

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Two Pennies.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Two beautiful, shining pennies!
Bright and yellow and new!
Don't tell me about the heathen—
I want them myself, I do.

I want a top and some marbles,
A sword, and a gun that shoots;
A candy cane and a trumpet,
A knife and a pair of boots.

But then what if I were a heathen,
With no precious Bible to tell
The story of Jesus, our Saviour,
Who loved little children so well?

And what if my own precious mamma
Should carry the baby so sweet,
And leave her alone in the forest
For some dreadful creature to eat?

And what if our Father's kind message
We never, no never, had heard?
Why, then, it would surely be cruel
If nobody sent us the Word.

For Jesus, you know, may be asking
This question of you and of me:
"Did you carry my love to your brothers
And sisters 'way over the sea?"

I guess you may send them my pennies—
Perhaps in some way they will grow;
For little brooks grow to be rivers,
And pennies make dollars, you know.

I'm not very wise, but there's one thing,
I think must be certainly true:
If little boys ought to give pennies,
Big men should give dollars, don't you?

—Heathen Children's Friend.

A Hindu Boy's Confession.

We recall a beautiful story told some time ago in the *New-York Observer* of a Hindu boy who became a Christian, the substance of which we are glad to give to our young friends.

The lad when about eleven years of age went to a mission hospital in India, and while there was told of Jesus—the Physician of the soul. Some time after, when the missionary was visiting the town where the boy lived, the boy came and told him that he had been thinking much of the soul's Physician that he had heard about in the hospital, and he wanted to go home with him and learn more of this Saviour. The missionary readily consented, and the boy went to the mission school.

Not a great while after, the father came seeking his boy, and asked at once, "Has he broken caste?"

You know that in India the people are divided into castes or grades of society, and each caste must keep by itself. For people of different castes to eat together, or even to eat food cooked by another caste, is to break one's own caste and suffer disgrace.

The missionary replied that the son was at that very moment eating food prepared by one of a lower caste.

The father was very angry at the boy, the missionary, and Christianity, and determined to have his revenge. He at once went to a magistrate and had the missionary arrested for kidnapping his child.

The trial took place and the boy was put on the witness stand, when he testified that the missionary had not even asked him to go, but had consented to take him to study at his own request, and that the missionary would let him return home at any time, but he did not wish to go.

So the missionary was discharged. Then came the question, what should be done with the boy. There was, and probably still is a law in India, allowing every one to choose his own religion if he can show himself intelligent enough to select for himself. The missionary asked that the boy be allowed to choose which religion he would have. To this there would be no objection, but the father's lawyer determined so to confuse the lad that the judge would pronounce him incapable of choosing.

Again the boy was put upon the stand, and though he knew what was at stake, he also remembered the word of the Lord Jesus, that when his followers were brought before rulers they need not feel anxious, for their heavenly Father would tell them what to speak. So trusting in God, he answered as well as he could the questions which were asked, and when a chance was given him spoke for himself.

He told how in the hospital he had learned of the disease of his soul, and of Jesus, the great Physician, and how the new strange truths had filled and fed and satisfied his empty, hungry heart. He said that he had brought his tired, sin-sick soul to Jesus and laid it at his feet. There he had found welcome, pardon, peace, and rest. He had proved the truth of the missionary's teaching. It had told him that he was the child of a King; that he had wandered away from home, from His Father and from the kingdom. It had directed him back, and following the direction, he had found the kingdom, had been welcomed by the kingly Father, who had promised some day to take him to the royal city and into the palace home.

While the lad was telling the story, the lawyer at first tried to interrupt, but the judge told him to let the boy tell his story in his own way. Soon the judge became deeply interested, then the lawyer himself listened, and every one present became attentive. Men who cared not for any religion looked into the face of the boy, and bent eagerly forward to catch every word he said. Before the little fellow finished, tears glistened in the eyes of every listener.

At the close of the boy's testimony even the heathen lawyer declared that he had proved his right to choose his own religion, and no one ought to interfere. The judge said he had never heard such touching eloquence from the lips of any man, and the religion which could so move a child must be more than human. The father disappointed and angry left the court-room, feeling that henceforth his son was to him as a stranger and an enemy. The boy returned to the mission house, and in due time became a minister. He is now a prominent preacher of the gospel among his countrymen in India.

King's Messengers.

A Broken Arm.

More than ninety years ago a carpenter in India was working very hard at his trade. He had heard the missionaries preach about the true God, and gladly listened to their sermons. But he always went home again and prayed to his idols of wood or stone. One day this car