

THE COW AND THE IDOL.

I heard a good story about an idol the other day, you may like to hear it. A poor man went to pray to the idol; I do not know what he asked for, but he promised that if the idol would answer him he would give him his cow. The man's prayer was answered, but he repented of his bargain, and as he did not wish to part with his cow, he went to the idol again to let him off. He said, "I know I promised to give you my cow, but I am very poor, I have only one cow, if I give it to you how shall I get my fields ploughed?" and so on, ending up by asking to be allowed to keep his cow. The idol would not let him off, but said, so he thought, the cow must be left.

At last the poor man could do nothing else but tether the cow to the idol's chair, and go sorrowfully home, wondering how he was ever going to get on. Here were his fields ready to be ploughed, but no cow, and no money to hire one to do it for him. He sat down in his room to think over his troubles, and lo! he has not sat long before he hears a great shouting. He goes to the door to see—what do you think? here is his own cow coming along the road as hard as it can, dragging the idol after it. How the people laughed, and how glad the poor man was, for of course he was not wise enough to see that it was the cow had brought the idol; oh, no, it was the idol had repented and brought back the cow. I think nearly all the people knew at the bottom of their hearts that the idol had nothing at all to do with it, and some of them were not afraid to say that the idol was no use; still, although many of the Chinese know that, they are not willing to put away their idols.—*Chil. Mess.*

JEANIE'S MISSIONARY MONEY.

O H, mamma, my potatoes are looking splendid, and papa thinks there will be at least six bushels, and if they are two shillings a bushel, there will be twelve shillings. Only think, won't that be a good deal of money?" So saying, Jim Saunders drew up to the dinner-table, delighted.

"Yes, my son, that will be a good deal indeed," said Mrs. Saunders, as she smiled down upon her ten-year-old boy.

The previous spring one of the missionaries had been in the church telling of the great work they were doing, and even the boys and girls were interested. Jim had been told that he could plant some potatoes, caring for them himself, and have their price for missions when the missionaries came again.

Jeanie, Jim's nine-year-old sister, heard,

and her large blue eyes grew sad, for she had nothing to give.

"Eat your dinner, Jeanie," said mamma, "I thought my little girl was fond of apple dumplings."

"So I am, but—I was thinking."

"Of what, Pussy?" asked papa. "Any new disease attacked your dolly?"

"No, papa, but such wonderful things are to be done."

"What wonderful things? Is a wild beast show coming?"

"Why, no, papa, but about missions, and you, and mamma, and auntie, and even Jim have something to give, and I—I haven't any thing." And Jeanie ended with a sob.

"Who ever expected girls could earn anything. I'd like to know! See here, Jeanie, I'll give you sixpence of my potato money," said Jim.

"Thank you, I do not want it," returned Jeanie.

"I'll give you a shilling," said papa.

"That would not be earning it myself, like the rest of you. No I shall give nothing which is not my very own," said the little miss.

After the dishes were washed mamma sat down to her sewing, and auntie to her knitting, while Jeanie with the kitten in her lap was in a brown study.

"Oh, mamma! I've got an idea," and Jeanie gave such a jump that the kitten fled in fear. "Auntie said I was very clever at making doll's clothes, and I might make a few suits, real nice ones, and put them in Mr. Robert's shop. He will let me if it is for missions, and then I'll have some money all my own to give."

"So you shall, dearie," said auntie. "Get your silks and merino and your dolly, and we will commence. I will cut and fit, and you shall sew every stitch."

In November the missionary meeting was held again. Jim gave fifteen shillings, twelve of which were from potatoes, and three from chestnuts. Then happy little Jeanie brought her offering, sixteen shillings, with her eyes shining like stars.

That night as they talked the meeting over by the fire at home, Jim said, "I have changed my mind about girls since Jeanie earned so much. I don't know that many boys could have done better."

And Jeanie whispered to mamma, "Wasn't it work for Jesus too, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, if you did it for the love of helping Him," replied mamma with a loving kiss for her little girl.

"It seemed to day as though Jesus stood there and smiled at me, saying, 'Jeanie, I know you love Me, for you gave up those pretty clothes for Me.'"—*Sel.*