

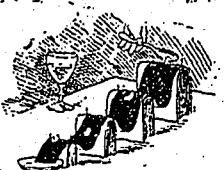
A PROTEST.

This is how a corner of a recent copy of the 'Messenger' looked the other day after it had been criticised by a friend. 'I protest,' he writes. 'Lampblack, water and books are not, so far as the books are concerned, a desirable combination for children to play with.' And though we laughed and hinted something about 'bachelors' children,' still he would not give in. 'At least suggest to them,' he

DROPS OF WATER.

A SIMPLE AND PRETTY LITTLE EXPERIMENT WHICH A BRIGHT CHILD CAN PERFORM.

All of you have noticed, perhaps, that the first drops of rain, when a shower comes up, falling upon the dust of a road, assume the form of little balls and rebound or roll about as if they were elastic. This is due to the fact that the water of which the drops are composed is not in sufficient quantity to penetrate the particles of dust and spread out so as to wet the earth. As the shower continues, however, the drops increase enough to touch each other, and they become a sheet of water, so to speak. A drop of water on a hot iron plate takes the form of a ball, too, and that is because it is protected against the action of heat by the cushion of steam interposing between it and the plate. For this reason the iron in the laundry may put her wet finger on a very hot iron without getting it burned. This property that a drop of water has to retain its globular or spheroidal shape will enable you to make a very



pretty experiment. A drop of water on ordinary paper will spread out and wet the paper, but if you put a coating of lampblack or plumbago on the paper the drop will not spread. Now, for your experiment get a strip of strong paper about six inches in breadth and three or four feet in length. Coat one side of it as we have suggested, and having pinned up one end to a table several books of decreasing size pin the strip of paper to their backs, leaving depressions between the books as shown in the illustration. The depressions should decrease in depth toward the books of smaller size. At the end where the paper falls over the largest book pour some water, drop after drop, and these

begged, 'that the bright boys among your readers who wish to try this experiment cut up a few blocks of wood of different sizes to take the place of books.' Just between ourselves we are willing to acknowledge that this suggestion is a decided improvement on the original experiment, and the editor hopes it will be acted upon.

MRS. GRANTLY'S HEATHEN.

(By Emily Huntington Miller.)

Mrs. Marshall came into her friend's sunny morning-room sparkling and fresh from the invigorating atmosphere of a bright December day.

'At last here's one woman at home, and ready, I know, to give something emphatically grateful to the Thank-offering.'

'Don't be too sure, my dear,' and pretty Mrs. Grantly set her mouth in a very positive fashion; 'the fact is, I'm about tired of the thank-offering fad myself, and I'm glad you came instead of Mrs. Lyman, for I never should have dared to tell her what I think. It's just the latest dodge for getting money out of people, as if you must pay for everything good that comes to you; yes, and pay when you haven't anything special to be thankful for. I mean anything more than common. I've made up my mind not to do it.'

'Of course, if you feel that way,' said Mrs. Marshall with a disappointed air.

'Well, I do feel exactly that way, and besides, I'm worried and bothered, and fifteen dollars out of pocket this very minute. I've lost my heathen and my satin table-cover.'

'Your heathen!' 'Yes, that's what I called her. You should have seen her, Kate; the most picturesque creature, with great, shadowy eyes, and the softest black hair. She wore lovely clothes when I first found her, of rich Oriental stuff, but after a while she put on our ugly American dresses, because she said people stared at her when she went out. She did the most exquisite embroidery, and so cheap. That was what decided me to give Margaret a

table-cover for Christmas, and now after I spent fifteen dollars on materials the miserable thing has simply disappeared.'

'What was she? One of the Turkish Bazar women?'

'Something of the sort; seems to me it was Armenian, or is that just the same? They have something to do with Turkey, anyway.'

'Armenians! I should think so! Well, how did you happen to find her?'

'I saw her embroidery at Costello's, and left an order for some, and then I bribed the messenger-boy to tell me where it was sent. Oh, you need not look at me that way, Kate Marshall. They had this young thing up in a tiny attic doing work for a mere song, while they charged their customers perfectly outrageous prices for it. It was just the same as the sweaters.'

'Oh, if it was philanthropy, certainly you ought to be encouraged.'

