

actly as though he said,—"I am so sorry for you."

In this position Yah began soon to feel sleepy, and to dream pictures of his home. That very morning, as he rowed his master about among the other boats on the water-streets of the city on the *prote saht* (morning tour), he had stopped longer than usual at his father's house, so that while the priest was waiting for the cooked rice to carry away in his brass basin, Yah's mother had come close to the boat, and told him not to forget all the good things she had taught him, and not to get discouraged, for Jesus would take care of him, even if he did have to live in a heathen temple. Then she told him to come as close to her as he could, for she wanted to whisper something to him. So he caught the sweet-smelling vines hanging from a banyan tree that swayed over the river, and steadied himself on the very edge of the boat. When his ear was right near his mother's mouth, she said very softly, so the priest could not hear, "Grandmother has been to the Christians. She is going again."

Yah's heart had given a great leap, for he knew if the grandmother would change her religion, it would mean freedom for him, and then he could go to the mission school. But as he thought it all over the afternoon, he felt sad again, for he knew it would take a long while for all that to come to pass, and it seemed so dreadfully, dreadfully long, as he remembered all the obstacles in the way, and then maybe—

He had fallen fast asleep under the old tree.

The sun was going down, the air was getting a little cooler, a large pagoda made a long shadow across the pink lilies, and the ugly idols began to look very black and cross, when Yah and Pome Jik awoke. A thrill of terror shot through the boy when he thought of the long time he had been away from his master. Surely, now he would be whipped, and perhaps, his hands tied to a post, and his body lashed two or three dozen times. But—why! what was that on the ground beside him? Certainly it was not there when he and the dog had dozed off. Had it dropped down from heaven or—but you will want to know what he found.

It was only a little card, not very clean nor very pretty, but these words were printed on it in the Siamese language, so Yah could read them: "*I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*" Yah knew very well who was meant by that *I*. He forgot all about thinking of how the card came to be there in the happiness of remembering that after all he was not alone. Why, he had a friend everywhere—always! And I wish you could have seen the glad light that came into the black eyes as he jumped up, the precious card in hand, and carried the dog to a safe place. Then he ran as fast as he could to his master. Fortunately, the priest had not missed the boy, and as the sun was just setting, he told Yah to come with him to the Sala, where all the priests drew out the evening prayers in such a loud and sing-song way, that across the river they sounded like a hive of bees. Then, when the service was finished, a drum was beaten and the day was done.

Yah, still following his master, went back to the cell, which was dark and dingy, with cobwebs hanging about like soiled lace curtains, and when the priest, having taken off his sacred yellow clothes and hung them on a line, crept under the mosquito-net into bed, our Wat-boy lay down at his feet and both were soon

asleep. And if you could have taken a lantern into that dirty place, with its one window closed, so there was no fresh air at all, only that which struggled through the bamboo-wall, and looked at Koo Yah, you would have seen the card pressed close to his heart and on his face a very happy smile. \* \* \*

Does it seem to you like a fairy tale that that card should have found its way to Yah just as he was needing it so much? Well, fairy tales are very pretty stories and Christian boys and girls enjoy them very much, but they are only "make believe" after all. Can not you fancy to yourself two good Christian women walking together through the beautiful temple grounds, which in Siam, are the same thing as a park, and seeing Yah with the dog in his arms, and the tear-stains on his face, they would know he was neither a wicked nor a happy boy. Then fancy one woman saying to the other: "Poor dek (lad)! He cannot be happy here!" And the other would say: "How I would like to carry him away to a place where he would be happy, but perhaps this will help him." Then she would take out the card from a fold in her dress, and place it just where he could see it the very first thing when he opened his eyes. So the Christian boy was not left alone or forsaken even in that heathen place.

M. R. M.

## MISSION BAND LESSON, NO. 7.

### BORNEO.

We will now visit an island in our thoughts that few of us would care to see in person. Borneo is noted for robbers and pirates who gain their own living by stealing from other people. Look on the map of Asia in your geography, south of the China Sea. What a large island it is! 800 miles long and 700 broad. People do not know much about the central part of it, as large districts are still unexplored. The natives are called Dyaks, though they have been partially conquered by the Malays. Several thousand Chinese are also found here and very industrious they are in the vast diamond fields. The trees, flowers, birds and animals are various and we would find the study of them very interesting if we had time. But as we journey around among these heathen lands, we find the people are of more interest to us.

The heathen Malays are both cunning and cruel. Many of them keep large boats to go out on the sea and capture smaller ones. Then they bind the sailors with heavy chains and make them their slaves. The great rocks around Borneo have caused many a noble ship to be wrecked, but these sea-pirates are still more dangerous. They worship Mahomet, and make their boys at school learn whole chapters of the Koran, their sacred book, and though very few of them can understand a word that they learn, they are told that repeating aloud these sacred pages will keep away evil spirits from them.

Brunei, the capital city, is built on a river, or rather in it, for many of the streets are only water. The people paddle up and down in little boats, selling fruit and vegetables from door to door. A man stands near the temple or mosque of Mahomet, beating a big drum, to call the people to worship. We may also