

finished 'em, wanted to know what on earth they were, anyhow. John's business is a lowly one, and he ain't had much time to cultivate his taste.

When the day of the box-packing arrived it was raining some. It was not raining much, however,—not enough to keep anybody home from a box-packing, a surprise party or a public sale. It might make 'em hesitate a little, maybe, if it was a temperance meeting or Sunday morning, and they were about starting for the service. John made us a box to pack the goods in, and the pastor was about to pay the expressage for his share. I set my paper owls on the side of the box in as graceful a way as I could, with the pen-wiper by 'em, and then I sat down to wait for the folks to come. The first to arrive was Aunt Jemimah Jones, and she just stood in the door and looked at my owls. I fancied she looked a little bit envious, but maybe I'm mistaken. She brought as her portion six iron holders and her daughter's last summer hat. I didn't say nothing, but I see she had taken the flowers from off the hat and removed most of the ribbon, which left it looking sort of bare. Mrs. Lawyer Black arrived next. She is rich and we expected something pretty fine from her. We felt a little disappointed when she undid a paper and disclosed a china vase and two plaster of paris cats.

And they kept a coming in and a piling their things around my room, and, bless your heart, there wasn't a useful one among 'em all.

I guess everybody thought like I did, that they would just give something that didn't cost 'em nothing, and let somebody else spend the money.

John said if I'd call him when we got the things all in the box he'd come in and nail it up for us, but we just stood a looking at 'em and didn't seem to know what to do. 'Here comes the Widow Smith,' said I, 'she's late.' The widow washes for a living, and she ain't got much time to attend any meetings but the Sunday ones.

'Sisters,' she cried, catching her breath as she spoke, 'I ain't too late, am I? I hadn't time to make nothing for the box, but while you've been doing that I've been earning a little money for 'em. Just slip this down between the folds of something; it's got a five-dollar bill into it,' and she handed out a little leather purse.

I hadn't called John nor nothing, but I guess he thought it was about time he was needed, so he just came in—and as John came in the back door the pastor came in the front door, and there they stood a eyeing them things. I confess I never felt so ashamed in all my life. I made a grab at the owls, but concluded to let 'em be since everybody had seen 'em. The pastor didn't say nothing, but John laughed till he couldn't stand. Then Mrs. Lawyer Black spoke up: 'I think we have made a mistake,' she said. 'We cannot know the wants of those Dakota sufferers, and our gifts may be useless. I think if we send the present ones they are likely to be,' she added, with a sly twinkle in her eyes. 'I move that we send 'em money instead. The Widow Smith brings her offering to-day of five dollars, and I will add fifty more to it.' Then there was a deep silence, such as makes itself felt. I looked at John, and he nodded his head. 'I'll give ten more,' I said.

And so it followed till everybody present had made an offering in money, some more, some less, till counted up it amounted to two hundred and five dollars. I never see anyone so pleased like our pastor was. 'May the dear Lord reward you,' he said.

And I said to John that night I hoped the Lord would hold in remembrance what we had actually sent, and blot out forever his

remembrance of the missionary box that came so near disgracing us all.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

How Susie Helped.

(N. Y. 'Observer.')

'I wonder what I can do to help in the revival?' Susie Martin has asked herself a number of times after extra services began in the church.

She had asked her Aunt Rebecca the same question, and the answer was 'that little girls were not expected to help very much in a revival,' which was not a satisfactory one to Susie.

'But Mr. Benton said that every one could help in some way, and if all tried, there would certainly be a revival. I am sure that our pastor means just what he says,' and there was a perplexed look on Susie's face.

But Aunt Rebecca who was a very busy woman did not take time to even think how Susie could help in the revival work, and so the little girl began to think for herself very earnestly.

'If I could only sing, I would help in that way,' and just a little shadow came over her face, as she thought how rough her voice sounded even in her own ears. 'If I was only a little larger, there are many things that I could do to help. I could speak for Jesus when there was an opportunity given; I could go about the town and ask my young friends to attend church, and to give their hearts to the Saviour, but I am so little they might think that I was out of my place if I should attempt to do such things now.'

