

heaved a sigh of regret when the lesson was over.

"My sister Florie is more clever than I am, and loves music so very dearly that—that if you could teach her it would comfort her, I think, and draw her mind away from her grief." Amy said this as she rose from the music-stool, for she felt so anxious that her sister should have the benefit of this excellent teacher's instruction.

"You have lately lost your father, I think," said Sister Magdalen in a compassionate tone.

"Yes, and poor little Florie seems to be taking up the notion that she is in some way to blame for it; but it is quite a mistake, for she is such a dear, gentle girl, and so yielding and anxious to please everybody."

"I will give her a lesson myself, dear child; and speak a word to comfort her, too, if I can."

"O thank you, thank you! Florie will do you more credit than I shall," and Amy went away feeling quite happy in the thought that she had secured a friend for her sister in their excellent music teacher.

When lessons were over for the afternoon there was another recreation time in the playground, and then the girls marched to the refectory again for supper. After supper they passed on to the chapel for prayers, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. After this the classes marched to their own class-rooms for night study, during which no one was allowed to speak, not even to ask the solution of a difficulty of a neighbor or the nuns in charge. The lessons were those that had been set by the different teachers for the next day, and an hour was allowed for their preparation. After this followed another recreation time, during which the girls might sit at their desks and draw, or read, or write letters, or talk to each other in a low tone. This lasted half an hour, and then they returned to the chapel for night prayers, those who chose to absent themselves waiting in silence outside the chapel door. From the chapel they marched in silence to the dormitories, and thus ended our friends' first day at the convent school.

(To be continued.)

### THE CHILDREN'S MISSION WORK.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

"There! it's all done," said Bertie Russell, as he surveyed the neat pile of wood that he had just finished splitting. "Now, this evening, father will give me twenty-five cents."

"Bertie, Bertie, where are you?" called Aunt Katie from the kitchen window.

"Here," answered Bertie from the woodshed. "Come out and see my wood-pile, won't you auntie?"

Aunt Kate came to the back door and down the steps into the yard, still beating her eggs.

"Look there," said Bertie, pointing with pride to his work. "Haven't I been smart, auntie? I split and piled all that after school this week."

"That is a good deal of work for a ten-year old," said Aunt Kate looking at the pile.

"Father hired me," explained Bertie as he followed his aunt back to the kitchen. "You see, I wanted to earn some money awful bad, and I just tried every way I could think of to earn some, and father said if I would split and pile the wood he would pay me just the same as he would a hired man."

"But what did you want your money so much for?" asked his aunt.

"Why," said Bertie, "our class have a missionary meeting Thursday afternoon, and teacher always wants us to bring some money to give to missions."

"If you had asked me, I would have given you some money," said his aunt.

"No," said Bertie, "that wouldn't have done at all. Teacher says that we ought to earn the money our own selves, so as to have it our own contributions. O auntie, won't you go with me to-morrow? The two little Chinese girls that we've been helping send to school, are coming over from San Francisco, and they are going to recite and sing. Won't you go?"

"Maybe I can," said Aunt Kate. "Is that what becomes of this mission money?"

"Yes," said Bertie. "It costs forty dollars to send a Chinese boy or girl to school at the Home for a year, and all the money that the scholars give goes toward that."

"Well, I'll go if I can," said Aunt Kate. Accordingly next day, Thursday, about three o'clock, Bertie showed his aunt the way to the church, and when they arrived there they both went into the large primary class-room. It was almost full of children who had just come from the day-schools. Aunt Kate and Bertie sat down on a bench near the wall and waited for a little while until the primary class teacher came.

"Pretty soon a Chinese girl, about ten years old, appeared at the door.

"That's one of the scholars," whispered Bertie. "She stays at the Chinese Home, but she hasn't been there very long and can't talk English as well as Chin Pav."

"Who is Chin Pav?" asked Aunt Kate.

"She is the youngest scholar in the Home," explained Bertie. "She is eight years old and she can talk English 'most as well as I can."

In a few minutes little Chin Pav came hurrying in with the other Chinese girl. Chin Pav had a bright, pleasant face, and she was dressed very finely. She wore a blouse of pink silk, trimmed around her neck and sleeves with blue. This blouse came down to her knees. Then she had on the large, loose trousers that Chinese women wear. They were made of bright green silk, trimmed with blue like the blouse. Her funny shoes had thick white soles and the tops were blue and pink. So, altogether, Chin Pav looked very queer and gay, like one of the Chinese pictures.

