

came another, and this time addressed to me. O, how delighted I was! I skipped about the house and clapped my hands for joy.

I was a very small girl then, but by the help of my mother I succeeded in answering my brother's letter, and we became quite regular in our correspondence. But during all this time he had neglected to write to mother.

She did not complain for a long time; but one day she saw me opening a letter, she said sadly, "You all get letters but me;" and then she turned away and wept.

I was deeply moved by her distress, and immediately wrote to my brother, telling him of her anxiety to receive a letter from him.

As soon as my letter reached him, he sat down and wrote to her; but in the meantime she was taken suddenly and violently ill; and the same carrier that brought my brother's letter brought with it our mother's coffin. O, how my heart was wrung as I took that letter, and kneeling beside the lifeless form of the one dearer to me than life itself, sadly read it over.

So full of love and tenderness; words of comfort and cheer; just such a letter as a mother would wish for from her absent boy. But alas! it came too late. The heart that would have bounded with joy had that letter come twenty-four hours sooner, had now ceased to beat.

I folded the letter up and laid it away in a little box in which I kept my most valuable letters, with the determination that my brother should never know that it came too late,

But, as there are hundreds of young readers who have left their homes and gone to try their fortunes in distant lands, of them I would inquire, "When have you written to mother?" Do not neglect this duty. Wherever you are, and however hurried you may be,

find time to write to mother. Whether in health or sickness, in prosperity or adversity, in joy or sorrow, do not forget your mother's anxiety on your behalf, and keep her constantly informed as to your welfare.

To those who have no mother in whom to confide, I would say, remember him who hath said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee."—*Golden Censer*.

THE GOLDEN PENNIES.

A little boy, who had plenty of pennies, dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus the heathen, or the missionary. It was a tin penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put a penny in, and as he did so looked round with a self-approving gaze, as if he had done some great thing. His was a brass penny. It was not the gift of a "lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because others do." That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, hard heart.

As the fourth boy dropped his penny in the box he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathens! I'm sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a silver penny. It was the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his penny with a throbbing heart, saying to himself, "For Thy sake, O loving Jesus, I give this penny, hoping that the poor heathen, whom Thou lovest, will believe in Thee, and become Thy disciples." That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of love.

How many of our readers give golden pennies?—*Spirit of Missions*.