

MONEY DUG OUT OF A SAND BANK.

The sand bank showed out of the green pasture land as white as a snow drift, up on the hillside, back of the Morris farm house; and there the Morris children and all their little visitors from a distance and all their little playmates from the neighborhood had fine times. It was such beautiful, clean, white sand that never stuck to anything, and they built railroads, and laid out towns and parks, and made fortifications, and built ovens and dug-outs, and everything else that their childish imagination could conceive of.

One morning, old Mrs. Tilton, who lived in a small house over the other side of the hill, asked Jack Morris, as he was driving the cows to pasture, if he would please fetch her a pailful of white sand from the knoll. When Jack told the children, you may be sure they were curious to know what she wanted to do with it. So they loaded all their toy carts and wagons and wheelbarrows with sand, and went in an orderly procession to Grandma Tilton's door. When she saw them she laughed heartily,—for she was a pleasant old lady,—and said,—

"Well, well! I shall have sand enough to make me a dozen sand bags."

"What are sand-bags for, please, Grandma Tilton?" asked the children.

"Why, for the rheumatism and the neuralgia, to be sure. You heat them hot, and they hold the heat better than anything else; and there are curative properties in sand,—although you are too young to understand that. There is nothing so good for toothache or for earache, or to take to bed for your hands or feet on a cold winter's night, as a warm sand bag. You every one of you ought to have one of your own."

"Then everybody ought to have one," said Nellie Starr, who was always the first to think of things. "And we might make some to sell, and so earn some money for the mission band. We all belong to it."

"Why, sure enough!" said Jack. "There is sand enough."

"And our mothers will give us bits of cloth; and away they ran, full of the zeal of a new excitement. Their mothers and older sisters encouraged them in the experiment, only cautioning them to sew the bags nicely, with short stitches, and not fill them too full. When the sisters saw the bags, they made pretty flannel cases for them, fancifully embroidered; so, when next the children started out in procession, their carts were loaded with sand in tasteful bags; and they moved slowly down the village street, stopping at every house. When they returned every bag was sold, and they had orders for ever so many more. Does not this go to show that loving hearts and willing hands can always find something to do to help on the Lord's work? And if everybody ought to have a sand bag, who knows that you may not find a hint in this story?—*Aunt Annie in Home Mission Echo.*

HOW TO DO IT.

The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few,
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

Our hands are so small,
And our works are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials—
The least little thing—
May work for our Lord in His harvest!

Until, by and by,
As the years pass at length,
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength,
To work for our Lord in His harvest.