

McLaurin and Miss Priest went to help her while they were learning the language. Then it was thought best to close the school and send the girls to Cocanada, which place they could reach by train in a couple of hours. So that now we have only two girls' boarding schools, one at Cocanada and one at Akkida.

*Fifth*—Who is at Tunj now?

*Ans.*—Mr. and Mrs. Priest and Miss Priest. There are now 125 native Christians, sixty of whom have been converted during the last two years. Miss Priest has charge of the women and has five Bible-women to help her. It is very hard for us to have any idea of how many people on the different fields can never hear about God. Mr. Priest says, that if he were to go to a different village every day to preach, it would take eight months to go to all under his charge.

*Leader*—Think of that! Perhaps some of you are thinking, why do not some more Canadians go out to help him. For a very simple reason, because there is not enough money to send them. If each one would give a little more than they are doing, we could soon send more missionaries. It is our money God is asking us to give.

Montreal, Feb., 1899.

AMELIA MITCHELL.

### AN EASTER CARD.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

Joey was down in the front parlor, sitting uncomfortably on the edge of the organ stool. His fingers "wandered idly over the keys," and it might be truthfully said, in the words of the poet, not only that he was "weary and ill at ease," but so was everybody else in the house. They usually were when Joey played.

"That boy!" said Hester, up stairs at her writing desk. Her eyes were glued to a dainty little card that she held in her hand. "That boy!" she said again, and closed her desk with a snap and went out on the landing.

A loud crash of half a dozen separate discords made her put her hands to her ears, and she laughed softly to herself, as the library door opened hastily, and her father descended with a remark or two that showed he did not appreciate the "sound of the grand amen."

"A feller wants to do somethin'!" she heard Joey mutter, as he walked off with his hands in his pockets slouchily.

"That boy!" she said again, and the phrase seemed, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins.

"Boys of that age," she went on in a grandmotherly way she had now and then, "well, they're nothing but little animals, best you can make of them. They wake up to a soul by and by, but all they care for the first dozen years is to eat, drink, and sleep, and plague people. This Easter card, now—"

She stopped and sat down on the top stair, spreading out the pretty bit of pasteboard in the hollow of one pink palm to contemplate it. "Imagine Joey ever stopping to think about being self-denying, and his duty to the church and missions, and all that! Boys don't. It's just dear. All those lilies, and roses, and the cross in the middle. I wonder if Miss Norton painted it herself,

or bought it. Did it herself, I guess, by the motto under it. 'What hast thou done for me?' We had such a lovely talk about that last Sunday in the after-meeting."

"Het!" called somebody at the foot of the stairs. The caller was hidden by the twist of the baluster rail, but she knew the voice and answered accordingly.

"Well?" in a long-suffering tone, that she had come to reserve for Joey.

"There's the greatest fandango over 't the hall to—"

"I can't go, you know, Joey," said Hester, getting up and slipping the little card somewhere in the back folds of her dress where she had a surreptitious little pocket. "It's a 'Ten' meeting to-night, and we're going to have a real missionary come and speak to us."

"You can't go to-night, daughter," spoke up father coming out of his door. "Unless you can persuade your brother to escort you; he may have missionary leanings, for aught I know."

"Joey!" cried Hester, scornfully.

"Not a lean!" he retorted, intending to show the proper spirit. "Needn't worry 'bout me going any where's 't you go!" he added, stooping to pick up something from the top stair. Hester went sulkily off to her room and spent an hour in maiden retirement. At the end of that time she came out and called to Joey who was whistling invisibly somewhere. You never needed eyesight to know his whereabouts.

"I wish you would, Joey."

"All right," said Joey, forgivingly. "F I can find my cap anywhere. I'll hang round outside, if you won't stay till I rover and the day afterwards. No, thank you, I won't come in," he said, at the chapel door. "I guess it's for 'women only.' Whistle when you want me."

It was a lovely night, and the windows were all open. The "real missionary" had something to say worth listening to by a larger audience. The "Ten" had invited their girl-friends, so the room was filled, but it was a small room, and the speaker would have welcomed outside additions if she had suspected any. Joey clung by his chin to the window-ledge and listened with eyes and mouth and the ear the night breeze didn't blow into.

"That's queer kind of Dutch for a Yankee woman to talk!" he muttered, staring and harking.

The lady, who was a Turkish (or Armenian) missionary, had come back to the stage after a moment's absence in the dressing room. With her was a Turkish girl, a bride, she said. All Joey could see was a white draped figure with a pair of dark eyes showing. Presently the lady lifted the enveloping sheet, and a gorgeous little creature stepped forth, her long hair braided in fifty little braids, the whole strung together with bright yellow coins, her red, and blue, and yellow garments dazzling his eyes like scraps of rainbows. Presently she began to sing:—

"Tatli geleer coulaguma  
Kab Hesusoon jame:  
Hosh bir seda dir janama  
Onoon azis seasi,  
Onoon azis seasi."

The syllables were very sweet and musical. Joey wished she would do it again. She did.

"This was the song of little Dirni," said the lecturer. "I must tell you her story."

It was a sorrowful little story, and this time the singer translated her song into English:—