

to the society a copy of the life of John G. Paton and I will guarantee that you will find it quite as fascinating and entrancing as any Henty book or any other kind that you have read. Then, there is Livingstone's life, and Moffat's and Bishop Taylor's biography and—**but I must not tell you too many at once.** Here is the "Life of Paton."

Miss Haldane laid upon the table a large, well-bound volume, with, as Harry immediately discovered, 'lots of pictures in it.'

'Oh, Miss Haldane, I am sure it's awfully good of you. The S'ciety is very grateful and returns thanks with—with—'

Herbert paused for a second for a suitable word to express the feeling of the S'ciety.

'With effusion'—put in Phil.

'With heartfelt gratitude'—Herbert frowned slightly at the interrupter.

'I am sure we are very much obliged for your address this evening. I think that we see a few things in a new light, and the S'ciety tenders a hearty vote of thanks.' He ended abruptly.

'I vote we give all the money in the S'ciety treasury to the Armenian fund at once,' said Cyril.

'None in it,' returned Jim, the treasurer.

'Well, fellows, pass round the hat. There ought to be something for those poor Armenians.'

'I think a fellow ought to give every cent he had in thankfulness for not being treated like those fellows are, all because they are Christians,' this from Phil.

The hat was passed, and the treasurer announced the results as 'one dollar and ninety-seven cents, ought to be made up to two dollars.'

'I put in my last copper,' muttered Phil.

'So did I,' remarked Harry and Allan at once.

Cyril put his hand in his pocket and brought out a five cent piece. This he handed to Jim, who promptly returned two cents, saying that he liked to 'have things even.'

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A year has passed. The S'ciety is again assembled at the home of Cyril Haldane. The meeting is conducted a good deal on the old principles. The members answer to the roll call, and then the 'Weekly' is read. The 'Weekly' is now named 'Missionless Millions,' at the suggestion of Harry Hilton who retains his fondness for alliteration, although he says that his stock of m's and h's is nearly worn out, so often has he dealt with the 'misused millions,' 'hard-hearted heathen' and so on. One day he had sent in the following 'opinion' to the 'Weekly'—'I intend intinerating'—this was easily understood by the S'ciety to mean that Harry Hilton had given his life to become one of those who should go forth as a 'messenger of the Cross' to far Cathay.'

The S'ciety has now quite a missionary library. Since that first volume, 'The life of John G. Paton,' whose thrilling and perilous adventures on the Island of Aniwa and half-breadth escapes from the natives of that island had been read and re-read by the members of the S'ciety—many other volumes had been added. Some had been purchased by the S'ciety, others had been donated by friends and relatives of the members. On his last birthday Harry Hilton had been delighted by the gift from his father of a beautiful book on 'Chinese Characteristics,' and his mother, seeing that his heart was turned to that part of the globe, had given him 'A Corner of Cathay.'

A great joy had come to Miss Haldane's heart when one day Cyril, after sitting for some time staring into the fire, had suddenly turned round and come over to his favor-

ite position on the arm of her chair. 'I'm going to do it, Sis,' he said.

'What, darling?'

'Well, you know, I always knew you were praying that I might become a missionary but I was perfectly determined not to. I have always meant to be a doctor and though I knew that doctors were needed abroad, I didn't intend to go in for the hardships of life in a foreign country—but since reading all those books, you know, and seeing the terrible need of the heathen, I have about come to the conclusion that a medical missionary is one of the grandest things a fellow could be.'

'Thank God,' murmured Miss Haldane.

'And, Sis—did you know that Herbert had an offer from his firm to go down to South America—somewhere in Venezuela, I think? They want him to take charge of their branch store there. He says he never would have dreamed of going—leaving home and all that—if he had not read that book on "The neglected continent," that told how any person could work for Christ there by just living a true Christian life while at their business. He wants me to promise to go later to be with him, but my heart is set on Africa. You know I always felt some way that I belonged there, I don't know why, but that's where I intend to go.'

Miss Haldane felt that her cup was running over, such joy filled her heart. When the S'ciety begged her to favor them with an address that evening, all she could say was, 'Let us pray,' and altogether they thanked God for calling and setting apart for His service, these three bright young lives.

