

went to see him, he said he wanted to see my head shaved and disfigured (after which the intense suffering always begins). I began to cry, he would have done it, and would have ruined me, but he died soon and I was free."

Vitto.—"I will not call myself widow, because my husband did not die a natural death, he fell in a well and died."

The others.—"We also are not widows, though our husbands fell sick and died, we did not see them, so after our studies are over, if we wish we shall marry again."

Prya.—"Now, Sundri, do tell us your story, let us hear it."

Sundri.—"I was married when I was five years old. Now and then I used to go to my mother-in-law's house, but my mother's house was far away, so I did not go very often. When I was ten my husband died and I was called widow and unlucky. My mother cried bitterly. My good brother, who used to love me very much, sent me to this school at once and says he will let me stay till I pass my examination."

All together.—"How nice that this school is opened for us. At home we used to suffer but now we are happy like the birds. Every one loves us here." Saying this the happy group began to laugh and dance and ran away to play.—*Bombay Guardian*.

### A SAUCER OF CURRANTS.

A little girl was walking along one of the grass-grown roads of a little village on the shores of Stormy Lake; a little girl with a very freckled face, brown, sunburned hands and bare feet. Her face was white, very dirty; her hair tangled and her eyes mischievous; that is, they were usually mischievous; to-day they were thoughtful, for Millie was thinking.

She had a new idea. This idea had grown in the little meeting-house on the hill. She was not often found there, but yesterday a missionary from India had spoken there to the children, and Millie had gone in the hope of hearing a wild lion story. She did not hear that, but she heard other things—of the poor little girl-widows no older than Millie's self, who never have any fun, who are made to do the hardest, most disagreeable work, who never hear a kind word, and often have not enough to eat. Millie didn't have very many nice things herself, neither did she always have enough to eat, but this only made the bond of sympathy between herself and the little heathen girls stronger. And then there was so much that she did have. Why, there were the birds, and the squirrels, and the flowers, and liberty to do as she pleased, and if people didn't have many kind words for her, they usually let her alone.

She was thinking of those little children now as she walked along. Could she do anything to help? The missionary had said that each child could do something, and every penny would be of use. She didn't have a penny very often, but sometimes she did. How could she get one now?

"Millie!"

It was spoken in a gentle, pleasant voice. The child looked up in surprise; people didn't usually speak that way to her. She saw a young lady holding open with one hand the front gate of one of the pretty little summer places, while with the other she offered a tin pail to Millie:

"If your mother would like some currants, dear, we

have more than we can use, and she would be very welcome."

"My mother!" exclaimed the child. Millie's family was a very idle one, never doing any more work than they could help, and living on what they could find. It was an unheard of thing that any one should offer them fruit.

But seeing that the lady meant what she said, the offer was accepted, and Millie was soon stripping a currant-bush.

The currants picked, they were taken home and delivered to her mother, who seemed pleased to have them. Five cents, which she had been so fortunate as to find on the road, was invested in sugar, and each member of the family was soon regaling himself with the unaccustomed treat—all but Millie. She had a plan, and, taking the cracked saucer in which her currants were given to her, she retreated from the room without being noticed.

The next morning, a small, three-legged table, propped up with a stick for a fourth, might have been seen under a tree by the road-side. It was covered with a clean towel, the only one that could be found, and upon this the saucer of currants, nicely sugared and provided with a spoon. By its side stood Millie, an eager light in her eyes as she watched for passers-by. Soon a lady with a poodle dog in her arms and a little girl by her side appeared.

"Would you like to buy a nice dish of currants for your little girl, lady?" The question was asked eagerly.

"O, mamma, will you?" asked the little one.

"Where?" replied the mother. "Oh, from that dirty little beggar girl? No child, what are you thinking of? She may give you the measles or the whooping-cough, if not something worse. Come along, quickly!" and the two hurried on.

Millie was used to repulses; she waited. By and by an old man came in sight, his tools on his shoulder.

"Mister, don't you want to buy a nice saucer of currants? Only ten cents."

"Currants! the sour things! Ugh!" and he, too, passed on. Others came, but no one wanted currants. The hours of the morning slipped away. The village clock struck noon. Another workingman passed on his way home to dinner.

"Mr. White, these currants are real good: don't you want to buy them?"

"Currants! Millie Stone selling currants! That is a joke!" and he hurried on his way highly amused, though why it seemed so laughable he might not have been able to explain.

At last Millie stopped a man who seemed to be in a hurry. He paused to see what was wanted, but when he heard, exclaimed impatiently, "You little ragamuffin! Is that all? You may have made me lose the train. Another time mind your own affairs."

It was too much. It was three o'clock, and Millie was tired, hungry, and disappointed. She rested her arms on the table, and leaned her head down upon them. Just then a washer-woman came past, and seeing the child in such an unusual attitude, stopped and asked what the matter was. Millie looked up, her eyes filled with tears.

"I wanted to help the little girls in India, and I was trying to sell my lovely currants, and no one seems to want them. I think they are delicious."

"You poor child! I wish I liked them, I'd take them myself; but I'm so poor. But cheer up, and try again