

I fall,' they thought him joking. At the same time he saw a woman with a load on her back, quietly walking up a ladder to another tree, not indeed so lofty as that Paavorang had tried, but as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and without attempting to catch hold with her hands.

At night, says the Bishop, as I lay ignominiously on the ground in a hut, I heard the songs of the women aloft as voices from the clouds, while the loud croaking of the frogs, the shrill noise of the countless cicadas, the scream of the cockatoos and parrots and cries of birds of many kinds all combined to keep me awake."

#### WHAT A LITTLE GIRL WAS THE MEANS OF DOING.

[For the *Children's Record*.

Last summer a home missionary was visiting some of our congregations in Ontario, and addressing them on the subject of missions. He tells the following touching story of a young girl whom he visited whilst on her dying bed. For a long time she had suffered from consumption. One evening she asked that her missionary box should be brought and she began to count her savings for missions during the month and it amounted to forty cents. She placed her little savings in the usual envelope for missions, and two hours later went to be with her Saviour.

The missionary having known this child personally whose life had been a wonderful stimulus to him in his work, and whose death he says he will never forget, asked her mother for this forty cents for missions. It was gladly given, and inclosed in a little purse to organize a work in China.

He began to tell about her life, and at the first meeting he addressed after her death \$14.00 was added to the little purse.

The simple story of the little girl's life and death has since been told, and as a result of repeating it to others God has increased the amount to \$117.

D.

#### "THAR!"

Mr. Murchison was mowing on the ice. Several neighbors stood by watching his scythe and laughing. Mr. Murchison was always doing something queer, they said; and now he was actually getting a winter crop of hay from his meadow. Near by stood his old white mare blanketed and patient.

The fact was the cold snap had come much earlier than usual, and had frozen the meadow before the second crop of grass was cut. The water in the swamp was lower than usual and enough hay could be secured above the ice to "bed down" a cow for all winter.

"Say, fellows," chuckled Jim Sloan, an ugly, cowardly boy from the village, "just shy a rock at the old mare, and she'll go down on the ice like a load o' bricks!"

There was a laugh at the idea, and two or three of Jim's idle companions began digging in the frozen grounds with their heels for stones to throw.

"O, say!" cried a little fellow, who had heard the suggestion of cruel mischief, "I wouldn't do that! It might hurt the horse real bad."

"Re-al ba-ad," repeated Jim, mockingly. Then, with a change of tone, "You hush up, Bob White, or you'll get the rock instead of the mare."

For answer Bob started on a run toward the farmer, who was striding on, making a broad swathe in the thin grass.

The crowd of rude boys called after Bob angrily, and Jim, catching up a stone which he had rejected as too large to throw at the mare, sent it skimming over the ice at the retreating figure.

The stone reached its mark. It struck Bob on his right ankle, and brought him down like a nine-pin.

"Hi-yi!" screamed the boys on shore, derisively. Then they turned and ran with all their might. "Jim's crowd" was not popular in that quarter and they noticed one or two stout men looking in their direction in an unpleasantly personal manner. In two minutes they were out of sight.