

pretty red flowers grow on hedges ! but it is hot !”

“Here are some children coming. Do you see that dear little brown girl, with pretty dark eyes, and straight hair ? She has a long skirt to her ankles, a queer little short sleeve jacket and a pretty colored veil over her head. But see her jewels, rings on some of her fingers and toes and in her ears, a few bracelets on her arms, and beads round her neck and a strange silver bar and a few coins like five-cent pieces strung with colored cord. She dresses just like her mother, even with her hair braided back and done up like older people. Is she not pretty to look at in her native dress ?”

“Do they love their babies as we do ?”

“Yes, but boy babies are valued most. You know mother has to go to work hard ; so little sister is mother ‘minding the baby ;’ but when mother returns home, sister will have a chance to play without baby on her hip. Then, perhaps, baby will get his oil rub. Mother takes cocoanut oil and rubs his little limbs up and down, and round and round, and twists them in such funny ways you would think he would cry. He just loves it, and crows and laughs because since a tiny baby he has had it done almost every day. Some missionary babies just love it too.

“Now we will go to the school and see what the Primary scholars are doing there.”

“Do they read out so, all the time ?”

“Yes, and sometimes sing the multiplication table. I am afraid you would laugh if you heard it. Now you can see what your pennies do. Here are some bigger boys and girls who have only lately come to school, nice faces, pretty eyes, but they do not seem to have any one to look after them. They hardly know their A.B.C.’s, and cannot sing the hymns the rest know. They do not know about how Jesus came on earth as a little baby, or any of the lovely things He did to make us good. Here is a dear wee girl, dressed more like you, so clean and sweet ; and she can read her Second Primer so well, would you not like to play with her ?”

“Yes, but why does *she* know so much more than the rest ?” “This little girl has a

Christian father and mother. Somebody’s pennies helped that by teaching them about Jesus years ago, so now they send her sweet and clean and neatly dressed to learn all she can in the mission school. Your pennies help this work, and also the Sunday Schools in Trinidad and British Guiana.

British Guiana is far larger than Trinidad, and has many more of these interesting children you have learnt about in Trinidad. There are not as many Christian mothers and fathers for the little girls and boys, and so there are many more grown people and children to be taught about Jesus so that they may know and love Him.

“They need many more pennies for schools and Sunday Schools. Do you not think your pennies are doing a good and great work ? Will you not always remember to being mission pennies to Sunday School and Mission Band ? Please do say, ‘Yes, we will.’”

Pictou, N.S.

Some Bible Homes

By Mary Isobel Houston

III. THE HOME OF JAIRUS

Jairus, being a ruler of the synagogue in Capernaum, was a man of some importance. He had plenty of servants, and his wife and little daughter wanted for nothing. His was a happy home too. The one little daughter was much loved by the parents, and great was the sorrow when she became very ill.

We can imagine how, one after another, the great doctors had been called in, but they could do nothing for the little girl. Jairus heard of the wonderful cures that Jesus had been performing, and he asked Him to come and see his poor sick daughter. But it was too late ; before Jesus could reach the home, word came that the little girl was dead. Still Jesus came, and with a touch of the hand, brought the child back to life again and turned the house of mourning into a house of joy.

What a welcome visitor Jesus would be at the home of Jairus after this and how delighted the little daughter would always be to see Him when He came to visit !