

secure the prize? Oh, happy heart that can say I trusted in Him and He disappointed me not! With knife in hand, his latest birthday gift, the intelligent lad soon produced the delicate, well-proportioned crosses ready for the centre of the cards, which an elder sister secured into place, while the mother and younger children selected the gossamery moss for wreathing the shaft, and the smallest flowers and shells to be grouped at its base. The pattern before them was reproduced to their entire satisfaction, and then multiplied a score of times. At the twilight hour hope brightened their simple repast. Peace was their guest at the evening prayer, and abode with them through the darkness. On the morrow, a trusted friend, one only, was told their story, just so much of it as was needed for a special purpose, and no more, and given a few of the finished cards to dispose of. Another busy day added a large number to their stock of really beautiful productions, and all were calmly looking for results. The day following dawned in cloudless beauty, and as the tired mother opened her eyes and welcomed the bright sunshine, as it streamed in at the window and flooded her pleasant room, her heart beat rapidly on remembering that the last food she was able to provide for the dear ones, was to be served at the morning meal. Yet she was not afraid. She *knew* that God would provide, for he had promised, but how this was to be done when no one was fully aware of their necessities, was a puzzle, and so, more with the curiosity of a child, than with a feeling of anxiety, she watched for the development of the next few hours, recalling that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

It was a Wednesday in Lent, and for many years she had never been absent, unless from sickness, at those precious services. But could she go now? Was it right for her to take the time on a week day when there was not the means to prepare a morsel of food for her children? The Holy Spirit, her trusted guide, said "Go, for where can you look for help in the time of trouble if not in the paths of the dear old Church?" and she obeyed. Before reaching the sanctuary, a letter from the absent one was placed in her hands by the considerate post man who recognized her as they met on the way. On opening it she learned that her husband was lying very ill in a distant city, among entire strangers. Her full cup now indeed overflowed. Should she turn back? What good would it do when she could not reach him, and was without the means to send even a message? She had been bidden to go to her Father's House, and she kept on her way and entered the open door. The prayers were most comforting, but suddenly, during the reading of a strikingly applicable verse in the Psalter, the pent up tears burst forth and continued to flow till the close of the service, when with closely drawn veil she hurried out to escape observation. Following her were quickened footsteps—a gentle touch was on her arm, and the friend to whom those first crosses

were entrusted, having sold them all, placed the proceeds in her unconscious hand with just a word of explanation and left the surprised recipient alone with the treasure, which was carefully drawn from the envelope. Then rose to her lips as she comprehended the truth, "Yes, it comes directly from my loving Father above!" Hastening home in inexpressible gratitude, her daughter met her at the door with radiant face and exclaimed, "Oh Mother! a gentleman has just called and left an order for one hundred crosses. He did not give his name, but said that they could be sent at once to a certain store where fifty dollars would be paid for them." The mother's heart responded, "Another message from the skies!" Before the sun went down the requisite number was ready for delivery, and the strain of thanksgiving blended with heartfelt petitions for the absent one's recovery. On the following day the dear father, whose sudden illness had abated in answer as they believed to their earnest prayers, was with them once more to make their happiness complete, and to unite in their song of thanksgiving. He it was who delivered the hundred cards at the place appointed, and received the promised amount, but no one has ever learned, even to this day, the earthly source of that marvellous relief. To every question was obtained only the heart-response, "It came from above."

Not often does God send to His children a greater trial of their faith. Not once did He permit a single individual in that trusting household to entertain for a moment the thought that they could receive as a gift any human aid. Had but one only among their large circle of relatives and friends suspected their true condition help would have been given in abundance. On that trying morning when the last particle of food had disappeared, no one remembered, though they were perfectly familiar with the fact, that there were numerous places where articles could be deposited as security, and immediate relief obtained. In a beautiful and marvellous way the Divine love controlled their memory on this momentous occasion, so that nothing might interfere with a perfect faith. The thought of borrowing was instantly met with the reflection, "How can we borrow that which we may be never able to repay?" Like a strain of melody from the unseen world, came to their listening ears—"Call upon Me in trouble, so will I hear thee, and thou shalt praise Me." Praise was not neglected either in the letter or the spirit of the command, neither was the vow regarding the Tithe forgotten or the paying of it delayed, and so began with them the new and beautiful life which should not be changed but for the better life beyond the river.

The lives of that rescued family have now for a quarter of a century been blended by means of the Tithe with the lives of the poor and ignorant, the sorrowing and sinful in their own city home, and throughout their native country and in many lands. On them was bestowed the most precious luxury