

which were costly things such as were given to kings. These were the first Christmas presents.

It is now more than nineteen hundred years since Christ's birthday, and as we keep it again by giving and receiving gifts, let us thank God for sending us, on this day, His dear Son, our Saviour, that most precious and most wonderful of all gifts.

Toronto

### A Formosa Picnic

*By Miss Mabel G. Clazie*

A Sunday School picnic! How the eyes of the Canadian girls and boys sparkle, and how happy they are, when their Sunday School teacher announces the annual picnic. Eager questions regarding the time and place show their keen interest. What does it matter if it be held at some popular summer resort or camping ground, or simply in a grove near home? And when the day arrives, what excitement among the little folk.

We know how you all enjoy your picnic on a bright summer day, but I wonder if you know there are thousands and thousands of little boys and girls who never were at a Sunday School picnic, but worse still, were never at Sunday School, and do not know about Jesus, but all their lives have been taught to worship idols.

Your mother will tell you about the island of Formosa, and how the boys and girls and their fathers and mothers had never heard of Jesus, till people came from England and Canada to teach them. But now some of them are coming to church and Sunday School, learning the Lessons, Golden Texts, and Memory Verses, just as you do, hearing of how Jesus loves them, and learning to love Him, too.

And how their little brown eyes shone, when the teacher told them, one day late in October last, that they were to have a picnic the following Saturday. Of course you would think October too late for a picnic on the shore, but here, in Formosa, it is bright and warm much later than that. Indeed, any earlier would have been too hot.

The little people, about a hundred in all, gathered at the church at two o'clock. Some of the teachers went to the church and walked with the children to the seashore, where the picnic was to be held. As you perhaps know, when the Chinese girls are very small, their feet are bound tightly with long bandages, so they will never grow large. Even when grown to womanhood, their feet are tiny like a little child's, and they walk with great difficulty. (Of course the Christian mothers do not bind their little girls' feet.) Those with bound feet were taken in boats, and all reached the beach about the same time.

Then, what a good time they had, wading out in the big waves, and playing in the sea-sand. Some of them made little objects of different kinds with the sand, only to have them fall apart, or perhaps knocked over by a playmate. Of course, the races took quite a while, too, so that the afternoon was well filled.

But I think I hear you say, "Did they not have their supper on the beach?" A picnic at home would hardly be complete without, at least, a basket lunch; but you see the Chinese girls' and boys' supper would be a bowl of rice, and that could not be prepared at a picnic. But they had a good treat, instead, which they all enjoyed. Each was given a bag of cake and candy, which some ate at once, but most put away in their pockets to be carried home.

Then, before they started home, all were given more candies, and it was very funny to see some get their share, and walk off, but in a moment or two return, as if not already served, and hold out their hands for more. Did you ever see Canadian boys and girls do anything like that? I have, not so very long ago, either.

Soon all started for home, tired, but happy after the afternoon's play.

We hope you at home will remember these little children in Formosa, and pray that they may all learn to love Jesus, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Tamsui, Formosa