

are God-given, and the more you learn to value and love them, the sweeter and stronger your natures will become.

But there are many other things with which He does not want you to be contented. He does not, for instance, want you to be happy over your own goodness ; and I am perfectly sure He would not have you satisfied with continuing to give the pennies that, once upon a time when you were "a dear little thing," you thought it was so grown-up for your small fingers to drop in the mite-box or collection plate.

Pennies have their own value, and are not to be despised by any means. They stand, however, only at the very beginning of our knowledge and use of money, for the first coin given to most little folks is a penny. Then they learn how much it will buy—what a "cent's worth" is. Pennies are the usual coins handled in Infant Schools, and generally the smallest toy-banks are made with a slot to fit a penny. But surely, dear boys and girls, you whose minds are growing so beautifully large and generous and brave and strong, because of your study of the great ennobling subject of Missions—surely you do not want to stick to penny-giving all your lives long. So the piece of advice with which we started out isn't so queer after all, is it?—especially since this second clause has been added :

Don't be satisfied to give only pennies into the Lord's Treasury.

There is something particularly nice and plump and strong about a five-cent piece, and it is a joy to have earned the handful of coins which are exchanged for the crisp paper dollar-bills that you are going to give to God's work.

Did you ever stop and think what a great, large place God's Treasury must be? And yet, my dear generous boy or girl, not one penny in there is ever lost sight of by the All-Seeing-Eye, and the history of the getting and the giving of Each Coin is known from its beginning to its end by the loving Father in Heaven.—*Adapted from "Over Sea and Land."*

A Missionary Herald.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"Dear heart, isn't there something I can do for you? If you would only scold, or fret, or be impatient about things, and not look so absolutely angelic."

Helen bent impulsively to kiss the pale, lovely face that looked up at her from its nest of pillows, and her aunt laughed at the impetuous girl.

"There is one thing," she said : "it's been on my mind for days, and I don't see but you must do it for me."