out to him cheerfully, and in came he, but with a heavy heart. He put the last wages he ever received into his wife's hands, saying, as he did so,

BARBARA.

"Barbara, what shall we do? I am not to return to the mines any more."

"We shall, no doubt, do very well," said Barbara, "for we shall ask God to direct us. We are both young, strong, and healthy, and must not despair because the mines of Saxony are shut up."

Barbara had always been in the habit of assisting him to support the family, by embroidering muslin veils for the mine-owners' wives and daughters; but now she determined on doing more than ever.

"He toiled for me," she exclaimed, mentally, "and now I will work diligently for him."

The next day she rose with the dawn, put her house in order—a duty, by the way, which no degree of poverty can excuse the neglect of—prepared the morning meal, and then sat to her work. Steadily, yet rapidly, she plied her needle on a small piece of lace which she had made hour after hour, never moving from her seat beside the window, nor even lifting her eyes, except when some household care demanded her attention. For three weeks she never relaxed in her diligence, and by that time she had four lovely veils completed. Full of hope, she left her home, carrying them with her in a neat basket. The first mine-owner's wife on whom she called was ill; the second was not at home; the third bought one, but gave not more than half its value; the fourth said she was now too poor to indulge in such finery. "But could you only make something like this, Barbara," she said, "I would buy it at any price, it is so lovely and so uncommon." She had opened a drawer while speaking, and handed Barbara a rich border of Brussels point lace. "It is very lovely," said Barbara, as she eagerly examined the beautiful fabric, "very!" At length she threw on it a last lingering look, returned it to the owner, took up her basket, and departed. Three veils were unsold; and yet, when she entered her home, her step was light, and her smile and her voice cheerful. A new hope had sprung up in her heart, which so completely filled the place of that which had failed her, that its very remembrance was forgotten.

"Husband!" she exclaimed, as soon as she entered, "I shall want you to be very busy for me; I require a dozen of nice round sticks, not thicker nor longer than your middle finger."

"You shall have them with pleasure, dear wife," he replied, and at once set to work; while Barbara busied herself in making a small, hard, round cushion. The

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