

Youths' Department.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

A penny a pound for the baby,
The baby not two years old,
Though we know that every baby
Is worth its weight in gold.

A penny a pound for the baby.
Suppose she'd been born in Spain?
She'd be taught her prayers on a rosary
Thus hoping heaven to gain.
In that land of priests and error,
Her life had been dreary and cold;
But we think our precious baby
Is worth her weight in gold.

A penny a pound for the baby.
In the land of the Rising Sun,
The babies and wee little children
Are said to have plenty of fun.
But—their mothers don't tell them of Jesus,
The children's sweet story of old,
But we count the soul of our baby
More precious than silver or gold.

A penny a pound for the baby.
In India far away
Are many starving babies
Who cry to us to-day.
Our babies here can help them,
Though not yet two years old,
For love will make their pennies
Worth all their weight in gold.

A penny a pound for the baby
So dainty and fresh and sweet,
From the crown of her head she's precious
To the toes of her little feet.
But those little feet in China
Would be bound and cramped so small,
She could not run as ours do,
But only stumble and fall.
They think it is right to do it
Because 'tis their custom old,
So they torture their little children,
And call them "lilies of gold."

Then come and weigh the baby,
And soon may the story be told.
In the love of our Saviour all babies
Are worth their weight in gold.

—Miss Elizabeth V. Winsor, in *Mission Dayspring*.

HISTORY OF THE KARENS.

The Karens are the Hill tribes of Burmah. They were treated by the Burmese in former days with the greatest cruelty and injustice. Their crops and cattle were stolen, and they were caught and sold as slaves; so that they lived in constant terror. They hid themselves in the jungle on the mountain sides, concealing the paths to their bamboo houses, and constantly moving from one place to another to avoid detection. They were content to live on the produce of their fields, and to weave their own clothing. Indeed, they were as much at home

and as independent in the forest as the birds or the bees. Their religion was peculiar to themselves. They lived pure, honest, truthful lives, were unbounded in their hospitality, and had no idols. They made offerings to propitiate evil spirits, whom they feared, but they had no symbols of them, nor did they worship images of any kind. They had no books, but they had carefully preserved legends—"grandfather's saying," they called them—which were very carefully handed down from father to son. Their tradition told that they had once God's book, but they were disobedient to it, and their younger brother carried it away. Some day their white brother would come across the sea in a ship, and bring back the book, which told of a Great Father and the life to come. They must watch for its coming. No wonder such a people should receive the Gospel when it came. No people have ever been discovered who were so well prepared for it, and whose very prejudices were on its side. When missionaries came among them their old men said, "This is what our fathers told us of," and they flocked by hundreds to receive the book they had waited for. Their simple faith took Christ at his Word. They did not question, but believed and received his promise to every one that believeth. The fruits of the Spirit were manifest in their lives.

It is about sixty years since the first Karen was baptized, and now they are an educated people, ready to help in the evangelization of the world. They have their Foreign Missionary Society, and send out their young men north and east to distant countries, supporting them there, and re-enforcing them as the need arises. These have established churches among those tribes, and done a grand evangelistic work independent of other missionaries, in the face of persecution and long separation from their homes, and from the privileges of Christian intercourse with those they love. These Karens are the only foreign missionaries in some regions north of Burmah. They are poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. When I was in charge of a mission station there, an old Karen pastor came one day with a large contribution for the foreign mission work. I said to him, "How can your people give so much? I know they are very poor, the overflow of the river has swept away your crops, your cattle are dying of disease, it is the famine time with you." "Oh," he said, with such a contented smile, "It only means rice without curry." They could live on rice and salt, but they could not live without giving the Bread of Life to their brethren. —Miss Messenger.