

belief that he has written about it in his books. But the second thing is the most important one. When you next pray to our Father who is in heaven, and especially when you have any trouble or need to bring to him for help or comfort, remember those who at such a time have no better than a fox to tell their troubles to. There are thousands here about me, who, when they are in great sorrow, go in all earnestness to beg these five poor animals to help them, not knowing where else to go. Let us remember, then, when we pray, to thank our heavenly Father that we know him. Perhaps some day, and in some way, we may even help those who are now worshipping the fairy fox to thank him with us. — *Missionary Herald*.

TOO LITTLE FOR ANYTHING.

M. B. M. U.

"I'm too little to be in the missionary s'iety. I'm too little to be in the s'iety of Christian Endeavor. I'm too little for everything, I guess."

Aunt Lucy was sitting on the piazza as Jessie slipped out of the parlor window, and she heard the sorrowful words and called the little girl to her.

"What is the matter, pet?" she asked.

"Sister Isabel and the big girls are having their missionary meeting in there," said Jessie, pointing into the parlor. "They said I might listen to them, but that I couldn't be one of them 'cause I am so little. I'm too little for anything, Aunt Lucy."

"Too little? I guess not," said Aunt Lucy with a very loving kiss on the wee-begone face. "I think some of the little ones who came to our Saviour must have been as small as you, or smaller. And he did not send any of them away. I have read lately of some children who formed themselves into a band which they called the 'Little Helpers.' The only thing the members had to do was to see to it that they let no day pass without doing some little kindness—something to make somebody happier."

"That's just what I'd like, Aunt Lucy," said Jessie, with a wonderful brightening of the face. "Only there ain't any s'iety like that for me to belong to."

"You might be the first one in such a society, and get the little girls to join it."

"Well, I will," said Jessie. "But what if I shouldn't find anybody to be kind to every day, Aunt Lucy?"

"You will be sure to, dearie, if you keep on the lookout. Try it, and come to me to-morrow evening and tell me what you have done."

The sun was just sinking behind the hill as Jessie spied Aunt Lucy on the piazza, and ran to make her report.

"Well, have you seen anyone to be kind to?" asked Aunt Lucy, smiling at her glowing face.

"Oh, plenty, Aunt Lucy. Why, they began the very

first thing in the morning. I was out getting a bouquet to put by mamma's breakfast plate when nurse and little Harry looked out of the window, and nurse said to Harry: 'What shall I donow at all that ye've dropped your belt buckle, and I can't be leavin' the baby to go and find it?' I wanted *petticularly* to go down to the pansy bed, but I stopped and hunted under the bushes until I found the buckle."

"When I was going to school I was running after May to walk with her, 'cause she's my best friend. But then I saw Susie Spencer. She's a poor little girl, and the other girls don't walk with her much. So I whispered to May about my s'iety and she said she'd join, and then we asked Susie to walk with us and she was so glad!"

"Oh—when I came home to dinner I went for the pansies, and old Peter was working in the garden and he was just taking his dinner out of a basket. And he had a little tin of coffee and it was cold, and I asked him if he wouldn't like it warmed, so I carried it to the stove. And I saw a pretty card and gave it to him for his little girl."

"When we went out into the garden to pick some berries I let Harry have the new pail and I took the old one. And then I wanted dreadfully to go and play croquet with May, but mamma wanted me to carry some of the berries to old Mrs. Carter. I didn't want to, and I'm afraid—yes I am, Aunt Lucy—that I pouted a little. But I made myself feel pleasant very soon again, and when I got there I didn't hurry back, but I stayed and read to her."

"Very well, Jessie, I hope you will keep on. Your whole life will be sweet and lovely if you begin by trying to bring little deeds of kindness as offerings to your Saviour." — *Selected*.

ONE WAY OF USING MITE BOXES.

The *Child's Gem* tells a good story about a collection taken in a little mountain village in Virginia. A lady living there formed a missionary society and put mite-boxes in all the families for the use of the children. At the end of the year they had an "opening." Almost every box was found to contain fifty-two cents. Now and then one had a dollar.—The company were both surprised and delighted to find on adding up that they had forty-seven dollars for missions, and all through giving one cent every Sunday morning. The writer adds "some of us remembered when the minister's wife tried to raise some money for missions. She went all around and worked hard, and got just ten dollars, and the minister gave five of that."

Surely Paul's way of laying by on the first day of the week is a good one.