

Young People's Department.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

A dear little girl with a curly head
 Was tired of play and ready for bed;
 But before she could nestle down to
 rest
 She watched the sun set in the west.
 "Oh, mamma, the sun is all gone,"
 said she;
 "It's been shining all day for you and
 for me.
 And now does it shine on the other
 side?
 Does it go to Japan where it seems to
 hide?
 "When it shines do the children there
 feel glad?
 Do they know it's the very same sun
 I had?
 I've wished and I've wished I could
 look and see
 If the girls over there are just like
 me.
 "Are China and Africa where it
 goes?
 Then it shines upon heathen girls, I
 s'pose.
 Why are they heathen? And why do
 you say
 I must give my pennies?" And why
 must I pray?"
 "My dear little girl," the mother re-
 plied,
 "The children who live on the other
 side
 Have the same bright sun that we
 have had,
 And when they see it they laugh and
 are glad.
 "And in many ways they are much
 like you;
 But I'll tell you this because it is
 true—
 While the children there have the
 same bright sun,
 And watch it go down when the day
 is done,
 "They have not the Light that comes
 from heaven,
 The Light to God's own followers
 given;
 And that is the reason you give and
 pray
 For the girls and the boys so far
 away."
 —L. A. S. in Children's Missionary
 Friend.

THE WEAVER—A LEGEND.

An astrologer went to a village to
 tell fortunes, fix auspicious days, etc.
 A weaver wanted his fortune told,
 and wanted to know, especially, when
 he would die.

"You will die tomorrow," said the
 astrologer. So next day the weaver
 set his house in order, called his caste
 friends about him and told them he
 was going to die. He lay quite still
 on his mat, and they prepared him for
 burying and took him away. A stream
 of water had to be crossed. The bed
 was very muddy and when the bearers
 got to it they questioned as to how
 they should cross the deep mud. The
 weaver remarked, "I have crossed it
 many times,—why should you not be
 able to cross?"

"The corpse is haunted by a ghost!"
 the bearers cried out in terror, and
 dropped the bier in the mud and fled
 at the top of their speed. The mud
 was so deep the weaver could not get
 out, so he lay there for two days. A
 dealer in ghee (clarified butter) passed
 by, carrying a heavy load, and as he
 passed he said to himself, "How
 heavy this ghee is! If I could only
 get some one to carry it for me I
 would pay him well." Just then from
 the mud a voice said, "If you will
 take me up out of the mud and give
 me something to eat, I will carry you
 ghee for you." So the ghee seller pull-
 ed the weaver out of the mud, gave
 him something to eat, and then said to
 him, "Now, take the ghee to my house
 and I will give you four annas." So
 the weaver took the vessel of ghee on
 his head and started off. He began to
 think how he would spend the promis-
 ed annas. He decided that he would
 buy a hen with it, and when he had a
 good many chickens he would sell
 them and buy a goat. When he had a