

TAKE OUR PENNIES, HEAVENLY FATHER.

Take our pennies, Heavenly Father,
Use them as Thou wilt;
They may bring a soul some comfort,
Save a soul from guilt.

We will go without our candies,
Or some longed for toy,
That we may send heathen children
Christian light and joy.

Take our pennies, Heavenly Father,
Bless them every one.
Take our pennies, only giving
Us Thy sweet "well done."

—Alice May Douglas.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

There was once a Happy Valley where many people dwelt and children played all day long. They had pleasant homes, kind parents and teachers. They went to school, where they learned to read the interesting books which were read to them when they were younger.

In these books they often read of other countries and people who lived in different ways from their own. But these things were very much like a dream to them and they did not realize that there were other people in the world besides themselves.

Once every week the children gathered with their parents in small white buildings scattered through the valley. Here they sang hymns and listened while the pastor told them how to live good, happy lives and taught them to love each other. He told them also of a kind heavenly Father who lives in heaven and loves all His children, who are the people on the earth. Then the pastor asked this kind Father to help His children so that every day they might grow more like Him.

After this service the children gathered in classes by themselves, where they sang their own songs and read out of a book called the Bible. In this book they were told of a loving friend, Jesus in heaven, who had once come down to earth and lived as a little child that He might sympathize with children in their trials and show people not only how to be happy themselves, but to help others to live happy, helpful lives.

On one of these happy days a strange lady came to the children's service and talked to them. She told of people living down on the plain below the valley who had none of the pleasant things of life which the children of Happy Valley

had been accustomed to all their lives. The children there had no books, no teachers, no schools, no helpful services, and hardest of all, no Bible to tell them of the loving Friend in heaven.

The lady told of other sad things she had seen—of little children who never jumped and ran and played with dolls or sang or picked flowers, but life was one long sorrow. She spoke of little girls whose mothers did not care for them and whose fathers were very unkind to the mothers.

Some of this unhappiness was because the people were poor, but most of it was because the fathers and mothers knew nothing of the love for the heavenly Father which leads people to love everyone around them and makes them kind and unselfish.

When the children heard these stories their eyes filled with tears and they said: "We are so sorry; what can we do for them?"

"Dear children," replied the lady, "I know you are thankful for the blessings you have of pleasant homes and friends, and most of all, the love that is around you. What can you do to show how thankful you are?"

The children looked thoughtful for a moment, then one said: "Can't we send someone to tell the people how to take care of the children and make them happy?"

The lady smiled as she said: "That is just what I am trying to do, and there are others, men and women, who are with these people now teaching and helping them. But we need more help and we need money to take care of us and to help the people who are so poor. So the other teachers said to me: 'The children in the Happy Valley do not know anything about us and our work. You go and ask them to help us and then come back here.' I am going back very soon. Shall I tell them you will help?"

And the children all said: "Yes, indeed. We will go right home and ask our mothers how we can earn some money for you and ask our fathers to send you some too."

The lady teacher went back to her work on the plain rested and encouraged. The children of the Happy Valley never forgot her visit and sent her money they earned. Every year they had a meeting and sent an extra offering for all the blessings for which they were thankful.

I wonder if there are not some happy valleys where the children have not yet done this.

—Children's Department, Mission Studies.