

not like an orange. "Very much," was the reply. She took out her purse, but, as she had just been shopping, she found there were only three half-pence left. She gave them to the dying child, and asked her to send the old neighbor who nursed her for an orange.

"I remember it," said the lady, "because I was so sorry that I had no more to give. There was a penny piece and a half-penny. I was sending some nice things to the child the next morning, when the old woman came to say she was dead. I asked her if she got the orange, and she said the child never spoke of it. I reproached myself, for I thought it was weakness that kept her from asking for it. I thought I ought to have gone for it myself."

"God be praised, and may he forgive me!" said the poor father, "The child denied her dying lips the orange, and put the three half-pence into the missionary box."—*Mission Dayspring*.

#### A BOHEMIAN GIRL.

The story is told by Mrs. Mary C. Dodd, a missionary in Turkey, who, on her way to Cesarea, stopped at Prague, and while there wrote the the following account of Maria Adlof's kreutzers. The letter was first printed in the New York *Evangelist*:

"There is one story about a dear little Bohemian girl that I want you to hear. Her mother died when she was young, and her father refusing to support her, she was taken care of by a poor Christian woman. She used to go to a good many of the church meetings with her friend, and she became very much interested in hearing about the ignorant colored children of America. So, young as she was, only four or five years old, she began to collect kreutzers (half a cent) to send to them. When she had twenty of these ten-kreutzer bits, a little less than a dollar, she brought them to Mr. Clark, and asked him to send them to the colored boys and girls in America.

While he was waiting for some one to come to Prague who could take them, a godly Christian gentleman from the United States called upon him. When he heard

of Maria Adlof and her kreutzers, he said he would be very glad to take charge of the Austrian coins, but he must first see the little girl herself. So he climbed the two flights of rickety stairs to her room, and sitting down beside Maria, with Mr. Clark as interpreter, had a little talk with her.

He took the money to America, and at a meeting of the American Missionary Association, told the story. When he had finished, he laid down one hundred dollars as his price for one of these silver pieces. The action as well as the speech, had such an effect, that in a few minutes eight hundred dollars were collected for the remainder. The little girl meanwhile went on hoarding up her savings until she had collected another twenty of these coins. This time they were sent through the mail. When they were received in America, an article was published promising one of them to any school which would raise money for a scholarship for a colored child. These were called Maria Adlof Scholarships. About twelve hundred dollars more were given.

"Not long after, little Maria became very sick. A little while before she died, she sent for Mr. Clark, and told him that she had saved another twenty. She asked him if he would send them where the others had gone, and the bank which held them she wanted to be given to his baby daughter. It was done as she wished. Mr. Clark says that some day the world will hear again of Maria Adlof's bank."—*Sol.*

A dear little girl, just recovering from a long and severe illness, was for a few moments left alone in the room. Auntie (coming in): "Why, Edie, were you left all alone?" She responded quickly "O no, auntie! God is with me."

"Joseph," said a merchant to his clerk, "your character and all your future usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that tell upon his life.