

In front of a grocery store near by, stood a crate of geese, and as she passed an old gander stuck his head out and quacked disapprovingly at her, but she shook her head at him and said gleefully, "You won't feel so fine after next Thursday, Mr. Gander, for Annie an' Joey an' Katie an' me are saving our pennies to buy you. Then we are going to take your feathers for a pillow for our baby and eat you up. How will you like that?"

Then Mary fell into a brown study. "I don't see how I am going to get anything for that thank-offering after all. If I only lived in the country like that little boy teacher told us about, then I could have a hen and sell eggs. I'd like to send my money to the little Chinese babies though, 'cause teacher says they don't know about Jesus at all, they think God doesn't love little girl babies or the mammas like He does the papas. I s'pose I could give the three cents I saved for the goose, but Joey has saved five and Annie two, and Katie said she would give ten when she got her pay, and I guess that will be most enough. Anyway it wouldn't be fair to take my three cents away now."

By this time she had reached her home, which was on the top floor of a little wooden shanty in a tiny back yard. She found her mother washing and the baby crying, while the other children were eating their dinner of Bohemian bread and coffee, with a few slices of bologna. Mary quieted the baby and soon took the little ones to the street, where all sat on the curbstone, while Mary told the story she had heard that morning. The teacher had told them of a little boy in Indiana who heard a missionary tell about the poor boys and girls in Mexico, how they wanted to know more about Jesus and the Bible. Then the missionary asked the boys and girls to take one of the cute little mite boxes and save some pennies to send missionaries to teach them.

The little boy had no pennies, but his mother told him he might have a "missionary hen," so the missionary went out into the yard with him and they picked out a hen which they named "Mexico." Mexico laid ever and ever so many eggs, and the little boy sold them and saved the pennies in his box until when the missionary came back again he had one hundred pennies. He gave them to the lady and then he felt so happy, for he knew he had done something for Jesus.

"Then," Mary said, "the teacher wanted all the boys and girls at sewing school, who were really thankful for all that God had given them, to see if they couldn't earn or save some pennies to bring for a 'thank-you' offering on Thanksgiving Day, and she would send their pennies to help send missionaries."

When she had finished they were all very quiet for a few moments. Then Mary said: "I don't know what we ought to do about it." Joey exclaimed: "I'll tell you what! Let's give our goose money!"

Mary told him that was just what she had been thinking about, and even little Annie said: "Me give my pennies, too."

When the day came they started for the mission with big sister Katie. She wanted to hear Mary speak her piece.

Katie was greatly surprised, however, when the little girl took her place in front with a tin cup in which the children were to drop their "thank-you" pennies, to see Mary, Joey and wee Annie go up with smiling faces and drop in their offerings. As the children went up one by one singing "Count Your Blessings," Katie felt ashamed that she had not expressed her gratitude, so she felt in her pocket for the money she had so long been saving for a new dress, and taking out a half dollar she reverently dropped it into the cup.

They were happy children as they ran home that day, and felt that they would gladly eat their bread and coffee and give more pennies when they got them.—Helen L. Hyde in *The Missionary Messenger*.

#### HOW CHINESE CHILDREN LEARN TO WORSHIP IDOLS.

A Missionary in China writes: "Come, and I will take you to one of their great, gloomy temples, not on Sunday—for there is no Sunday or day of rest in China—but on the first or the fifteenth of the month, for these are the dates upon which people usually visit the temples.

"We must go up a flight of wide stone steps at the entrance, and as we enter we shall see two tall images with very ugly faces and brilliantly painted coats, which are called 'Guardians of the Gate.'

"The mothers bring their little children forward and teach them to clasp their hands and bow down, knocking their heads to the ground as they worship the senseless idol. If it is the first time, the children are afraid, and sometimes say, 'I can't do it; I shall never do it.' Then they watch closely while their mothers once more show them how it is done. Afterward they are sometimes rewarded with little presents, which they are told have been given them by the idol. But if they are terrified and afraid to worship they are told stories of the terrible things that happen to people who do not ask for the protection of these ugly idols."—Sel.