

but they were such pretty brown mits that I forgot about everything else.

A missionary man told all the folks about some poor little ones 'way off. How the fire burned down their schoolhouse, and now they hadn't any nice houses, or clothes, or anything, and that they were trying so hard to get along, and to learn; and he said what was given to these little ones was just the same as given to Christ—think of that, just the same as given to the dear Christ-child! I did wish I was rich. Why, some of those folks were worth ten dollars, or a hundred, and yet that basket stayed 'most empty!

I did wish I was rich; and then all at once I remembered about that poor widow in the Bible—I'd read it that very morning—how she gave her two mits, the only living mits she had; it says so. So I just slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad, even if my throat did choke. But pretty soon, when that basket was carried up, the missionary man picked those right out and he said, "Has any little girl lost her gloves?" Nobody said anything, and he asked again, "Did any little girl drop her gloves into the basket by mistake?" It was awful still in that room, and I thought he was looking right at me, so I had to say something. "It wasn't a mistake," I told him, "but I wanted to give something, and I hadn't any money, and I know how that poor widow in the Bible gave her two mits." Then those folks just shouted, they did, and I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor. I knew I had made some dreadful mistake, but I couldn't tell what; for if m-i-t-e-s doesn't spell mits, what does it spell? Course I cried, but my teacher put her arm right around me and said, "Never mind, little Annie." And then she stood up and said with a voice all trembly, "Dear friends! this little girl has given her greatest treasure, have any of us older ones ever done as much?" Some way, the money just poured into the basket after that, and the missionary man looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mits back to me, and my teacher said she'd show me how to earn some money to give. And, oh! how full that basket was! and when the missionary man counted it, his eyes grew all wet, and he said softly, though I don't know what he meant, "A little child shall lead them."

MENDING HIS NETS.

 ANY centuries ago an old man and his sons sat mending their fishing-nets in a boat upon a little inland sea in Asia. Their boat was anchored near the shore; other boats were near them, their crews hauling in fish. The old man, it is likely, was in haste to mend his nets and go on with the day's work.

A man came down the beach. He called to them and bade them lay down their nets, give up their fishing and follow him. When they heard him, something told them in their hearts that this call meant that they should forsake the life to which they had always been used—fishing, eating, sleeping, surrounded by neighbors and friends—and that they should begin a different work for the people who were strangers to them.

Here were their nets, their own boats, and the blue waters filled with fish, the peaceful hills along the coast, the calm little valleys between; here were home and comfort and security.

Yonder was the man on the shore, calling to them to follow him—it might be to hunger, to pain, possibly to death.

But each man heard God speaking to his soul in that voice.

A COMPLAINT.

 HIS is a fine place to be in, and we like it very much. We know where we are going, too, and we are glad of that. We would rather be missionary pennies than anything else, for we know they are the best sort. We don't complain of our place nor our work; not a bit! But we do complain about our lonesomeness. Why are there so few of us? We want to know that! And why don't the nickels and dimes come to keep us company and help on the work we are going to do by and by? That's what we want to know! Pennies are very good things, especially if there are plenty of them. One penny may do much good. We've heard that over and over. But there are the nickels and dimes that go from our little boy's pocket into the toy shop, and into the candy shop and never come back. How much good do they do? Why should our little boy spend nickels and dimes on himself, and only put us pennies in here to do good with? That is what puzzles us. In the little boy's pocket we kept company with nickels and dimes, but they do not keep us company here, and it is this we complain about. Can anybody tell us why?

Listen to the complaint of the pennies. Can any one who owns a mite box, or who ought to have one, explain these puzzling things?—*Children's Work for Children.*

EVERY little step I take
Forward on my heavenly way,
Every little effort make
To grow Christlike day by day.

Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall;
Little hopes and fears and cares—
Saviour, Thou dost know them all.

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