

TO VISIONS OF THY SORROW AND THY LOVE."

progress. Perhaps you can understand a little of the difficulty of teaching these little ones. They come to us dirty, ignorant and wild, and have absolutely no idea of who God is, or where He is, and, of course, they have never even heard the name, Jesus Christ. It takes hours even to teach them to say the name. Then they have such wrong ideas of everything; they have been taught that it is clever to steal and to lie, and it takes so long for them to understand that it is a sin. We have five little words: 'Do not lie,' 'Do not steal,' 'Do not bow to idols,' 'Do not quarrel,' 'Do not drink liquor,' one word for each little finger. It is a sight worth seeing when perhaps fifty of these naked little restless ones gather around, and, holding up dirty little fingers, shout out at the top of their voices the word pertaining thereto. After I have said it over so often that I feel sure even the most stupid must have learned, I will ask each one separately. I think, without exception, always one or more tell me just the opposite to what I have taught. It takes patience, but it is well worth it. My most interesting school is among the Brahmin children. There are over fifty, and we hold our class just at the temple door. They are much more intelligent than the other caste children, and are so eager to learn. Already they have learned three hymns, the Ten Commandments, several Bible stories about Christ, and many of them can answer from thirty to fifty questions of the Catechism. This is our newest and most promising class. I should be so glad to receive Sunday School primary picture lesson cards from Canada. They please the children more than anything else, and are a great incentive to them to attend and to study well."

RECITATION—"THE BEST SHE KNEW."

There was a little Hindu girl
 Se was about so tall (measuring)
 Each morning she had rice to eat,
 But didn't eat it all.

Oh, no! She took a little out,
 About so much, I think (holding out
 hand)
 And gave it to a wooden god
 That couldn't eat nor drink.

She laid it down before his face,
 And said a little prayer (clasping
 hands)
 The idol could not see nor hear,
 For her he did not care.

She did the very best she knew,
 'Twas what her mother taught her;
 She thought the idol old and grim
 Could help her little daughter.

I want that little Hindu girl
 To love our Lord in glory (looking
 up),
 And I'll do all I can to help
 Send her "the old, old story."

THE MAHARAJAH AND THE BIBLE.

The late Maharajah of Travancore had the reputation of being one of the most learned of all modern Hindu princes. Although he himself never accepted Christianity, yet he said these striking words about the Bible: "Where do the English people get their knowledge, intelligence, cleverness, and power? It is their Bible that gives it to them; and now they bring it to us, translate it into our language, and say, 'Take it, read it, examine it, and see if it is not good.' Of one thing I am convinced, that, do with it what we will, oppose it as we may, it is the Christian's Bible that will sooner or later work out the regeneration of our land."—Bible in the World.