

From her they obtained a fair knowledge of what are called the English branches. They went to church and Sunday-school also. Thus they were being well trained in spite of their poverty.

One day when Delia, the oldest, was about fourteen, Rosa, twelve, and Clara, ten, they were surprised by a call from a lady whom they had often seen in church, but who had never spoken to them.

'I'm sure you can't guess, Mrs. Byrnes, what I've come for,' said she. 'I've just decided to form a Mission Band, and I've come to ask your granddaughters to join it. The reason why I've never done this before is because I have not thought much about missions until lately. Perhaps you remember that a few weeks ago our minister preached a missionary sermon. Well, I've thought and thought over it since, and now I want to try to help a little. It seems to me that the best way to help is to interest the young folks, so that is what I want to do. Will you let the girls come to the meetings?'

'I'll be glad to have them go, Mrs. Blair, and learn something about the Lord's work in other places, but I'm afraid it's very little they'll be able to give. We haven't much money, you know.'

'Oh, no matter about that. We won't ask them to give much, but every cent helps. The best we can any of us do is to give what we can. If we all do that, the cause of missions will prosper.'

So the three girls joined the Mission Band and soon they were among the most interested members. They worked for it, and planned for it and did whatever they could to help in the various meetings. They learned also to lay aside something from their small savings in order to make their regular contributions.

One day there came a special call for aid in fitting out a missionary, who was about to leave home for a foreign land, and the three sisters, after consultation with their grandmother, promised to give one dollar. That may seem a small sum to the reader of this story, but it meant considerable to those poor girls.

By dint of close saving they had after a while seventy-five cents together, and then Delia declared that she didn't see how they were

to get the rest. 'We can't give what we don't have,' said she, 'and we haven't either of us one cent more. If we had we ought to keep it towards a pair of new shoes for Clara. Her feet are almost on the ground. How can we afford to give away a dollar?'

While Delia was making these discouraging remarks, she and her sisters were seated on the small porch by the side of the house. Their grandmother was in the garden examining the prospect for more vegetables. It was the hour of sunset and they were all resting after the day's work.

Suddenly a carriage drawn by two fine black horses stopped before the gate. On either side of this narrow entrance were rows of brilliant hollyhocks, the only ornamental things in sight.

'Will you sell me some of your flowers?' called a voice from the carriage.

None of the girls replied directly, but Rosa called, 'Grandma, Grandma!'

No need to call again. The old woman, in calico gown and gingham sun-bonnet, came running as fast as her aged limbs would bear her. A carriage at her gate? What could it mean?

'Will you sell me some of your hollyhocks?' asked the lady again.

'Yes, yes,' answered Grandma Byrnes in a voice which denoted her readiness to effect a sale.

'Then please give me twenty-five cents worth. Your flowers are so pretty that I want to paint a picture of some of them.'

The grandmother produced a pair of shears from somewhere with incredible swiftness, and without more ado began making a generous bunch of flowers.

'Don't cut more than you feel like sparing,' remonstrated the lady.

'Oh, they come up by themselves every year, I don't mind cutting them.'

Snip, snip, went on the shears until the seller was at length satisfied that she was giving the lady her money's worth.

The flowers faded before the next morning. It was impossible to paint a picture of them. But how was it about the sum which had been paid in their purchase?

Grandma Byrnes stepped up to the porch and exhibited the silver quarter. 'Here girls,' said she, 'I

reckon this is about what you need to finish up your missionary contribution, isn't it?'

'Oh, grandma! are you really going to let us have it? How good you are!' And 'grandma' was presently in danger of being smothered by the arms which, regardless of the sun-bonnet, were thrown about her neck.

'Wasn't it strange,' said Delia, 'that that lady should have come just when we wanted twenty-five cents so much?'

'I don't think it was very strange,' said her grandmother, 'the manna came to the children of Israel just as they needed it day by day. We're the Lord's children too, and He knows our needs just as He did theirs. I reckon He sent that carriage.'

How Did Jim Know?

For several years my early morning walk lay through the first block of West Fifty-seventh street, where I used regularly to meet a milkman delivering milk. He would take from his waggon a rack containing several bottles and go from house to house, while his old gray horse walked sedately on alone.

One morning as I was passing the pair midway the block the man said to his horse:

'Go on Jim, and turn at No. 7.'

I watched with interest. Jim did go on until exactly opposite No. 7. Then he carefully turned and walked back to his master—or shall I say his comrade?—'Our Animal Friends.'

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