

Young People's Department.

QUICK.

Are you almost disgusted with life,
little man?

I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment, if
anything can—

Do something for somebody quick!

Are you awfully tired with play, little
girl?

Weary, discouraged and sick?

I'll tell you the loveliest game in the
world.

Do something for somebody quick!

Though it rains like the rain of the
flood, little man,

And the clouds are forbidding and
thick,

You can make the sun shine in your
soul, little man—

Do something for somebody quick!

Though the skies are like brass over-
head, little girl,

And the walk like a well heated brick
And all earthly affairs in a terrible
whirl,

Do something for somebody, quick!
—Selected.

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER.

Suppose you were a little boy in Burma, how would you like to be left to grow up in any way, without mother caring much what you have to eat or wear or what you play or do? Suppose that when you came to her with all sorts of terrifying stories of the dark that she should say, "Yes, those are all true," and suppose even your teachers taught you to be afraid, so that instead of being fearless when alone, the woods and corners of the room and almost everything towards night made you tremble and start, because, instead of knowing that God gives His angels charge over you, you believed that all sorts of spirits are waiting to do us harm.

If your parents were Buddhists, as very likely they would be, you would

have to go to a monastery school, at least for a short time, for every boy must learn about Buddhism and memorize parts of the sacred books, and for a time even dress like a priest, in a yellow robe with head shaved. A priest, they think, is so sacred that he must be worshipped, and the boys kneel before him as they study. But he does not have to be either good or wise and can treat his pupils as he pleases. If your religion were mostly one of evil spirits and if, like the Buddhists, you went to such schools, or like the Karens, to no school at all, don't you think that the story of Jesus, with His kind, and brave heart, would interest you? When the foreign teacher sang the happy Christian songs, you would stand beside him and listen to every word and afterwards often think of what he said and wish that you might hear him again.

Where would you be happier, in a Buddhist home or a Christian one? in a monastery school or a mission one?

Suppose that you were a girl in China. People do not want girls. "What's the use," they say, "of spending money bringing up a girl to marry her off and perhaps never see her again? Certainly we do not want to educate some other man's daughter-in-law." Besides, when the father dies, his spirit (so the Chinese think) needs to have sacrifices of food, drink and paper money in order to support it in the next world; but a daughter cannot offer these sacrifices, and without a son the poor spirit is unfed and unworshipped. So the father and mother go to the temple, to the shrine of the idols which are believed to bring sons to those who pray for them, and there they bow to the ground and burn incense and having written on paper what they want, they have one of the