

clothes to wear, but she told them that if they could earn enough by doing odd chores for the neighbors to buy each of them a new dress, they might go in the spring. Very earnestly had the little girls improved their stray chances, and very carefully hoarded the copper coins which usually repaid them. They had each nearly saved enough to buy a calico dress, when Nelly was taken sick, and as the mother had no money beforehand, her own treasure had to be expended in the purchase of medicine.

"O, I did feel so bad when school opened and Nelly could not go, because she had no dress," said Mary. "I told mother I wouldn't go either, but she said I had better, for I could teach sister some, and it would be better than no schooling. I stood it for a fortnight, but Nelly's little face seemed all the time looking at me on the way to school, and I couldn't be happy a bit, so I finally thought of a way by which we could both go, and I told mother I would come one day, and the next I would lend Nelly my dress and she might come, and that's the way we have done this week. But last night, don't you think, somebody sent sister a dress just like mine, and now she can come too. O, if I only knew who it was, I would get down on my knees and thank them, and so would Nelly. But we don't know, and so we've done all we could for them—we've prayed for them—and O, Miss M——, we are all so glad now. Ain't you too?"

"Indeed I am," was the emphatic answer. And when, on the following Monday, little Nelly, in the new pink dress, entered the school-room, her face radiant as a rose in sunshine, and approaching the teacher's table, exclaimed in tones as musical as those of a freed

every day, and O, I am so glad!" Miss M—— felt as she had never done before, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. No millionaire, when he saw his name in public prints, lauded for his thousand dollar charities, was ever so happy as the poor school teacher who wore her gloves half a summer longer than she ought, and thereby saved enough to buy that little fatherless girl a calico dress.

HOME.



HERE is magic in this word, and who has not felt its influence! We may roam far from our native land, may roam in foreign countries, and mingle only with strangers.

Various causes may combine to render us forgetful of home, its pleasures and its sorrows. The many cares and troubles of life may engage our attention, and the attractions of society may spread their charms. But in the calm powers of reflection, memory points to the past, and recalls to our recollection the scenes of our early years, of our childhood's home. Again in fancy we listen to the greetings of those dear familiar voices which long ago were hushed in the silent grave. Again we view each well known spot, endeared to us by tender recollections. Again the hills and villages so dear to memory rise before us. The dancing stream glitters in the sun beams, as in those by gone days when we played with its sparkling waters, and