Her companion was not dressed so finely. She wore a green blouse and a skirt of dark cambric with American shoes. The two little girls stood on the platform before all the children.

"Now," said the teacher, "these two little girls will sing for us." And so Chin and her friend sang,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."

They had very sweet voices and spoke the words distinctly, but they did not sing very loudly for they felt rather afraid of so many white children. Next they sang one verse of

"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven  
Tells of his love in the Book he has given."

After that, Chin Pav recited the parable of the prodigal son, word for word, very readily. Then she said the 23d Psalm and told what the Bible says about the idols that the Chinese worship.

"Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not. They have ears but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not. They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat."

Afterwards, while the children were marching around the room, laying their money on the table, Aunt Kate went to the little girls and tried to talk with them. Their teacher was there with them and she answered almost all of the questions because the little girls were afraid to talk.

The teacher said that Mr. Hunter had found little Chin Pav wandering around with a woman who was unkind to her, and before Mr. Hunter brought the little girl to the Chinese home, she had been whipped so hard by this woman that her face and shoulders were all covered with blood. But now she had lived at the Home for two or three years, and was very happy, and best of all, little Chin Pav thought she had become a Christian. She had not joined the church yet but she expected to very soon. There were four or five Chinese girls at the Home, the teacher said, who belonged to the Mission Church, and three afternoons, in each week, these Chinese girls held a prayer-meeting in their teacher's room, where they studied the Bible and prayed that the Chinese who now worship idols might soon learn to know of the only true God.

"Wasn't the meeting nice, auntie?" asked Bertie, as they were walking home.

"Very nice, indeed," said his aunt.

"Don't you think," said Bertie, "teacher says that there is a little Chinese boy that has just come to the Home, and maybe his mother will let him come over next missionary meeting. We are going to give some money for him next time."

"Do all the scholars earn the money that they give?" asked auntie. "I saw quite a little pile of five and ten-cent pieces on the table."

"I don't know whether all do or not," said Bertie, "but Arthur Hall earns his money by selling eggs. He has seven hens."

Then Mabel Brown hemmed a table-cloth for her mother, and she got ten cents that way. I'm real glad that they are getting so many scholars at the Home, and I'm going to try and earn some more money for next missionary meeting, so that more Chinese girls and boys can learn to read the Bible and stop praying to idols."—*Morning Star.*

### FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS.

It was Harry's bedtime; but the bright May evening was so warm, that his mother had let him play out a little later than usual after supper. She went to the window now to call him, for his voice was heard raised rather loudly, and she was afraid he was in trouble.

"I'm coming, mamma," he called up to her, and in a few minutes she heard him on the stairs stamping a little more noisily than he was accustomed to do. He came in, his face all red with anger, as well as exercise.

"Mamma," he said, throwing himself on the floor with his head on her lap, "I can't bear Johnny Ellis. He is the meanest boy! I'll never speak to him again as long as I live."

"O Harry," replied his mother, sorrowfully, "don't talk so. Tell me what is the matter. What has he done?"

"Why, he's been pulling up all my Sunday-school flower-seeds. I was telling him how the teacher gave us each packages of them at Easter, and how you were going to buy bouquets from me for the supper-table every day, and I was going to put the money in the missionary-box. And he only laughed and said they were weeds, and he snatched at them, and—O mamma—." Here Harry cried so hard, that his mother could do nothing but try to comfort him for several minutes.

"Never mind, dear," she said, when he had become a little quiet. "I know it's very hard to bear, but I will give you more seeds of a kind that will be likely to bloom sooner than those you had planted. Some of those may come up yet. Now that the weather is getting warm, they will soon catch up with the others."

"Yes; but mamma, that will be so long to wait, and these were so big, and—I'll never love him again."

"O Harry!" said his mother sadly, "remember that in a few minutes you will say 'Our Father,' and then you will have to ask God to forgive you as you forgive others. If you don't forgive Johnny, you are asking God not to forgive you."

"But, mamma, I can't," Harry sobbed out. "How can we do that, when people are so mean and do us so much harm?"

