

"Mamma," began Daisy wonderingly. "I don't know what you mean!"

"I do, I do," Nell answered vehemently, working away with vigor. "'The tenth is the Lord's.' Mamma wants to teach us something. He gives us everything *but* the tenth, gives us all the strength to work with, and it's only after we've taken his part out that we begin to give. I see; I haven't been living with mamma fourteen years for nothing. I know she has meanings in her plans."

Mamma smiled lovingly, "now, how will you work my plan? You know you asked me yesterday what systematic and proportionate giving meant. Proportionate means taking one part or portion of the whole, such as one out of every ten or three out of every five, or any amount you decide on. Systematic means to do it by a plan regularly."

"I'll take out each tenth one as I cut it," Nell assented, but Daisy objected; "That'll take too much time; when I'm done I'll count them all and divide by ten."

"Both ways are systems," said mamma, smiling. "Which one is best?"

"Mine," said Daisy, "it's less trouble."

"Mine," said Nell. "Then mamma won't have to wait so long for hers; we get ours right off, and 't isn't fair for her to wait.' Now, she added with satisfaction, "I've got something of my very own to give to that family our Mission Band is going to send a basket to at Christmas. It feels lots nicer."

"On the first day of the new year," mamma said, "papa and I have decided to give to each an allowance, out of which you are to buy your gloves, handkerchiefs, and ribbons. Then, as we want you to learn to earn money too, Daisy shall do the

dusting and Nellie may make the beds and straighten up the rooms for me in the morning, and we will pay you so much a week."

"O thank you, mamma." "O mamma, you and papa do so much for us we don't want any *pay*."

"Thank you, dear, but if you do it regularly and faithfully you will save me getting a girl to do it, who would do it altogether for pay. You can put love into your service. Now, how about God's share?"

"Ten cents out of every dollar; that's the tenth, isn't it?" said Nell immediately. "That belongs to God."

"Suppose our gloves and ribbons and handkerchiefs all wear out and ninety cents won't buy new ones?" Daisy questioned.

"Suppose the dollar wouldn't buy them?" Nell asked.

"Then something would have to wait," Daisy answered laughingly.

"Then let it wait with ninety cents. If that ten cents is God's, 't isn't *yours*; and if you spend all your ninety on yourself, what are you going to have to give away? I want to carry my own money to Band and Sunday school, and have some to put away for Foreign Missions and Luther Day and the rest." Nell gave her rolling-pin a flourish. "Mend your gloves, mamma'll teach you, don't lose your handkerchiefs, and do without new ribbons. I see how to have money to give, and I'm going to get a box and put 'The Lord's Tenth on it, and put in His penny just as soon as I earn ten; and then it'll be there and I can't forget and spend it, and have to owe Him money as well as thanks and love. I see the way to do, and I mean to begin right off. Here's mamma's painful of tenth cakes. Is the oven hot?"—*The Children's Missionary*.