

and praying for the children across the seas who have never heard the name of Jesus. All that we do to make them happy will bring joy to our own hearts." Then, pointing to a table on which was a row of Missionary jugs, she added:

"Who will take one of these, and try to fill it with pennies?"

Little Faith was the first to respond, and coming to Mrs. Preston's side, she said:

"I will take a Missionary jug, and I will try to mind the yesterdays, too." The other children quickly followed Faith's example, and the jugs were soon taken.

Mr. Preston came in just at this moment and told the children he would give a handsome book to the one who gleaned the most pennies, and said that the breaking of the jugs would take place at the next meeting.

Faith Arnold walked home with her head full of Missionary jugs and the yesterdays. She found no difficulty in finding friends to help her raise the desired money. Uncle George put in a gold dollar, father and mother each gave a dollar, Aunt Lizzie slipped a two-dollar bill into the jug, when Faith was not looking, and so it went until the much-prized receptacle grew very heavy, and Faith felt almost sure of winning the promised book. Nor was she forgetful of the yesterdays. She took care of baby when mother was tired, kept back the cross words when Brother George took her new book without asking leave, and washed the dishes without fretting. Mother noticed the change in her little daughter's conduct, but wisely asked no questions.

The month soon passed away, and the afternoon for the jug-breaking came. The children had grown enthusiastic over their new work, and waited with eager faces to have their names called and jugs broken. A change had come over Faith Arnold's face. She was not happy. Looking across the room she saw Alice Somers, who had only a few pennies in her jug, and she noticed for the first time what a sad, patient face she carried. Alice would get no prize, oh, no! She was poor, and had very few friends to help her. But she had placed in her jug the few pennies she had of her own, and Faith knew this.

"She had made a great sacrifice, and I have made

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

"Suffer little children to come
unto Me."

COME from near and come from far,
Come from all the lands that are;

Come from lonely realms of snow,
Where no winds of summer blow.

Come from golden Palestine,
Vine-clad Alps and Appenine,
Fabled shore and pilgrim shrine.

Come from Asia's central sweep,
Afric's sand and jungle deep;
Come from Western prairies' sweep.

Come from islands of the sea,
Says the Christ-child, unto Me.
Every child is bidden free.

Come in! Come in!



none," thought the little girl. "Will not her yesterdays be brighter than mine?"

"Faith Arnold," called Mr. Preston. Faith woke from her day-dream, walked to the table, and placed her jug thereon. One stroke of the hammer shattered it, and the money was counted.

"Faith Arnold has ten dollars and sixty cents," said Mr. Preston, and has the best filled money jug. My child this volume of Bible stories is yours. You have earned it."

He held out the book, but Faith did not take it. A struggle had been going on in her heart between the good and bad spirit, and the good spirit had conquered. She whispered something in Mr. Preston's ear, and then walked to her seat.

"My children," said the pastor, "I have just learned