

box, for you had told me that I could have it; but I do really want to earn the money myself for our mission work." Then, after a moment's hesitation, Marian's face brightened, and she said, "Mother, I am glad that you have thought of a plan for raising a part of my Band money."

"Marian, I want you to enter on this work in no slipshod, thoughtless fashion. True, if you decide to take the plainer work-box, it will give you twenty cents, but still you will be unprovided for extra calls that must necessarily arise. If you will adopt the one-tenth principle, Marian, you will always have money."

"The one-tenth principle, mother! What do you mean?"

"It is the Bible plan, Marian. When you need new gloves, as you do twice a year, instead of giving \$1.25 for them, as you are used to, by taking the one-tenth off I can get you very good ones for \$1.15, and by doing this you will be enabled to give another twenty cents to your Society. Your dresses are never less than fifty cents a yard, and cost \$5.00 before they are cut into, but if you are willing for the one-tenth to come from them, you will be provided with another dollar for the year. And the same way with your hats, ribbons, etc. This is the only plan I can think of at present where you can rightfully earn your own money."

Marian sprang up and threw her arms around her mother's neck, with the exclamation, "There is nothing in the world like a mother for making plans and finding ways to do things! Saving will be almost like earning, and I shall have money of my really own to give!" — *H. W. in Children's Work for Children.*

THAT WONDERFUL STORY.

For a long time the Moravian Missionaries worked among the Eskimo without any result; they occupied their otherwise useless time in translation, but the time came at last. God chooses His own sea-

son. A missionary was copying a Gospel, and four Eskimo drew near to watch him. At their request he read a portion which chanced to be an account of the agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. As he read on the Spirit of the Lord fell upon them as manifestly as upon Cornelius and his companions. Some of them laid their hands on their mouths, which is their manner of expressing wonder. One man called out in a loud and anxious voice,

"How is that? Tell me that again, for I would also be saved." This man proved the first of a long succession of converts.

In the south of Europe a little Protestant child was taken to a public hospital to die. In her last moments she gave her little Testament, the only thing that she possessed, to the nun who had nursed her. The keeper of the Bible depot remarked with surprise that he sold during the next few days several copies to female figures who crept in after dark. That day salvation had come within the walls of that convent. No doubt the books were soon discovered, and in the parlour of the Lady-Abbess, and the presence of the Priest-Confessor, and weeping women, there ascended the living smoke of a sacrifice of burning paper, the unaccepted offering of Cain, who slew his brother; but certain precious promises had been too deeply printed in the memory and the heart to be effaced, and had been in faith appropriated by these humble saints, for whom some day a door, by grace, may be found ajar, which will be closed against Pharisee and Cardinal who, in the day of their opportunity, would not enter in themselves and shut the door on others.

Let us glance at the other extreme, and raise up in our imaginations an assembly and on the other side of the Atlantic of those who once had known and had abandoned God. A new digger from the old country had just joined them, and with him a motherless lad. In their rough sport they had searched the boy's pockets and found a little Testament, the