

IF YOU LOVE ME, LEAN HARD.

The Boston *Recorder* relates the following: "Miss Fiske, while in the Nestorian Mission, was at one time in feeble health, and much depressed in spirits. One hot Sabbath afternoon she sat on her mat on the chapel floor, longing for support and rest, feeling unable to maintain her trying position until the close of worship. Presently she felt a woman's form seated at her back, and heard the whisper, 'Lean on me.'

"Scarcely yielding to the request, she heard it repeated, 'Lean on me.' Then she divided her weight with the gentle pleader, but that did not suffice. In earnest, almost reproachful tones, the voice again urged, 'If you love me, lean hard.' This incident is worth a whole volume of commentary on the nature of true love, which is happiest when it can do most for the loved one."

– *Sel.*

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