



JAPANESE CHILDREN.

If you could leave your pleasant homes to-day without the long journey by sea and land, and find yourselves in far-away Japan, how many strange sights and sounds you would see and hear!

Of course you would be interested in the children, who look so different from the boys and girls of Canada. Their skin is much darker and their hair black. Then, instead of little girls with short dresses and boys with knee pants, both boys and girls wear a dress made something like a coat, coming almost to the ground.

How you would laugh at the queer wooden shoes which they put on so easily. They step from one shoe into another without touching either with the hand! Shoes worn out of doors are not used in the house. When we go down town the noise in some places of the clatter, clatter of the shoes seems odd to a new-comer.

Some of you, I am sure, are always ready and willing to help in the care of your younger brothers and sisters, but I am sure none of you carry them as the babies are carried here. The little ones are fastened on the backs of their sisters, who often have to bring them to school when they come to study.

Suppose we go out in the street and follow, in imagination, some children who are going toward a temple. We pass through narrow streets with low houses and shops on either side. The houses have no windows and doors in front, as in Canada, but are entirely open, and if we

want to buy anything at the shops we sit on the floor while the goods are brought to us for our selection. We have loving missionaries in Japan who are teaching these children the Way of Life.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Little Johnnie lay burning with fever, and, becoming very hungry, said: Aunt Kate, can I have a piece of bread? I am so hungry."

His aunt said: "No, darling, the doctor says it will make you worse."

Then another aunt came in, and was met with the same plaintive cry: "Aunt Alice, give me a piece of bread."

Tears came into the eyes of both ladies as Aunt Alice, said "No."

In a little while some one else came—probably the mother—only to hear the same pitiful cry. The little boy, finding that his case was hopeless, went to another source of comfort. He, like many boys and girls of larger growth,

found that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Like grown people, when human help failed, he turned to God. His parents and teachers had taught him to pray, and the evening incense of prayer and praise went up nightly from the little boy's heart. Now, in his hunger, he remembered the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." With hungry lips and sweet voice, laying his little hands on his breast, he said earnestly: "Dear Jesus, your poor little boy is starving for a piece of bread. Please give it to him; he is so hungry."

Of course mother and aunts all began to cry; but wonderful to relate, grandma came in, and seeing the state of affairs, said, "Girls, don't you remember the doctor said if Johnnie wanted to eat we could give him some milk?"

Every one ran to get it. Tender hands raised Johnnie's head and held the cup to his lips, and never did milk go gurgling down a more grateful throat.

Instead of lying down immediately, the child raised his beautiful eyes and said, "Thank you, dear Jesus; it went to the part what hurted."

HOMESICK FOR A CHICKEN.

Ophelia May is a very small and very black little girl. When she was nine years old, her father sent her away to a boarding school in the sunny Southland where she lives. Her little black skin covers a heart as white and pure as a little girl's heart can be; but at school she

was lonely and, oh, so homesick! She longed for her little speckled chicken. It seemed to Ophelia May that she could have stood everything if she could only have had her pet chicken.

One evening there was an entertainment at the school, and Ophelia May was to recite. Before the entertainment began all the little girls on the programme met, except Ophelia May. Where was she? Not in her room, nor the dining-room; she had not been at supper, the girls then said.

They began to search for her, and at last some one said, "She was so homesick, maybe she has started to walk home."

Suddenly George Washington, who does all the outdoor work, said, "Here she is!"

By the corner of the house, close up to the gray stone, lay Ophelia May, tear-stained, dirty and sound asleep, with a speckled chicken clutched in her arms, and around the chicken's neck the best hair ribbon of Ophelia May, a new red one!

After that Ophelia May was always allowed to feed the chickens, and grew quite contented and happy.

TRAINING PENNY.

Our little Skye terrier, Penny, will jump to four or five times his height, and delights in doing so. The other day, as I was holding a stick for him to jump over to please the children, a lady who came up said, amid the children's shouts of delight:

"I can't bear to see him! I only can think how you must have whipped him in order to make him do it."

"Why," I cried in astonishment, "Penny was never whipped in his life! He would be heart-broken and never hold up his head again, for he is very sensitive. He learned to jump over my hands in five minutes, and has gradually jumped higher and higher. He learned to beg and shake hands in the same way. He will do almost anything for praise, caresses and candy."

A great many things he took up himself. For instance, when his master winds his watch in the evening, Penny goes to bed. If he is in the midst of a frolic, it doesn't matter; if his master takes his watch from his pocket and begins to wind it, Penny starts, and he does not walk, but runs.

He knows a surprising number of things. If you say, "Penny, I wonder if it's raining," he runs to the chair by the window, jumps up, and poking his head through the curtains looks up and down the street. He goes to a neighbor's house and jumps up and looks through a window in the top of the door to see if the one for whom he is hunting is inside. He jumps up and touches the bell in another house when his mistress is inside.