

"I haven't an idea how to earn anything," said Harry Young, "but I'll ask mother. Just tell that blessed woman you want to earn some missionary money, and she'll find you a way."

When closing time came they knelt in prayer for a blessing upon their efforts, and Miss Nannie counselled them not to adopt any plan without praying over it.

There is not space to relate how that money was raised—how Robbie Wells gave up going to see the trained horses; how Joe Redner, who was very fond of cultivating flowers, sold his two most precious plants; how John Harvey, not finding anything else to do, turned to and sewed carpet rags for his grandmother, and wasn't ashamed of it, either; how Walter Green put on a big calico apron, and scrubbed the pantry, cellar stairs and back kitchen, his mother paying him the same she would have paid a woman for it; how Miss Nannie bought cheap buttons for her new suit instead of the more expensive ones she wanted. It would be impossible to enter into the particulars of the raising of that money; but it was raised, every cent of it, and more, too. The boys said they would not for anything have handed in only fifteen dollars—*Presbyterian Journal*.

8 cents per doz.