

is to be regretted.

It is only in this life, made up of passing, fleeting moments, that we have to prepare for that which is to come. One year past. Have we benefited ourselves and how much have we benefited others? We have reason to be thankful to a kind Providence for being placed in a land of gospel privileges, and where there is none to make us afraid.

How important to us who are nearing the horizon to employ it more usefully than in the past.

"Passing away, so whispers the wind,
As it treads in its trackless course;
And passing away doth the bright rill say,
As it leaps from its crystal source.
All passing away on the stream of time,
To oblivious vale in a far off clime;
-Matter and man, we make no delay
To eternity's gulf we are passing away."

To the young, time will be to them of the use they make of it. Milton calls it the "subtle thief of youth." It seems to them to pass slowly, but as maturer years advance we wish to clog the wheel, but still it goes on in its ceaseless course. What time is to them that know no future!

And as Alexander Selkirk puts it: "Ne'er sighs at the sound of knell, nor smiles when a Sabbath appears." We do not know whether it passes lightly or heavily with them that has never been taught that the spirit of man goeth upward; nor of Him who brought life and immortality to light, who talked to Moses and Elias, who died over a thousand years before, and who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

"For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens, God himself, that formed the earth and made it; He who established it created it not in vain, He formed it to be inhabited: I am the Lord, there is none else. Assemble yourselves together and come; draw near together ye that are escaped of the nations, they have no knowledge that set up the wood of their graven images and pray to a god who cannot save." When we think of the great truths of the Bible, should we not think it a pleasure to contribute one dollar a year and a few hours each month as far as possibly convenient for our own edification and also to remind us of the heathen?

"Earth's empires rise and fall, oh, Time,
Like breakers on thy shore
They rush upon their rocks of doom,
Are seen and seen no more."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

A WAT-BOY.

His name was Koo Yah, he was a Wat-boy, and he was very miserable. It was in the afternoon and the sun was pouring down hotly on the Wat (or temple) grounds, where there was neither a blade of grass nor weed, so cleanly had it been swept—for the dead God

Buddha, the priests said, liked it that way. Yah's master, the priest under whom he studied, was fast asleep, for at noon-day he had had the last meal he dared eat until the next morning, and he had nothing to do but smoke, chew betel, drink tea and daze. None of the other priests either were about, and the twenty or thirty Wat-boys who lived and were educated at this temple, were at some mischief—gambling perhaps, or with their fighting-cocks out of the reach of the priest hearing.

Now you may not know that a Wat-boy, besides meaning one who is taught to read and write in a Buddhist temple in Siam, means also almost anything that is naughty; but Yah was not naughty, and there was a very good reason for it. He had a Christian mother who loved him very much, and who had taught him not to gamble, or swear, or fight crickets and cocks, and better than anything else in the world—to be a Christian himself. And that was just why Yah was miserable, because he had a good, loving heart, and he was in a very wicked, unlovely place. He had not been so very long in the Wat, but the boys had soon discovered that he did not like their evil ways; so they left him alone, and this hot afternoon he was very lonely and homesick.

As he had nothing to do, he lay down under the thick shade of an old tree by the lily-pond, and cried softly to himself, wishing, O, so much! that he was with his dear mother, or even with his grandmother, of whose shaved head, wrinkled skin, and toothless mouth, but still worse—swearing tongue, he was usually dreadfully afraid. Indeed, it was this very old woman who had persuaded his father against his mother's will to send him to the Wat. She wanted him to make *Tam boon* (merit) for their family, and to pray to the idols for her poor old wicked soul.

He cried as though his heart would break, every minute expecting to hear his master call to him, and maybe, whip him for being there, for he had become so used to whippings that he did not know any more when he deserved one and when he was innocent. He was lying with his arm over his eyes to shut out the glare of the sun on the snowwhite temple, trying bravely, poor fellow! to forget his loneliness—when something wet and cool touched his face. It was an old blind dog which wandered about the place. No one ever killed animals there, lest some departed soul, so they thought, might be in them. A Wat, you know, is a sort of refuge for all hurt and feeble and homeless cats and kittens, dogs, pigs, monkeys, or any other animal that no one else will have. Yah had always been very gentle and kind to this old dog, because it hurt him so to see it walk about and strike its head against things it could not see. Then, too, the boys teased it sometimes, so that he had often hid it out of the way of their cruelty. And now, the old animal had come to comfort the boy who sometimes comforted it. It was almost as sweet in that lonely place to hold Pome Jik (curly-head) close to him, and let his tears fall on the sightless eyes, as it would have been if he had had his sister Tuan to cry over his troubles with him.

Yah felt much happier with his arms wrapped around the dog's small body, and the wet tongue against his face or hand was like a tender pat from some one who loved him, and when Pome Jik whined, it did seem ex-