

letter from a missionary when you came in, telling of a poor mother who has just lost her only child, a girl just the age of Abergal. She was a member of the mission-school where Miss Kane, who writes this letter, teaches, and was a good Christian child; but the poor mother, who only allowed Kalua to attend the school because she could not bear to deny her anything, was bitterly opposed to Christianity, and would not hear of it or be taught any of the things Kalua learned. Miss Kane writes three days after the death of Kalua; and says the poor mother has sat beside her mud hut all those three days and nights, looking up now and then to cry something in her language that means, "Lost! Lost!" She never expects to see Kalua again. "All over the land," Miss Kane writes, "are mothers hopelessly mourning their dead." They haven't your promises to comfort them, Sa'yan."

To-morrow we have a praise-meeting to give thanks for our assurance of the resurrection and of meeting our friends where there is no pain nor any death. And we give a thank-offering of money to send teachers to show those poor mothers they can have the same hope."

"Will yo' git anuff money so'st they'll all be teached right away?" Sa'yan asked.

"I am afraid it will take millions to do that," Miss Keeler said.

Sa'yan opened her eyes; millions was a considerable more than forty dollars, she knew.

"I jess wish, I cud go and stay to-night wid dat po' ole woman by her hobble," she said, as she went away.

The next morning was cold and dreary, and the wind drove great sheets of freezing rain against the windows and along the street. Miss Keeler was just wondering if she could go to the Praise-meeting, when there was a knock at the door, and she let in Sa'yan, drenched and breathless.

"I — jes — got — tow — git my — bref," she panted, "my heart bobberates so. It's was since Abergal drapped off. Spect it ull gin-out — suddent — fo' long. No, I kaint stay to git no dry dlo'es. This wet won't hurt none. Heah, take that," she said, dropping the precious bag of money into Miss Keeler's hand.

"I didn't sleep none las' night, makin' up my mind; it's made up now, an' that's a thank-offerin' — Abergal's and mine. Abergal wouldn't want no head-stun of she knew 'bout that dere po' oman out by her ole hobble. Dey's a swing-gay bush by Abergal's head now, and I'll be layin' a-longside fo' long, an' dat's better 'n a head stun. I've 'lowd tow playet a laylock for me if I should live till the frost gits out dey groun'. No; I won't keep a cent of it! I'm goin' this minute," she said, rushing out of the room, as Miss Keeler began to protest against taking all Sa'yan's money.

Miss Keeler took the money to the Praise-meeting, sure that a "head-stone" would soon be bought when Sa'yan's story was told.

The rain was over and the sun was shining, when the meeting was out. Miss Keeler went around by Sa'yan's door. No one answered her knock, and she went in.

Sa'yan sat with her arms on the ironing-table and her head resting on them. Miss Keeler spoke to her, but she did not hear. She lifted Sa'yan's head; there was no breath. One hard-worked bony finger was shut in Abergal's Bible. Miss Keeler read where it pointed — "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

MISSION BAND WORK.

"They were brought unto Him little children, that He should put His hands on them; and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." — Matt xix. 13, 14.

"Christ did not take a full grown man,

A Scribe or Pharisee —

Who prayed long prayers that men might hear,

Or gave that men might see:

But Jesus took a little child,

Some mother's darling girl or boy,

And said, "of such my kingdom is,"

Oh, words of love and joy."

The children the type of Christ's kingdom; the recipients of His special attention and blessing; the pride and joy of the mother's heart; the representatives of a generation in its infancy. These call forth the disciples' rebuke. But God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts. Jesus did not pass on, and let those hearts wounded by the arrow of rebuke remain unheeded. He stops amid the throng, and, as the gentle rain-drops fall upon the tiny blade as well as the full grown, so falls the blessed words of Jesus on the aged and young: "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me."

These words are living words, and they have lost none of their import, but we fail oft times to hear, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." "But be ye not hearers of the word only, but doers."

The work among and by the children in the past can only receive passing notice in this paper, in serving us with material from which to draw our conclusions as to the necessity of and the kind of work most needed for the children of to-day.

The children of To-day; our future men and women. Think of it and weigh it well, that this great world with all its wealth and woe; with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers; with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads and telegraphs; with its millions of darkly groping men; and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys and girls of the present age. Believe it and look abroad upon the inheritance, and then put forth your best efforts to get the children ready to enter upon its possession.

We are in a period of transition. "The world is moving On." The world has been moving on for centuries. The achievements of each successive generation has been marked by a growth, a development. We owe much to the hardy sons of toil of the past. We have at the present, institutions that have grown out of little beginnings, schools that have become educational systems, meetings that have led into organic Christianity, settlements that have knitted together into nations with singleness of purpose.

What may be accomplished for time and eternity by