

deaconess shook her head. She knew what that crowded, dirty house, with its rough lodgers, its dunkeness and sin, and outside only a low street to play in, would do for poor little Bronya.

The Mission Band was surprised to be called to a special meeting on the very next day after they had just met. Everyone came, out of curiosity. Perhaps Miss Erskine was going to get up a concert or a skating party. But their little deaconess president had a far finer scheme on hand that they ever dreamed—It was that they should adopt "Happy-Heart" for their very own, and see that she had a good clean Christian up-bringing. It was a big undertaking, but the little girls did not fail. Mothers and fathers had to be consulted first, of course; but that did not take long, and in a wonderfully short time Bronya was the adopted child of a Home Mission Band. They found a good home for her in the country with a dear motherly woman to care for her, and now the members of that Mission Band are scrimping and saving their candy money and their rink ticket money and their ribbon money, and, in fact, all their good-time money, so that their adopted child may go to school.

Bronya is growing up tall and straight. You might see her any day, dancing along the country road, swinging her school bag. Yes, dancing, for she is beginning to be Happy-Heart once more. She is going to be a teacher, she says, and then she will make money enough to get Anna and Maria out of the Home, and take them to live with her, and the Mission Band are determined that she shall not be disappointed.

So Happy-Heart is really a Happy-Heart at last, all through the unselfishness of one little Home Mission Band. And in making one little Polish girl happy, they have made themselves happy, too—happier than they ever were in their lives before. For the real President of that Band looks down from heaven and says, "Inasmuch as ye did this great kindness to one little Polish girl, ye did it unto Me!"