

the man who is coming up the street with two baskets, one suspended from each end of a pole which he carries over his shoulder. One basket is filled with vegetables, and the other—with a little shaven-headed fellow, who is sitting so quietly in order to keep his balance, but who is thoroughly enjoying his ride. His father has straw sandals on his feet, tied in place by cords which are crossed several times over the bare foot. From the ankle to the knee he wears a kind of leggin made of dark blue cotton cloth; his dress is blue and white, and it is so long that in order to walk more easily, he has tucked it into his belt; his hair is "done up" in a queer little knob on the top of his head, and I do not wonder that you children think that he and his baskets make a funny sight. How would you like to be carried in this way? Sometimes the missionary children have been carried very much like this over the mountains where there has been no good *jinka* road. — *M. Dayspring*

THE RAIN THAT FALLS INTO OUR LIVES.

A few weeks ago the children were singing,

"April showers
Bring May flowers."

and now it is May and the flowers are here—the crocuses and daffodils in the garden, and out in the woods the beautiful blue liverwort and the delicate anemones and the fragile spring beauty, and best and loveliest of all, hidden away under the dead leaves, but betraying itself by its delicious fragrance, the exquisite trailing arbutus, which some people call Mayflower. These lovely things are what the April showers helped to bring.

And yet some of the children pouted and fretted when it was raining, and said they wished it would stop and let them play. Suppose it had stopped and had not rained any more all through the month of April, where would the flowers be now?

There are trials that come into the lives of children that are very much like the rain—they make the days dark and hinder

the children from doing what they want to do. Perhaps it is illness, and they are obliged to stay in bed when they long to be out at play. Or perhaps it is a harder trial still—a father or mother ill, or gone away to God, and the child's heart is very, very sore with grief and loneliness. Ah! this is far worse to bear than a rainy day!

But God knows just why the trouble comes. Great troubles or little troubles, illness or death, or only the petty trials that come every day even into happy homes—it is God who sends them, and he does not send them without a reason. Can we tell what the reason is?

The reason of our trials is the same as the reason of the rain: they come to soften our hearts, and make beautiful conduct grow out of our lives, just as the rain softens the earth and makes the flowers grow. When we learn patience and gentleness and submission to God's will, when we learn to be cheerful even though things go wrong, and even to those who are not kind to us, then our lives are as beautiful as a garden of flowers. It is flowers like these that God looks for in us.

But he sends the pleasant days, too, does he not? After all, how much more sunshine than rain has fallen into our lives! How bright the flowers should be that we produce for Him!

WHILE AT PLAY.

- I thought I saw a little child
Steal softly from its play,
And in a still retired spot
Kneel softly down and pray.
"Dear Father," ran the simple prayer,
"Please make me different when
I want to have my way alone.
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

I thought I saw that little child
Steal back ere hardly missed,
And then no more with angry words
On her own way insist.
I thought I saw, the while she played
So gently with the rest,
A light upon her brow that showed
She was by Jesus blest!