

talks and long meditations over the boxes as to the best way to fill them. I wish I had time to tell you all about it—how the boys shoveled snow, ran on errands, sold papers and various other things—how the girls hemmed towels, washed dishes, dusted rooms, did extra practicing on the piano, so that there was hardly a piece of money in the boxes that hadn't its own little story.

It seemed as if Friday would never come; but it came at last, as all days do come, sooner or later, and promptly at five o'clock the children began to pour into the parsonage. I wish you could have seen how happy and eager they all looked. Among the arrivals were a company of little orphans from the asylum, and they seemed the happiest of all. They brought their mite-box like the others, and were so glad they had a part in it all.

"An orphan? What is an orphan?" asked one of the boys before they came. When it was explained, the children made up their minds that the orphans ought to have a good time, at least for that afternoon, and it was agreed by all that they should certainly have the "best of refreshments."

By six o'clock there were over a hundred children in the parsonage, and such a good time as they are having, talking and laughing and playing games. I think it was a sight you would all like to see. You would have agreed with one of the very little boys who pointed his finger at a sweet little rosy cheeked girl and exclaimed, "Oh, isn't that a pity one?" There was only one little boy who didn't seem to be having a good time. Pretty soon he said he must go home because he had a toothache, and he took his hat and coat and went out. But was not long before he was back again.

"Are you better?" asked some one.

"I have had my tooth out," was the answer. "Now I can enjoy myself. I didn't want to lose the party."

At last the time came to open the boxes. How excited the children were as they

opened one after another, and the contents poured out on the table and counted. Hattie Jacobson had \$1.31 in hers; Bertie Chase had just one dollar; Lillie Jones had \$3.63; the four Tyler boys, \$1.06; Parker Newbigen \$3.36; and so they went on till thirty-five were opened. About the most interesting box was the one that belonged to the orphans. Every body wondered how much they had given and were quite surprised to find that there was \$2.40. There were only three boxes that had more than theirs.

Doubling the two that had the most and adding up others, they found there was \$44.85. The mission circle had \$20.00 in the bank before they began with the boxes, so that the whole made nearly \$65.00. After the counting, Mr. F.—read a letter from their missionary. She told them about Constantinople and about her scholars, and all voted that it was "just a splendid letter."

Then came the supper with its flowers, its ice-creams and cakes and costume bonbons, and I should not be surprised if some of the children thought this the best of the party. There was one thing however that nobody liked, and that was the good-byes which came soon after supper; but then, the good-byes must come some time, and there were after all, a good many tired little people who were glad to put their heads on their pillows after the "dear, delightful afternoon."

Would you like to have a mite-box party in your church? Perhaps you had better begin to prepare for it as soon as you read this.

THE MONEY-SHOP.

Jack Russell was five years old and ten days over; therefore it is plain that he was now a big boy. He had left off kilts, and his trousers had as many buttons as it is possible for trousers to have, and his boots had a noble squeak in them. What would you have more?

This being the case, of course Jack could go down town with his mamma when she went shopping, a thing that little boys cannot do as a rule.