

to pass that, with hands well laden, and a heart overflowing with delight, Jenny at length reached home.

"Here, Jack, don't cry; see what I've got for you!" she cried eagerly; for as she opened the door of the one miserable room that constituted her sole idea of "home," the sound of sobs from the corner where Jack was lying struck upon her ear. "I've got heaps and heaps of things; we'll have a fire if you're very cold."

Poor Jack's sobs subsided a little. "I thought you never was coming," he said, choking down his tears, "and I was so fear'd of father."

"He won't be back," said Jenny cheerily, as she lighted a tallow candle. "Look ye here at this slice of cake; it's real good, I reckon. I tell you what; I'll wrap you up in this shawl, so as to save the firin' for to-morrow. Mis' Pratt 'ull give us a jug o' hot water, and we'll have our tea as snug as you please."

She suited the action to the word. In that cold, bare, forlorn room these two children, huddling close together and drinking the hot tea that had the rare attraction of being well sweetened, were as happy a little pair as you could find for many a mile around. Jack was devouring a bit of cake-pudding; Jenny only had a hunch of bread, but so excited was she in telling to Jack all that she had heard and seen that it had to her the finest flavor in the world.

"So you see, Jack, Jesus is quite sure to come in to-morrow, if we make room for Him. Only think! He 'ull take you up in His arms, I reckon, like that picture teacher showed us out of the big book. He looked very kind there."

Jack's lips quivered.

"P'raps He don't like little lame boys," he said, piteously. "Father says no one wants them."

"Oh, but Jesus does," replied Jenny, with great assurance. "Let me see—yes, to be sure—teacher said He could make sick people well, no matter how bad they were."

"He didn't make mother well," objected Jack.

"No—o," said Jenny, a little daunted for the moment. "But you see we hadn't asked Him here then," she explained, presently.

"Does He only come on Christmas Day?" Jack asked, his face getting a little flushed with excitement.

"Yes," Jenny said, "I s'ppose so. Jack, shall we leave Him that bit of cake? Do you want it much?" Jack's appetite was

but small, and for the present he was satisfied.

"No," he said; "but, Jenny, it is good, and you haven't tasted it at all."

"Oh, I don't mind!" Jenny replied; but she rose and put the remainder of the slice away on the shelf, as if she felt it wiser to avoid temptation.

"I wonder if there is anything we ought to do to make room," she went on, looking around in some perplexity.

In one corner was a mattress with a dingy colored blanket stretched over it. That was father's bed, and neither child would have dared to touch that. Then there was a rickety table and one chair; a box that held a few odds and ends, and the shake-down in the opposite corner on which Jack always lay. The cupboard by the fire-place, where so very seldom a fire was lighted, held everything else of property that the family could boast.

"I'll brush it up in the morning," Jenny decided; and it was not very long before both children, covered as well as might be with all the clothes they possessed, lay down to rest, and soon fell fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

GO BECAUSE IT RAINS.

"I SUPPOSE that you won't go to Sunday-school to-day, Lucy?" said a mother one stormy Sunday morning, settling herself to read.

"Please let me go to-day, mamma; I want to go because it rains."

"Why, Lucy, that is my excuse for staying at home. How can you make it a reason for going?"

"Our teacher always goes, mamma, in all weather, although she lives so far away. She told the class that one Sunday, when she went through the storm, and did not find even one scholar, she was so discouraged that she could not help crying. She asked us, too, if we did not go to our daily school in the rainy weather, and she said while we must obey our parents, if we ask them pleasantly to let us go, they would likely be willing. Mamma, will you please let me go to-day?"

"Well, I am willing, my dear, if you wear your school suit. Go and get ready."

But the mother no longer took any interest in her book, but said to her husband (a lawyer, who came in from the library: "Lucy is going to Sunday-school to-day because it rains, so that her teacher may be encouraged by the presence of at least one pupil. Suppose we go to church for the same reason, if not for a better?"

"Agreed. I never could plead a cause

to an empty court-room, and the minister must find it hard work to preach to empty pews."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

GIVING.

THERE is a lady in Scotland, a teacher in one of the public schools, who receives a salary of \$1,000 a year, and lives on \$500, and with the other \$500 supports a missionary substitute in China. She would like to go in person, but she cannot; so she sends a substitute.

There are three sisters in Edinburgh who said, "All of us should not stay at home. One of us can go to the foreign field, and the two who stay at home will support her." So one went as a missionary to Africa, and the two at home supported her. I think that in God's sight the three are missionaries.

Have you heard of Sarah Hosmer, of Lowell? She heard that a young man might be educated in the Nestorian Missionary Seminary in Persia for fifty dollars. Working in a factory she saved this amount and sent it to Persia, and a Christian young man was educated and went out as a preacher of Christ to his own people. She thought she would like to do it again. She did it five times, and five young men whom she educated went out to preach Christ in Nestoria. When more than sixty years of age she desired to send out one more preacher, and, living in an attic, she took in sewing until she had accomplished her purpose and sent out the sixth preacher. I think she was a missionary.—*Selected*.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

It is a pleasant thing in these days of widespread unbelief in the efficacy of prayer to find that a gentleman, no less distinguished than the late Professor Agassiz, held the following very decided language as to his own personal experience concerning it. His language is:

"I will frankly tell you that my experience in prolonged scientific investigations convinces me that a belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of vanishing points of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the regions of the unknown. In myself, I may say that I never make the preparations for penetrating into some small province of nature hitherto undiscovered without breathing a prayer to the Being who hides His secrets from me only to allure me graciously on to the unfolding of them."—*The Parish Visitor*.