Spare Moments.

A boy, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school one morning and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen.

'I should like to see Mr.——,' he said.

'You want a breakfast, more like.'

'Can I see Mr.——?' asked the boy.

'Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must.'

So she bid him follow. After talking a while the principal put aside the volume that he was studying and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. Every question he asked, the boy answered readily.

'Upon my word!' exclaimed the principal, 'you do well. Where did you pick up so much?'

'In my spare moments,' answered the boy.

He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. A few years later he became known all the world over as the celebrated geologist, Hugh Miller. What account can you give of your spare moments?—'My Paper.'

God Uses Little Things.

A nut once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hid in his castle through the day. Before going to bed he drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor, which he did not notice. That night the murderer entered the bedroom, but stepped on the nut, which in breaking cracked loud enough to waken the count, and the murderer fled.

Who would say that all this was by mere accident? In God's providence the man might have stepped just beside the nut, or the count have picked it up, or he might

not have let it fall, or one of a dozen other things might have been, but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.—'Rays of Light.'

The Cradle Roll.

(By Miss Anna Burnham.)

'He's a little hindering sing—and that's what he is!' said Dorothy, shaking him by his rosy feet, from which the pretty socks had been kicked to the foot of the cradle. 'If only I hadn't to take care of—'

'That sounds dreadful, Dorothy,' said her mother, hastily; and the lady with the subscription-book suddenly stooped over the cradle and splashed a big tear on the little pink pig that went to market.

'Oh,' said Dorothy, looking up at the black bonnet and dress, and remembering why she had time to be a lady with a subscription-book, 'I didn't mean—you know—why, I only meant if 'twasn't for taking care of Carl for mamma now, I'd resurrect our young ladies' auxiliary, and raise you lots of money for your missions. But I don't see what I can do now. Mamma can't spare me, and baby won't.'

'N-n-no-o-o!' gurgled the baby, laughing, and kicking, and clutching at Dorothy's frizzes. He wasn't sensitive as to what she meant, and he didn't care a button for missions, home or foreign.

'O you little pagan!' cried Dorothy, getting out of his way. 'I'll get up a Baby Auxiliary, and put you in charter member.'

'Do,' said the visitor, sparkling at the idea. 'Call it the Cradle Roll, and get every baby under five years of age that will give five cents or five hundred dollars, or any amount between!'

'Mamma, where's that child's money-bank?' cried Dorothy, excitedly. 'And how much will you give, Carl? How much can he, mamma?'

'Why, I don't know,' said her mother, hesitating. 'Count it!'

'Seven dollars and sixty-two cents,' announced Dorothy, turning it all out in the foot of the cradle. 'Uncle Luke's five-dollar gold piece, and the rest in dimes and nickels, and Canada quarters. Won't 'oo give the lady some, Carl?—for the good of the cause?'

Carl's lip quivered at this pathetic appeal. He put up his mouth for a kiss, first to Dorothy, and then to the lady, and proffered his gold and silver pieces for a peace-offering.

'Five dollars!' cried Dorothy, as he gave the little gold piece generously. 'Carl contributes five dollars, mamma, for his share!'

'O Mrs. Ballard, I mustn't take it! said the visitor, shrinking back.

'Can't she, mamma?' said Dorothy, impulsively. 'Let Carl head the list handsomely, and give it a good send-off! Can't Carl give his five dollars?'

'I think he may!' said her mother, slowly. 'It's a good deal for us, I know, and yet—I want my Carl to grow up and preach the Gospel, and this seems a sort of prophecy of it. Then if he shouldn't ever—live to—yes, he may give it, child!'

'Then you shall take charge of it yourself!' said the lady, handing it back to Dorothy. 'You shall have all the labor of increasing it,—you and Carl,—and all the glory. I will go now and see what I can do with grown folks; but I am very much of the opinion that you and Carl will do more for the 'Branch' this year than I shall!'

'Why, how, I should like to know?' said Dorothy, coming back from the hall door with a bewildered face. 'There's Carl's, but how am I to get any more? I thought she