

LITTLE GIRLS IN LAOS.

They are as fond of green mangoes as are Canadian children of green apples, but they are for the most part obedient and truthful. "When our school at Lekawn was first started," writes a lady teacher, "it was customary among children to eat unripe mangoes, but the doctor, who was new to the country, charged me to forbid it, and I did so."

Late one evening, when there was a hard storm of rain and wind, I saw all the school-girls out gathering up the fallen fruit. It was too wet for me to follow them, but the next morning I told them that I knew they had disobeyed and eaten green mangoes.

I asked one after another, "Did you eat them?" and she would confess, "I did." When I asked little Pooie she said, "Yes, I ate six."

"Oh, Pooie, and to eat six!" Pooie explained: "It was like this, Nie: you said you would punish us if we ate one mango; then when I ate one it tasted so good, and I knew I would be punished any way, so I ate six big ones."

My private opinion was that that child should have gone unpunished, but discipline had to be maintained.

These children used to slip out from their seats in church to pick up falling mangoes until we told them they positively must sit still during service.

Accordingly, one Sabbath while Mr. Wilson was praying, a little girl who sat near me pulled my dress and whispered, "cha-kep! cha-kep!" (centipede).

I looked up quickly and saw a big centipede creeping towards the children, who were drawn as closely as possible to the wall, but not offering to run.

I sprang up and put my foot on the centipede in an instant but, failing to kill it, had to call on Mr. Wilsor for aid. We afterward sat quietly down to finish the interrupted service.

When we were dismissed I called the children up and told them that in the future if a snake, scorpion, or centipede should come into the room during service they might all run away.

"If a tiger comes in could we go?" inquired one little girl. I assured her that a tiger, elephant, or wild buffalo coming into the house would be an excuse for their leaving.

Once we received a Christmas box for the children, but, as there were not enough gifts for all, we thought it would be better for the girls to hold a bazaar and sell the things, with the understanding that the money realized should be for their use.

After the sale they brought the money up to our verandah to divide it.

The Christians of Lakawn had been providing for about twenty families of lepers, so that they need not beg from house to house, and, while we said nothing to the children to influence their division of the money, little by little, as they talked about the sadness of the lives of the poor crippled lepers, they added to the portion which they were setting apart for them, until one-third of all the proceeds of the bazaar was dedicated to the lepers. We said they had done nobly.

I never saw the children so pleased as on the day their offering was made for the lepers. They experienced that it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

The boys and girls who become Christians have a good influence over others and can often do more than the teachers to raise the moral standard of the school. All branches taught in primary schools at home are taught in our schools in Laos, but we use the Bible as a text-book and as the "foundation and chief stone of the corner."
—Katharine Neville Fleeson.

THE QUEEN'S HOPE.

At one of the almshouses in the Isle of Wight there lived an old woman of the name of Baxter, a descendant of the once well known Richard Baxter, who had reached the surprising age of 104 years. The Queen, on hearing of her, expressed a wish to see her, and came to the almshouse one day to pay her a visit. After sitting for some time beside her bed, the Queen rose to go, when the old woman, fixing her eyes upon her said, "May I ask your Majesty one question?" "You may ask me anything you like," was the reply. Slowly and earnestly the question came, "Shall we meet again in the Home above?"

The Queen was silent for a moment, then, bending her head, so that her face was hidden by her handkerchief, she replied, "Yes, we shall meet again, by the Grace of God, and through the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ."