

for "a" that." It was a prank being played on their god just to fool him. That "gal" was a "sure enough boy," and the mother had a reason for this little fraud, which Mrs. Forman explained. It was to deceive the gods so they would not take him away, for the gods are not supposed to have much use for girls.

Mrs. Forman takes with her on these zenana services her

LITTLE FLAXEN-HAIRED GIRL,

a dear little creature, and as the mother went into these dreary places the child would drop down beside the wretched children knowing no distinctions. Her guest said, "How can you take this delicate child into this poisonous atmosphere and in contact with this dirt and disease? Are you not afraid that she will not only be poisoned but infected? She sighed as if in a painful strait betwixt two, and said, "It is a question between the life and health of soul and body. If I leave her at home with the servants, her soul will be contaminated by their vileness, and if I take her with me her body will be poisoned, for she has just recovered from typhoid fever, no doubt the result of the exposures of which you speak."

THE RESOURCES OF A PENNY.

A TRUE STORY.

Last Spring the Superintendent of a Sabbath-school gave each of the teachers and scholars who would take it a penny to be invested as they should desire, the proceeds to go to the cause of missions, and the returns were to be made before the first of January, 1889. There were many and varied devices employed. One lady, a fine artist, bought a sheet of bristol-board, on which she painted a tiny picture which she sold for an advance, and bought other material until the amount was ten dollars. Another young lady decorated pretty things, painted names on new umbrellas for her friends, until she accumulated over nine dollars. There were several who bought the pretty china dolls, which they dressed in pretty bits of satin

and lace, and sold them for different sums. Many made pretty pen-wipers out of scraps of cloth; others invested the penny in an egg, and set the egg under some motherly hen, who while performing her duty would not refuse to foster the missionary egg. This was a certain and large source of revenue in almost every instance.

With all the success, of the enterprise I must, as a faithful historian, record the bitter fruit which was brought forth in one instance. A young boy, whose zeal exceeded his knowledge, bought an egg of a choice kind, and as there was no patient hen setting upon a nest near by, he resorted to what he thought the happy expedient of making a nest in a box just large enough for a hen. He then placed the hen on the egg, which she was obliged to cover as there was no room for her to move about. Thus was the unwilling mother compelled to perform her maternal duty "whether she would or no." The boy, proud of his project, did not forget to feed Mrs. Hen, and was patiently awaiting results. Several days passed away when the father of the boy, who had been absent from home, returned, and on being informed of what had been done, immediately inquired as to whether poor biddy had been watered and fed. Water! Poor Tom had never once thought of water. The poor hen was released and given a bowl of water. She drank and drank, until she fell over dead! That was the end of both the zeal and the penny for poor Tom.

Many children made pop-corn balls; others the good old-fashioned molasses-candy, so pure and wholesome. These home industries brought large returns. Other girls made kitchen holders, iron-holders, and pen-wipers. So the work went on for half a year among two hundred and fifty who took the penny, and many were the expedients suggested by the active minds of the young people.

One lad planted a penny's worth of pumpkin seed among the sweet-corn in his father's garden. When the vines were luxuriant and the fruit was forming, a bug, peculiar to vines, and which did not