

Poor little Emmy! her conscience was touched, her heart filled with penitence, and her eyes with tears, and she put down her head for fear the Missionary should see how red her cheeks had become. The Meeting was soon over, and Emmy held her mother's hand very tight as they left the room. When they were free from the crowd she said timidly, "Mother, do you think the Missionary knows about *me*?" "What about you, dear?" "That I buy cakes and things for myself, and that I never put anything into the box." "No, Emily, I do not think the Missionary knows it; but God knows it, and I think He has sent this good gentleman to teach us things that we never knew before." "But, mother, did not you know that we ought to help Missionaries?" "Yes, I knew that but I did not know many things that I have heard to-night." "And do you think he really meant what he said about the half-pence and the children in the Indian Schools?" "Yes, Emmy, I have heard that before, and I have heard too, that if every family belonging to the English Church would give but one halfpenny a week, it would come to two hundred thousand pounds a year." "Oh, mother what a great deal of money! and only think, too that if every family spends a halfpenny a week in nonsense, when it is all put together it comes to just the same, two hundred thousand pounds a year!" "Yes, Emmy, it is worth thinking about, indeed; but here we are, at home, and you look too tired and sleepy to talk any more about it to-night."

The little girl did not talk any more about it, but she thought about it, both when she was saying her prayers and when she lay down on her bed, and she made up her mind what she would do.

Six months after, there was another Missionary Meeting in that same village School-room, and Emmy put a sixpence, a fourpence, and a penny into the box; all her savings through the six months, except one penny that she had spent on her birthday for gingerbread; and now she wished she had not spent it, for she had a good dinner on that day, and could have done very well without the gingerbread; and then she would have had a whole shilling to put into the box. But although she had indulged herself on that occasion, she had exercised self-denial many other times since the words of the Missionary had so affected her; and this good habit once begun in a sincere and humble spirit became easier to her, and she was able to put a shilling and a half-penny into the box at the next meeting.

Emily is not a child now; she is a young woman, and in service; and I am happy to say saves a few shillings every year out of her wages to help the Missionaries, instead of spending them in foolish books or unbecoming finery, as too many young servants do, and as she would most likely do also, if she had not early learned to deny herself. M.