

"Well, I've heard of something worse than minstrels, said Miss Morris, "and that was a 'Beauty Show,' like they had in The Midway,—a lot of girls painted and dressed up for beauties of all nations, and the folks paying to come in and vote who was the prettiest. I wouldn't have believed it myself, but it was put in the *Herald*, and told how much they got for the hospital. It's got so you have to get up something out of the common if you expect folks to give nowadays."

"Such jugglery is not giving at all," said the president, indignantly; "and a missionary society that has to resort to it would much better go out of business. I hope while we remember that we are responsible partners in this great undertaking, we shall also remember that we are only partners; workers together with God, and bound to carry on our work in such a way that He can work with us."

"Pears to me," said Grandma Cook, "there's just one easy, dignified way to give money, and that is to give it. I've tried all sorts of ways of cheating myself into thinking I wasn't giving, and it makes a sight harder work, and not half the satisfaction. Now I just put five cents every week into my missionary box, and there it is."

"We might learn a lesson from the native Christians in India. They do not give by adding anything to their resources, but by tithing what they have, be it ever so little. You remember how the five poor women who were disappointed that a Bible reader could not be sent to a neighboring village, consulted together and agreed to raise the money by giving up half of their scanty ration of rice. That meant real hunger for them. If we were willing to do half as much—"

"I don't really believe I'd go hungry for my neighbors, let alone folks in Injy," said Sally Atwell. "If I don't have my meals reg'lar, I git low in religion right away; but, my sakes, they's things enough a body could give up without sufferin', and save more'n ten cents a week, and I'm going to do it. I'm just going to keep saying, 'You're in debt, Sally Atwell, and you'd better make a business of getting out.'"

"Let us all say that," said Mrs. Bryce, "and make this a month of self-denial for this one purpose, and then we will talk over our experiences at the next meeting. And we will not forget that the pledge we made was not only 'two cents a week' but 'a prayer.' When we forget the prayer we lose interest in the rest."

Mrs. Jeremiah Davis looked up from her work to repeat impressively,

"Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

"But then," whispered Miss Sally, "it aint alms at all, it's a debt; and if you don't pay your debts you're meaner'n pusley."—*Life and Light*

### DOES IT PAY?

WILLMA H. ROUSE.

Does it pay, I wonder," said the president of the Young Woman's Band, "to support a girl in a boarding school? You see our Band has been keeping a girl in the Footchow boarding school for four years, and now Miss Bonafield writes that she is married and gone. She says she is to teach a day school near Ku Cheng, one hundred miles from Footchow. I suppose she may be a great blessing

to the people there. I'm sure I hope she may, for it was not easy to raise the twenty dollars a year to educate her."

"I wonder does it pay?" said Mrs. B——, as she carefully looked away a very foreign looking letter with a row of queer, green stamps across the top. "I don't know very much about day schools in China. That country seems so far away and so unreal! It will only cost me twenty-four dollars a year to support one of these schools. I can save that if I try. I think I will take the support of a school for one year and see what comes of it."

"It does pay," said the missionary, when she visited the school and found the young bride of a month earnestly engaged in teaching her pupils the way of life.

"It does pay," she said again, as she copied the first quarter's report. "Four girls have become Christians this quarter."

"It does pay," she said again, as the second and third quarters' reports lay before her. "Three girls converted the second quarter."

"Your school at Long Palk pays," said the Presiding Elder at conference time. "The people there are asking for a preacher, and I hope to send them one."

The preacher was sent there, and he felt that his greatest help in that village was that little day-school.

"All the girls but three converted," wrote the teacher the fourth quarter.

But about a week ago the pupils did not find their little teacher in her place, and the villagers whispered that she was very ill.

"Let us pray for her," the children said, and ten girls met and offered prayer in a room that had never before echoed the voice of prayer.

"She is quite unconscious," said an old woman, as the young teacher's voice faintly sang "Jesus Saves."

"No, she is not unconscious," said another. "She asked for her baby just now, and when I told her it was dead she said, 'It is God's will.'"

"I am trusting Lord, in Thee," sang the dying girl, and a heathen neighbor said, "She seems happy, and she knows she is dying. There is something in this new religion that makes people happy even in the face of death. Hark! She is praying."

Just as the sunlight streamed into the little room the sweet young soul took its flight; and men whose eyes had not been washed by tears for many years, stood outside her door and sobbed like children.

Three days later a committee of four waited upon the missionary in charge, and asked her to send another teacher to the place. "We need the school," they said.

"We will pay the rent for a room. We thank God that for fifteen months we had a Christian woman with our people. We know how Christians live, and how they die." And the missionary said: "I will try to send you a teacher." Then she sat down and wrote this, that others might believe with her that boarding-schools and day-schools in China pay.

Ku-Cheng, China, May 1, 1896.

—*Woman's Missionary Friend.*

MISSIONARY TEXTS.—Psalms xlvii, 8. God reigneth over the heathen.

Psalms lxxv, 2. Unto thee shall all flesh come.

Psalms lxxvi, 4. All the earth shall worship thee.