

old came many times and begged me to go to his owner and get his permission for the boy to come and live with us. I was very much attracted by this dear little boy and asked him, "Who is your owner?" "Ranangesi." "Where are your friends?" "I have no friends." "Where are your brothers?" "I have no brothers." "Where are your father and mother?" "I have no father or mother; *"I wish you to be my father."* "Where is your home?" "I came from far away; I should like your house to be my home." Poor little homeless, friendless Loleka, I could not resist his entreaties, and went to his chief and got his consent for the boy to come and live here. When he got dressed in a coat and cloth, he came running to me, threw his arms around me and said, "You are my father and friend; I will live with you day by day." *Little Helpers.*

#### PRUE'S MISSIONARY MONEY.

"Oh, mamma, my potatoes are looking splendid, and papa thinks there will be at least six bushels, and if they are fifty cents a bushel, there will be three dollars. Only think, won't that be a good deal of money?" So saying, Phil Sanborn drew up to the dinner-table, delighted.

"Yes, my son, that will be a good deal indeed," said Mrs. Sanborn, as she smiled down upon her ten-year-old boy.

The spring previous some of the ladies of the Woman's Board of Missions had been in that town to tell of the grand work they were doing, and even the boys and girls were interested. Phil had been told that he could plant some potatoes, caring for them himself, and have their price for missions when these ladies came again.

Prue, Phil's nine-year-old sister, heard, and her large blue eyes grew sad, for she had nothing to give.

"Eat your dinner, Prue," said mamma, "I thought my little girl was fond of apple dumplings." "So I am, but—I was thinking."

"Of what, pussy?" asked papa. "Any

new disease attacked your dolly?" "No papa, but such *wonderful* things are to be done."

"What wonderful things? Is Barnum coming up here with his museum?" "Why no, papa, but about missions, and you, and mamma, and auntie, and even Phil have something to give, and I—I haven't anything." And Prue ended with a sob.

"Who ever expected *girls* could earn anything, I'd like to know! See here, Prue, I'll give you ten cents of my potato money," said Phil. "Thank you, I do not want it," returned Prue.

"I'll give you twenty-five cents," said papa. "That would not be earning it myself, like the rest of you do! No, I shall give nothing which is not my very own," said the little Miss.

After the dishes were washed mamma sat down to her sewing, and auntie to her knitting, while Prue with a kitten in her lap was in a brown study.

"Oh, mamma! I've got an idea," and Prue gave such a jump that the kitten went out of the window. "Auntie said I was very clever at making doll's clothes, and I might make a few snits, real nice ones, and put them in Mr. Robert's store. He will let me if it is for missions, and then I'll have some money all my own to give."

"So you shall, dearie," said auntie. "Get your silks and merino and your dolly, and we will commence. I will cut and fit, and you shall sew every stitch."

In November the missionary meetings were held again. Phil gave three dollars and seventy-nine cents, the dollars from potatoes, and the cents from chestnuts. Then happy little Prue brought her offering, four bright, new silver dollars, with her eyes shining like stars.

That night as they talked the meeting over by the fire at home, Phil said, "I have changed my mind about girls since Prue earned so much. I don't know that many boys could have done better."

"And Prue whispered to mamma, 'Wasn't it work for Jesus too, mamma?'"

"Yes, darling, if you did it for the love