

possess discrimination to discern between missionary and other vines, almost destroyed the crop. Still his penny brought in a revenue of thirty-five cents.

A little newboy, who is a great worker and whose cheery voice may be heard before day-light on the cold Winter mornings calling "morning papers," yet whose spirit of enterprise moved him to invest the missionary penny, planted squash-seed; he paid his mother a dollar for working and caring for it during the Summer, and still over and above all expenses had fifty cents to add to the mission fund.

One young boy sent in his report in the following words: "Here is fifty cents made by planting and raising corn. The sum might have been greater, but a young heathen nearer home, in the shape of a festive calf, broke through the fence and ate up half."

A little girl arose and said: "I bought a cabbage from my grandfather and sold it to my grandmother."

The evening of Dec. 28 was given to elocution, music, giving in the reports, and refreshments for the Sunday-school children. One gentleman, who is so full of business as to have forgotten the penny which he took, when he found the time had come to make return, said, in the words of one of old, "Lo, here is that which was thine." The evening closed leaving all happy in the thought that the sum of \$43 had been realized by the investment.

To supplement the amount, the ladies of the Missionary Society held a missionary tea, and after devotional and literary exercises, and a delightful social time spent about the tastefully arranged tables in the bright, pleasant chapel, \$18 was added to the penny investment, and has been devoted to the Oakville School for colored children in Indian Territory. The School sadly needs a new building, and the Board, with its limited resources and many demands, can only give them their portion of the fund, and commend them in their good work to the churches for aid.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A visitor among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing place, with folded arms, leaning against the wall.

There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to see him happy, and that the book he had in his hand contained the secret of happiness.

The man shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down stairs. While the visitor was endeavoring with gentleness and patience to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice which appeared to have come from behind one of the broken doors which opened upon the landing, saying, "Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

For a moment the visitor was too much interested in the case of the hardened sinner before him to answer the inquiry and it was repeated in earnest and thrilling tones:

"Tell me, O, tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, on which was stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"