

A Hindoostanee Junior Endeavor Society.

(Effie Hallock Braddock, in 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

'Ab ham awen?' ('Now shall we come?') It was one o'clock of a Sabbath afternoon. The meeting was supposed to begin at three; but then it was their very own meeting, they had no clock, and how could they wait? So the missionary nodded, the little brown face at the window disappeared, and the patter of bare feet running to summon the others was heard. Soon the whole small brownie tribe of the native Christian compound filed into the room. All seated themselves decorously and comfortably, Oriental style, in a circle upon the floor, and were ready to begin.

It was the missionary's turn to lead the meeting. After an opening hymn a passage of Scripture was read, 'verse about,' the ready readers taking great pleasure in helping the slower ones. Then all prostrated themselves in prayer, as did the patriarchs of old, the hand upon the mouth and the mouth in the dust, every head toward the centre of the circle. After each one had prayed, the tiniest repeating the Lord's Prayer, prompted by an older brother or sister—not counting the babies in arms, who could not talk, of course—the leader said, 'Now I'll tell you a story about a little girl, and as soon as you can tell her name raise your hand, and come and whisper it to me.' The black eyes sparkled, and all settled themselves to listen.

'Once upon a time,' began the leader, 'there was a little girl. One day her mother said, "Now I want you to mind the baby, dear, while I go out to work." The little girl did not pout nor fret, nor say, "I think somebody else might do it one day in the year!" No, and it was well for her she didn't, for that baby grew up to be a famous man, and by his help she became a distinguished woman. Every one wants to be remembered. While kings and princes are turned to dust and their names are forgotten, this little girl is remembered, all because she was faithful in minding the baby. If she had said to herself, "He is asleep; now I can run away and play," what a difference it would have made! Not only to her and to



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the baby, for the fate of her nation and of the Church of God hung that day upon her obedience—and she did not know it.

'The little girl's parents were slaves. The mother carried the baby out to a nice place by the river-side, put him in his little cradle basket, told the little girl to watch him, and went away.

'After a time the little girl saw a richly dressed young lady, with young serving-maids and companions respectfully following after, coming toward her. I think her heart must have begun to beat, and that she prayed God to save her little brother. Not that a pretty young lady would be likely to hurt a dear little baby, but the king of that country had ordered the little boy babies of the slaves to be thrown into the river. The little girl's mother had put the baby, cradle and all, into the edge of the river;

but that wasn't exactly what the cruel king had meant.

'Well, the pretty lady came nearer, and soon the little girl heard her say something like this: "What is that queer thing floating there among the reeds? Pijari," waded out and get it." Pijari waded out, and, picking up the cradle basket, carried it to her mistress. When they opened the basket, they saw the prettiest little boy! The baby awoke, and began to cry. "Poor little thing," said the princess (for, as it happened, this was the cruel king's own daughter; but she had not inherited her father's disposition), "poor little creature! This must be the child of one of the slaves."

'The little sister was looking and listening, and doubtless praying. Quick as a flash she said, "Shall I run and call one of the slave women to nurse it for you?"