

gave me ever so many of them for sitting still while this horrid old—Oh, dear, I did not mean to call it that!—while this bandage was hardening.”

“I know,” continued Cousin Ella, “of another country, Siam, where a little girl sometimes finds herself in a most deplorable condition. The Siamese are very fond of gambling, and a Siamese mother sometimes sells her own little daughter to pay her gambling debt. Just think of such mother love as that! A little girl in Africa has a pitiful life, too. She does not know much more than the monkeys that live in her country, and she doesn’t have many more clothes than they do. As she grows up she has to work hard for her father, or husband, or the chief of her tribe, and when the chief dies she may be one of those selected to be slain and thrown into the grave with him, to wait on him after death.”

“Oh, dear! I certainly am glad I am not a little black girl,” said Lisbeth. “One of my nickels shall go in for *that*.”

“I am sure you ought to be glad you are not a Japanese little girl,” Cousin Ella continued, “for though she has a better home and a happier time playing than other little heathen, she does not know a bit more about our blessed Saviour. She is carried to a temple the day she is one month old and dedicated to a hideous old idol, and her mother takes her there again as soon as she is old enough, and teaches her to pray to it. Sometimes the idol is so ugly and so frightful looking the little girl screams when she sees it, but her mother soothes her, and quiets her with candy, telling her the god sent it. So she learns to pray to the helpless old thing. A little girl with a Heavenly Father like ours, and Christian friends to love her, ought to be very sorry for a Japanese girl.”

“So I am,” declared Lisbeth.

“I am sure you have many, many more blessings you ought to be thankful for. Not only for being a little American girl, but for being your own self, little Lisbeth Lynn; thankful that you have this lovely home, your own dear papa, your devoted mamma, a kind, skilful doctor, pretty story books and beautiful pictures, and—”

“And a charming Cousin Ella to talk to me,” interrupted Lisbeth. “Oh, I *am*! I *am*!” positively, “and I think I will not fret any more because my ankle is bandaged.”—*Little Worker*.

Let Jesus In.

A wee little girl was playing Sunday-school. She sung, and talked as if she were a teacher of a class. She told the scholars they must read the Bible, and mind what papa and mamma says. After a while she looked toward the door, and quickly said, “Let Jesus in.” She imagined that Jesus was standing there waiting to come in. Jesus does stand at the door of our hearts, and wants us to let him come in. To love Jesus with all our hearts is to let him come in.

You may learn the beautiful words of Jesus: “Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me.”—*Sunbeam*.

In Memoriam.

OUR Auxiliary in Centenary Church is mourning the loss of one of its most beloved members, Mrs. Annie Vaughan, and is sad at heart with the thought of seeing her no more in her accustomed place.

It is not inappropriate that we speak of her here, in our young people’s paper, devoted only to Mission Circles and Bands. She was so childlike in her thought and feeling, so akin in sweetness and mirth to the little children, and so full of tenderness for them that they all loved her. Her busy little fingers, so like chiselled marble when we last saw them, were constantly at work for them and all whom she held dear. When the last sad words were being spoken over the casket which contained her loved form, so soon to be hidden away, there was such an outburst of childish sorrow as is rarely heard in such an hour. Browning’s thought of another is our thought of her:—

“Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God’s hand beckoned unawares,”

and now the memory of her happy life, full of unselfish deeds, and overflowing with love and kindly thought for those around her, “is all of her.”

Disappointed in the joy of motherhood here, and called to yield up the dearest treasures of her heart on earth, she has doubtless gained the compensations which God alone can give in the Heavenly Home.

The following beautiful lines, copied by her own hand, were afterward found in her little work-basket, and they go to show the nature of her thoughts and aspirations. Surely they will bring comfort to the heart-stricken ones left behind.

“It is not mine to run,
With eager feet,
Along life’s crowded ways
My Lord to meet.

It is not mine to pour
The oil and wine,
Or bring the purple robe
And lineu fine.

It is not mine to break
At His dear feet,
The slabaster box
Of ointment sweet.

It is not mine to bear
His heavy cross,
Or suffer, for His sake,
All pain and loss.

It is not mine to walk
Through valleys dim,