

child who sat so quietly in his corner. His face had been very happy up to this time, but now it looked sad and downcast, and the tears seemed very near. Miss Edith, too, had heard and seen it all, and putting out her hand, she drew little Jack to her side, saying gently :

"Jack dear, will you take the envelope to Mr. Stanton, and wait while he counts and marks it? I see that there are several boys before you at the desk, but you can sit on the bench and wait your turn."

The child's face lighted up, and he took the envelope with a smile. As soon as he was gone, Miss Edith turned to the boys : "I am glad to believe," she said kindly, "that you had no intention of hurting poor little Jack, and I know that you will feel very sorry when I tell you something which happened yesterday."

"I need hardly remind you how poor he is, and how very little money it is possible for him to give. Yesterday afternoon I went to call upon his mother, who is ill, and found Jack with a very sad little face, on a stool beside the fire, with a wooden chair before him, upon which was spread a small number of pennies. 'Why are you looking so sad, Jack, and Jack, and what are these pennies for?' I asked. 'They are for the collection to-morrow, Miss Edith,' he answered, looking mournfully into my face; 'but they are very few, and I feel so sorry, for I wanted to help those poor people build their church; and besides, you know God loves us if we give our money to him, and I've saved, and saved—but these are all that I could get!'

"I sat down beside him, and said, 'Jack, if your sister Fanny had a little candy, and brought it to you, would you think that she did not love you because it was not a great deal?'

"Oh, no, Miss Edith," he answered. 'Fanny loves me very much, and if she only gave me a little it would be because she had only a little herself.'

"And that is just the way God feels to you, Jack," I said. 'If you give Him your money because you love Him, it does not make any difference how much or how little it is. If we have a good deal, we can give a good deal; but if we have only a little, our Heavenly Father would rather have pennies, given for love of Him, than dollars without the love—given.'" Miss Edith continued, "though I did not say this to Jack—because *the other fellows give that much, or to beat Mr. Colton's class.*"

"Well, Jack was comforted, and gathered up his pennies with a sigh of relief, saying, 'I would give lots if I had it, Miss Edith, but I'm very, very glad that God won't think I'm stingy.' Perhaps you have never thought of it before, boys, but I want you to try to remember, that 'if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath and not according to that he hath not.'"

"I am very sorry I said that about Jack, Miss Edith," said Max remorsefully, "he's a

first-class little chap, and I'm sure he has given a sight more than any of the rest of us to-day."

The boys were sitting very quietly when Jack came back with the envelope, and took his place shyly among them; but when he glanced at Max, he was surprised to see him smiling and nodding to him; and he could not understand why all the boys were so kind to him during the remainder of the service, or why, from that day, some one of them always seemed to be trying to do him a kindness. They could have explained, but though they did not, none of them forgot the lesson he had taught them.

"MY DOG RUINED."

THE great and good African Missionary, Moffat, relates the following amusing incident. We wish the Bible might always have the same effect on people as it was supposed to have on this poor animal :

One day as I was passing by the hut of one of the most important but least attentive of my Sunday hearers, this exclamation : "Oh, what a misfortune!" pronounced by a man's voice, struck my ear. Quite concerned, I pushed the door open and went in.

"What is the matter?" I said, "what misfortune has happened to you. I hope neither your wife nor your son is ill, my poor friend."

"No," replied he, "there is no one ill in the hut."

"Well, what trouble were you speaking of just now in such a melancholy tone?"

The man scratched his woolly head with an embarrassed air, and said : "Why, sir, the boy has just come to tell me that my dog has eaten a leaf of the Bible that you gave."

"Oh, well," I said, "that mischief is not irreparable; I can, perhaps replace the leaf."

"Ah, but," said the man, "my dog is spoiled! He will never more fetch me the smallest bit of game, nor will he fly at the throat of my enemy when I tell him to. He will become as gentle as a lamb, like our warriors do now who read that book! I tell you what, missionary, my dog is ruined and it is your fault!"—*The Christian.*

WHAT A CHILD'S KISS DID.

In a prison in New Bedford, Mass., there now is a man whom we will call Jim, and who is a prisoner on a life sentence. Up to last spring, he was regarded as a desperate, dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak, but was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny of rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his own counsel; and, while never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, the others