

my darlint. It'll be 'long threatening come at last' with you, I'm thinking."

She went on but left Millie a little encouraged.

The next passer was a good natured young man with a dog. He paused when about opposite her, and she was just going to open her lips to ask him, when his frisky young dog made a dash at the table. The stick which had served as a prop was pushed aside, and the currants lay in the grass and dusty road.

It all happened in a moment, and Millie, seeing that her last hope was gone, threw herself on the ground and sobbed as though her heart would break.

The young man went to her and said,—

"Little girl has my dog done much harm?"

She made no reply.

"Tell me what it is; perhaps it is not so bad after all."

"There is no use now: it is all spoiled."

Nevertheless, she sat up and tried to stop crying while she told him the story.

"Is that all? That is easily remedied; here is a ten-cent piece, the price of the currants."

She shook her head.

"No that wouldn't be fair; you didn't eat them."

Somehow she wanted to be very honest about this.

"But my dog did. If I had paid for them and eaten them you would have said it was all right; but instead I buy them for my dog to play with. Don't you see?"

"Is it like that?"

"I think it is," and he slipped the money into her hand and walked away.

Millie was happy again. The joy came back to her eyes and the smile to her lips. She pushed back the hair from her face, and walked down the road toward Deacon White's, where the missionary was staying. A plump young girl opened the door.

"I want to see the man what lived in India."

"You do! Why, its Millie Stone! Well I don't believe he wants to see you much."

"Won't you tell him?"

"Well, I'll see what he says; but you 're awful dirty."

Presently she was shown into the room where the missionary was sitting with his wife.

"Mister, here's ten cents," said she, walking up to him. "Its for the widow-girls about as big as me. You said every penny would help," added she, seeing that he looked surprised.

"Certainly it will, my child; but how is it that you have so much to give?"

She told him. He drew her to a seat beside him on the sofa. "And were you sorry that they know nothing of the Bible?—Was that the reason that you wanted to help?"

"I don't know nothing much about that,—I'm sorry that they dont have anything nice like me."

"Shall I tell you about those things that they need most, and you, too, my child?" And Millie listened, listened eagerly, to truths, which, if she had heard, she had never realized. When she left that house she went to be a little home missionary in her own family, as well as to work and pray for the "heathen who are without."

But Millie never heard how much good her ten cents did. Nor did she know of the thought awakened in the minds of the washer-woman and the young man who bought the currants, nor of the mission band started in consequence of a letter written about her by the missionary's wife, nor of the encouragement given the missionary. But she was glad that she had been able to help, though she never dreamed how much.

—*Children's Work for Children.*

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Miss A. E. Johnstone, of Dartmouth, N. S., is Correspondent of the LINK for the Maritime Provinces. She will be glad to receive news items and articles intended for the LINK from mission workers residing in that region.

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