'Well, I had a dreadful time finding the house. It was in one of those horrible tenement rows by the South Wharf, and I had to climb about twenty flights of stairs, some of them so bad I thought I never should dare to come down again, but I found it at last. The smallest little cell, close under the roof, you could only stand up straight in the middle of it, a door at one end and a window at the other. On an old rug before the window my heathen was squatting with all her gay silks and stuffs about her, like a Japanese picture. It never occurred to me till that instant that she wouldn't be able to understand a word, and I just stood and stared at her till she spoke.'

'Chinese?'

'No, indeed, pretty good English, so we got on very well. I offered her twice as much as Costello paid her, and told her I could get her orders for all she could do. Would you believe it, the creature would not leave them because she had promised for a year; but I persuaded her to take some work for me and do it evenings. I didn't see how she could, for her only lamp was one of those odd little boat-shaped things with a wick floating in oil, about as much use as a glow-worm, but these people are so avaricious they'll do anything for money. I didn't see a thing that looked like an idol though.'

'Idols! you little heathen—don't you know the Armenians are Christians in a great deal higher sense than you and I are? And haven't you even heard of the Armenian massacres?'

'No, I haven't. I never could get up any interest in missionary matters, and I never read those horrid stories. I don't see what they put them in the papers for. But you can abuse me all you please—what I want to tell you is that my heathen, as I have been calling her all these weeks, has simply disappeared, and I cannot find any trace of her. I want my table-cover, and though you may not credit it, I am really worried about the woman herself. I've done everything but ask at Costello's. You see I couldn't exactly—I didn't care to have them know.'

'Yes, I see; but I think perhaps I can do something for you. Now put away your work, and come with me to the hospital, you know you promised, and I want to introduce you to one of the patients.'

'What is the matter with her? something abnormally horrid I suppose.'

'As nearly as we can judge, starvation and a broken heart, but she lies in a sort of stupor and cannot be roused to talk. She was picked up on the street, and all we can find out is that she has been robbed of money she has been working and starving to earn.'

The clean, bare ward was as bright as sunshine and intelligent care could make it, but Mrs. Grantly was conscious of a painful oppression as she followed her friend down the room, watched by her eyes that looked in pathetic patience from the narrow

white beds, each inmate eager for the morning greetings and the kindly questioning, as a small relief to the monotony of waiting and suffering.

But as they came near the end of the ward she was all at once aware of a face that never wavered in its steady gaze, thin lips parted, dusky cheeks touched with a strange pallor, dark, sorrowful eyes with a fire of passion in their cloudy depths.

'Why!' she said, with a catch of the breath, 'it is my heathen! Oh, you poor, poor thing, and impulsive Mrs. Grantly was on her knees by the bedside, holding the restless hands in her own.

'Oh, my lady! my lady!' moaned the stranger, 'it is all gone—all—and my lady's most beautiful shawl.'

'Never mind—it does not matter in the least,' said Mrs. Grantly soothingly.

'Ah, so much it matters,' said the stranger with a slow shake of her head—'so long I worked—days, nights, all times—so little I eat—always I say, "Wait, my heart," what matters to be cold, to be hungry, to be tired in this so beautiful country, where one fears not to sing and pray and read His book. Long time I save my money for thanks-offering. Every piece I put away I make a little prayer to say, "This is for thanks."

'Christmas, that is the day it should go to my people beyond the sea. My lady, some wicked has robbed it all—all my thanks-money, and my lady's so beautiful shawl. My heart was like water—I went out on the street—I ran, and ran, and they brought me here.'

'Poor child,' said Mrs. Grantly, wiping her own eyes, though the stranger's were dry; 'have you relatives ever there, father and mother?'

'My father was all. He died on the ship; but in my country all are sisters and brothers. Ah, if my lady could know. They work, they starve, and always robbery waits for them and murder. Always to watch in the day and to listen at night; to fear, to tremble, to know not what comes. It is we who are so happy must help them.'

'We will help them,' said Mrs. Grantly; 'I will send a thank-offering for you and for myself. To think that you should give thanks for the privilege of working and starving in a garret, and I just wasting my money on people who don't need it, or care for it. It makes me feel like a heathen myself.'

