

said, "We will get some hens and sell the eggs and the chickens."

The little coloured children did not rest satisfied with making promises. They executed their plan without neglecting school; and at the end of a year they held a meeting, under the direction of a missionary, and carefully paid over to him all that they had raised. And how much do you think they put into his hand? More than ten pounds (fifty dollars).—*Selected.*

WHERE THE SHINE CAME FROM.

"WELL, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbow on the old lady's stuffed arm-chair, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily. "I have read a little and prayed a great deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch for; she has a wealth of sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now!"

"Who, that girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl; that's Susie Moore, and she has an awful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "O little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly, and, to grandma's surprise, he raised the window, and called, "Susie, O Susie! Come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you."

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time."

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see, papa's been sick a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I do not be bright who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said the dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine, "that's God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than that: 'Because it is dark at home.'"—*Christian Observer.*

WHAT A FACTORY LAD DID.

JUST above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered a cotton factory as a "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labour. But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin." He then entered an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings.

At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools. He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from "piecer" to a spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and, placing one of them in the "jenny," with the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end. He worked at cotton spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.—*Exchange.*

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill our lives with the sweetest things.

If we had but a day;

We should drink alone at the purest springs

In our upward way.

We should live with a life-time's love in an hour.

If the hours were few;

We should sleep, not for dreams, but for fresher power.

To be and to do.

We should be from our clamorous selves set free

To work or to pray,

And to be what our Father would have us to be.

If we had but a day.

—*Selected.*

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