

bed. In the morning she came to grandpa for advice.

You must do what is right," said grandpa.

"But, grandpa, maybe I don't know what is right."

"You know what you think," grandpa said.

"The clerk has been saving up that fan for me a long time," she said, after a few minutes. "I'm afraid I might disappoint her if I didn't buy it; and the summer days are most gone; if I buy it I shall have to hurry."

"You might wait till next summer," said grandpa.

"Oh, but then it might be out of fashion!"

"Well," said grandpa, "all I can say is, you must do just what you think is right. It isn't a question that any one but you can settle."

It was a dreadful question! We heard a great deal about it all day. She asked everybody for advice, and seemed to get none that helped her. She said a good deal about the heat, and thought it was going to be very warm all the rest of the summer. But just as we were sitting down to tea, she came in with a grave face and a little box in her hand.

"I have decided," she said. "Papa, will you please send this to the missionary, right away? I want it to go tonight; I wish I had sent it yesterday. Maybe somebody has starved, because I didn't. O, dear me! You don't think so, do you? You don't believe God would let anybody starve when He must have known all the time that I would decide to send it."

She opened the little box and poured the pennies, nickels and dimes in little heaps on the table, and, if you will believe it, those very pennies were packed and started on their way that very evening!

Then we thought we had heard the last of the fan. But, behold, there was another part to it.

A young lady visiting us, who loved Minnie almost as much as we did, finished the story. What did she do but go down town one morning and buy that very fan for our darling? Oh, but wasn't the darling delighted? She danced from room to room, showing it, and kissed it a dozen times.

We were a little bit afraid her papa wouldn't like it, but Minnie made it all right. When he came, she rushed to him and said: "Papa, O papa, look! See what Jesus sent me! Didn't he send it quick? I prayed for it, you know, but I didn't think it would come so soon."
--The Pansy.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. LAWSON.

(Continued from page 5.)

purple. "The fruit was exceedingly rich, a single ounce of grape juice being enough for a day's sustenance."

As an instance of the inferior place woman had in those days, Dr. Blakie said: "Nowhere did they fall in with woman."

At last the "Promised Land" greeted them, and they stayed forty days eating delicious fruits and drinking refreshing waters from living fountains. A fair

youth met, embraced and kissed them, calling each by name, saying: "Peace be with you and all who follow the Lord Christ!" He told St. Brandan he had reached the land of his seven years' search, and he must return, taking some of its fruits and gems with them. St. Brandan asked: "Will this ever be revealed to mankind?" The youth answered: "When the Most High shall have put all enemies under His feet, it will be revealed to the elect." St. Brandan then turned his vessel homeward, arriving in peace. Do you think when sailing southward St. Brandan came to Maderia and the Canary Islands, so much—say travellers—like the Hesperides—"Fortunate Islands?" If so, he would be charmed by the contrast of climate and fruits with the stormy Hebrides and the Emerald Isle. It would at least be natural for the fertile fancy of our Celtic ancestors to build such stories.

There are many lessons mixed up in these wild fancies of the long ago about sin and its punishment, but we call one or two for you on missions. They believed in missionary responsibility; in missionary enthusiasm, and missionary sacrifice. Those are the bonds, dear Band-workers, which connect us with the sailor-monk missionaries, who with their little light went everywhere they could to scatter the darkness of sin. And, after all, this is Paradise on earth, and the door-way of Paradise in Heaven.

Your loving friend,

W. LAWSON.

THE LITTLE BOY IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

Out in the fields in the midsummer heat,
The reapers were busy binding the wheat,
And the farmer looked with an anxious eye
At the "thunder caps" in the western sky;
"All hands must work now with a will," said he;
"There's a storm a brewin' up there, I see."

Then the bright-faced boy at his father's side
To help bind the sheaves most patiently tried;
But he could not manage the work at all,
For those willing hands were too weak and small;
"I can't do this," said the brave little man,
"So I'll give it up and do what I can."

The men are thirsty and far from the spring;
"It will give them a lift," thought he "to bring
A pail of that clear, cool water that flows
Down the mountain side where the sweet fern grows."
And soon he was dipping his little cup
In the mossy place where it bubbled up.

And the joy of doing something he could
Shone on his face as he came through the wood.
"God bless the boy!" every man cried out,
As he passed the pure, cold water about.
'Twas sustaining power—they bound the grain
Just in time to save it from drenching rain.

Then the father said that night with a smile,
While the mother listened with pride the while,
"My boy, you helped harvest the field of wheat,
Bringing water when we were parched with heat;
Remember through life, my dear little man,
God only bids us do what we can."

—Exchange,

SUSAN TEAL PERRY.