

journeys, but it will always be useful for many things in the East, for there is really nothing that can take its place there. God made it for the desert, and it loves to make the desert its home.

BOB'S LESSON.



HERE was a real live missionary talked to us in Sunday-school to-day," said Bob White to his mother one Sunday afternoon. "He told us lots of things. I'm glad I ain't a heathen. They are going to take up a contribution for 'em next Sunday. I wish I had lots to give. I should think that Ted Smith should feel ashamed of himself; he don't ever give much, and he spends lots for candy. If I had as much money as he has, I'd do lots of good."

Bob was always telling what he would do if he were only somebody else.

"How is it about yourself?" asked his mother, gravely. She did not like this habit of his at all.

"Why, I put in all you give me, and, of course, if I had any of my own I'd give some of that. I wouldn't spend it all on myself, I know. I'm awful sorry for those poor heathen, and I'd like to help them; but I don't believe that Ted cares much."

"My son, you must not judge Ted; you do not know and anyway you have only to be sure that Bob White does his duty."

"Oh, of course, I'd look out for that," said Bob; but he evidently did not consider that there was need of much care in that direction. "If I had money of my own like Ted has, I shouldn't a bit wonder if I gave half of it to the missionaries, and things like that;" and Bob smiled approvingly at himself for being so much better than Ted.

"Bob," said Mr. Jones, the groceryman, the very next day, "I will give you twenty-five cents if you will run errands for me this morning. My boy is sick, and I am in a peck of trouble. Will you?"

How Bob's eyes sparkled as he assented eagerly! Just think of it! Twenty-five cents to be his very own. He had never had so much money at one time in his life before. It seemed untold wealth to him, and his first thought, as he started off with his arms full of parcels, was how he should spend it.

Now, Bob had a very sweet tooth; in fact, brother Tom asserted that it seemed very much as though all of his teeth were of that kind, he was so very fond of all kinds of sweet things. There was little chance, however, beyond an occasional lump of sugar, for him to gratify his appetite, for pennies for anything but absolute necessities were scarce articles in the White family. But for once in his life Bob had the power of gratifying his desires, and "visions of

sugar plums danced through his head" as he trudged up the street with Dr. Dole's coffee and Mrs. Mason's sugar. "I'll have some taffy, an' caramels, an' chocolate drops, an' peanut candy," he thought, exultantly. "Oh, my, I wish I could have twenty-five cents every day to spend. Ted Smith does most, I guess. O—h!" And Bob stopped stone still in the street with dismay.

What should he do? Thinking of Ted had reminded him of his conversation with mamma and the proposed "contribution" for the heathen. Must he save some of his money for that? Twenty-five cents was not so very much after all. It seemed impossible to spare any of it.

"It is different from what it would be if I had lots of money to spend," he reasoned. "Of course I would give lots then; but I never had much before, and maybe I won't again for years an' years. I don't believe I'd need give much; not more'n a tenth, anyway, and that wouldn't be enough to do the heathen any good. I wish I needn't give *any*. I don't believe the heathen would want to have me."

Which last conclusion Bob considered overwhelmingly convincing, or, at least, he tried very hard to do so. But somehow he felt ashamed of himself and very uncomfortable in his mind; and he felt more so than ever when, in the middle of the afternoon, he came out of Mr. Burt's store with sundry parcels of sweets in his hands. For some reason which he made no effort to explain to himself, he did not feel disposed to go home with his purchases, so he betook himself down by the river. "I'll just have a fine time yet," he said, as he spread out his treasures.

First, he tried a chocolate drop, but, though it was fresh and nice, it did not taste quite as good as he had anticipated. It was just so with everything he had. It was all good, yet something seemed to be the matter, and he kept thinking about those poor heathen. Their dusky faces seemed to be peering up at him from the depths of his bag of chocolates. The tale of their distress rang in his ears as he munched his peanut candy and altogether, they made it very uncomfortable for him.

And as he thought of them, and as he looked at his rapidly diminishing supply of sweets, another question began to perplex and trouble him. What would his mother say? He should have to tell her all about it. He had to tell her everything.

By and by, he began to feel rather worse. Indeed, he felt quite sick, and was quite inclined to think that he might die. He wanted his mother dreadfully, and yet it seemed to him that he could not bear to have her look at him. She would know all about it; just how horrid he had been. She always knew, and she would look so sorry. Somebody was coming down the road whistling. Bob remembered

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