

ONLY A PENNY.

"Only a penny," I heard them say.
A penny for Jesus, if given each day,
Would send the Gospel to every soul
Now sitting in darkness from pole to pole—
Only a penny from every one
Who bears the name of God's own Son.

Only a penny and nothing more.
A penny for Jesus from our out store,
When each spends freely upon himself
For many a trifle, the precious pest—
Only a penny from every one
Who loves and trusts in God's own Son.

Only a penny from young and old.
From the little lambs within the fold;
From orphans and widowed ones who share
With all God's poor, in the Shepherd's care—
Only a penny from every one
Who pays in the name of God's own Son.

Only a penny to show our love
To Him who left His home above
For this very work, and whose last command
Left Christians this mission in every land—
Only a penny from every one
Will send the Gospel of God's own Son.

Only a penny, but day by day,
While days and weeks and years fly away;
As we gladly drop it in the "bank,"
We ever remember Him to thank,
Who gave us our pennies every one
With all other gifts through His dear Son.

--The Missionary Monthly.

THE HISTORY OF A DAY.

(A Leaflet published by the Presbyterian Women's Society.)

By MRS. G. H. DEIGOLYER.

"Everybody is cross in this house this morning," broke forth little Robbie Simonda. No wonder he thought so; he lay flat on his stomach poking under the sitting-room sofa for the missing reader that could not be found; Bessie, who was looking for her mittens, gave him a push with her foot, and Bridget gave him another with the broom, while Mamma spoke sharply to them all.

Poor Mamma, how the burdens of life seemed to pile themselves on her shoulders this morning! All the poetry of the holidays was over and gone, only the every-day prose was left. The disorganized household after the fun and freedom of the holiday time, must be brought back into its accustomed grooves; four noisy children must be put in order for school; books, slate-pencils, mittens, caps, and hoods must be found. Bridget, inefficient at the best, had the toothache and had come down stairs with her head bound up in a big woollen comforter. Everything was late, and Mr. Simonds had gone off leaving half of his breakfast uneaten. The wife had talked far into the night with her husband about ways and means, and how the January bills were to be met. When she complained that the doctor's bill was so large, he rebuked her by saying that he thought they ought to make a special thank-offering because Robbie had been carried safely through the diphtheria and the other children did not have the disease. He concluded by saying, "You understand just what my salary is, dear; I know I can safely

trust you to manage," and then turned over and went quietly to sleep. Her busy brain tried to plan for the new cloak that Ruth had been promised after the holidays, and for the rug that would cover a number of worn places in the sitting-room carpet. What wonder that she awakened unrefreshed from the troubled sleep into which she at last fell? To crown all, she had promised to make some special calls for a sick friend on this day. "As if I had not enough to do, without taking up other people's duties," she thought.

"Mamma, don't you wish papa was as rich as Mr. Lofty? You just ought to see Will's skates, they are beauties!"

She thought of this when Mrs. Lofty condescendingly made room for her in the car when she started out on her round of visits. How she hated to put her own modest wool cloak next to Mrs. Lofty's rich fur! It was hard work to keep back the tears of self-pity as she thought of all the rush and hurry of her life; one duty scarcely performed before another crowded in; constant planning and economy. In her girlhood she had longed for the knowledge of books and pictures, time and money for culture and travel, to buy a new dress because it was pretty and not have to wait until it was a necessity, to choose what pleased her artistic taste instead of always having to calculate the lasting qualities. She did not covet the diamonds Mrs. Lofty was displaying among her Christmas gifts, she hoped she had a soul above diamonds; but she wondered how it was that some people have so much and others so little, how some pathways are strewn with flowers while others are so pebbly.

"Have you one of these Thankoffering envelopes, Mrs. Lofty?" The President of the Missionary Society turned to them with a smile as she offered the little brown envelope.

"Well, I suppose I may take it, if I do not put much in it," answered Mrs. Lofty. "There are so many calls and it seems as if they were constantly increasing; not a day passes but I am asked to give to something."

"And you, Mrs. Simonds?" queried the lady.

"To tell you the truth, I do not feel as if I had much to be thankful for this morning, and as Mrs. Lofty says, there are so many demands on one."

"Nothing to be thankful for! Oh, Mrs. Simonds!" and the clear eyes filled with tears and the smile died on the lips quivering with pain. Then Mrs. Simonds remembered that at the time when they were watching Robbie with agonized hearts, two little coffins had been carried out of this friend's home in one week. Truly her house was left unto her desolate! Smitten with sudden compunction, Mrs. Simonds reached out her hands and said she would take one of the envelopes.

"It is not so much the amount we give as the spirit in which we give it, I think," said the friend gently. "And I think," put in lively Mrs. Brown who sat next to the president, "that we cannot do better than to follow poor old Aunt Chloe's advice 'to think on our mercies'; it does us good when we get down in the valley to sit down and count up our mercies."

Mrs. Simonds' first call was on a lady whom she knew only by reputation; her sick friend wished information which this lady could give regarding some missionary work. She wondered what her hostess would be like during the few minutes that she waited in the pleasant parlour. "All these missionary women are alike in some things," she said, "quick and active, looking as if they had something important to do and were eager to begin."

There was a sound in the hall, then the door was pushed open gently and before Mrs. Simonds could rise from her seat a wheeled chair swiftly came to her side, her hand was cordially grasped and she was looking into one of the sweetest faces she had ever seen. After having accomplished her errand she could not forbear expressing her wonder at the extent of her hostess' information and influence. "How do you manage it when you are?"—she hesitated, not knowing just what word to use. Could she call this bright wo-