

huts are placed, and in the centre, in a sort of circular yard, are kept the cows, which are greatly prized. They are thus protected by a circular row of huts.

As these huts are very frail, and as fires are continually built in them, it often happens that they take fire, and when one of them begins to burn it generally happens that the whole kraal is consumed. However, as the occupants usually have very little furniture or belongings of any kind, and as building material is very cheap, a sweeping fire does not bring with it very much loss or sorrow. The disaster is easily repaired, though, of course, at the time the fire causes considerable excitement.

These kraals are sometimes visited by missionaries, who endeavour to attract the attention of the simple-minded heathen to the words of peace proclaimed by the Gospel.

A LADY.

I KNOW a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister, who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, silken toy
For her to admire and for her to enjoy?

This lady has on her parlour floor
A lovely rug from Syrian shore;
Its figures were woven with curious art.
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes
Where the light of the gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draught
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft.
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives,
Not even one little thought—ah me!—
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed;
The fabric soft was in India made.
Will she think of the country whence it came?
Will she make an offering in His name
To send the perfect heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor and sad and forlorn,
To those who know not that Christ is born?

Woman's Work for Women.

A BROKEN ORANGE.

A POOR little plaster orange it was, and it grew on a Christmas tree at the Orphans' Home last year. That tree bore a great many different kinds of fruit, and sparkled and glittered under its weight of Christmas cheer provided by the friends of the homeless little ones. This very orange, of which I speak, seemed to smile a Merry Christmas from the end of the pine branch, where, in company with tin horns and gay dolls, it bent low above the children's heads. Fritz, for nobody ever tried to say the rest of his

hard German name, stood with the children around the tree that morning, gazing with wide-open blue eyes at its many wonders, and his solemn little mouth breaking into a smile as he joined in the carols. But the greatest joy of all came to him when this jolly-looking orange was put into his own hand, and the gentleman, who was busy unloading the wonderful tree, said, with a laugh, "There, Fritz, if you fill that orange, you'll will be a rich man some day." For, would you believe it? the big yellow orange was a real savings-bank, with a little slit on one side to drop the pennies in!

One of the big boys, who was tooting away on a new tin horn, laughed at Fritz: "Why, Fritzer, you will never have any money to put in it; what good will that old thing do you?"

"Not many—maybe some," answered Fritz, in his sweet, broken English.

In a few days the tin horns were all battered and useless, and the gay dolls had lost their bright colours, but Fritz's big yellow orange stood as fresh as ever on the wooden shelf above his bed. To be sure, he did not have a great many pennies to put in it, but now and then somebody would give him a cent, and it would go tumbling into the open mouth with a merry ring, and jingle away with its fellows to the tune: "Why, Fritz, you will be a rich man some day!"

Now, there was a dear young lady whom Fritz loved very much. She came to the Home once every week, and told Fritz sweet stories about the dear Christ-Child; how He was often without a home, and people turned Him away from their doors, just as people still turn Him away from their hearts. Fritz would listen until his eyes grew very tender, and then he'd say softly, "Mens did not know it were a King, did he, Miss Kate?"

"No, Fritz," she would answer; "they did not think it was their King."

Miss Kate knew all about that yellow orange, and how it went to bed with Fritz every night, and how often, after the lights were out in the long dormitory, Fritz would pull it from under his pillow and shake it so softly that even the monitor for the night did not hear him, while it would sing: "Fritz, you shall be rich some day!" Ten pennies can make a great deal of noise if they are shaken the right way!

One day a real missionary came to talk to the children. He was not an old missionary at all. Fritz had always been sure a missionary would have white hair and never smile, but this one had bright brown eyes, and his face laughed all the time, while he told the children wonderful things about the lands far away, and the people who lived there. Once he did look sad when he was telling how they needed money and men to go and tell the poor heathen people about Jesus Christ, but then he said, "Well, boys and girls, I know you have no