

FANNY SNOW, ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

WRITTEN FOR A BAND OF HAPPY WORKERS
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The monthly meeting of the Busy Bee Mission Circle met on Saturday afternoon at Mrs. Dean's. It was very pleasant out of doors that afternoon. Margy Holt thought so as she swung idly in the hammock. Faithful little May Ellis noticed the velvet grass and blue sky even before Fanny Snow said fretfully:

"I've a good mind not to go this afternoon; it's too pleasant to be cooped up in a missionary meeting." Perhaps all the little girls agreed with Fanny, but only May ventured to speak:

"It's only an hour, Fan—one little short hour."

Fanny said nothing, but she looked her disapproval of even one hour. The girls loitered in the pleasant grounds and upon the shaded piazza before entering Mrs. Dean's parlor. They were the first; not even Mrs. Dean was in sight, and with unusual gravity they laid aside their hats, and entered the room. Fanny appropriated the largest chair, settling herself back into the wide seat to rest her head against the pretty chair-scarf she had often admired.

"I don't care," she said, continuing the conversation. "I hate it! I believe the heathen are just as well off as we are. I shouldn't wonder if they have better times than we have. They don't have to learn arithmetic and history and French. I'd just like to change places with some little heathen girl in India."

"Why, Fan—y Snow!" exclaimed May in astonishment. "You are a wicked girl to talk so; you ought to have heard that poor widow from India who talked at the missionary meeting last week. Mother heard her, and told me what dreadful times she had before she became a Christian. Why, little girls there are married before they are twelve years old!"

"I'm sure that isn't so dreadful," answered Fanny serenely. "I shouldn't

mind being married, and I'm just twelve, you know."

Kate and Sally laughed, but May, more shocked than before, looked very sober as she replied:

"You don't know what you are saying, Fanny; how would you like to be married to Tom Jones, and leave all your sisters, and never go home any more?"

"I wouldn't marry Tom Jones," replied Fan, with energy.

"You'd have to if your father said so; or may be somebody a deal worse; and then if he died, you could never go anywhere, *never*—nor see any body, nor have any good times; only just work and work in the kitchen all your life."

"I wouldn't do it," said Fanny. "I'd run away and marry somebody else; and I shouldn't have to study and practice, and go to missionary meetings when I didn't want to."

"They'd kill you," said Kate.

"Yes," added Sally, "burn you, may be, with your husband."

"I don't care," returned Fan, still pouting, "I believe they have better times than we have here, and I don't mean to work for them any more. I'd rather be a heathen than a Busy Bee."

Mrs. Dean, who had been writing in an adjoining room, heard the conversation, but she said nothing as she came by and by among the children to distribute the work. The secretary or Mrs. Dean usually read something interesting at these meetings—perhaps for instruction or entertainment, or perhaps to prevent too much buzzing and humming among the bees. To-day the secretary read a description of scenes at Pasmalia upon a heathen feast-day. Fanny listened in spite of her determination not to do so. "I wish," the missionary wrote, "that some of our home friends, who fail to understand what the word 'millions' really means, could have stood on our veranda and seen the crowds go surging by to the feast. Long before daylight we were awakened by a confused sound of voices and vehicles passing on the road, and when we arose and looked for the