So Susie was undecided as to what her work could be, for two or three days after the meetings had been in progress.

One night the pastor said that he wished that all would be on time, when each service should begin, as promptness was a necessity in a revival meeting. Then he requested all the church members that wished to help in the revival to occupy the front seats and thus be in readiness for work. Susie went with the rest to the front pews, and then it came to her clearly that she was in the line of duty, by doing as the good pastor requested all to do.

Every night she took her place in the same pew, and was very careful to be on time. Then she tried to be reverent and thoughtful, thinking that she could at least set a good example for some of the little girls who were careless in their manner of behavior in church.

The special services went on night after night, and many came to the altar as seekers after Christ. The revival was a real success, judging by the way that Christians worked for the welfare of others. Many professed Christ and began to live the life of faith in him. Susie was very glad that such good work had been done, and glad that she had tried to be prompt and reverent, and always in her place, but how much these things counted she did not know. Sometimes she was a little sorrowful to think that she was not sure of helping very much. When the meetings were about to close Mr. Benton thanked all the Christian workers for the help that he had received during the special meetings. During his remarks he said: 'Even the children have helped by their presence, and I have been cheered and inspired by their bright attentive faces.'

He looked directly at Susie when he said this, and the little girl felt her heart beat very fast. She knew that she was one of the children at least who had helped him and this knowledge made her happy.

After the services the pastor as he shook

hands with her, said in a low voice: 'I meant you.'

An old man who had been among those to accept Christ just then pushed his way up to Susie and said: 'I want to shake hands with this little girl, for it was seeing how thoughtful and reverent she was that first caused me to think that I, too, ought to be respectful in God's house, and it came to me that I must be a Christian and become like a child, or I could not enter into heaven.'

Susie felt very grateful and happy that moment, and she could not even answer the man who went away saying 'God bless you, little girl.'

So Susie was conscious of the fact at last that she had helped in the revival, and for this she thanked God.—Mrs. M. A. Holt.

Wonderful Lenses.

In 1843 a petty accident happened at Phillips's Academy, Andover, Mass. A dinner-bell was broken, and the pieces of metal carelessly thrown away. A student of more than average thoughtfulness picked up the pieces and carried them home. He put them in a crucible in the kitchen stove, and mentioned to his family the apparently unimportant circumstance that he was going to make a telescope.

His father did not discourage the aspiring boy, and became interested in his purpose, and gave his own trained genius to the accurate shaping and polishing of his son's reflector.

Thus, an accident to a dinner bell was of value to science, for the boy astronomer became the head of a firm that makes the greatest refracting telescopes in the world.

Years passed. New systems and suns, new planets and satellites had been discovered. Great observatories had been built, when a group of Harvard students found themselves one day inspecting the unassuming shops in which were made the instruments by means of which these wonderful discoveries had become possible.

They were a rollicking lot of boys, just crossing the outer threshold of science. They stood, half carelessly, before a huge lens, forty inches in diameter and nearly a foot thick. The maker pointed to it with pride, but cautioned his visitors not to touch it.

'How long did it take the glass-workers to make this disk ready for polishing? Six months?' A student asked the question as though he himself were giving the information.

'It took four years,' said the telescope-maker, quietly. 'The workmen failed many times before they succeeded.'

The boys uttered exclamations of surprise. 'And how long will it take to polish it?' asked another.

'Two years. This forty-inch lens has a fifty-foot focus. That is, it must catch the rays of a star upon every point of its surface, and refract them to a common point exactly fifty feet away. If one ray falls but the breath of a hair from the focal point, the glass is defective.'

'But how can you do it?' said one of the group, sobered by the thought of such a problem.

'With patience and without machinery,' replied the lens-maker. 'It is all done with the trained eye and a deft hand. A dab of beeswax here, a bit of rouge there, or the pressure of the thumb on the defective spot—that is all.'

'Thumb?' exclaimed the thoughtful student. 'Can you wear that flinty glass down with the bare thumb?'

The maker of the lenses, seeing that the student was the one in twelve—the earnest