'Where was your home, Zara?'

asked Mrs. Marshall.

'Sasun,' said the girl softly, and Mrs. Marshall turned away shuddering.

Her eyes were heavy with sleep, for she seemed to have laid aside the burden that was pressing her very life out.

'My lady will make thanks for Zara?' she asked with a grateful smile.

'I will make thanks,' said Mrs. Grantly as they left her to the nurse. On the way home Mrs. Marshall rehearsed to her friend something of the awful story of Sasun, with its martyred people and ravaged homes.

'I thought it was all the Chinese war,' said Mrs. Grantly; 'you know I always was a goose about geography. Do you think that poor thing knows?'

'I hope not. Just suppose you and I were in Turkey, and such things had happened here! Suppose they might happen to-day—any day.'

'Don't suppose it. It makes me wild. O how can such things be.'

'Shall I tell you, dear?' said Mrs.

* There are 5,000,000 people in Armenia. Of these, 1,500,000 are Christians. They are among Mohammedans, ruled by them, and hated by them. Massacres have been many. In 1822, on the island of Scio, 23,000 men, women and children were slain, and 17,000 of them sold into slavery. The massacres of 1860 in Syria and Damascus are remembered; also in 1876, in Bulgaria. The worst one was in August, 1894; also in September following, of which the particulars are too horrible to print. These occurred in the Sasun province. Unless European powers combine to act, the Christians in Turkey will be put to the sword. There must be a reform government, or death awaits all. Terror reigns among Armenians, Syrians, and Nestorians.—Missionary Review, Aug., 1896.

Marshall slowly. 'It is because so many of us have never taken up in earnest the work the Master left in our hands when he went away. It is because so many of us go on making satin table-covers for our rich friends, buying costly clothing and expensive bits of bric-a-brac, and give only small, inefficient sums to spread the gospel of good will and brotherhood. Because we quiet our consciences by sending a few missionaries to toil and sacrifice for us; by winning a few converts and leaving them to struggle with poverty and contempt and persecution, instead of pouring out our wealth to win and to conquer, as science does for its researches, and trade for its great enterprises. Because so many of us are tired to death of "the thank-offering fad."'

'Well, there, Kate Marshall, just stop or this worm will turn. If you expect me to go down on my knees and take that back, I warn you I shall do no such thing.'

Mrs. Marshall kissed her friend on both cheeks at parting and said gently, 'Forgive me, Lou, but isn't that exactly the way you ought to take it back?'

The quick tears came into Mrs. Grantly's eyes, but she did not answer.—'Heathen Woman's Friend.'

A LITTLE MODERN MARTYR.

The following touching story of Christian heroism is taken from 'The Christian'—At Caesarea, on Nov. 30, five hundred Christians were murdered by the Turks. In one of the Protestant houses of the city a father and his little daughter, twelve years of age, were alone, the mother having gone to visit a married daughter before the massacre began. A fierce-looking Turk suddenly burst into the room where the little girl was sitting. He spoke to the child in as kind a voice as he could command. 'My child,' said he, 'your father is dead because he would not accept the religion of Islam. Now I shall have to make you a Mohammedan, and if you will agree to it I will take you to my home, and you will have everything you want just as if you were my daughter. Will you become a Mohammedan?' The little girl replied: 'I believe in Jesus Christ. He is my Saviour. I love him. I cannot do as you wish, even if you kill me.' Then the ruffian fell upon the poor child with his sword, and slashed and stabbed her in twelve different places. What followed, no one knows. The house was pillaged and burned, and the body of the father was burned in it. But that evening a cart was brought by a Turkish neighbor to the house in another part of the city where the mother of the little girl was staying. The Turk said to her: 'I have brought you the body of your little girl. You are my friend and I could not leave it. I am very sorry for what has happened.' The mother took the senseless form of the little girl into the house, and found that there was still life in it. A surgeon was summoned, he restored the child to her senses, and she is now in a fair way to recovery. She had been taught from her earliest years to love the Saviour and to study her Bible. She proved her faith by that noble display of the martyr spirit.

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

I know as my life grows older
And my eyes have clearer light,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of Right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But, as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.
I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished
Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometime by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer,
But whatever is, is best.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.