

those regenerated ones. You can understand that the true converts are doubly precious, because of the difficulties, for which some have laid down their lives. Be thankful for them, particularly the Christians in the churches of our own three mission stations, La Paz, Orno and Cochabamba, but also for any native Christian wherever he may be found in any part of Bolivia, whose life is a witness for Christ.

L. M. MITCHELL.

GIRLS AND BOYS.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN FAMILY.

Once upon a time a little boy dreamed that he went to heaven. He had been thinking about heaven during the day, wondering about it, and wishing that he might go there to make a visit, without staying forever, and that very night he made his visit.

When he realized that he was really on the way to heaven, he wondered still more. He supposed that, of course, he would find only the people there who had died, and since he did not know any little boys who had died, he feared that he might be lonesome. Yet no one had ever suggested such a thing as being lonesome in heaven, so he did not really worry about it—he just wondered.

When he arrived, he looked for the great gates which he had heard about. There were several of them, but the most beautiful of all was labeled plainly, "For Children." He had wondered how one entered, but it was all very plain. The gate stood wide open to receive all the little children who were constantly passing in, and no one questioned his entering with the rest.

The Little Boy looked about to find a familiar face, and though he had never seen one of the children there before, everyone looked so friendly that he did not feel at all strange. In fact, he thought to himself: "How nice it is to be among a lot of children of my own kind. At school there were so many poor ones, and dirty ones, and foreigners, and they were so different from me! I'm glad that all of us here are Americans!"

In his pleasure he smiled happily, and a bright-faced boy beside him said, "It is nice here, isn't it?"

"Yes," said our Little Boy. "So much nicer than at home! I mean the boys seem nicer. There are no poor ones here."

"No, we are not poor here," said the other. "But, oh my, you should have seen my home before I came here! The house was almost tumbling down, and we were happy if we had one real meal a day. Father was hurt in the mines, so that he couldn't work, and mother could not always make much money, but, I tell you, she did as much as two ordinary mothers, and we all helped as much as we could. It is nice here!"

It made the Little Boy feel quite strange to find that he had been so friendly with a really poor child, but even now that he knew, the poor boy did not look poor. He seemed just like the Little Boy himself.

He ran on a little farther till another child stopped him—a beautiful little girl this time. "Isn't it nice here?" she smiled. He looked at her to make sure that she was not a poor child, then smiled back. "Yes, there are so many of our own kind here—no dirty ones or poor ones, you know." The little girl looked sober for a minute, then replied: "Of course not here, but at home I was dirty. You see, mother had to work all day long, and just could not look after me as she wanted to, though she always told me to do the best I could myself. She used to do our washing in the night, after her day's work was done. But it surely is nice here, isn't it?"

Again the Little Boy was surprised. How was it that she seemed just like himself? Again he ran farther on, this time stopping in a group of children who beamed at him and said, "Isn't it nice here?" This time there could be no mistake—they were surely of his kind, and the Little Boy smiled back, "Yes, there are so many of our kind here—no foreigners, you know!"

"But do we not all belong here?" asked one.

"What do you mean by foreigners?" asked another.