



BABIES IN JAPAN.

JAPANESE babies are very funny-looking little things. Their heads are shaved, except here and there a little patch of hair is left. For every-day wear they have short dresses of bright red or yellow. Their best dresses are made of large-flowered silk, with wide sleeves like their mother's. Often the dresses will have square patches of red or green or yellow sewed on the back. They have coloured bibs, and, when they are old enough to toddle around, they have bells fastened on them, so the mother may know where they are.

In the streets of Japan you may see plenty of girls playing with a baby brother or sister tied on their back. The girls play games without paying any attention to the babies, unless one happens to fall off, and then you find out that Japanese babies can cry as well as Canadian babies.

WHAT A TIMELY SMILE DID.

GERTRUDE WHITE, a sweet little girl about nine years old, lived in a little red brick house in our village.

She was a general favourite in Cherryville; but she had one trouble. Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow-head" whenever they met. Then she would pout, and run home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement. "Mother, I can't bear this any longer! Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table," said the good mother.

Gertrude silently obeyed.

"Now, my little daughter, read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, yet "opened not his mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the

sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night, she asked God to help her bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He lights to have such petitions.



Not many days had passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will Evans that he was too much surprised to call after her—if, indeed, he felt any inclination, but he watched her until she had turned the corner, and then he went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Ger-

trude was ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying: "I used to like to see you get cross, but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and its effect upon her. Will did not reply; but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he never would call her names again.—*Dr. Newton*

GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS.

MAY BURTON had made up her mind that she was not going to receive Christmas presents this year, or give any, as she always had done before. She had found out that there were children who had never received a Christmas present in their lives, and she was going to find some of these and give them a grand surprise.

"What are you going to give your little girls and boy for Christmas?" May asked their washwoman.

"Sure, an' I can't afford to be givin' them presents. They'll be glad enough to have a bite of meat and peraties to ate for dinner, lavin' alone presents," replied Mrs. Malony.

May asked her a good many questions after that, and learned that there were fifteen children in the tenement house where Mrs. Malony lived, who had never received a Christmas present.

May went to her father that night and asked him to give her the money he had meant to buy her present with. She told him about the poor children, and she said that if she could give each child a nice present it would be the happiest Christmas she had ever spent, and she wanted no other gift.

Her father gave her the money, and May spent three happy weeks buying dolls, and making their clothes for the girls, and in buy'ng toys, and books for the boys.

When Christmas comes I don't know which will be happier, the poor children or dear May Burton.