

every day I live." "Lots of people are doing that", said her mama, "and that is why the world is growing better every day."

—Exchange

Sing a Song of Pennies

Did you hear them fall
In the little mite-box,
Shining ones and all?
When the box was opened
They all began to sing:
"Let us carry far and wide
A message from the King."

Many heathen children
Need a helping hand,
Dusky little brothers
In a foreign land.
Long have they been waiting
A message from above,
All the pennies help to tell
The story full of love.

A Brave Little Soldier

By Mrs. R. G. Scott

About fifty bright-looking Ruthenian children were gathered in the Sifton Mission House for Sunday School, early in October, 1906. They had sung a number of English hymns and had just finished "Onward Christian Soldiers" in Ruthenian. A pale, sickly-looking boy of about seven years of age, who lay on a bench in a corner of the meeting room, joined heartily in singing. I want to tell you about him.

John, with his bonny face and happy disposition, was a great favorite at school. One day in June he was playing beside the wood pile, and some of the wood fell on his leg. It hurt him, and he told his parents so, but they didn't bother over it. So he bore the pain quietly, till one day in July, when his leg was so badly swollen that he couldn't stand. The skin burst above the ankle, and the parents sent for the missionary.

He found John suffering from pain and fever, lying on a hard bed, in a stuffy room, and wanted to take him to the Mission House to nurse him, but the parents wouldn't

consent to this. So he went to see John every few days, taking him medicines and nice things to eat and playing for him on the little folding organ which he carried with him. The sore leg, however, did not heal, but got steadily worse; so John's parents brought him to the Mission House, his eldest sister coming with him to help nurse him. He was smiling brightly as usual the night the doctor came to operate. He lay quietly on the table, and when the doctor said, "Now John, just go to sleep", he took the chloroform and wasn't a bit afraid.

The leg had to be opened up from the ankle almost to the knee. Every day it had to be dressed, and this took a long time and was very painful, but John seldom cried. On bright days he was carried outside, and lay bundled up in quilts enjoying the sunshine, and the visits, not only of the school children, but of the big white cat, the dog, and the horse and the colt, all of which seemed interested in him.

All this time, John was afraid that he would have to lose his leg. He very much dreaded going to the hospital, but the promise of a nice suit (sent from North Gower, Ont.) and a warm overcoat and toque, acted as an inducement. Late in October (1906) he had a second operation on the leg, and as the whole of the bone was diseased, it had to be removed.

Then John began to get better, and the new bone started to grow, so that before Christmas he could walk about on crutches. He was the pet of the hospital, and often helped the nurses by acting as interpreter to Galician patients. "Santa" brought him many presents on Christmas, and two little girls sent him books from Oak Lake, Man. Christmas night the Lady Superintendent took him to see a large Christmas tree.

When summer came, he was home again, and was soon able to walk without crutches. Now that he is able to go to school and play with the other boys, he often thinks of the time when he was sick, and of the goodness of the doctor, nurses and friends, and thanks God that he is a healthy boy, with two strong legs.

Wakaw, Sask.