

That night when big brother Jack brought in the mail he called out to Milly,

"Here, little missionary, is a letter with a foreign stamp on it. Perhaps it's from your little heathen fondling," with a sly look at mother, for Jack was quite a tease.

Milly took the letter with a look of eager expectation on her face, which quickly changed to disappointment when she saw it was from Liverpool.

"It's from uncle John," she remarked quietly to her mother.

When she had opened the letter she gave a little cry of delight, but saying nothing more she turned at once to its contents.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, when she had finished reading, "uncle John has sent me a dollar for Christmas, to spend just as I please. Now I can put fifty cents more in my mite-box! How glad and happy I am! Let me see, what shall I do with the other fifty cents? Oh, I know, a present for papa. I could not make him anything, but now I shall buy one of those pretty ties they are selling so cheaply at Oak Hall. Mamma, mamma, aren't we glad!"

"Yes, indeed, daughter, more than glad."

"Oh, mamma, I am thankful, too. How good God was to tell uncle John to send it to me."

That night, Mildred's dreams were very happy ones. A little dark-faced girl smiled and nodded to her from amidst numerous Christmas gifts, among which were a great many new, crisp dollar bills.

Next day, when the last preparations for the Christmas festival were complete, she said,

"Now, mamma, I think I had better go and get papa's tie."

"Very well, dear, but on your way just carry this basket down to Aunt Kizzie, and if you can take the time you had better offer to read a little to her. That is some of your mission work which I fear has been neglected this busy season."

Only too glad to be able to minister to dear old Aunt Kizzie's comfort, Mildred took the well-filled basket and hastened off.

Aunt Kizzie was an old widowed lady who lived in her own little house not far from the Harlow's. She was without a relative in the world, and supported herself chiefly by knitting. But in spite of all her poverty, she was so cheerful and motherly that for many years she had been "Aunt Kizzie" to all the children in the neighborhood. Now, no one thought of calling her anything else.

Milly had not been long in the house before she discovered that Aunt Kizzie was not so bright and cheerful as usual, but for quite a while she could not find out the cause. After chatting for some time, Milly asked if she had read all the last *Messenger and Visitor*.

"No, Miss Milly, I haven't, but I'll have lots of time to read that myself, as it will be many a long day before I get a new one to read."

"Why, Aunt Kizzie!" exclaimed Mildred, "you

surely are not going to stop taking the *Visitor*? Why you've been getting it every week now, for—sixteen years isn't it?"

"Yes, child, sixteen years next month, but I guess I'll have to give it up unless the Lord sends me the money especially. Broke my specs. last night, and it will cost a dollar to fix them. Times are hard this winter, and what with my rheumatism and all, I'll not be able to make up that dollar for a good while. Praise the Lord, I've got my Bible, and I'll read that more. Perhaps I set too much store by that *Visitor*," said the old lady wiping a tear out of her eye.

"But what's the matter with you child? You musn't take on so," for Milly's breath was coming and going, and a troubled startled look was in her eyes.

"I'm very sorry, Aunt Kizzie, but I must go now," she said hastily, and was out of the door in a moment, leaving Aunt Kizzie very much mystified by her agitated looks and abrupt departure.

Meantime Mildred was hastening, with trembling steps, in the direction of Oak Hall. "It's for Missions and papa!" she was repeating wildly to herself.

"Home missions," said another voice, which sounded like her mother's.

At last, when near the store, she halted. The words, "For even Christ pleased not Himself," had flashed through her mind. "And He could want to do nothing wrong. O Jesus, help me!" she murmured.

Turning, she swiftly retraced her steps, and in a few moments was again standing before Aunt Kizzie.

"Here it is Aunt Kizzie," she said, as she passed the dollar into her hand. "I think the Master must love you as much as the little girls in India. I hope you'll enjoy your paper more than ever next year. Good bye, and a Merry Christmas."

When the Mission Band met on the first Saturday in January, it was a very happy little girl who carried "only fifty cents" to swell the mite-box fund. For mamma had heartily approved of Milly's Christmas gift to Aunt Kizzie, and Milly's heart being full of love for the mission work, both at home and abroad, how could she fail of happiness?

"Tis not the gift we bring,
Tho the gift be never so fair;
But the love the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the gift so fair."

"Then to the Gentiles also hath God granted repentance unto life." "Be it known therefore unto you, that this salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and they will hear it." Acts 11: 18; 28: 28.

For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. Rom. 10: 12.