

look to see that all was right before retiring for the night, when Daph came hastily up to him, and, laying her hand beseechingly on his arm, she said:

'Oh, Captain! I've a-feared I've just killed my pretty ones! Dey do sleep so. Dem was such little pills, dey didn't seem as if dey could be so might powersome!'

'Pills!' said the captain, with a start; 'what have you given them?'

'I jus' don't know myself,' said Daph, desperately. 'Daph had de ear-ache mighty bad last week, and missus, dear creeter—she was always so kind—she gibs me two little pills, and she says, "Here, Daph, you take dese when you goes to bed, and you will sleep so sound, de pain will all go away!" I says, "Tankee, missus," of course, and she goes up to de house quite satisfied. Daph nebber did take no doctor's stuff, so I puts de little pills in my pocket, and just roasts an orange soft, and ties it warm outside my ear, and goes to bed, and sleeps like a lizard. Now, when I thinks of putting de children in de basket, something says to me, "you gib dem dose little pills, Daph; dey'll make 'em sleep sound 'nough." So I've jus' did like a poor, foolish darkey.' Here Daph began to cry piteously.

Captain Jones went immediately to the cabin.

The natural color and healthy breathing of the little sleepers soon assured him that all was right.

'Courage!' old girl!' said the captain, cheerily, 'turn in yourself, and I'll warrant you the youngsters will be none the worse for your doctoring!'

Thus, consoled, Daph lay down again beside her charge, and the silence of deep sleep soon prevailed, not only in the little stateroom, but throughout the 'Martha Jane,' save when the measured steps of the watch sounded out through the stillness of the night.

(To be continued.)

Shall We Close the Door to the Children?

'Yesterday after the wee tots had finished their play on our verandah, I brought out a set of short letters that had been written by the children of an American Sabbath-school class,' writes Mrs. Gates, of Sholapur. 'All the children were deeply interested. As I read of the way in which some of the children had earned money to send for little Myna's support, I glanced up and Myna's eyes were full of tears. Ah! I thought, there is a grateful little heart. Myna is about seven years old. Her father was of the Wani caste (merchant) so was rather high up. The first day Myna was with us it was sad, and yet amusing, to see the wee, nude child draw herself away from the sweet, clean little ones who had been here longer, saying, "Don't touch me, don't you know I am a Wani?" She ate no food the first day. Three days later, in the little Sunday-school gathered on my verandah, Myna was seen sitting with her arms around the neck of a little low-caste boy! She is very affectionate.

'One time when a circus was in town, the children had heard about a lion that was caged there. Chattering away to me in great excitement the children told me that the big boys said: "If you are naughty, the lion will come and eat you all up." Little Krisna, a sweet little chap of four

or five, who was holding my finger in his chubby fist, looked up at me and said, "Will he eat us?" I said, "Why, he is in a cage, and cannot get out, how can he come here?" "If he should get out, would he come here and eat us?" "If he comes here, you tell him you are Madam Sahib's boys and he will let you alone." With this they were all satisfied, and their fears allayed, went dancing about telling each other with delight, how they should tell the "Big Lion" that they were my boys. I then told that God was always watching over them, and they need not be afraid.

'Unless we find new friends for some of these orphans, they must go to the streets.

'You may like a glimpse of what outsiders say of the work you are doing for the orphans. A lady visitor writes from Armenia:—

"I never hear a despondent word, I never see a discouraged look. In the conduct of the school, as I see it being carried out, that which strikes me most forcibly is the due subordination of everything to the central purpose, which is the development of Christian character in all these girls, and the actual use of their Christian life in service."

'The Government Inspector of schools, visiting the orphanage at Sirur, India, was exceedingly pleased with the work in clay and carving, as well as with that in straw and aloe fibre, used mostly for carpets in green and white, red and black. He writes as follows:—"I had the pleasure of visiting, a few days ago, one of the most interesting institutions I have seen in India. Mr. Winsor's Industrial School, full of busy orphans, is certainly run on model lines, and it is not surprising that the boys trained in it get good places on leaving. The work which the boys turn out even when in school speaks for itself. Mr. Winsor's work and experiments in connection with the growth and manufacture of aloe fibre are both interesting and valuable, and it would not be surprising if in this the foundation of an important industry had been laid. Mr. Winsor's gifts of organization are seen in every department of the finely equipped institution, and everyone interested in industry in India must wish him and it every success."

'It costs only \$25 a year in Turkey and \$20 in India to care for one of these orphans.'

Wait a Minute.

I once had a boy in my printing-office who was both faithful and industrious, yet I had to discharge him. He would not respond promptly when called. If he was reading he waited until he finished the page. If he was setting type he waited until he had finished the line. In my business—in fact, in most businesses—when a boy is called he is wanted instantly. A half minute's delay sometimes causes great inconvenience, not to mention the constant annoyance of having to wait and perhaps keep all the office force waiting.

Many another boy has lost his position, and perhaps his opportunity in life, because he was slow to respond when called to his work. Do you know where it is that boys form this habit of delay? At home. Do you know what boy it is that gets into it? It is the 'Wait-a-minute' boy—that is, the boy who when told by his father or mother to get some wood, a

pail of water, or to run an errand, always answers, 'Wait a minute.'

One of the most desirable habits any boy can have is to respond instantly when called to his work. It is a habit, too, that can be cultivated readily. If a boy will make himself do at once whatever he is told to do, by the time he is grown he will have formed a habit that will make him prompt and exact, and will add greatly to the value of his work.—S. S. Advocate.

Many a young business man will be received into partnership this new year, and will be proud and happy. But long ago the Lord of the universe offered to take you and me into partnership with him. If we have not yet accepted the great offer, this New Year's time is the best time to do it.

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Japanese Heroes—The New York 'Sun.'
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The 'Parasitic' Controversy—The Springfield 'Republican.'

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Sorrow, my Sorrow—Poem, by William Dean Howells, in 'Harper's Magazine,' New York.
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Fanny Burney—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

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