

her to you; you may do with her what you will." I asked whether he would sign a paper to this effect, promising not to interfere with the child, and giving me entire control and guardianship of her for life. This he willingly agreed to do. So Mr. Hume took him over to the Police Court near by, and asked the authorities if this could be done. They informed him that no father was allowed to sign away his child for lifetime, but there was a rule permitting a man to consign the guardianship of a child, relinquishing authority over him or her for a given number of years.

"So little Bhagirthi was given to us by her father's written promise for fifteen years. She is now over six years old, and will, if spared, by that time be twenty-one, when every law will sustain her in acting independently for herself. She is a bright, attractive child, and we trust and pray that she may indeed be a chosen vessel kept for the Master's use among her own people. Every Sabbath morning the father comes to our Sabbath-school in order to meet his little daughter, and we only hope the deep love he shows for this little daughter may be the means of revealing to him the deeper love of God, in Christ his Saviour. Will not the readers of this report pray earnestly for little Bhagirthi, and for her gray-headed father Haridaas?"—*Mission Dayspring*.

A LITTLE GIRL'S TALK.

A few Sundays ago I heard a little girl's talk over her pocket-book before church time. Her brother said to her:

"Where's your money? There will be a contribution to-day."

She went to get her pocket-book.

"I have two silver ten-cents and a paper one."

Her brother said:

"A tenth of that is three cents."

"But three cents is such a stingy little to give. I shall give this ten cents. You see I would have had more here' only I spent some for myself last week; it would not be fair to take a tenth of what is left after I have used all I wanted."

"Why don't you give the paper ten-cents? The silver ones are prettier to keep."

"So they are prettier to give. Paper ten-cents looks so dirty and shabby. No. I'll give good things."

So she had put one ten-cents in her pocket, when some one said:

"I hope we can raise that \$300 for Home Missions to-day."

Then that little girl gave a groan.

"O, this is Home Mission day? Then that other silver ten-cents has to go too." And she went to get it, with another doleful groan.

I said: "If you feel so distressed about it why do you give it?"

"O, because I made up my mind to always give twice as much to Home Missions as any thing else, and I shall just stick to what I made my mind to."

Now this little affair set me to thinking:

1. We should deal honest with God in giving. "It is not fair," said the little girl, "to count your tenth after you have used all that you want."

2. We should deal liberally in giving. If the fair tenth is a pretty sum, let us go beyond it and give more.—*Selected*.

"NOW YOU ALL SLEEP"

What should you think, children, if in the midst of service on the Sabbath your minister should close the Bible and say, "Now you all sleep"? Do any of you ever sleep without his telling you to? But this is just what Rijok, the preacher on the island of Arno, one of the Marshall group, said to one of the congregation of one hundred, who filled the little church on the Sabbath when the *Morning Star* was in the harbor. When he said "Go to sleep", every person in the room covered his eyes and bowed his head during the prayer that followed. This was Rijok's way of telling the people to take the posture of prayer. It may look like sleep, but it is a time when all should be truly awake and interested. To close the eyes and bow the head is not prayer, but it keeps one from wandering thoughts while prayer is offered to thus shut out the sight of the world without us.