

rather go off hunting or nutting or something.'

'O Billy Boy! that shows that you know nothing about it,' said Dilly Dwight. 'You ought to have heard her. I could not sleep for a long time that night, after I heard how those poor children had no teachers or Sunday-school. And their fathers and mothers don't know about Jesus either, and some of them are very cruel to their children and throw their little girls into the river, because they think it will please their gods, which they themselves made. What do you think of that?'

'Well, what are you going to do about it?' asked Rupert, who always wanted to get to the bottom of things. 'Shall I pass round the hat and raise a million of dollars? or what are you making all this fuss about?'

'We don't expect to raise a million,' said Carol, 'but what a lot of money it would make if all the children in Sunday-school would give one cent a week.'

'But they won't,' said Dora, whom the children called Dolorous, because she always saw the dark side of everything, 'they won't! and you needn't expect it!'

'Neither do I expect it,' laughed Carol, 'and because they all won't, those of us who will must give more. They only ask us to give \$3,000—all of us. And if we should just give the nuts we've picked to-day—Mr. Baker will give ten cents a quart—it would be a beginning. How many of you will do it? raise your hands.'

All the hands went up. Some quickly, others more slowly, all but Rupert's.

The vote was carried and they scurried around for dry sticks and leaves and soon they sat around the fire eating the delicious roasted nuts.

'Now,' said Carol, as she peeled the shell from a popped open nut, 'we must make our plans or we shall forget by to-morrow. Let us see how many things we can do without and give the money to send teachers to the children.'

At that there was silence. For it is hard for children or 'grown ups' to give up things which they

like, especially things to eat or drink.

It was Ted who spoke first.

'Oh, I s'pose I can stop buying peanuts for a month,' he said, 'and if that isn't self-denying I do not know what is. It makes me weep scalding tears just to think of it.'

'I'll go 'thout cho'late creams for a month, and give the money,' said little Joyce, 'and that will be forty cents.'

'Good,' cried Carol, clapping her hands. 'I don't have much money for such things but I'll go without cake for a month, and I know mamma will give me money instead.'

The children looked ashamed when Carol said that, for she had fewer things than any of the others.

'Bother!' cried Rupert, 'I was just going to say I would give up bananas, which I don't care much about, but now I'll have to give the money daddy promised me to get a knife with, or else I'd feel so small my clothes wouldn't hang on me.'

'I s'pose I can give ten cents,' said Dolorous, 'but I know it won't do any good.'

Maud Atkins had said not a word though she had more money than any of the others.

'I will give the dollar mamma promised me for a ring,' she said, 'and I'm going to invite you all to a birthday party to my house next month, mamma said I might, and you must bring all the money and I will tell the others about it. I believe we'll get a lot. Why, we must get at least ten dollars. It seems wicked and selfish for us to have so much when those children have so little.'

The factory gong sounded and the children sprang to their feet and started for home. A month later they all met at Maud Atkin's, with as many more girls and boys, and when the money was counted there was—how much do you guess?—\$16.35. Wasn't that grand? The children thought so, and you should have heard them cheer.

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Being Brownies.

'Suppose,' said Aunt May, when the children begged for a brownie story, 'that you be brownies yourselves to-day.'

'Be brownies!' exclaimed five-year-old Norman.

'Yes. Why shouldn't you?' Aunt May answered.

'How?' asked Cassie.

'They are little people who do things in a quiet way to surprise people,' was the reply.

'But brownies are boys,' insisted Marian.

'You might call yourselves fairies if you prefer, though brownies seem more like real people to me,' returned Aunt May.

'We'll be brownies,' chorused the children.

Aunt May smiled and said 'You know mamma has to get ready for the sewing circle. Could not ten little brownies' hands find some way of helping instead of hindering her?'

'Must it be something we hate to do?' asked Cassie. 'I think we might, Marian and I, take the children to the woods and amuse them there while the ladies are here. It would keep the house quiet for the ladies.'

'I'll wheel the twins out in their cab,' said Duff, though they all knew he did not enjoy taking care of babies.

'Percy and I can take the dinner out in our new express,' suggested Norman.

'I'll try to find something for the team to haul,' laughed Marian, thinking how Norah would grumble if asked to put up a lunch for the outing.

Aunt May nodded approvingly, and while the girl was getting the twins ready she slipped into the kitchen.

Marian wondered why Norah was so pleasant when she asked for bread, butter and a little cold meat, but when the maid went to add cake, pie, chicken, pickles and a sample of all the dainties that were to be served to the sewing circle she opened her eyes very wide, wondering if Norah had not turned into a brownie, too.

(To be continued.)