DONALD'S MORN-ING STAR.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

DONALD RAY had heard his mamma tell about the ship Morn-ing Star, built by the pennies of the chil-dren.

This ship carried the good news of Christ's message to the people of the Southern seas, who had not known about it before.

Donald liked this story very much, and said that when he was a big man he would build another.

His sixth birthday came and with it a beautiful new tri-cycle. What a happy boy was Ronald! He spent most of his time riding about the yard and up and the street.

One night after a very busy day he sat on the rug by the library fire telling papa all about it.

"I've named my tricycle Morning Star after the missionary ship," he began.

"But the Morning Star was a working ship," replied papa. ' The men on board had something to do. They didn't sail about just for fun."

"Why, I know it," said Donald, "and my Morning Star is a worker, too. When we first went out to-day we stopped at Mrs. Green's, and Mrs.

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Fay's, and Mrs. Law-rence's, and asked if we could do any er-rands.

"Mrs. Green asked us to get the mail, Mrs. Fay wanted a spool of sewing silk, and Mrs. Lawrence had an order on the butcher.

"When we got back, Teddy Ross was sick and we went for the doctor.

"Then we were tired—least I was, so Morning Star was lent to Lily, and Nora, and Mabel. They took turns up and down the sidewalk. Just before dinner we car-ried your letters to the office, papa.

"In the afternoon we went to the chapel to make scrap-books for the Chi'dren's Hospital I took Mil-lie down on my lap. Unc'o Dick took her home before the rest went. When I was coming home I met Jenny Flynn with a big basket of washing, so I got off and we tied the basket into the seat, and Jenny and I pulled it home.

"Hasn't my Morn-ing Star been a good mi-sionary, to-day, papa?"

"I should think so," said papa. "What is the work for to-mor-row?"

"Morning Star will have a rest to-morrow. We, Billy and I, are going to take our 'spress carts and get