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"After what she did for our little boy yesterday, she has a right to be his sister and our little girl in all the days to come." "How lovely, murmured the nurse." "If she only knew, it would strengthen her for the ordeal before her." "She does know," said the doctor gently, smiling down into Betty's now wide open eyes. "Be brave, little daughter, for we all need you and want to keep you with us." And this new happiness in Betty's heart gave her needed courage for the hour, and the love and care of the after weeks restored her to health and made her a joy in the home into which she was transplanted.—Belle V. Chisholm, in Christian Observer.

ELSIE'S DOLLAR.

No one had told Elsie that she must earn a dollar for the October missionary offering. That was a vacation plan of her own. Elsie was one of the children who helped dress the Christmas doll for little Shimoon in Turkey. Ever since that time the child had been interested, not so much in missions, but in one particular orphanage where the missionaries cared for little girls like herself. There was a time when Elsie went to the meetings of the children's Mission Band in the village, because other children did so and because the president expected every Sunday School child to have some part in the programmes. Elsie was only five when she sang "You in your small corner and I in mine," for a missionary entertainment. Until she heard of little Shimoon, Elsie always thought of the Mission Band meetings merely as social affairs which little girls attended in their prettiest dresses and where they had pleasant times. When a missionary came straight from Turkey and told the children of Elsie's Mission Band about little Shimoon and her orphan playmates so far away, the child realized that missionary societies existed for some other reason than she had supposed. She straightway felt a new interest in the contribution box. Some one had always given Elsie money for the collection, which she had accepted as part of the regular programme. One day she amused her father by telling him that she felt ashamed to put only a dime in the contribution box. "Isn't that enough for one little country girl?" father suggested. "It isn't enough for one little Turkey girl," Elsie objected. "Now I'll tell you all about how the missionaries take care of the orphans and what they teach them. You see, Daddy, the little girls are just like us; I know because I saw their pictures. That makes a good deal of difference. They are real little girls and nobody loves them but the missionaries, and the missionaries have to have money to buy clothes for them so they can go to our Christian schools and learn the kind of things they ought to know. Now Daddy, I'll tell you about little Shimoon and you must remember that she's only one." By the time Elsie finished her missionary lecture, father exchanged the dime for a quarter; and ever after Elsie received the same amount for her contribution towards the Mission Band funds. It was afternoon of the last meeting of the Mission Band before the summer vacation, when Elsie determined to earn a dollar for the October offering. This offering was to be sent directly to the orphanage in Turkey, and the orphanage needed money. It was even possible that little Shimoon might have to be sent back to unkind relatives who lived in mountain fastnesses and made a business of fighting. "Children," the president said just before the Mission Band adjourned that afternoon, "how many of you will promise to remember the little orphans in Turkey this sum-

mer, who need your help? When your aunts and your uncles, your fathers, mothers and big sisters give you money this vacation, won't you divide it with the little orphans? Won't you think before you spend all your money for candy and trifles? Won't you think of these little girls who might never know the Bible and what it teaches, if it were not for the missionaries? All who will do so, please stand." Even little boys who were not supposed to think so seriously about the missionaries as their sisters, even the boys arose instantly. "Let us hope," concluded the president, "that our October offering will be a generous one." At first it seemed to Elsie that she would have no trouble in accumulating that dollar. Before the second week of summer vacation was ended she earned fifty-four cents picking strawberries for a fruit farmer, one of their neighbours. Then mother offered ten cents a week for dusting. Elsie promised to dust thoroughly and never to slight the work. One day, a member of the "Whatsoever Club," who was in Elsie's geography class in school, came to the house and told Elsie that Grandma Dalton, who lived at the Four Corners, had broken her glasses. "Why, what will she do?" exclaimed Elsie, who knew that Grandma Dalton was an invalid from hip disease, and that she lived with a widowed daughter. "They are so poor and have so many little children to take care of, they can't get any new glasses and Grandma Dalton can't see to read or sew or do anything without them. She called her glasses her eyes." "Don't you worry," interrupted Elsie's caller, "I'd like to know the use of a 'Whatsoever Club' if we can't collect five dollars to buy her new glasses?" "That's a fact," exclaimed Elsie. "I don't belong, but I'll give you fifty cents. I'm earning a dollar for the missionaries, but there's plenty of time before October. When blackberries were ripe, Elsie obtained seventy cents by selling twenty quarts to her mother. One afternoon before dusting payday, when Elsie expected to have five cents more than a dollar, Beatrice Cady's big sister read a paragraph in the daily paper that resulted in a picnic in the woods the following day. The flower mission requested wild flowers for the children's hospital; therefore Miss Ruth Cady gathered ten little country girls into a car and took them to the woods for wild flowers. It was a delightful pic-

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nic from early morning until late afternoon. Then came the question of paying express charges. "I'll tell you how we'll manage it, girls," suggested Miss Ruth Cady. "You may each give what you can without troubling your fathers and mothers, and I will contribute the rest. I didn't suppose we would find half so many flowers." Beatrice and Elsie were particular friends and that is how it happened that Elsie learned that in order to make up the charges on the boxes of flowers, the big sisters had to give up buying a new hat. "Ruth says she's willing, though," Beatrice concluded, because only think of the little sick children in the hospital who will be so happy on account of those wild flowers." Elsie straightway remembered that she could spare sixty cents more of missionary money. "Take it, Beatrice," she insisted, "it's a long time before October." In August Uncle Peter arrived to stay two months in the country. He was suffering from rheumatism and hoped to get well on the farm. At first Elsie was delighted to have Uncle Peter come for such a long visit; but when he began