

Helen's Gift.

Helen looked long and lovingly at the bright new ten-cent piece which lay in her pink palm. She had earned it all herself by running errands for Grandma Tyler. Sometimes the road was long and the sun was hot, but Helen was happy, always remembering that the money she earned was to be given to the dear Lord. When brother Ben asked what she was going to do with her errand money, she blushed and said, 'It's a secret,' and when he remarked, 'Why it's too far off to Christmas, and there ain't any birthday now. Come on, let's spend it in molasses taffy,' Helen shook her brown head, and went off by herself. Ben was so concerned that he asked his mother what she thought Helen would do with her money when she got it, and mamma only laughed and said, 'Perhaps she will do what my spendthrift Ben would not be likely to do—put it in the bank.'

But Helen knew what she was going to do with it! Her mamma belonged to a Missionary Society which held a thank-offering service every Autumn, and Helen had gone to the meeting with her mamma one golden October day and heard the story read of a very poor old lady who pinched and saved all the year long, even giving up her beloved cup of tea—so as to have a bit of gold to give to her dear Lord! A great longing came into Helen's young heart to give something, too, which had cost her sacrifice, for she was a dear Christian child and wanted more than all things else to please her loved and loving Saviour.

'He knows I'd like to give Him gold,' she whispered shyly to herself, but since I'm only a little girl perhaps a piece of shiny silver will make Him just as glad. Of course He can make my little silver dime worth as much as a big piece of gold if He wants to, just the same as He could make five little pieces of bread and two tiny fishes feed a whole field of people! I'll ask Him to please bless my thank-offering,' and she did and Jesus heard!

Helen belonged to a Band, but the Band had never thought that it could have a thank-offering. When she took her dime to the meeting and answered the roll call

by going to the front and laying down her offering, this was the text she recited: 'Oh, give thanks to the Lord, for He is good.' Then she whispered softly, so that no one could hear but Miss Mary, 'Teacher, this isn't just collection money; it's thank-offering like the big folks, you know.'

Teacher looked pleased, and all at once she remembered hearing Grandma Tyler say she must try and find a nice new ten-cent piece to give to Helen Ware for running errands. 'I do believe she's given every cent of it—the blessed child!' she thought, and right then and there a little plan came into her mind. Just before closing the meeting she said, 'Children, why is it that we do not have a thank-offering service, just as the big Society does? We expect to be a big Society some day when we are grown up, and why not get into the habit now of doing all these lovely things! I want to make a thank-offering at our next meeting, and I mean to earn the money myself.' Then she told what had made her think of it, and said that if any child wanted to earn money for the sacred and beautiful thank-offering, she would help them plan how to do it.

'Now,' said Miss Mary, 'I am going to take Helen's dime out of the collection and keep it in a thank-offering box until our next meeting, and I am going to ask the dear Lord to let it have so many little mates then that we may be able to change it into a gold piece!' How Helen's heart beat when teacher said that! No one but God knew how Helen had prayed that the silver might be turned into gold, and now it looked as if it really might be!

And it was! for when the next meeting came so many silver dimes and quarters nestled up alongside Helen's dime, that Miss Mary actually exchanged them for a five-dollar gold piece, which was paid over to the treasurer.

How lovely it would be if every Home Mission Band would hold a thank-offering! Why not!—S.S. Messenger.

Three Little Thieves.

In the cupboard there stood a basin of rice,
All snow white and soft and exceedingly nice;

Twass to make a Thanksgiving pudding, you know,
For Teddy and Fanny and Nellie and Joe.

But alas! in the night to that basin of rice,

Crept three tiny robbers, three little grey mice.

They all scrambled in and they all scrambled out,

And nibbled and scattered and pawed it about.

When mamma looked at it, the very next day,

She saw 'twass no good, and she threw it away,

So there was the end of that pudding, you know.

For Teddy and Fanny and Nellie and Joe.

—'Picture World.'

Johnny's Lesson.

There was a great commotion in the back yard. Mother hurried to the window to see Johnny chasing the cat with stones.

'Why, Johnny, what are you doing? What is the matter with the kitty?' she called.

'She's all dirty, mother. Somebody shut her up in the coal hole.'

'Is that all?' mother wanted to know.

'Why, yes,' said Johnny. 'She's dirty and black and horrid! We don't want her around.'

Presently Johnny came in crying and ran to her for help. He had fallen into a puddle and was dripping with mud. 'Oh, mother! mother!' he cried, sure of help from her.

'Jane,' she said quietly to the nurse, who was sewing near by, 'do you know where there are any good-sized gravel stones?'

Johnny stopped his loud notes to stare.

'Stones, ma'am?' asked Jane.

'Yes,' said the mother, 'to throw at Johnny. He's been in a puddle and is dirty and black and horrid!'

Johnny felt as if this was more than he could bear. 'Please, mother, I'll never do it again,' he cried. 'Poor kitty! I see now just how bad I made her feel.'

Johnny was then washed and comforted, but he did not soon forget the little lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.—'Sunbeam.'