

JEANIE'S MISSIONARY MONEY.



O H, mamma, my potatoes are looking splendid, and papa thinks there will be at least six bushels, and if there are two shillings a bushel, there will be twelve shillings. Only think, won't that be a good deal of money? So saying, Jim Saunders drew up to the dinner-table, delighted.

"Yes, my son, that will be a good deal indeed," said Mrs. Saunders, as she smiled down upon her ten-year-old boy.

The previous spring one of the missionaries had been in the church telling of the great work they were doing, and even the boys and girls were interested. Jim had been told that he could plant some potatoes, caring for them himself, and have their price for missions when the missionaries came again.

Jeanie, Jim's nine-year-old sister, heard, and her large blue eyes grew sad, for she had nothing to give.

"Eat your dinner, Jeanie," said mamma, "I thought my little girl was fond of apple dumplings."

"So I am, but—I was thinking."

"Of what, pussy?" asked papa. "Any new disease attacked your dolly?"

"No, papa, but such wonderful things are to be done."

"What wonderful things? Is a wild beast show coming?"

"Why, no, papa, but about missions, and you, and mamma, and auntie, and even Jim have something to give, and I—I haven't anything." And Jeanie ended with a sob.

"Who ever expected *girls* could earn anything, I'd like to know! See here, Jeanie, I'll give you sixpence of my potato money," said Jim.

"Thank you, I do not want it," returned Jeanie.

"I'll give you a shilling," said papa.

"That would not be earning it myself, like the rest of you. No, I shall give nothing which is not my very own," said the little miss.

After the dishes were washed mamma sat down to her sewing, and auntie to her knitting, while Jeanie with the kitten in her lap was in a brown study.

"Oh, mamma! I've got an idea," and Jeanie gave such a jump that the kitten fled in fear. "Auntie said I was very clever at making doll's clothes, and I might make a few suits, real nice ones, and put them in Mr. Roberts's shop. He will let me if it is for missions, and then I'll have some money all my own to give."

"So you shall, dearie," said auntie. "Get your silks and merino and your dolly, and we will commence. I will cut and fit, and you shall sew every stitch."

In November the missionary meeting was held again. Jim gave fifteen shillings, twelve of which were from potatoes, and three from chestnuts. Then happy little Jeanie brought her offering, sixteen shillings, with her eyes shining like stars.

That night as they talked the meeting over by the fire at home, Jim said, "I have changed my mind about girls since Jeanie earned so much. I don't know that many boys could have done better."

And Jeanie whispered to mamma, "Wasn't it work for Jesus too, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, if you did it for the love of helping Him," replied mamma with a loving kiss for her little girl.

"It seemed to-day as though Jesus stood there and smiled at me, saying, 'Jeanie, I know you love Me, for you gave up those pretty clothes for Me.'"

A WONDERFUL INCIDENT.

THE following incident is told by a colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who is laboring in Italy:—"Having been sent some time ago to Catania, with a view to trying if the climate of Sicily would suit his health better, he was warmly received in the house of a gentleman, a member of the Waldensian Church there. This gentleman is the owner of a large orange-farm in a large village on the slopes of Mount Etna. There he took the colporteur for a visit, and the two tried their best to make the people acquainted with the Word of God. On leaving, the colporteur, at the request of his friend, left with him forty francs' worth of books, which, by little and little, were sold in the village.

But, as often happens, the priests managed to get hold of a good number of the books, and made a bonfire of them in front of the church. It was a windy day, and the wind blew one of the leaves, half burnt, to the feet of a man who was looking on approvingly from the threshold of his house.

The man picked it up, and curiosity impelled him to keep it. What there was on those charred pages we cannot tell, but it made the man wonder that a book in which were found such beautiful words could be condemned to the flames by the priests. He felt a strong desire to know more of the book, and went secretly to the colporteur's friend, who sold him a Bible, and gave him such instructions that the man and his family have now been received into the Waldensian Church. What an amount of good even a few words from the Bible can do!

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.