

New England would not allow the Prayer Book to be used anywhere, but now the Prayer Book is very much beloved even by those who do not use it. Though the people of the United States are not British, still a great many of them belong to the same Church as ourselves and have a service and prayer book very much like our own; and the services once chanted in the woods and under a big sail for a church are now held all over a great country, which is learning to think more and more of the Church of good old England every day.

NAN'S MISSIONARY BOX.

NAN sat at the window, trying to squeeze out an idea. She had been to a missionary meeting, and her little heart was longing to be able to help send the Glad Tidings to those distant countries where so many of the people, the missionary told them, were willing and ready to receive them if only there was some one to carry the Good News to them.

"But," said the missionary, quoting from St. Paul, "'how can they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?'"

And then he went on to tell them that there were a great many people willing to go if any one would send them. "And you little children," he said, "can help in that sending. Every penny that you give will do just so much towards telling somebody—somebody for whom Christ died."

But where was Nan to get those pennies? How could she possibly earn them? She could not ask her father for them, for, even if he could afford to give more than he already did, of which there was great doubt, "it would be his money, and not mine," said Nan to herself, with a shake of her brown head. So that idea was put aside.

"I might ask Gretta," a little German neighbor, "to teach me to knit mittens; but by the time I had learned and made a pair it would be too late to sell them at the village store, for who would want mittens so late in the spring as that would be!"

So idea number two was put aside—but for future use.

Some of the girls did things about the house for which they received money; but "doing things about the house" was part of Nan's daily life, and she could never ask the dear, tired mother to pay her for helping—never!

So good-by to idea number three.

"It's such a between-season time," thought the little girl sorrowfully; too early for wild flowers, which some few people were willing to buy; far too early for berries, for which there was always ready sale.

"Nanny, dear, will you set the table for supper?" came mother's voice. And so there was time for not another bit of "squeezing."

"But there's one comfort," said Nan to herself, as she rose, and with both hands pushed the soft little curls from her forehead, "there's one comfort, and that is that God knows I want to do it for Him." And then the white forehead was laid for a moment against the cool window-pane, and in that moment a little prayer flew away, a prayer that, if He thought best, God would show her how she, too, might be "a worker together with Him"; after which, with a light heart, Nan went off to her table, singing such a merry little tune that Dickie, in his cage, went into a perfect ecstasy of warbling, though it was quite time that he made a puff-ball of himself and fell asleep on one leg.

You may be sure that Nan did not forget her great desire, and, though she did not worry, she spent many a spare moment in turning the question over in her mind, but seemingly to no avail. So the days passed on, days filled with work and lessons, and many a good time added in, for Nan was fond of skating, and Roger Hayes, a school friend and neighbor, used to come for her whenever the ice was good, and carry her off to the pond for a long, happy afternoon.

One day, when they were returning, in passing Roger's home, he turned to her, and said, "Would you mind coming in for a moment, Nan? I want to get something that I have for you; then I'll go on with you and carry it home."

Nan went in willingly, you may be sure, for, in the first place, what girl could resist a mysterious "something"? and then Nan was always glad of a chance to run in to see Roger's mother, for she had known her all her life, and loved her dearly.

"Mother, here's Nan," called Roger, as he opened the door. "Just warm her up, and give her a cookey to keep her quiet while I run out to the barn for a moment"; and catching up a basket he bounded away, leaving Nan to receive the cookey and the kiss that went with it.

The cookey was eaten; the warming process had been completed, and Nan had given all the news from the farm which had accumulated since day before yesterday, before Roger returned with the basket.

"O Roger!" cried Nan, jumping up, and spilling Mistress Tabby, who had jumped into her lap, without ceremony, "is that the 'something'? Do let me see!"

"I'm going to give it to you," said Roger, with pretended solemnity, "to keep you from breaking a commandment; for you said, that day that I took you out into the henhouse, that you envied me her. I meant to take her over long ago, but forgot till this afternoon. Can you guess who she is?"