

do whatever I pleased with it. 'Oh, mother! give it! give it!'

The mother was astonished that her little boy had understood all the preacher had said. She now began to listen more carefully herself; and every now and then, as if to emphasize the speaker's words, she felt a soft little pinch on her arm, and heard an eager voice close beside her whisper, "Give it, give it, mother." And, along with the words of the sermon, some other words, spoken long ago, kept coming to her mind: "If these should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out." "Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

The little boy had his request, for the next Sabbath, when the bag came around, he dropped into it two little fists quite full of cents, half-cents, quarter-cents, and eighth-cents, for we have such small coins here, where so many people are poor and money is scarce.

But, when the bag came to his mother, great was the child's surprise to see her quietly slip off the two gold bracelets from her arms and drop them both into the bag. They had come down to her from her mother and grandmother, and were part of her marriage portion, and worth \$35 or \$40. But the words of her only child had rung in her ears all the week, and she said to herself, "I also will give to God and his cause something precious."

#### Motherhood in Japan.

The young Japanese wife is often not very happy, but she tries to be contented with the scanty rays of heart sunshine that brighten her home, and, at length, motherhood comes to her as a solace. But even that joy is not of long duration. Her little one dies; and the ancient Shinto faith, devoutly believed by her far-off ancestors and transmitted to later generations, casts no light upon its future destiny. Buddhism, taught her by her parents, sheds a light, it is true, over the baby's grave; but its sombre revealings are worse than darkness.

It tells her that the dead child has

groped its weary way out into a strange region, darkened by a dreary mountain, and threaded by a gloomy river, on whose banks a horrible old crone waits to seize the souls of little children and send them, whither think you? To a stony purgatory where tired baby hands must toil, day after day, building great stone-heaps with little fingers only meant for toys and tender caresses.

One of the most pathetic poems I ever read in the Japanese language, voices the grief of a parent—of a mother I think—who laments that her little daughter must wander alone and unguided over the dark mountain which rises in the spirit world:—

"How then shall my daughter,

My winsome, wee child,

Find her way through the shadows,

So lonely and wild?"

Who will answer? Surely some one must send, some one must go to tell these mothers that the "Good Shepherd's" arms are strong, and that no evil hand can pluck the lost lamb from their clasp, as he bears it through the bridgeless river and over the dark mountains, straight to the "upper fold."—*Ill. Miss. News.*

#### What we ought to be.

Jesus, when a little child,

Taught us what we ought to be.

Holy, harmless, undefiled,

Was the Saviour's infancy:

All the Father's glory shone

In the person of his Son.

As in age and strength he grew,

Heavenly wisdom filled his breast,

Crowds attentive round him drew,

Wondering at their infant guest;

Gazed upon his lovely face,

Saw him full of truth and grace.

Father, guide our steps aright

In the way that Jesus trod:

May it be our great delight

To obey thy will, O God!

Then to us shall soon be given

Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

—*Sel.*