

the work done by the band, since October they raised between fees and mission boxes \$16. An address by Mrs. E. W. Dadson to the children was very interesting, also a talk by Mrs. Newman. She had some idols with her that the heathen worship which attracted the attention of the children. Singing by children "There's a work for me and a work for you." Report of circles by secretary. "Address to Mothers" by Mrs. E. W. Dadson. Address on "Home and Foreign Missions" by Mrs. M. A. Newman, showing clearly how our Home Missionaries were needing help and means, and also how our Foreign Missionaries needed our help, proving from Scripture that those who were the children of God were commanded to work and to spread the Gospel to every nation. Duet by Misses Cameron and Haines "Over the Ocean Wave." Reading by Mrs. Newman. The meeting was then thrown open for questions. After singing a hymn, Mrs. Newman closed with prayer. Tea was served by the ladies of the circle in the parsonage; this made the gathering more interesting, as it enabled many to become acquainted and to converse with others that had no circles in their church. In the evening a lecture was delivered by Rev. J. W. A. Stewart of Hamilton, on "Wm. Carey." Music by the choir; collection \$8.50. We would advise any of the circles where the interest in missions is not increasing, to hold a meeting like this and to try and secure these sisters to help. Our Mission Band is still progressing, we gave them a picnic last evening which they all enjoyed very much.

SOPHIA HAINES, Sec.

PINE GROVE.—Circle at Pine Grove writes.—We have held six meetings since organization; all have been very interesting and profitable. Our sympathies have been drawn out to the heathen, and our work at home. We have raised a sum of money by fees and envelope collection, which is very encouraging. There is a surprising amount of opposition, but we know in whom we trust. At this place, a little girl hearing the story of the heathen, asked what a book would cost, and gave up a treasured five cents to help buy Bibles for the little heathen boys and girls.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

### The Three\* Bright Pennies.

In Russia's far-off frozen clime  
There lived a lovely child;  
The Lord to deeds and words of love  
His tender heart inclined.

He loved to hear his parents read  
In God's most holy Word,  
And treasured up within his breast  
The blessed truths he heard.

This little boy was very sick --  
And when about to die,  
He called his father to his side,  
And said, "I want to buy

"Bibles to send to heathen lands,  
Where they know not the Lord,  
That they may all read for themselves  
In His most holy Word.

"I cannot send whole Bibles thro',  
Perhaps not one short word:  
But I would like to give some help  
To spread its truths abroad.

"Those three bright pennies in my box  
I think a tyro would buy  
To print in Christ's most holy name  
The dot upon the i."

That striken father did not fail  
Those little coins to send:  
O children, think how many coins  
In wanton waste you spend!

Christ will receive the smallest gift:  
When follies tempt your eye,  
Think of the little Russian boy's  
Small dot upon the i.

—III. Miss. News.

### Story of a Crow.

BY REV. E. LE MARE, VIZAGAPATAM.

We have in our English congregation, in Vizagapatam, a number of people called Eurasians, which means the descendants partly of Europeans and partly of natives. They are all professedly Christians, and their ways of life, as far as their means will allow, are like our own. The boys and girls among them are as playful and mischievous as English boys and girls, which Hindu children seldom are. Well, a few days ago one of them, a nice good-natured lad, named Alfred Fletcher, came up to our house and told us a story about a crow, which, I think, the readers of *The Juvenile Magazine* may like—and it may teach them something—to hear. It is about a crow, then. Now, you know, there are crows in England, and I can assure you that there are any number in India; indeed they seem to live in all parts of the world. To see and hear them at home, however, one has generally to go into the country; but that is not the case in India. They are about all the streets and houses, as well as among the trees; and perhaps it is a good thing they are, for they act as scavengers, helping to clear away the dirt and rubbish which attract them in the towns. But, not content with leavings, they steal, whenever they get a chance, out of the open shops, and even too—a thing which I have often seen—by pouncing down (like the birds, which were probably crows, in the dream of Pharaoh's chief baker) and snatching away some grains of rice, or whatever they light upon in the baskets which are being carried on the head by poor people with their little store from the market. We have more than our share of crows always about our house, owing to a row of large banyan trees which runs along the edge of the garden, on which there grow what look like the red berries of the hawthorn, but are really small figs, of which the crows are very fond. They fly about from tree to tree a few together, or sometimes in great flocks, and make an almost deafening cawing, especially when they are attacked by the mynas, which are often quarrelling with them, and which, though smaller birds, usually get the best of it. While I am writing this, they are making such a caw caw-ing that it is quite confusing. And how bold they are! Every day they come flying into our house—into the veranda and dining-room, and even into the bedroom. Nothing eatable can be left for a minute or two, but they would be off with it. And they won't go away for merely calling out to them. You must show them you really mean them to be off. I could amuse you by giving accounts of some of their mischievous tricks. But I had not meant to have said so much. What I intended was to tell you about the boys in the town. It is one of their great delights to go bird-nest-