

sadly turned towards home. They left the baby girl hanging on a tree supposed to be inhabited by evil spirits, which stood just opposite the figures in front of the temple.

It was a great comfort to the baby's mother that her house was so near. Almost every moment that she could spare from her work she stood by the gate, in the hot sun, looking toward the temple. She did not dare go to her child except to carry her food. Ayenar would be angry if she did.

Bhazu, however, did not know that she must not go to her little sister, so she stole quietly out of the house, without saying a word to any one, and took her stand where she could see everything that happened. All day long she watched while the baby lay in the basket sleeping part of the time, and tossing about, playing with her hands and feet. Once in a while she cried, and Bhazu longed to go to her, but she did not dare to touch her, and the baby was soon quiet again.

The second day passed much like the first, till late in the afternoon, when the child began to grow very restless; she turned over and kicked about, till Bhazu was in terror for fear she would fall out of the basket. And so she did. She threw herself over so far on one side, that over went the basket, and down came the baby on the soft ground underneath. Bhazu started to go to her, when just at that moment she saw a huge jackal swooping down towards the poor little thing. What should she do? She was afraid of the fierce-looking horses, and she was afraid of the jackal, but most of all she was afraid of the idol. He would be angry if she should drive away the jackal; she must not do it.

Bhazu hesitated a moment, and then her love for her little sister made her brave everything. She started to go to her, when—oh, how glad she was!—she saw a gentleman, a white gentleman with English clothes on, hurry to the spot, and drive away the jackal, and take the baby up from the ground. She ran to him and exclaimed breathlessly,

'That's my little sister!'

'Is it?' asked the stranger. 'Where do you live?'

'Just over there. Oh, please, sir, can we take her home?'

'Of course we will,' was the answer. He knew in a moment why the baby was there, and he determined to save its life.

'Oh, thank you!' said Bhazu. 'And must we take her back to the tree?'

'No you must not take her back,' he answered; and they hurried toward the house.

When they found the mother the gentleman put the baby into her arms, and told her that if she took it back to the tree, he should have her husband arrested by an English officer. So the little child's life was saved, and that was a happy household that night.

May the time soon come when all these heathen customs may be done away, and when all the people in India may worship the true God.—'Mission Dayspring.'

The Little Builders.

'Did you know we were builders?' said Jemmy Atkins to John Brown, as he watched them put brick upon brick on the wall of a building.

'No, we're not; we're only boys,' said John.

'But we are; we are building a house which is to last for ever and ever.'

'Nothing in the world lasts for ever,' said John.

'But mother told me,' said Jemmy, 'our souls would live for ever, and we were building houses to live in.'

'How is that?' said John, soberly.

'Well, she said that we built our character, day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing, and if we build well we will be glad for ever. Is it not nice to think that we are builders?'

Children, Jemmy told the truth. Every day we are building, brick by brick, a house for the soul to live in, and as you see that the bricks in a building lap over each other, so do all our actions, thoughts and feelings; so that all of them make a whole.

The first thing in a building is a good foundation. The good foundation is to hear Christ's words and to do them. That means to be a Christian. There can be no true, noble life unless it rests on trust in

and obedience to Christ. He will teach you how to build. Second, we must use the materials—honesty, truth, courage, industry, perseverance, obedience to parents, gentleness, and kindness. The material that is to be rejected is pride, envy, indolence, and all the bad things. With the right materials we can build a grand house for the soul to live in.—'Adviser.'

The Sunday Lesson.

Now, Harry, my boy, put your playthings away;

Remember, my child, 'tis the Lord's holy day;

Instead of your toys, bring your book, and let's see

If we can't get beyond the mere A B C.

I've found you a lesson, which, if you take heed,

You will find very easy and simple to read:

It begins with a letter you very well know,

And can point to at once—'tis the single round O.

The next, though a word very simple to spell,

Has a meaning too deep e'en for angels to tell;

The letters that make it are only these three,

And the first of them all is this great letter G.

Now follows a word which has one letter more;

It is 'Thou,' with as many as four. In 'a-r-t-art'—if you spell it, you'll see,

The number of letters, again, are but three;

That very small word which is only 'my,'

You can tell me at once with a glance of the eye.

Now, stop; for the Name above all names comes next,

And ends for the present our short, simple text.

I wonder if, now, the whole verse you would know,

Without stopping to spell out each word as you go.

'O God,' it begins, and then, 'Thou art my God.

Dear papa could say this in each path which he trod;

And I trust that my dear little Harry one day

Will be able himself the same sweet words to say.

—'Our Little Dots.'