

woman haggled all day about the kind of chair which the bridegroom should send in which to bring home his bride. They wanted a much finer chair than the bridegroom was ready to furnish. Finally the bride's brothers agreed that she might go in a cheaper chair if the groom would pay them eight dollars. This is the ludicrous part of the story. But there is a sad part. Three days later the mother of that bride committed suicide. It seems that a creditor to whom the family was in debt pressed for payment, and the mother was so angry at him for his persistence that she swallowed a great quantity of opium, and went and lay down on the doorstep of the creditor's shop, and there died. She was ready to endure all this that she might annoy him whom she hated. And it did annoy him sadly. The officials made heavy demands upon him for their services in settling the case, and the sons of the dead woman brought charges against the man that he had persecuted their mother to death, and he had to pay them a hundred dollars. Moreover, according to Chinese notions, the ghost of the woman who murdered herself is supposed to be able to haunt the man on whose doorstep she died, and to injure him in many ways. Thus she brought a great deal of worry upon her enemy but it is hard to understand what good she supposed she was doing herself. Such are the absurdities of heathenism. Do not the people who so reason and act need the light of the gospel?—*Mission Dayspring*.

A PICNIC IN EAST AFRICA.

Following the story of the Christmas festival on Kusie, our young friends may be interested in an account given by Miss Jones, of Kambini, on the eastern coast of Africa, of a picnic which was held with the children at her station. It is only about two years since she went there, and of course during that short time comparatively little could be done in bringing these children out of the ways of heathenism. But here is Miss Jones simple story.

"Two weeks ago the children and I had a picnic; not a grand affair, however. We went about four miles from home, and found a quiet hillside on the bank of a stream, and spent the day in swinging, jumping the rope, and many other sports:

"As people generally take a good dinner for a picnic, perhaps you would like to know what we Africans had. I can easily tell you. Roast corn and farina, also corn baked in a cake tin, and guavas; but we had plenty of sunshine. I know you would have been amused if you had seen the procession. Most of them were dressed with a little more of nature's dress, and a stick across the shoulder with corn and farina tied to it. We walked one behind the other, as the path would not allow us to walk otherwise. I brought up the rear, with matches in my pocket for fire. When we were tired and hungry, six fires were built, and such roasted corn as we had! Some of it was hard enough to grind, but they like it that way.

"When the shadows grew long we started home with a large quantity of beautiful flowers and wild fruit. I am asked nearly every day when I am going to have another play,"—*Sel*.

THE REASON.

Two little girls sat one day
Beside the garden wall to play,
And full, as children are, of chat,
They talked of this and then of that;
And I, who chanced to pass that way,
Heard Rosabel to Lucy say
"Do you mind what your mother says?"
And Lucy, nodding, answered "Yes."
"I don't," responded Rosabel,
"That is, not always. She can't tell
If I don't mind when out of sight."
Said Lucy "That's not doing right."
"But why," asked Rosie, "do you do
Just what your mother wants you to?
Lucy looked down a little while
In silent thought, then with a smile
Looked up again, and answered she
"Why, I love her, and she loves me!"