



JESSIE AND MAY.

When the minister folded the paper as he finished reading, his eyes were full of tears, and so were the eyes of many in the congregation.

"I have only one word to add," he said, looking about as he laid it down, "and that is that this money has been saved copper by copper, for months, to buy the stone, and now it has been given, a loving offering, for the new mission. If other gifts are in the same proportion we shall not have long to wait for our building."

Agnes did not understand why it was that the minister took her in his arms and held her so close, the next time he came upon her in the church; but she looked up into his face with her own shining with delight, when he said:

"Little Agnes, the money for the new mission has all been promised; would you like to see the subscription paper?" And then he took it out—the long sheet of paper—and at the very head Agnes saw these words, cut from her letter:

"Agnes Roe is going to give fifty cents."

She smiled sweetly up into the minister's face, never guessing, in her innocent little heart, how much those few words had done toward filling up the long sheet; but then she said, as she laid her little head lovingly upon his shoulder:

"I think that mother will be glad, and not mind waiting for the stone, don't you?"

"I think that mother would be very, very glad, and would not at all mind waiting for the stone."

The next day Agnes' father took her to spend a week with her aunt, who lived some miles away. Agnes always loved to go, but as her father used laughingly to say, he thought it was for the sake of coming home again, she was always so delighted to get back.

The first thing that Agnes always did when

she had been away was to go straight "to see mother," as she called visiting the grave. "At this day when she reached the spot the little girl stood looking about her in astonishment. Could she have made a mistake? Surely this was mother's grave! and yet—yet—. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. Yes, there was no mistake; and yet, how could that stone have come there, the very stone, with the very "text," for which Agnes had been saving those cherished pennies?

She got down on her knees to read what was written there. Yes, it was just what she would have put herself.

Mary L. Roe,
Aged Thirty Years.
Asleep in Jesus.

And all that Agnes was ever told was that some of the kind people in the congregation had had the stone put up.—*The Living Church.*

THE LITTLE HEROINE.

JESSIE and May had been across Cowslip Meadow and down Primrose Lane to the Vicarage for their mother, and they were coming straight home again, like good children, when they heard frightened screams from over where the horse-pond was.

Grave Jessie and laughing little May stood quite still and silent for a few moments, then Jessie said quickly—

"Oh, May, only think if some poor little child has fallen into the pond! Come!"

When they reached the pond there was Mrs. Gettert's two-year-old Teddy floundering in the water, and no one near to help him but themselves.

Just as they came up he fell, and soon nothing was to be seen but a bit of frock and two little hands.

But Jessie was quick. She pulled off her own and May's sash, tied them together, tied one end round the maybush hanging over the water, and with the other in her hand went down bravely into the pond, although poor May cried she would be drowned. Jessie was almost out of her depth when she caught one little hand, and by help of the sash pulled herself and the baby safe back to dry ground. She had saved Teddy's life.

WHO CAME WHILE EFFIE WAS AWAY?

AS anybody been here to-day, mother, while I was gone?"

Effie had been away all day, since breakfast, and now daylight had faded out of the sky, and the moon's "silver sickle" was hanging above their heads.