

mined to become a Baptist. You see he had the courage to follow his conviction of duty in this matter. It were well if all our young people were like Robert. But our story is growing too long. Mr. Morrison spent many happy years in China, translating the Bible so dear to him into that language, besides doing much in other ways to help the people of China. When you grow older you will enjoy reading his life, and looking at the kind face of this missionary in the pictures of his work. A little Chinese Church was organized, meeting every week in Mr. Morrison's home, to hear him preach about Jesus Christ. On the 1st of August, 1834, God called this faithful servant up to Heaven. The week before this he had translated the hymn :

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Was it not a sweet memory for the last Sunday service to have sung this hymn together?

Great meetings are being held in China this week to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his departure for China, and many missionaries of all denominations are meeting with the Chinese Christians to praise God for the work done by Robert Morrison.

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PHIL'S STARVATION DAY.

"You know what the minister said about the children in Japan, mamma—how some of 'em was starving, and we must help; well, how do they feel before they starve?"

"They feel very, very hungry, Phil," his mother answered.

"The minister said it would do us good to sacker-a-fice by not eating our dinners and send the money."

"But he didn't mean little boys, dear. He meant fathers and mothers—grown-up people you know."

Phil was quiet for a full minute, and then he said, "How much do I cost in a day?"

"Your food, do you mean? Oh, perhaps fifty cents!"

"Would you give me fifty cents if I didn't eat any breakfast or dinner or supper to-morrow?"

His mother laughed. Why, yes, but I wouldn't like to have my little boy go hungry.

"I want to be hungry, mamma; I want to get very hungry, so I'll know how the poor Japan boys feel."

"All right," Mrs. Fay answered, for she thought Phil would forget before morning.

But he did not. When Robert and Ida sat down to breakfast, he climbed into his high chair,

but would not take oatmeal or rolls.

"Are you sick?" his father asked.

Phil shook his head.

"I am sacker-a-ficing for the hungry children. Mamma will give me fifty cents."

Rob and Ida laughed.

"Oh, come, eat your breakfast," they said; "you can have the money, anyway."

But Phil shook his head and sipped water from his silver cup, and a little later trotted off to school quite cheerfully.

But when he came home at noon the dinner smelt so good! It was a sober little boy who mounted the stairs when the family gathered at the table.

"Oh, come back! Rob cried. It's roast lamb and green peas."

"And strawberry short cake with whipped cream for dessert," Ida fairly shouted.

"I smell 'em," Phil called back, "and I better not stay down there. I'm not giving up—but—I am a little bit—hungry."

His voice trembled and his father exclaimed, "I can't stand that! Do go up and get the boy."

But his mother said, "I wish I could, but Phil is in earnest, and I don't like to persuade him to break his resolution."

Rob and Ida leaned over their plates, and it seemed hard to swallow their food.

"I don't want to stop eating," Rob whispered, "but I'll give up going to the Park if you will."

Ida nodded and brushed away her tears.

"Yes, and ice cream and chocolates, too."

"Sure"

After school Ida felt so sorry for the little hungry brother that she planned a "party" out under the trees where there should be plenty of fruit and cookies.

"Not really eating," she exclaimed, "but just something to keep him from starving."

When she went for him, however, she found him fast asleep on the playroom floor, and his mother undressed the little hero and put him in his bed without fully awakening him.

But the next morning Phil's eyes flew open while the birds were singing their first songs.

"Is it another day, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," was the answer, after he had called again, "but it isn't time to get up."

"But," sobbed, Phil, "I want a banana, I'm all—squinted up—inside of me. But I didn't give up, did I? Now can I please get a banana?"

And then if an "early bird" had peeped in he might have seen a dear child in his nightgown creeping down stairs in the dim light and grasping a big banana from the fruit dish in the dining room.

"It's so good, mamma," he chirped, climbing into bed again, "and I want to send a million to those hungry boys. 'Now where's my fifty cents?'—*Children's Missionary Friend.*