"Think what the wicked men were doing who crucified Jesus," said his mother; "such a great harm, that nothing done to us seems anything by the side of it, and yet He said, 'Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.' What must he think of my little boy who can't forgive such a little thing as that?"

Harry, as usual when he was thinking hard, sat very still for a while, leaning his tired head against his mother. "Well," he said, at last, "perhaps Johnny didn't know just what he was doing, either. He is so little, and I guess he did think they were weeds. I'll try to forgive him."

"Suppose we pray together about it," said his mother, tenderly. So they knelt down and asked the dear Saviour, who forgives us so freely, to help Harry to keep his word.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

### SKILLED LABOR.

Every mechanic and artisan should strive to excel in his work—to gain the highest skill, and to put as much thought as possible into what he is doing. Skilled labor is almost always paid the best. The more a man's mind goes down into what he is doing, the more excellent will be his work, and the quicker will he rise above the level of a mere human machine that day after day merely executes its task, but never improves.

### CARE FOR ANIMALS.

Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his sheep go astray, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt in any case bring them again unto thy brother. And if thy brother be not nigh unto thee, or if thou know him not, then thou shalt bring it unto thine own house, and it shall be with thee until thy brother

seek after it, and thou shalt restore it to him again.

In like manner shalt thou do with his ass; and so shalt thou do with his raiment; and with all lost things of thy brother's, which he has lost, and thou hast found, shalt thou do likewise: thou mayest not hide thyself.

Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again.—*Deut. chap. 22.*

Too MANY have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed if the temper is not? If a man is as passionate, malicious, resentful, sullen, moody, or morose, after his conversion as before it, what is he converted from or to?—*John Angell James.*

### Question Corner.—No. 5.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

#### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

49. What two nations that we read of in Deuteronomy, was God angry with for inhospitality?
50. In which book of the Bible is no allusion made to the history of the Jews?
51. What month was changed from one of mourning to one of joy unto the Jews?
52. Why was it so changed?
53. Name two women in the Old Testament who were the means of delivering their countrymen from death?
54. Name two kings with whom Solomon formed an alliance?
55. How did Jacob escape from the vengeance of Esau after he had obtained his father's blessing?
56. Where is Shechem?
57. Who is first mentioned as having risen to defend Israel after the death of Joshua?
58. To which of the twelve spies was he related, and how?
59. At the separation of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah which of the tribes left the kingdom of Israel and came to dwell in Judah?
60. Why did they do so?

#### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 3.

25. Seventy years.
26. Zedekiah. 2 Chron. xxxvi.
27. The tyranny of Rehoboam. 1 Kings xii.
28. Ahijah the Shilonite. 1 Kings xi. 30, 31.
29. Josiah. 2 Chron. xxiv. 1.
30. The threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite 2 Sam. xxiv. 18.
31. Solomon's Temple was built upon it. 2 Chron. iii. 1.
32. Samuel, 1 Sam. xvi. 1. Nathan, 2 Sam. vii. 2. Gad, 1 Sam. xxii. 5.
33. Three hundred. Judges vii. 8.
34. The King of Nineveh. Jonah iii.
35. The Gibeonites. Joshua ix.
36. Eighty-three years old. Ex. vii. 7.

#### TRANSPosed ACROSTIC.

Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the mouth and health to the bones. Righteous lips are the delight of kings; and they love him that speaketh right. Only with pride cometh contention; but with the well-advised is wisdom. Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Every word of God is pure, He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him. Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set. Be not thou envious against evil men, neither desire to be with them. Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister, and call understanding thy kinswoman. Open rebuke is better than secret love. Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful. Say not unto thy neighbor, go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give thee, when thou hast it by thee. Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy. Labor not to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom. O ye simple, understand wisdom; and, ye fools be of an understanding heart. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Open the mouth of the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction. Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O ye children; for blessed are they that keep my ways.—*Proverbs of Solomon.*

#### CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 2.—Alexander George Burr, 12 ac; Clara N. Scarell, 12 ac; W. J. Beattie, 12 ac; Jemima E. Mathewson, 12 ac; Mary D. Clarke, 12 ac; David Patterson, 12; Emma Johns, 12; M. H. Piersons, 11 ac; Susie Prescott, 11 ac; Jennie Rowley, 11; Lizzie F. Weatherby, 8.