



BURMESE LADIES.

will see how he lived and died for that Dark Continent.

"I am a missionary," he said, "heart and soul. God had an only Son, and He was a missionary and physician. A poor, poor imitation of Him I am, or wish to be. In this service I hope to live; in it I wish to die."

David Livingstone's great heart still seems to beat with love as we stand in Westminster Abbey, and read those words he wrote from Africa a year before he died: "Al! I can add in my loneliness is, May heaven's blessing come down on every one—American, English, or Turk—who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

May God enlarge our hearts that we may run in the way of His commandments, because love for Him and all the world is continually prompting us to do good!—*Selected.*

### THE BURMESE.

EVERY school boy and school girl knows—or ought to know—where Burma is. It is a great country for rivers and mountains and valleys, for rice and wheat, and fruits of many kinds. It is full of wild animals, that are very large and very fierce. The biggest elephants in the world are to be found in Burma. The people there think a great deal of elephants. One of the emperors there used to call himself "Lord of the White Elephant." The climate is very

warm, and the flowers very beautiful. There are a great many different tribes of people living there, so many that it is not easy to teach them. In some of the towns and cities there are English missionaries and some fine English churches, but the people are nearly all heathen, for though they are taught about Christ, it is slow work to reach them all. There are ten millions of them, and it will take a long time to tell the good news to all of them. Yet men and women are preaching and teaching there, trying to tell the good news, that it may spread in time amongst them all. You see a picture of two Burmese women; one is a teacher and the other a pupil. They are Christians now, like many others in that large and splendid country.

### JAPANESE CHILDREN IN YAMAGUCHI.

SI was walking along the streets the other day, I came across a group of little Japs playing in some sawdust that had been left by a wood-sawyer. One of them had an umbrella. They opened the umbrella and stood it upon the ground, right side up, and heaped sawdust upon the top of it till it would hold no more. Then the leader took up the umbrella, being careful not to spill the sawdust, and they started off to march in a procession, stamping grandly along, gesticulating and shouting. All of a sudden the leader gave the umbrella a twirl, and oh, my! how the sawdust did fly! Right into the faces and eyes of all the others who happened to be near. Such a spitting, for they all had their mouths open as wide as they could to let the noise out, and the sawdust went in faster than the noise came out; and such a rubbing of eyes and faces, and such a clawing down necks to get rid of the sawdust, I think you never saw.

I thought the ones who got the sawdust in their eyes and mouths would be angry. Not a bit of it: as soon as they could see and talk once more, they laughed as loud and danced as high as any one. As I went on, they were preparing the umbrella for a second trial, but I could not wait to see the result.

I saw one little fellow the other day standing in the door of his father's shop with a string tied to the middle of a stick for a pair of scales, trying to weigh a little wad of paper, which he had tied to one end of the stick, by placing pebbles in a little sling tied to the other end. Of course he was playing "store," and the pebbles were weights, and I suppose the wad of paper was, well—sea-weed, perhaps, or pickled radish, or perhaps it was cake made of rice-flour and bean-paste. At any rate he seemed very happy, and I thought him very ingenious for such a little fellow.