

silver piece, then at the money jug. He knew he ought to drop it at once into the jug, but visions of a velocipede rose before him, and without stopping longer to the pleadings of conscience he placed the quarter in a box and dropped a two-cent piece into the missionary jug.

"Uncle Robert will never know it," he muttered as he tumbled into bed.

"Ha, ha! don't be so sure," said a queer cracked voice close by his side.

Frank started and rubbed his eyes in astonishment. His chamber had been transformed into a court room and he was surrounded by money jugs of mammoth size and proportions. Before Frank could speak a tall jug who sat on the judge's bench cried out, "Bring the prisoner here!"

Frank was seized roughly by two jugs and hurried before the bar of justice.

"Young man," said the judge, "you are charged with stealing money from the heathen and using it to gratify your selfish desires. Here is your accuser."

Out from the rank of jugs stepped one which Frank recognized as his jug. How cross and ugly it looked at him! His legs shook with fear as his accuser held up a two-cent piece and cried, "This should be a silver quarter. Yonder boy has cheated us in order to buy a velocipede."

"Thankless boy," said the judge, "do you know what a great crime you have committed? Do you realize what it is to be a heathen child? Listen and I will tell you.

"Heathen children are often starved and beaten to death. They are often buried alive. They are thrown into canals and left to drown. They are thrown into the Ganges River and eaten by crocodiles. They are often thrown under the wheels of the cruel Juggernaut car. They have their bodies cut and bruised and their feet bound in order to please their gods. They are often sold into slavery to masters who beat and kill them. They are taught to be thieves and murderers.

"Such are the lives of thousands of heathen children, and yet you can give only two cents to relieve their sufferings and keep the quarters for your own pleasure. Wicked boy, you shall be punished as you deserve. Gentlemen of the jury, retire and decide this boy's fate."

In a very short time twelve jugs reappeared in the court room and gave their verdict, "Guilty of selfishness in the first degree."

The judge then arose and in a solemn manner sentenced Frank to the life of the heathen child. "Officers, take him at once to the South Sea Islands. We don't want such boys in America." In vain did Frank plead for mercy. He was again seized by two jugs, but he struggled and screamed and—awoke.

Frank Masters, being a boy, kept his dream to himself; but the next morning he dropped the silver quarter into his jug, and as far as I know has been diligently collecting funds for heathen children since.—*Mission Dayspring*.

HOW AN AFRICAN GETS A WIFE.

Here is the way in which an African, a young man connected with our mission class at Bailundu, sought to get a wife. He is one of the promising young people that Mrs. Stover has written about in the *Missionary Herald*. You know that the Africans marry while they are quite young. Mrs. Stover says of him: "One day one of my school-boys, who is quite a young man, was absent, and the next day I took him to task for it. He replied, 'No, *ondona* [mistress], I did not run away from school; I was out searching for a wife.' I said, 'Are you going to marry?' 'Yes, I am old enough,' he answered. Then he told me where her village is, how tall she is, etc. Not having any idea of age they always tell the height of a person. I asked for her name. He tried to think for a moment, and then turning to his companion said, 'What is her name? It forgets me a little.'