

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear."

"The ear of little Dirni was a believer's ear," she said, tenderly; "she lived long enough to let us know that. The little story I have told you about her is only one of a hundred that I could tell. They know so little of Jesus and they live so much! Oh, if they only all knew! I want to beg of you to try to help them to do that.

"When ears are deaf, and they cannot hear  
The sound of the Sabbath bell,  
(Oh, should not we for the dear Lord's sake,  
The sound of its message tell?")

"Remember that the way you can tell it is to send those who have tongues. Pennies talk. You all belong to the Extra-cent-a-day Band. I see you have your Lenten envelopes here. Somebody will pass them around pretty soon. I hope you will look often at the lovely picture on the front side. Remember, as you put in your pennies, that He is really looking!"

As the ushers passed the pile of envelopes along the aisles, the one nearest the row of open side windows was astonished by a small and rather grimy hand thrust in his face.

"Gimme one!" said a voice from below the window-ledge, while the arm and hand alone were visible. The usher did not like the looks, and passed on to more promising applicants.

"Kept in long enough!" was Joey's grumbling remark as Hester appeared.

"Guess you wouldn't have thought it was long," said Hester, warmly. "She was just dear! It was beautiful, the whole thing, from beginning to end, and you'd have said so!"

"Humph!" said Joey.

"We're all going to give a penny a day, all through Lent, for an Easter offering," said Hester complacently.

"Pennies!" said Joey.

"Yes, one a day, that's the plan, and it's real easy. You can spare them, and never know what hurt you."

Joey said nothing. He did not open his lips again all the way home. All next day his whistling was more thoughtful and less aggressive. Hester said she believed he was inventing something.

For the next month or so, Joey was absorbingly busy. It did not have the effect of making him silent. He whistled like a factory escape-pipe. But he seemed to have no time on his hands for dawdling. The organ was left to other musicians, and the keys were written in consequence. He did errands, hunted up odd jobs, was willing to do any nameable service "for a consideration." One morning, just before Easter, Hester was "approached" in a tentative sort of way on an old subject.

"Say, Het!"

"My name has six letters in it."

"Well, you can stick 'em all in when you write it. You know that night o' the thing-um-bob lecture—missionary or somep'n."

"Well?"

"They passed round some envelopes with pictures on 'em."

"Yes," said Hester, in surprise. "I got one. But how did you know?"

"I was there."

"Oh, yes, I know. Waiting outside. And O, Joey, the funniest thing happened! Just as one of the us-

ers went by the windows, there was an arm stuck in—the blackest little rough paw it was—and somebody said, 'Gimme one!'"

"Yes, 'twas me."

"You?"

"Yes, I wanted one. Wasn't that a good lecture, though! I felt so bad for little Dirni. I want 'em to know about the—the Saviour, Het. I've earned some money this vacation—two dollars, that's all. But I want to do something for Him. I love Him."

"Have you told father?" asked Hester, after a moment's respectful silence. She knew it was their father's one absorbing wish that his children should each in his own way and time witness that good confession.

"Yes. That is, I told mother. Put this in your envelope, Het. He wouldn't gimme one."

"Joey?"

"Ask away."

"I want to know—what—made you think of it?"

"D'no. Well, p'rhaps. See here."

Joey sat down on Hester's new muff and squirrel cape, which she had just laid on the arm of the Morris chair for safe-keeping. He took a broken-backed card from a crumby pocket, and spread it out on his trouser knee lovingly.

Hester started to take it, but stopped as she saw the condition of the lilies and roses on it. Some words in gold ink could still be read quite plainly,—

"WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?"

"Not a thing, hardly—never!" said Joey, nodding his thatchy brown head, regretfully. "But I'm a goin' to."

BY MAIL.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

One Sunday afternoon, Miss Marion Fuller's class of five little girls waited after Sunday-school to speak to their teacher.

"Well, dearies, what is it?" asked Miss Marion, looking around the circle of her eager-eyed little flock.

They hung their heads and smiled, and looked at one another speechless.

"This must be something very important," laughed Miss Marion. "Won't somebody please tell me about it! Won't you, Kittie?"

Thus singled out, Kittie Osborne slid one small hand coaxingly under Miss Marion's arm, and, getting very red in the face, said:

"It's just that we want to be a society, please, Miss Marion. All our sisters are in societies, and we thought maybe we could make one,—just a small one,—just all of us together, if somebody would only show us how. They say we are too little to help anything, and that's what societies are for. But you don't think we are,—do you, Miss Marion?"

Miss Marion sat down in a chair at the end of the aisle, and drew them all close around her.

"Indeed, I do not! I think that you could be a lovely society, and I can't tell you how glad I am that you wish to help. But you must remember, little girls, that, if we are really going to help anybody, we must be willing to give up some of our own pleasure to do it. You know that,—don't you?"

"Yes'm," said the little girls.