

in prayer to God ; and the God who had cared for Daniel in the rocky dungeon had delivered him, and saved him from death.

For years he lived to tell of God's goodness to him, and to lead others by his example to the Saviour ; and they laid him in the quiet country churchyard where the long grass now waves over his sleeping place. But the name still lives in the hearts of the simple Cornish miners ; his heroism is still remembered by maiden and stripling who have learned his story from the aged folks who lived in the time when the brave, good fellow gave himself up to die for his friend and comrade in the bottom of the pit shaft.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

HOW MARIAN EARNED HER BAND MONEY.

Oh, mother, the girls are going to organize a Mission Band, and they want me to join them," said Marian Larned, coming in one after-noon from school.

As she spoke, her voice had a little note of interrogation in it. Her mother recognized this, and waited awhile before she spoke.

"What do they intend doing?"

"Why Mrs. Bird has a sister who is a missionary in China, Percy Goodwin says."

"Yes, I know. I remember when she went out. Well, what else, Marian?"

"Percy says that this missionary has written to Mrs. Bird, and told her about a little Chinese girl. Her parents are dead, and their property all gone, and the lady wants to take her into the school. Mrs. Bird told Percy that we could read the letter, and if we decide to support this little girl, we can give enough money to our Women's Board to do it. I think they call it a 'scholarship'."

"Do you think you girls could raise the necessary amount?"

"Percy says that it *shall* be raised."

"If Percy says so, it will be done, for I never knew Percy to fail," the mother

said. "How much is each member to give?"

"Percy says that we ought to give not less than fifty cents apiece. She says that she means to give it, anyway ; and you know she seldom has money to spare, either."

"And do you know where you will gain your fifty cents?"

"That is just what worries me, mother. I was hoping that you would put on your thinking cap, and find a way for me; for my mind is so much set on belonging to this Band."

"Marian, I am giving to the Ladies' Society as much as I possibly can; and even though I gave you the fifty cents, it would still be me giving through you. You will learn the true meaning of mission work, if the money is yours, gained by sacrifice."

As Marian and her mother met at the breakfast table the next morning the latter said :

"When is your birthday, Marian?"

"Two weeks from to-morrow, mother."

"What have you set your mind upon, Marian?" her mother asked, in the most matter-of-fact way, as if it had nothing to do with missions.

"Don't you remembbrr, mother, my telling you that I would be perfectly happy if I could have that lovely work-box in Synder's window? But if it costs too much, I will take anything else you think best."

"What is the price of the work-box?"

"It is marked two dollars, but I am afraid that you do not want to give so much."

"One-tenth of two dollars would be twenty cents. Twenty cents would pay four month-fee in your Band."

"What do you mean, mother?"

"Would you be satisfied with that plainer box we were looking at the other day? It was \$1.75, and you could have the quarter for your mission Band."

Marian looked sober for an instant; then she said :

"I had my mind set on that lovely