

In the summer time you children like to run round without shoes or stockings, don't you? In India the little ones run round with nothing on at all except a little charm on a string tied round the waist, to prevent any evil befalling them. Their parents you see know nothing of Jesus and His protecting care.

These are some, but not all, of the things that happen to the wee folk in that dark wicked country. Sometime perhaps you will read of the girls and boys of India and will understand it the better, for first knowing of their infant days.

And now will you run and give baby that kiss? and to-night won't you put up a little prayer for those brown babies across the sea.

L. S. KING.

Kingston.

RALPH'S LESSON.

(Continued from February Number.)

Ralph's mother had been an interested listener. She had watched with anxiety, for a whole year, his growing selfishness, his way of so often wanting things for himself "this time," and hoping to give "next time," when he had money of his own. She was glad to hear Miss Graves, whom her son loved very much, speak so plainly. The truth was that Ralph had not paid his missionary dues for a long time. He had a dollar, sent him by his uncle, but he wanted to spend it for a pair of new skates, and let his dues to the society go until another time. He went to bed in an unhappy mood, and his mother sat wondering if the time had come for her to teach her boy a very severe lesson.

The next day at noon, Ralph came home for lunch as hungry as usual. He rushed into the dining-room, but mamma wasn't there, and the table was as bare as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

"Mamma! Where are you? Why isn't dinner ready? I can't wait. I want to stop and play with Will Jones on the way back."

"Well," said Mary, pleasantly, appearing from the kitchen, "you needn't wait; run right along and play. Your Mamma has gone to see Aunt Esther."

"But I want my dinner!"

"She didn't plan for any dinner. She said papa is gone, and we can have dinners after he comes back."

"Well, what can I have?"

"Here's a little cold oat-meal," said Mary. Now Ralph didn't usually like oat-meal. It took a good deal of cream and sugar to make it go down, but, for once, it tasted good, and he ran off to Will Jones's, wishing there had been some more of it. The growing boy, unused to such a scanty meal, felt very hungry before school closed at four, and his head began to ache. He hurried home pitying himself all the way, and thinking how good his warm supper would taste!

The table was still bare. "Mamma isn't home yet," Mary said in answer to his questions. "She didn't plan for any supper; she said we could have supper some other time."

"I'll take some bread and milk, then," said Ralph.

"I'm sorry," said Mary, "but the milkman forgot to stop, and I didn't go after the bread in the afternoon, I thought I could go some other time."

Ralph could hardly believe his senses. At first he was angry, then grieved. Did his mother not love him any more? Had she forgotten her boy? Were the meals gotten only for papa? He crept off to bed in the twilight, with

both head and heart aching. He was too tired to play with Will Jones any more.

"We shall have supper some other time," Mary says. "Some other time." He wondered if the little orphans felt like this when the food was scanty. It came like a flash to him that his mother was trying to teach him a lesson by showing how it would be if she and Mary gave things to him "some other time" instead of giving them *every day*, and many, many times a day. "I suppose mamma and papa are God's agents to take care of me. I wonder if we boys and girls in the missionary society *really* are His agents to take care of the children in our schools, as Miss Graves said. If we are, I've acted shamefully!" And in the quiet and darkness he seemed to see the sad little things before him.

"I've had quite a bit of money this year. I might have given a good deal. There was the dollar Grandpa gave me for Christmas, and the quarter in my stocking, but it took both of those to buy my sled. The quarter I earned shovelling snow—I gave five cents of that, and then I bought cracker-jack and peanuts and bananas with the rest. The five dollars papa gave me went towards my bicycle. I meant to give some of the fifty cents Aunt Ella gave me before the Fourth, but it went for crackers and torpedoes and lemonade. Then I gave two cents out of my errand money, the rest went at the picnic. Really I don't believe I've given ten cents this year, and it's December. I didn't think I had been so mean! I'm going to give the whole of my dollar, I don't care about skates! I'm not going to be meaner than a Jew! If God wants me to be His 'agent,' I'm going to be a good one."

In his excitement Ralph had not heard his mother come in, and had spoken aloud.

"O Ralph!" she said joyfully, "how glad I am my boy has learned his lesson!" And now while you eat this I have brought you, let me tell you how lovely I think it is of our Father in Heaven to let His creatures help Him."

Do you remember the five little robins in the nest near your window last summer? Who were God's "agents" to feed them? Just two little birds. If they had gone away for even one day and night to rest or play, the five birdlings would have been chilled and dead. Everything depends on their giving *every day*.

It is a *giving* world. God gives and gives. The birds, the bees, the ants, all work that they may give to their babies. You have a grander work to do, for you are to help Christ's little children. *So give regularly according to God's plan.*

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY PROGRAMMES.

BY MRN. J. H. LEONARD.

Six things are essential to an interesting missionary programme for children. They are: 1st, proper tools to work with; 2nd, preparation; 3rd, to have the programme about things children are interested in; 4th, simplicity; 5th, the missionary story; 6th, variety.

In the first place we must have proper tools to work with, just as a carpenter must have the right tools for his work, and our indispensable tools are, *Mission Studies*. One day this summer I took my back numbers of *Mission Studies*, cut out the children's pages and bound them together in booklets. One is altogether about Africa; one about China, etc. If you have not files you would probably find them among ladies of your missionary auxiliary who would be only too glad to have them put to such good use. Do not fail to procure them for they are mines of wealth. I have also a set of pictures mounted on cardboard which came out of *Mission Studies*, and which I find very helpful in making the meetings interesting. They can be used either to illustrate the lesson, or given