

DOLLARS FOR SELF AND CENTS FOR CHRIST.

"Yes, I always give for missions and everything else," said Phil. "I give something every Sunday; don't you?"

"Why, no; I give five or ten cents when I think I can spare it, when I have a good deal of money and don't want it for anything," said Tom.

"I give whatever papa or mamma give me for it," said James. "Sometimes it's more and sometimes it's less."

"Oh, I always give my own money!" said Phil. "I don't think it's any giving at all unless you do that."

"Yours is the best way, I'm sure," said Tom, soberly. "They say it's the regular giving that counts."

"And then, of course, what you give is just so much out of what you'd like to spend on yourself."

"Yes," said Phil, feeling very self-denying and virtuous.

"I'm going to try your way," said Tom. "And I'm going to keep an account and see what it will amount to."

The three boys were on their way home from Sunday-school, where they had heard from a missionary some very interesting accounts of the great work which is going on in Africa. He had treated his subject with all the power which comes of a heart glowing with zeal in the grand work to which he had devoted his life, and love for the poor creatures whose eyes had learned to look to him in earnest seeking for the knowledge of the way of life.

And, as heart always awakens heart, he had succeeded in deeply stirring the sympathies of his young hearers as he told of lives wretched and degraded in this world and hopeless as regards any other; of downtrodden women and neglected children who are crying out to those in our favored land, "Come over and help us."

So that many of them went away with the solemn feeling that they should, in some sense, be held answerable if they did not strive to hold out a helping hand to those in sore need. For the present it

was plain that missionary interest was to be centred in the "dark continent," and little societies were formed among Sunday-school children, they believing it would be pleasanter to put their gifts together than to offer them separately.

Several boys came to Phil's house on the next afternoon to talk it over, and Phil brought his account book to put down their names as the first members of their society, with a preamble in which occurred many high-sounding words setting forth their resolves and intentions.

"What's this, Phil?" asked his uncle, picking up the book on the same evening after tea.

"Oh, that's my account-book, uncle. I brought it down to take names and draw up resolutions for our missionary society."

"May I read it, or is it a secret organization?"

"Certainly you may. I am simply, you know, trying to work up the idea of liberal giving among the boys."

"A most excellent idea," said his uncle, concealing his amusement at Phil's rather pompous tone. "Let me see—bananas, twenty-five cents; soda water, ten cents; peanuts, twenty-five cents; bat, thirty-five cents; candy, fifteen cents; base-ball cap, seventy-five cents; Sunday-school, six cents—"

"Oh, stop, Uncle George; that isn't in it! That's when I was visiting at Cousin Tom's, and I promised mamma I'd put down every cent I spent."

But Uncle George seemed not to hear, and went on—

"Peanuts, fifteen cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; getting shoe mended, forty cents; soda water, ten cents; missionaries, five cents; getting bat mended, fifteen cents; lemonade for the boys, fifty cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; collection in church, two cents."

"Please give me the book, uncle."

"I'm glad you don't forget your charitable duties, Phil," said his uncle, giving up the book with rather a mischievous smile.

Phil took it in some confusion. He had heretofore thought but little more of his