

priests read it to the idol. Among the common people when a daughter comes, they say, "Shall we keep her or shall we give her to a family where a wife is wanted for the son, for them to bring her up? Or shall we sell her as a slave girl?" And the last is even worse than being left to die, as often girl babies are, for a slave girl may be driven to the hardest work when only a little girl, or she may be beaten and crippled. No, surely no girl would choose to be in China without Christ. Girls in Christian families do not have their feet bound but can run and play as gaily as girls anywhere. What a fine thing it is to make life happy and full of usefulness for them. Wouldn't you rather help to do this than enjoy ever so many good times just for yourself? Your own good times would be better if you did.

"I choose America for my home," you say, "I should not like to be the child of a missionary." But these missionaries' children in South India love their homes and the Indian fun which they have. When the time comes to leave India and their parents, for school in this country, then it seems hard to be a missionary's child; but in years to come they will thank God for the consecration of their parents and many of them will proudly say, "I would rather be a missionary than a king."—The Baptist Missionary Magazine.

A TABLE FOR GIVERS.

An American quarter of a dollar, with the figure of Liberty upon it, is said to have looked down contemptuously on the copper cent., with the head of a red Indian on it, and to have said: "Oh, you dark-skinned, feather-trimmed barbarian, do you call yourself a coin?" "Well, whatever I am," said the copper cent., "I am oftener found in missionary meetings than you are!"—Missionary Review.

HIS HANDS FORGOT.

In a Christian kindergarten in Japan there is a dear little boy only three years of age who has a great desire to do exactly the right thing. One morning the kindergarten teacher told a careless child that he must watch his fingers very closely, for if he forgot, they would forget. The little three-year-old boy heard what she said, and looked very serious. By and by, when the children were playing in the yard, he saw a little girl about to pick a flower which he thought he would like to have. Stepping ahead of the little girl, he picked it, and she burst out crying. At once he ran to the teacher, and called out: "Oh, sensei (teacher) my hands forgot! my hands forgot!"

"Your hands forgot?" said teacher.

"Yes, sensei, I forgot, so my hands forgot, and I took the flower away from Kodani San."

All the time the dear little fellow was in real distress.

A Christian kindergarten is a great blessing to the children of Japan. It is hard to make the older people understand the gospel of Jesus, because they do not know the name of God. But the children in the kindergarten are taught His dear name, and learn to love it. Last winter a gentleman began coming to church. He said he did not know about God until he heard his little girl, five years old, telling what she had learned at kindergarten. Then he went to the class to listen, and then went to church to hear more. So the little children become missionaries to their own parents, who are glad to have the teachers visit them and teach them.—Picture Lesson Paper.

LEARNING TO GIVE.

Hawaii children learn to give to missions very early. The mother holds the baby's hand, with the penny in it, over the contribution box and gently shakes the little fingers till the money falls into the box; then she kisses the hand and the baby soon learns to think it a very nice thing to do.

Go 'long, Mr. Trouble,
As fas' as you can shoo;
Busy folks like us ain't got
No time to fool with you.