

Story of a Penny.

I am only a penny, not very big, and not worth much, and yet I have been God's little messenger to some who live far away from here, and who knew nothing of Jesus and his love for all.

One day, when I had just come from the mint fresh and shining, a gentleman put me in his pocket-book, took me to a store and had a hole bored through me and then put a piece of blue ribbon through, and carried me to his home.

"Here Dolly," I heard him call, "see what I have for you."

A sweet little girl, about seven years of age, came dancing up, her face aglow with interest to see what treasure papa had brought.

"O, what a shining penny!" she cried, "I'll put it round my neck and wear it always!"

I saw and heard many things in that home. I soon found that they were all interested in missions, and Dolly was a worker in a band called "Little Gleaners." One day she went off to her band with more than usual interest, for a lady, named Mrs. Pratt, who was a missionary among Indians was going to talk to them. Very quietly the girls sat while she told them of the poor red children who had never heard of Jesus, who never even heard of Christmas, and who had so little joy in their lives. Then she asked if any girl would like to give something to help carry the glad news of Jesus and His love to these little ones. I felt Dolly's heart throb, and her little hand went up and held me fast and then went down again, and then, with a great effort she choked back her tears, took off her neck the blue ribbon and, with me in her hand, went to the lady and said, "Mrs. Pratt, here is my new penny. please take it and give it to some Indian girl, with my love, and tell her Dolly Marlowe wants her to love Jesus." Mrs. Pratt kissed the dear little face as she thanked her, and told her God would surely bless her penny.

Well, I lay in Mrs. Pratt's purse for a long time, but at last she took me out, and I found we were in a strange land. The people who lived there were of a copper color. They had long, black hair, in which they stuck feathers, and they painted their faces until they looked terrible. They did not live in houses, but tents, called wigwams, made of dressed buffalo skins sewed together, with twenty or more poles to keep them up.

Mr. and Mrs. Pratt soon gained the hearts of some of the people by giving them bright beads, and other things, and they helped build a wooden house for them. One morning Mrs. Pratt saw a little girl, just about Dolly's age, playing near one of the tents. She could speak the Indian language, so she went up to her, and put the ribbon round her neck and asked her to come and see her and she would tell her a nice story. After she went away, the Indian girl, whose name was "Koka," which means "The Antelope" went into her home and showed me to her mother.

Koka had a baby brother, such a funny little red baby, and such a funny cradle! It was a flat board, and the baby was bandaged to it, his feet resting on a hoop, passed over his face was another hoop, and on it were placed all sorts of little toys and charms. When Koka's mother went to work—and she had

all the work to do, for the men only fight and hunt and smoke—she carried the cradle on her back.

Koka often went to hear Mrs. Pratt tell Bible stories, but her mother would not go, though she always asked her little girl to tell her what the "white faced" lady said.

But one day the baby took ill, and in a short time died. How sorry the poor mother felt, for she loved her baby just as dearly as a white mother loves her little one. She did not put away the empty cradle, but put a big bunch of black feathers where her baby used to lie, and carried it on her back and talked to it as she used to when her baby was there.

The Missionary felt very sad when Koka told her that her little brother was dead, and one day she came and told the poor mother that some day she would see her baby again. Oh, how Koka and her mother listened as Mrs. Pratt told them of Heaven and Jesus who was keeping the baby safe and well till they came too. They had never heard such news before! After that Koka's mother went to hear the lady talk, and then some of the other women went, and by and by the men went also.

Very soon I began to see a great difference in the village. The people no longer daubed their faces with paint, and tucked feathers in their hair as they used to. Many of them built neat little houses and tilled the land. The men no longer made the women do all the heavy work and carry great burdens. By and by a nice little church was built. Koka and her mother and father and many others were baptized and Koka's name was changed to Mary.

At the end of two years Mr. and Mrs. Pratt were called to visit another tribe, and a young man came to take their place, so the Indians would not be left all alone.

One day Koka went to Mrs. Pratt, and taking the blue ribbon off her neck said, "Dear Missionary, I want you to tell Dolly that I do love Jesus. I used to listen to all you told about him, and then when I went home, before I would lie down to sleep, I would touch this shining penny and think that the little white girl sent it to me 'with her love,' and was asking Jesus to help me love him, and that *did* help me to love him; and now, wont you please take the penny and give it to some girl in the tribe you are going to to-morrow, and give her my love, and tell her Koka will pray every day that she, too, may love Jesus."

That night the missionaries said good-bye to the people who loved them so dearly. Mrs. Pratt held me up and told how two years ago little Dolly had sent me to them "with her love," and how, through me she had gained Koka's heart, and how Koka had brought many of the children to hear of Jesus; and then how Koka's mother in her grief had come, and how other women and men, too, came to hear the glad story, until now nearly all the village loved Jesus.

"And now," she said, "Koka sends the penny with her love, to another tribe. Will you pray that it may do as much good there as it has done here."

Then they all knelt down and prayed, and after that, amid tears and sobs, said good-bye to the loved missionaries. I was very sorry to leave Koka and yet so glad that I had been used by the dear Lord, and feel sure that the prayers of those