

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 has made a great sacrifice, and I have made 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 that Alice Somers, who had only ten cents in her jug, has saved this at a great sacrifice; and like the widow of old, has brought her all. Faith feels that the book rightfully belongs to this little girl, and has asked me to award it to her. Do you think Faith has decided wisely?"

"Yes sir, yes sir," came from every child.

"Alice," said Mr. Preston, "I now gladly give this volume to you." Then, calling Faith to his side, he placed a hand on each little girl's head, and said, "You have both learned the secret of all true giving—self-sacrifice. Ever follow in the footsteps of Him who pleased not himself, even our Lord Jesus. May God bless you and your companions, who have striven, I trust, not for any earthly reward simply, but for the approval of the Good Master of the vineyard."

A smile of pleasure lighted the orphan's face as she received the gift, and it more than paid Faith for the effort it had cost her.

That night Faith dreamed of the golden streets, gates of pearl, and walls of precious stones. And One came toward her with a tender, loving face. He took her in his arms, and said, "Thou art my child, for whoever strives to make the yesterdays bright is a son or daughter of the King." The morning light from the window woke Faith. She told her mother the whole story of the conflict and the victory, and this is what the mother said:

"He who takes care of the to-days need never fear but what the yesterdays will take care of themselves."—*The Missionary Helper.*

"Can't we help"?

Archie and Rob, Jennie and Rea are all spending a month on Grandma Colfax's farm. Archie and little Rea live in one of the big cities, miles away from the quiet old farm, while Rob and Jennie have spent all their short lives in a far-off home in the West. So these little cousins have never met before; but the way in which they over everything on the farm shows that they are now firm friends. Sometimes Rob's stories of "live Indians" make quiet little Rea grow pale with fear, and she and Jennie go away by themselves and talk of less frightful things. To-day they have been talking of their dolls, and Rea is reminded of last fall when one of her prettiest pets made a journey half around the world in a big box with a great many other pretty things. She sent dolly to comfort the heart of a sorrowful little widow ten years old. Jennie is used to Rob's wonderful stories, and sometimes knows better than he does how much they have been stretched to make Archie and Rea think that Rob is really a wonderful boy; but Rea's story sounds so strangely that she loses all patience and exclaims, "Well, Rea White Brant, you ought to be ashamed to tell such a fearful story! *A Widow ten years old?*" Little Rea's eyes grow dark with anger at Jennie's making fun of her story, but after waiting a minute she can say quite pleasantly, "Jennie I'm sure it's true, for my mother told me so. She knows a lady 'way out there who knows lots of little widows." Jennie only laughs and shakes her head and says, "I am going to ask grandma."

Grandma is on the neat old-fashioned porch when the little girls find her with her knitting. She smiles at their flushed faces, and sends Jennie to call the boys to hear a about "the little widows." She then comforts Rea, who is nearly ready to cry because Jennie thinks she has told what is not true. After they are standing very still near her chair, grandma says:

"Away over in India, where it is very hot nearly all the time, live a great many poor people. The fathers and mothers of the little brown baby-girls are very sorrowful when their little daughters are born, not because they are too poor to take care of the little ones, but because they think it bad luck to have a daughter. As soon as they can, they make a bargain with the parents of some young man or boy, who has perhaps two or three more wives, to marry their little girl now, and when she is four or five years old they will send her to his mother to live with the other wives. The mother of the young man attends to everything that his wives need. She never allows them to go out alone, or to be in any part of the house except just in the rooms prepared for them. They are never to see any one they love, and she treats them just as she likes, with cruelty or kindness. They are not taught to read or work or play, but spend their time in quarrelling with each other, or in crying, or in trying to forget their troubles in sleep or in silly talk. It used to be the fashion to burn the poor widows with their husband's dead body; but England will not let them do so now, for she rules the country."

Archie and Rea looked sad but not surprised, for they had heard the cruel story before; but Jennie and Rob's faces were full of horror and anger. As grandma closed her story, Rob cried, "Good for old England!" and Jennie said, "Well, if those wicked people oughtn't to be ashamed every time they think of the verse, 'Thou God seest me.'"

"Oh, Jennie," Archie cried, "how can they think of it when they never even heard of it?"

Jennie looked in Archie's eyes until she was sure he was