dear Aunt Polly, giving me the smile and a kiss to go with it, and then trotting away after the dollar.

"What is the matter to-day?" she asked, returning with an old-fashioned wallet, and seating herself at my side.

"Nothing new, aunt Polly," I replied mournfully; "but I think it is 'more blessed to give than to receive,' especially when the recipient is a collector. Does nobody but you love to give, I wonder?"

"Oh, yes, dear!" laughed aunt Polly.

"Then why don't other people receive me as if they were glad to see me, and wanted the Lord to have their money? Do they think I come begging for my own pleasure or gain? Why, aunt Polly, they sing—

"Had a thousand hearts to give,  
 Lord, they should all be thine,"

as if they really wished they had; and yet they frown at me as if they grudged a hundred pennies for His cause."

"I am sure they feel more cordially toward you than you imagine, my dear," said aunt Polly, whose charity "never faileth" and "thinketh no evil."

"But perhaps they have not learned how to give, or how to enjoy giving; or maybe," she added slowly, "their pocket-books have not been converted yet."

"Then I am going home to pray for a revival among the pocket-books!" I exclaimed impatiently. I did not mean to be irreverent, and I think aunt Polly knew it; for she took my hand in hers, and said, without noticing my remark—

"My pocket-book was not converted until several years after I was; and meanwhile, although I always meant to contribute to home and foreign missions, and the tract society, and the State missionary work, and all the church expenses, and really loved to give to every good cause, yet, when the collector came I was always short of money, or hadn't just the right change. This annoyed me, and feeling vexed with myself may have made me seem vexed with the collector too; for you know it makes most of us unreasonable when we are vexed with ourselves."

"One Sunday our pastor preached a beautiful sermon on giving." (Aunt Polly's pastors always preach beautiful sermons for her. She never seems to hear the poor ones that the rest of us grumble about. I wonder how it is.) "He said the Jews were required by their law to give one-tenth of all they had to the Lord, but under the new dispensation, love and not law was to decide what we are to give; and shall love ask less of us than the law? Do we owe less to our Heavenly Father than

did the Jew? Has not our deliverance been as great, our history as wonderful as Israel's?"  
 "And then he added, 'If we owe one-tenth to God, shall we not give at least one-tenth more as a free-will offering to Him who gave His life for us!'"

"My pocket-book was under conviction then, child," continued aunt Polly, earnestly; "although I fear it was not soundly converted until a while afterwards. Before the service closed I determined I would give one-tenth to the Lord as long as I lived, and another tenth as long as He prospered me and enabled me to live on the remainder."

"For a good many years I carried out this plan, and you cannot think how much I have enjoyed it, unless you have tried it yourself." (I haven't, but I mean to begin right away.) "The four-fifths seemed to go farther and give me more real enjoyment than the whole had ever done. Besides, whenever money was wanted for any particular object it was always ready, so that I enjoyed giving more than I ever had before. For when any money came to me, I laid aside two-tenths of it in this old wallet which my father used to carry, and in just the change that I was likely to want,—the right amount for my weekly envelopes and the communion collection, the dollar and four cents for woman's home and foreign work, and even the nickels for Sunday school were always there waiting for me. Whenever I laid aside this money I asked God to bless it, and I believe He has."

"And have you kept up this plan since your pocket-book was 'soundly converted?'" I asked, anxious to know what she meant by that.

"Yes, dear, I lay aside the two-tenths just the same, but now I try to give my all to the Lord."

"And how are you going to supply your own wants?" I asked.

"My God shall supply all your needs," she quoted softly. "When I have any wants I tell Him about them, and ask Him if it is right for me to gratify them."

"And how does He answer you?" I questioned somewhat timidly, for I felt as if I were treading on holy ground.

"Sometimes He takes away all desire for what seemed so necessary, and shows me that I can be really happier to deny myself and use the money for Him. Sometimes He leaves me free to buy what I want, and then it seems to come as a special gift from Him."

"Naught that I have my own I call,  
 I hold it for the Giver—  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all  
 Are His, and His forever!"

"Good-bye, dear," said aunt Polly, as I arose from my chair after a moment's pause, and bent over her for a parting kiss.

"God bless you and open the hearts and the pocket-books before you!" she added with a smile. And I started out for the rest of my afternoon's collecting with fresh courage, and with so much pity for the Christians whose purses had not been converted when they were, and who had not, like aunt Polly, learned the luxury of giving, that I forgot to get out of patience with them, but went home in the twilight to pray for a revival among the pocket-books.—*Helping Hand.*

"Build a little fence of trust around to-day,  
 Fill the space with loving work and therein stay.  
 Look not through the sheltering bars upon to-morrow,  
 God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow."