

met Mill Row gardens, or rather *yards*, for there was only one garden—the Lockes'. So the men in both rows looked out of their back windows and watched Mr. Locke's green stuff growing. Then they went to borrow his spade.

"See here, friends, seven men have been after my spade to-day! Can't all get it," said Mr. Locke. "Let's take up a subscription and get two public spades, and use 'em according to house-numbers;" and, after a little grumbling two spades were bought, and several gardens were dug.

"It's too late to put in vegetables," Mr. Locke announced, "but you can put in some late lettuce, and maybe I can get some very late sweet corn for you." And he did just that very thing, though he had to walk two miles into the country one evening, after his weary day's work.

The men who did not care to dig gardens laughed at the spindly late corn in the late-dug yards, but when they saw real, eatable corn there in October, they felt badly. To be sure, the corn was small, and gave only about seven ears, but that was enough to console the men who had followed Mr. Locke's example.

"Next year we'll be even with you, Locke," said they; and the next spring every backyard was dug, and the manager brought the mill owner to look at them when all were green.

"Who started this?" asked the mill owner.

"The Lockes."

"I should say they were *keys*, to unlock all this out of such material," said the mill owner. "Well, I'll have some paint put on now; it really seems worth while."

So paint was put on the houses, and then a long porch went on each row, because Dora Locke had told the manager it was the one thing in the world she wanted. Think of it! a porch divided by a lattice between the houses, so each family could sit in a sheltered place on hot evenings!

Some one said to the mill owner, "I see you've been making great improvements in your mill-houses: waste work, my friend!"

"Oh, no! those improvements were made by one small girl and a scrub-broom, and her work was not wasted," said the mill-owner, and then he explained. "It is the old story, plain enough," he said: "'A little leaven leaveneth the whole.'"

E. M.

HYMN.

Jesus loves you, children,
As He loved of old,
Still his kind hands bless you,
And His arms enfold.

May His mercy keep you
Till your locks are white,
Trustful little children,
In His holy sight.—*Sunday Magazine.*

"SHE WAS A STRANGER."



MISSIONARY, while addressing a Sunday-school, noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburned face buried in her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl, about eleven years of age, got up and went to her. Taking her by the hand, she led her out to a brook, where she seated the little one on a log. Then, kneeling beside her, this good Samaritan took off the ragged sunbonnet, and dipping her hand into the water, bathed the other's hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking cheerily all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears vanished, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth. The missionary, who had followed the two, stepped forward, and asked, "Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the child; "I have no sister."

"Oh, one of the neighbor's children?" replied the missionary; "a little schoolmate, perhaps?"

"No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such care for her, if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir. She seemed alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."—*Christian Standard.*

POWER IN LITTLE THINGS.



ON Sunday, May 23rd, the Missionary Host of the Diocese of Missouri, held its annual meeting in the city of St. Louis. There was no church large enough to hold them all. They used to meet in the cathedral, but outgrew it, and for the last two or three years they have gone to the Exposition Hall. It was a fine sight, with Bishop Tuttle as the commander-in-chief, standing in the middle of the platform, while the different Sunday-schools filed into the hall to the music of the band which was stationed behind the Bishop. When the band struck up "We march, we march, to victory," the schools poured in by entrances on all sides of the hall, with banners waving, and led in some instances by vested choirs. The choirs proceeded to the platform, and formed a large chorus to lead the singing. Soon the multitude of children and teachers were seated, filling the large auditorium; visitors, parents and friends occupying the galleries.

This was the 28th anniversary of the Host, and the Bishop in his address spoke of the