

he drinks and treats his friends! He is better natured now; and when the gourd is handed back he tells me to drink the thick dregs left in the bottom. I go back to our hut, and mother hands me a large clay pot, and tells me to hurry and bring water from the brook to cook our food.

On the way down the hill I pass a lot of boys, who are having a nice time lying on the soft green grass. I wish I was a boy, like Jamba. He never has to carry wood or water. He sees me as I go by, and calls out to make haste and bring the evening meal. I hurry on and fill my pot; but just as I am climbing up the steep rocks my foot slips, and my waterpot lies broken at my feet. O, dear! O, dear!! I cover my face with my hands and wait till some one brings mother. She is very angry and says it will cost her much corn, as it was a borrowed pot and she must pay for it. I flee to this deserted hut, creep into a dark corner and cry alone. I am so tired and hungry. My head aches, and now I am all burning up with fever.

I keep thinking about that broken pot. Perhaps my uncle will sell me for a slave to pay the fine. Oh, if I could only die!! Then they would cover me with lots of cloth—more than I have ever had in my life. They would send for all the relatives, who would wait for me and shoot off gunpowder; they would dance and beat drums and make beautiful noises all night. They would have a big feast, and then they would question my spirit as to what caused my death. Then I would come back and torment with fear those who have made me so unhappy. It is a dreadful thing to be a heathen girl in Africa.

THOUGHTS OF A LITTLE AFRICAN BOY.

"Jamba is my name: Gava is my sister. I am the Elephant and Gava is the Hippopotamus. Those are the names always given to twins. It is fun to be twins, when you are the boy and Gava is the girl; then you don't have to go to the fields with mother and carry the baby on your back; Gava does that. She brings the wood and water too, and cooks the beans. I don't like to work. Work was meant for girls to do. I like to lie on the grass and watch the ants and lizards. I like to hunt and fish too, and swim. Then when I am hungry Gava cooks mush for me. That's what girls are for.

"Sometimes I have my turn herding the cattle. That's no fun. I wish Gava could do that too. Some day I will grow big; then I can marry lots of wives and own slaves to do my work. Then I'll be a man.

"Some folks are queer. White folks are. They say it is a shame for a strong boy like me not to work. They say I ought to help Gava and I ought to go to school. If I go to school I will have to wear a shirt, and that is too much trouble. I don't know, though. It would be nice to look like those Jesus boys. They do have good times, even if they are clean and have to work. My poor toes are so sore, and some of them are eaten off with jiggers. Those boys keep the jiggers out, and they comb their hair. They say Jesus loves black boys, and that he died to save us. I don't know how that can be, but they have a book full of beautiful pictures about this Jesus. If I wash my face and go to school I can see the pictures and sing. It is fine to hear the Jesus boys sing. It makes them look happy. And they are not afraid of the dark and don't get drunk. They say Jesus makes boys good, so they will not lie and steal. Wish I knew Jesus. Guess I'll go."—Mission Dayspring.

THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GIVE.

There's a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, though he might have
been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his silver plate
The church was dim with the candle's light,
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch not sight.

It's an odd thing, now, that guineas be
So like unto pennies in shape and size.
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring,
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man;
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall into his plate;
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said, "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me.
They lend to Him who give to the poor;
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out;
"The Lord is no cheated—He kens thee well.
He knew it was only by accident
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell.

"He keeps an account, no doubt, for the pair;
But in that account He'll set down to thee
No mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to give."

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in His account
For all the pennies we long to give.