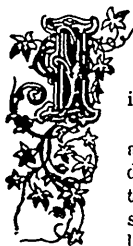


on a piece of paper, and there are wheels with arms made to accomodate them. The prayer can be twisted between the fingers at the end of each arm and then they can set it whirling.

But the motion must always be from right to left, following the sun's course. To turn a wheel the other way is a sin?

Poor Tibetans! They are people given to "vain repetitions." Do we ever "say" our prayers in a thoughtless fashion, and so imitate the wheel turners of Thibet?—Children's Missionary Friend.

TWO PICTURE FROM LIFE.—I.



N a dreary mud house in Peking, China, on a brick bed, a black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, wa now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart, but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so, because it was dying she was afraid of her own baby!

"It is almost time," said the mother-in-law, glancing at the slanting sunbeam that had stolen into the dismal room, through a hole in the paper window; and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air. The mother shrieked, "My baby is not dead! My baby is not dead yet!"

"But it has only one mouthful of breath left," said the old woman; "the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it; the gods are angry with you."

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart, drawn by a black cow, passed slowly down the street, the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the carter drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in lime, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot; no flower will ever blossom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails, "My baby is lost; my baby is lost; I can never find him again."

The black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

THE OTHER PICTURE.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the pillows of its little crib, and it was whispered softly through the mission, "Baby is dying."

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but the Comforter had come before us.

"Our baby is going home," said the mother, and, though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

"We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He has but come for His own," said the father reverently, and he threw his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the little life slipping away, some one began to sing softly,

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and with one long gaze into the loving faces above, closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed in through the gate to the heavenly fold.

"Let us pray," said a low voice. We knelt together, and heaven came so near we could almost see the white-robed ones and hear their songs of "welcome."

There are no baby coffins to be bought in Peking, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes and laid her lovingly in her last resting place. We decked the room with flowers and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery.

With a song of hope, and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith, we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the sacred spot where we laid her, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited often and tended with loving care.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," says the baby's father; while baby's mother answers, "Our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her again, some glad day."

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.—Clara M. Cushman, in "Gospel in All Lands."