

"Why, Brother Tom!" shouted Julia.
 "You're making fun."

"No, sir-ee," said Tom.

"But what could he want with so many maple seeds?" queried Jack.

"He wants them for his nursery, so he can have some young trees next year, raised from these very seeds," answered Tom.

Jack and Julia were not convinced, but they put the seeds away carefully, and in a few days Mr. Green called.

Mr. Green looked the seeds over; then he measured out two bushels, put them in his wagon, and clattered off down the driveway. And in Jack's hand there shone a bright new dollar.

"Oh, Julia," he cried with a joyful face, "it is just enough to complete our subscription for the Settlement lady!"

And so it was.—Boys and Girls

Blossom, the Little Mohammedan Girl

By Mrs. James R. Menzies

Little Ying, or Blossom, as we will translate her name, for she had pink cheeks as pretty as any flower, lives in a funny Chinese house inside a very ancient city. The house is funny because the different rooms are scattered all around the yard, instead of being within four walls as our houses are.

The reception or drawing room is next the street, but has neither door nor windows showing from the street; you have to enter a gate at the side of it, and go down a passage to find the door of the room on the other side. Then across a small yard are the bedrooms, and on either side still more rooms, one being the black smoky kitchen, where the funny stove without any chimney is used every day to cook the meals.

When Blossom was about eight years old, her mother became very ill, and after they found the Chinese doctors could not make her well, she was brought to the mission hospital and lived there some months, for she had to have an operation. Blossom and her little sister came, too, as well as a servant, and sometimes the nurse brought baby out to see his mother.

Although Blossom's brothers had been to

school and could read, she had never been taught, but when she saw that the women and girls in the hospital all had books to study, she must have her own, too, and in a very short time could read it all, and was ready to help some who had been studying much longer. Little sister, although she could not recognize the letters, learned by heart from hearing Blossom repeat hers every day. They loved best of all the children's sweet hymns just as we sing them here, "Jesus loves me," "When He cometh," "There is no name so sweet on earth."

Blossom and her sister learned a great many of these and learned to sing the tunes so correctly that we would have them sing in mother's room to let the other patients, who gathered together there, hear the hymns. But no little girl can study all day long, so Blossom learned to knit and made nice little mufflers for herself, sister and baby brother.

Our Girls' School was about to be opened, and these little sisters were very keen to attend. The mother had shown a deep interest in the gospel and expressed the desire to become a Christian, but relatives prevented her joining the church. However, on the day school opened little Blossom was found standing outside the gate looking in so wistfully that she could not be turned away.

Her father would not allow her to come and board, so she trudged through the city streets and out across the country road to our school each morning at 8 o'clock and home again each afternoon.

Blossom was industrious and quick at her work, making splendid progress, and her bright and smiling face showed how happy she was that first year at school.

But alas! the Mohammedan priestess discovered, through some zealous relatives, what was being done, and had such influence over the family as to have Blossom taken out of school and taught at home by herself.

The lesson books are not the same, for the priestess teaches the Korean in Arabic. But our little Blossom still reads her New Testament and sings the gospel hymns in her home, and whenever she can manage to escape the priestess and get away, she still comes to church or Sunday School.

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