

woman, whose face looked sad and very pale in her black dress.

They poured me out on the table with the bills and pennies ; I rolled as far away as I could, for I never liked pennies since they jingled at me so rudely when they went into the contribution box. Then they courted us all over, bills, dollars and dimes ; how they talked about us, so much for groceries, so much for meat and so on, until the woman stopped.

"John," she said softly, "we mustn't forget Robbie's dollar," and the tears came into her eyes as she looked at the picture of a boyish face on the wall.

"That's so," returned the man.

"To-morrow is Missionary Sunday," she continued, "and he wanted to earn a dollar to give ; oh, how much he talked about it," and the tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Yes," replied the man in a choking voice ; "this shall be Robbie's dollar and we will carry it to-morrow night."

So saying he picked me up and here I am, proud and happy to help the cause I love so dearly.

Friends, I know there are many dollars in this church to-night who want to be mission dollars ; don't disappoint them by sending pennies in their place, but let us go out together, a shining band of Missionary Dollars, bound to help those who go "into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—*I. B. C. in Little Missionary.*

JESUS DIED FOR YOU.

God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—ROMANS V. 8

Were I to find a little child
 Astray upon the trackless wild,
 As I that little heart beguiled,
 I'd whisper, "Jesus died for you."

Were I to find a stricken heart,
 That knew how love and hope must part,
 As oil upon the wound and smart,
 I'd whisper, "Jesus died for you."

Were I to meet a wandering one,
 Once shining as the noonday sun,
 I would not name the evil done,
 But whisper, "Jesus died for you."

For learned ones in wisdom's schools,
 For those well versed in fashion's rules,
 Philosophers alike with fools—
 I'd whisper, "Jesus died for you."

If at the foot of life's last hill,
 The journey almost o'er, there still
 Were one bowed low, with swift good will
 I'd whisper, "Jesus died for you."

If called to speak life's latest word
 In dying ears, that long had heard
 The joyous news, still, gracious Lord,
 I'd whisper, "Jesus died for you."

Do you believe it? can you say,
 Responsive to my simple lay,
 As here my running pen I stay,—

"I KNOW THAT JESUS DIED FOR ME?"

Selected.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Thou Holy Child of Bethlehem,
 Who in a manger lay;
 We thank Thee for Thy wondrous love,
 And bless Thy name to-day.
 For children all in every clime
 Where Thy dear name is known,
 Rejoice in that great love of Thine,
 Which makes them all Thine own.

Immanuel! The Prince of peace,
 We worship Thee, our King;
 And like the wise men from the East,
 Most precious gifts we bring.
 We come with loving, grateful hearts, —
 We bow before Thy face,
 And whilst we give ourselves to Thee,
 Oh give to us Thy grace

Sel.

If our faith be alive and growing, it will certainly bring forth more growing thanksgiving.