

Choice idols are mine; the creatures seem  
living;  
And I ask such a trifle, that selling is giving.

Crumbling wood shall ne'er disgrace  
Any idol that I make;  
Granite, brass, and copper idols  
Only orders for I take.

Pilgrim's tears can never tarnish  
These strong gods, or sun or rain;  
Gilded with the best of varnish,  
Ages on them leave no stain.

Very choice, these smaller idols,  
Just the things for laborer's home;  
Also pocket ones for travellers  
Who on pilgrimages roam.

Size and weight decide the prices;  
I am selling under cost;  
Being kind and conscientious,  
Much good money I have lost.

Yet my business rule is simple.  
Ready money, never trust;  
Whoso buys of peasant idol  
May find it be quickly must.

I will promptly attend to orders, post paid.  
Enclosed with description of gods to be made,  
Provided one told the price is set on,  
And the rest is secured by a house in Canton.

#### RAISING MONEY FOR MISSIONS.

In a village not far from New York was a Girls' Missionary Society. The members heard that their missionary in Africa and his family needed clothing. After they had debated for some time how they should raise the money a brother of one of the girls gave them his plan. He said:

"My Plan is to have an entertainment and sale and devote the proceeds to purchasing suitable clothing for those very destitute missionaries. We'd have it in the Town Hall. On one side we could hang a motto, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' over the refreshment tables, and some of you girls, with powdered hair and in cotton-battling, diamond-dusted suits, could serve ices. Then on the other side a green-lettered sign, 'To India's Cord Sea-land,' could be suspended, and under it the rest of you, in bangles, spangles, and what-not, could sell fancy articles. And upon every elm-tree along the village street I would place this poster.

Tony unrolled the yellow scroll, headed with

*Come One and All and Bring the Children.  
Benefit of the Girls' Missionary Society.*

TONY BROWN, JR., MANAGER.

"O Tony, is that just the thing?" asked sister Lou.

"The thing? Of course it is. Nothing like it to draw the money from tightly closed purses. I don't believe in this bean-guessing and quilt-voting business. That's Lottery. But a simple fair!"

"I do not approve of fairs," announced Jennie Blair; "That is, to raise money for church purposes."

"Don't you?" inquired Tony, somewhat crestfallen. "Very well, we'll have some other plan. I'm agreeable to anything except those 'china' solicitations. Those are an infliction. Can you suggest something else?"

"We might collect some money," said Jennie.

"We might! So we will!" rejoined Tony. "We'll borrow Farmer Trask's light wagon. I'll do the asking, but you must all go with me to keep up my spirits."

For a week Farmer Trask's light wagon rode over hill and through valley on its canvassing route. Sometimes success followed it. Oftener discouragement.

"We've saved the toughest place for the last," declared Tony as he alighted at a forbidding stone gateway. Behind it lived the stingiest man in the county. Once a year he listened to the Rev. Anthony Brown's sermon from the free sittings in the rear of the church. He was reputed to be very wealthy, but no glimpse of his money was seen when the contribution-box was passed. The girls sat for a long, long time in the wagon.

"What can that boy be doing?" sighed Lou, impatiently flicking the leaves from the lilac-hedge with the long whip. Old Dobbin turned his head around as if to inquire what was the delay.

At last Tony was seen coming down the shaded driveway.

"Guess how much he gave me," he laughed.

"Two cents and his blessing," cried sister Lou.