

grew up, you'll be ever so high and covered with golden pennies. Then I'll ask all the poor little boys and girls to come and pick golden pennies, and they'll be able to buy beautiful sweets and toys, and all sorts of lovely things!" cried Jack, as he danced about for joy.

"Jack, darling," called a voice from the nursery window, "what are you doing?"

"Plantin' the golden penny Uncle Bob gave me in the bank, 'cos he said it would grow," shouted back Jack.

In a minute his mother was beside him.

"It'll grow in the bank—Uncle Bob said so," continued Jack. "And oh, when I'm big, and my tree has grown ever so high, I'll ask all the little poor boys and girls, and they shall buy themselves such lovely things with the golden pennies off my tree."

"Dear little Jack, that is not the kind of bank Uncle Bob meant," answered his mother, kissing her boy. "Uncle Bob was thinking of quite a different sort of bank, called the Post Office Savings Bank. I will take you there this afternoon, and we will put your golden penny into that."

"Will it grow, mummy?"

"Yes, darling; but you won't understand how it grows until you are a bigger boy."

"When I'm a big man will there be golden pennies for the poor children?" asked Jack.

"Yes, if you like to give them to little boys and girls who have no money of their own," answered his mother.

"That's all right! I'd like all little boys to have a golden-penny tree. Wouldn't it be nice, mummy?"

"Yes, dear; but it will be nicer still if my little boy grows up generous and kind to those who are not so fortunate," said mummy.

Jack's golden-penny tree is growing away; he is still too small to understand how it grows, or why he cannot see it; but he always says it is to buy pretty toys and sweets for little boys and girls who have no golden pennies of their own.

The Giant Nobody Can See.

He is so, so old! When the world was first made, he was there. He is stronger than a hundred elephants, and often does a great deal of harm. He thinks nothing of roughly taking off the roof of a house and carrying it away as if it were only a feather.

Sometimes, when angry, he piles the great waves of the ocean on top of each other until they are like mountains; then they fall on the big ships and drive them down, down to the bottom of the water, where the queer fish live and strange, beautiful flowers grow.

Then he will rush into the forests, tear up the giant trees by the roots, and send them crashing against each other till the ground fairly shakes.

He is not always rough—oh no! On the hot summer night, when the poor sick babies in the close alleys are crying for the pure, fresh air, he will take a whiff of a sea breeze or breath of coun-

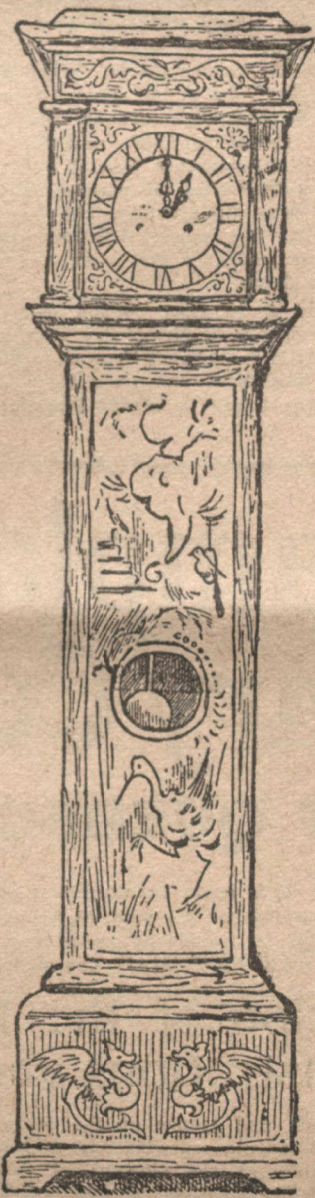
try air full of the odor of flowers right into the open windows; then the children sleep and forget how hard life is for them.—Selected.

An Adventure.

(By Grace Stone Field.)

Out of his soft warm bed so white
A little lad crept, in the dead of night;
The moon slipped under a cloud and hid,
Only the stars saw what he did.

Down in the hall the light burned dim,
His funny shadow bowed to him;
And a little mouse squeaked shrill in fright
To see a child in the dead of night.



Somewhere, somehow, this laddie dear
Had heard strange tales of the midnight drear;

Things that fairies and brownies did
Under the friendly darkness hid.

He did not see a single thing,
Except the mouse that ran from him!
'Till the clock struck one, and back to bed
He took himself and his sleepy head.

And so he said, as he cuddled down,
'Folks do just nothing in this town
In the dead of night but sleep and sleep!

And that's the very best thing to do
In the dead of night, I think, don't you?
Sunday School Times.'

One to Carry.

I've learned to put together
The figures on my slate;
The teacher calls it 'adding'
And I like it all first rate.
There's one queer thing about it,
Whenever you get ten,
You have to 'carry one,' she says,
And then begin again.
That's what we do with pennies;
When I have ten, you see,
I 'carry one' to Jesus
Who's done so much for me.
—'Junior Missionary Magazine.'

A Dandelion's Way.

A dandelion loves to have her own way just as you and I do. She loves to grow up tall with a fine, long stem, nodding and shaking her head and swaying merrily in the wind and sunshine. When the storm comes beating down she draws her green waterproof cloak up over her head, and while the thrush sings so cheerily, she makes merry with the raindrops—gay little dandelion!

But the dandelion cannot always have her own way, sweet as it is, for there is the gardener who comes cutting her down cruelly with the lawn mower again and again and again.

How discouraging all this is when one feels herself made to live on a long stem with such jocund friends as the rain, the wind, and the sunshine. But the dandelion is not to be discouraged, and in a wise little brown heart she considers how she may best adapt herself to such adverse circumstances as gardeners and lawn mowers.

The next day she comes up as bright and friendly as ever, only with a shorter stem. Again she is cut down, and again she springs up bravely with a still shorter stem.

At last she is trampled upon and bruised and crushed under foot to the earth, but the brightness and gladness and beauty are still there in the faithful brown heart, and, gazing steadfastly into heaven, she sends up one trustful little bud without any stem at all.

Her sister dandelions do the same, and they bloom and bloom and bloom until the green lawn looks as if it were buttoned down all over with pieces of brightest gold.

This is a true story, but if you don't believe it you may ask the dandelion.—Selected.

Where They Came From.

A little girl trying in vain to learn her spelling lesson said wearily to her brother, 'Oh, Paul where do all these lots of words come from?' 'Why, Gracie, don't you know, It's because people quarrel so much. Whenever they quarrel one word brings on another and that's the reason we've got such a long string of them.' 'I wish they'd stop it,' sighed Gracie; 'then the spelling book wouldn't be so big.'

Paul's explanation was funny if not correct. One part of it was true. 'Whenever they quarrel, one word brings another.'—Selected.