

LETTER FROM A BURMESE BOY.

The *Gospel in all Lands* gives a letter from a boy in Burma, who was once a heathen but has learned of Jesus from the missionaries, and is now a Christian. You would like to see the letter. Here it is.

More than three thousand years ago Gaudama, whom the Burmese people worship as God, was born in India. He lived eighty years. Before his death he told his disciples to make idols in remembrance of him. The idols are made of gold, silver, alabaster, and bricks. Offerings are placed before them from morning till noon. People bow down before these idols and offer their prayers.

In July and August is the time of the year when the Burmese are very religious. During this season, on full-moon and new-moon days, which they observe as their Sabbath days, large numbers of people may be seen making their way to the various monasteries and idol houses, carrying offerings. They make a vow that they will fast half the day and keep all other thoughts away from their hearts, and spend the time in counting the beads, at the same time repeating in their minds, Death, misery, vanity, to remind themselves of their hopeless condition. A person who bows down before a priest or an idol is called a Buddhist, and the shaven head and yellow robe are the only signs of the priestly order.

I have gone through all the forms of worship as described above, but the grace of God has now led me to see them very sinful. With five fellow-students I was baptized by the pastor in Maulmain on the fifth of this month. Will you, my friends, remember me in your prayers, that I may be a true follower of the Lord? Pray also that the Burman people may learn of the gentle Saviour who came down to die for us."

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

She was a little girl until she was fifteen years old, and then she helped her mother in her household duties. She had her hours of play, and enjoyed herself to the

fullest extent. She never said to her mother "I can't—I don't want to," for obedience was to her a cherished virtue.

She arose in the morning when called, and we do not suppose she had her hair done up in curling papers and crimping pins or banged over her forehead. She did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beau before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, nor was she fancying a hero in every boy she met.

The old-fashioned girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang nor used by-words. She did not laugh at old people nor make fun of cripples. She had respect for her elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself. She did not know as much as her mother, nor did she think that her judgment was as good as that of her grandmother.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten years old and stay till after midnight, dancing with chance young men who happened to be present. She went to bed in season, and doubtless she said her prayers and slept the sleep of innocence, rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness. And now, if there is an old-fashioned girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless and keep and raise up others like her.—*Bishop Cresswell*.

THE BEST WAY.

If I make a face at Billy,

He will make a face at me,
That makes two ugly faces,
And a quarrel, don't you see?
And then I double up my fist
And hit him, and he'll pay
Me back by giving me a kick,
Unless I run away.

But if I smile at Billy,

'Tis sure to make him laugh;
You'd say if you could see him,
'Twas jollier by half
Than kicks and ugly faces.

I tell you all the while,
It's pleasanter for any boy
(Or girl) to laugh and smile.