

girl giving them their Christian names.

What a happy day it must have been for that dear little Christian worker!

Let the boys and girls of the Church at home think of this, let them pray for the work out there; let them try and do likewise for Christ's sake.

D. H., Toronto.

"UNTO THE LEAST."

(FOR PARISH AND HOME.)

Amy and Alice were studying their usual lessons in the library one evening towards the end of October.

"There! that's over for another night," said Alice as she closed her algebra with a snap. "I am so sick of getting lessons. I declare we haven't done anything else since you came Amy."

"Except eat and sleep perhaps and a few extras."

"Such as talking," remarked Alice's mother laughingly, who had caught the last remark as she came through the door. "But you have worked well girls and I think you might be allowed a little frolic. Perhaps at Thanksgiving time. What would you like?"

"Oh, mother, a party of course! Do say we can. That's a dear!" and impulsive Alice rushed over and caught her mother round the waist.

"Not a party, Alice, but a few friends, wouldn't that do as well?"

"That would be nicer," said Amy, "for then we could arrange nearly everything ourselves. Besides everybody has a better time when there's not too many."

"How many may we have, mother?" "Wouldn't fourteen or fifteen be a good number?"

"Perfectly lovely! Why we can ask Lib and Marian and all the girls in our set," and Alice rattled on over the names, soon making the number up to fifteen. Then she went on to speak of how they should amuse them. She was so interested that she did not notice Amy's silence, but presently she turned to her for advice as to whether they should have a certain game, and then became aware of it.

"What makes you so quiet, Amy? Don't you like the idea?"

"Oh yes! But—but I was thinking, couldn't we invite some of the other girls? You know Alice, that lame girl who sits in the class behind us in Sunday-school."

For a minute Alice's face fell—she wanted to have her own particular friends. Why did Amy choose to spoil things like this. Her mother remained quiet, watching the two girls. The struggle went on still in Alice's mind for a few minutes. Gradually her face softened and she laid her hand on Amy's as she said:

"You are more thoughtful than I, Amy. It would be nice to have the little lame girl. I don't suppose she ever was at a Thanksgiving supper. Won't her eyes shine when she sees the table!"

Amy gave a sigh of relief—"I'm so glad you're willing, Alice. I was afraid you'd be cross, and yet I couldn't help thinking the Master would like us to bring some gladness into her life. You don't mind, do you dear?"

There were tears in Alice's eyes as she said, "I want to do what He would have me do too." Then she turned to her mother and said rather shyly, "Mother, you said we ought always to pray about things. Will you kneel down with us and let's ask Him to make our party His?"

So the two girls and the mother knelt and asked the Master's guidance and blessing. When they arose it was with a happy consciousness of His nearness.

In half an hour the list was made out and the games outlined for the evening.

Alice's five special friends, the little lame girl, two children of a widow who lived on the next street and belonged to the class so hard to reach, "the genteel poor," four girls in Alice's class who dressed very plainly and whom nobody seemed to notice at school, but whom Amy had discovered, Janie, the servant girl's little sister, whom Mrs. Dunn often had up to the house, and Miss Walcott.

Alice had proposed her. "You see, mother, she's a stranger here, and it's not likely she has made many friends in the two months, so

probably no one will ask her out for Thanksgiving. Besides," she added, "I'd rather like to ask her anyway."

And Mrs. Dunn, who was a wise woman, didn't inquire into the wherefore of Alice's "besides."

"Shall we go round and ask them or send written invitations?"

"Oh, let's write."

"Well, girls, we won't write them to-night. It's time you were in bed." So "the conference closed," as Alice said.

Three days before Thanksgiving Mrs. Barker sat sewing away as fast as she could, for if this dress could be finished to-night she might get paid for it before Thanksgiving, and then she could buy something nice for the children's dinner at all events. Nine o'clock it was before the last stitch was in. Tired as she was she must put on her bonnet and take the dress to its owner herself. It was too late for the children. Besides her only chance of getting the money was to go herself.

It was dark, and raining a little outside, but she took the parcel, and telling the children she would be back before ten, started out.

"Mrs. Lynn says she's sorry, but she can't give you the money to-night. She'll send it round the first of the week."

The first of the week! and Thanksgiving was Thursday! and she couldn't get the children a thing! Had she walked all this distance for nothing?

Wearily and sore at heart she turned to walk home in the wet. The people were rich. They would never have missed the five dollars which were so much to her. But they didn't have the change ready and a couple of days didn't matter.

The way home seemed so long, so wet. The children were in bed. She was glad they would not see her weary face. It was all such a struggle! So hard to make both ends meet! But worst of all there was so little brightness for the children. For Nellie, the eldest, had to do most of the housework before and after school, while her mother sewed, and Mary went on errands for a millinery store when she came out of school.