

The children here are just as smart as American children are, and so I think the only reason the Japanese have not become a great nation, with railroads and telegraph lines, etc., is because that when they get old enough to understand about religion they worship stone images and foxes, and believe stories that are not true, instead of the Bible, and that deforms their intellects so that they cannot think rightly about anything.—*Children's Work for Children.*

A LITTLE BROWN PENNY.



LITTLE brown penny, worn and old,
Dropped in a box by a dimpled hand;
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought,
A little less candy just for one day;
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap,
To the needs of the heathen far away.

So far away from the fount of life,
Living, yet dead in their dark despair;
Waiting to hear of the tidings of joy:
Go, little penny, and lisping prayer.

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift wings;
It carried the message by Jesus sent,
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light
Wherever the prayer and message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When the darkness fled like wavering mists
From the beautiful dawn of Christian day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came
To the little child when Christ looked down;
Nor how the penny, worn and old,
In heaven will change to a golden crown?

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.



PIN and a needle, neighbors in a work contract, being both idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin to the needle, "what you are good for, and how you can expect to get through the world without a head."

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes; but you will not live long."

"Why not?" said the needle.

"Because you always have a stitch at your side," said the pin.

"You are a crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back," said the pin.

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again," said the needle.

"And I'll pull your eye out if you touch my head," said the pin.

While they were thus contending, a little girl entered, and, undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and, in trying to pull the thread through the cloth, she soon pulled its head off, and then threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin.

"Misfortune seems to have brought us to our senses," said the needle; "how much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out that they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together as we are."

"DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY QUICK."

NOT long ago I read a story about a little girl who had a parrot. Among the funny things which this parrot could say was the line that stands at the head of this story. She had heard Madge, her little mistress, say it over and over as she learned it in a piece to recite at school. Madge did not know about this, and one morning she woke up very cross. She crawled slowly out of bed, and began sulkily to put on her shoes and stockings. She pulled so hard at the button-hook that the very first button popped off. Pretty soon off went another. This made poor cross Madge so angry that she pulled off the shoe, flung it across the room, and screamed out: "Everything is so hateful! Oh, what shall I do!"

Polly, who was on her stand by the window, was very much excited by all this noise, and screamed back: "Bad girl! do something for somebody quick!"

This made Madge laugh, but it made her think, too. She made up her mind that all that day she would try to do something for somebody, and see if that would not keep her from feeling cross. I think it did. Suppose you try Polly's cure for crossness.

O guard your heart with a wordless prayer,
Your lips with a prayerful song,
As to and fro, on your tasks intent,
You go through the whole day long.
Then the fretful word will not escape,
And the angry spark not fire;
But the soul will be filled with the sweetest thoughts,
And the feet and hands ne'er tire.