

Nettie and her brothers were all allowed a penny per week for pocket-money, and Nettie generally spent hers in sweets and cakes.

Now and again she put a half-penny or, if she could get one, a farthing, into the missionary-box when it was handed round, but this was a special appeal for funds. She had heard her father saying that a hundred more missionaries were wanted, if only enough money could be raised to send them out.

'One penny won't make much difference,' she said to herself for the twentieth time, as she came breathlessly up to the school-room door; but as she said it she heard her own answer to Mabel not many minutes before—

'Twelve pennies make a shilling.'

She paused outside listening to the buzz of the young people taking their places.

'I want to see the things, but I don't quite like to go in,' she thought.

She had stepped on the mat and was insensibly getting nearer to the door, when it opened and the superintendent beckoned her in.

'Come along,' he said. 'You're rather late, but I'll find you a place.' And in a minute more Nettie was sitting right up at the front, where she could both see and be seen by everybody.

The lady who was to speak was just standing up, and before Nettie had time to wonder what she should do when the plate came round, she was listening with both ears.

Then there were things the lady had brought — curious little baskets, caps, spoons, native dresses and charms, and, above all, the beautiful needlework done in the native schools by girls and women, and pictures of those who had done them, who, but for the noble men and women who had left home and friends to tell them of the redeeming love of the Lord Jesus Christ, would still have been in heathen darkness.

'I might spare them my penny every week,' thought Nettie. 'Chocolate creams are very nice, but I could do without them. I won't buy another one till there's enough money collected, to send out the hundred more missionaries who are wanted. And I'll try to persuade some of the other girls to do the same. If everybody will give a

penny we shall soon get the money.' — Harriet E. Burch, in English Paper.'

David's Summer In The Country.

David is a little boy nine years old who had never been as strong as he might be. He always loves to go to his grandmother's in the country, and last summer he had his wish gratified more fully than ever before, as he spent the whole vacation. At grandma's he found the people, and Nell, his favorite horse, all glad to see him again. They haven't any little boy at grandma's when David isn't there, and so he was installed as errand boy immediately. He had to bring grandma, who is an invalid, drinks of water from the spring, had to hunt her spectacles when they got lost, bring her fresh apples from the orchard, and so forth. For Aunt Catharine and Sophia he brought the cows; and for Uncle Jim he carried water to the fields, rode the horses to water, and all such things. Not everybody realizes that the boy is often the busiest person on the farm and they can yet find time to grow.

During the summer David learned how to put the halter on Nell and how the harness is put on a horse. He soon got able to hitch up his side when the horse was put in the shafts of the carriage, and became so expert that his side was generally finished first. He learned how to plough, to 'roll,' to make hay, to harvest with a binder, to 'haul in,' and he saw the threshing done. David and his grandmother had been away to the nearest town and knew the threshers were coming. Just before they came he went up to the top of the nearest hill to watch for them. The chief thresher said, when David saw them coming, the traction engine ahead, he jumped two feet straight up in the air like an Indian and ran to give the news. But the thresher went on to say: 'That isn't very strange: I know of some men who get excited when the threshers come.' For you must know that threshing day is the great day of the year to the farmer. When David carried water to the threshers he carried a big pail nearly full at double-quick. His father knows of his taking much more time when he had a much lighter load on other

occasions. But who does not know that circumstances alter cases!

When he is at home, being of an impulsive nature, David hears a good many 'don'ts.' It is 'don't do this, David,' and 'don't do that.' At his grandmother's he heard very few of them. Even when, like General Grant as a boy, he hung to the horses' tails, nobody said 'stop that.' I wonder whether there might be other children who hear too many 'don'ts.' At any rate, in David's case it was a good thing. he had a rest for a while.

Can David drive Nell? Of course he can. One trouble, however, of his driving is that he is often tempted to drive like Jehu. On such occasions, his grandmother, instead of saying 'don't,' uses diplomacy. She said: 'David, won't you drive slower. We can't see the corn when we go so fast.' Or, 'if you drive so fast we will get home so much the sooner, and then our drive will be over.' David appreciated such reasons.

Sunday mornings David went to church in town with his mamma. But Sunday evenings he attended church in the schoolhouse. It was at one of these Sunday evening services that the boy listened as if the sermon was meant for him. Was it the sermon or the place? At any rate before he had harbored the view that sermons are not intended for boys to listen to. Was he right or wrong?

When David went back to his home in a distant state he went stronger than he had been for a long time. Perhaps the best commentary on his vacation was that of his teacher, who said: 'What has happened to the boy? He seems so different from what he was before. He appears so happy; why he is even radiant.'

David summed up an account of his vacation to two or three friends by saying: 'It was a picnic.'—The Herald and Presbyter.

How many leaves there are on the great trees around us! Could you count those in the maple by your house? Try some day. But listen. There are three parts to each leaf. Take one and look at it as I tell you. First, the Blade, the flattened green part. Next, the Petiole, the stem. And lastly, the Stipules, the small leaves at the bottom of the stem. Is there anybody in your house who thinks a leaf has only one part?—Mayflower.