

Youths' Department.

HOW THE PENNIES CAME.

By Alice M. Gurney.

(A company of children with their mite boxes tell the stories of the pennies they contain.)

1. Is your mite box heavy? Mine is 'most like lead.

 Hear the pennies jingle? Some are dimes instead,

2. O, I got some pennies for being nice to cook,
 And finding grandma's glasses shut up in a book.

3. Ho, I earned my pennies shoveling off the snow!
 Girls could never do it, it would freeze them so,

4. But I earned my pennies, just as much as you—
 Earned them washing dishes; that was hard to do.

5. Here's a nice potato, a missionary one,
(Shaking the mite box)
 That I planted early, and watched, and O, such fun
 When I dug the new ones, all missionary, too.

 When you have a mite box that's the way to do.

6. There's a bright new penny that I can almost see:
(Holding up the box and looking into it).

 It's a lovely penny my papa gave to me.

7. Did he give it to you the way my papa did,
 'Cause I found old Towzer, who ran away and hid?

8. "A penny for your thinking," my mamma said to me.

9. My mamma gave me medicine, as bad as bad could be;
 Then she gave me ten new pennies "to take the taste away,"
 And papa put a nickel in here this very day.

10. I did a lot of errands,

11. I brought up coal and wood,

12. I let the doctor pull my tooth—
 I didn't think I could—

13. I rocked my baby sister,

14. I sewed a great long seam,

15. And some of my bright pennies mean soda and ice cream.

Together (shaking the boxes):

 Jingle, jingle, jingle,

 Hear the song they sing.

 Don't you think that pennies

 Are glad to serve the King?

 They are all for Jesus.

 When we older grow,

 Pennies will be dollars—

 That's the way, you know.

Exchange

STRANGE THINGS ABOUT IDOLS.

In Southern India the people of one village gave their god a ride round town on a bicycle. But when a motor car came by them they fell down and worshiped it, thinking it must be a god.

In many of the temples in China the idols are presented with new shoes once a year. Especially is this true of the images in the women's temples, not because the idols wear out their shoes, however—they never budge.

It is said that a special car line has been built from one of the Japanese cities to the "shrine of the foxes." Here an old woman set up fox worship some years ago. The people go in the cars to this spot, where there are a great number of idols. What a strange combination—electric cars and fox worship!

In Tibet the people worship idols made of butter. They are Buddhists, and the cow is sacred. Butter made from her is worthy of deification. At their annual convocations they make a great butter image of Buddha and prostrate themselves before it. While they worship, the image slowly melts.—Selected.

A STORY OF LIGHT.

One night when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird.
"You give so little light compared with the sun."

"I do the best I can," said the light.
"Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into one another, and someone might get hurt."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gaslight, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird.
"You do not give as much light as the electric light."

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here someone might fail to see it, and fall."

"That's true," said the bird; and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.