


MORNING CALLS.

 RUE, it is rather a warm day, but it is always warm this time of year in India, so we will not mind that. Let us make a few calls on some little folks in Rangoon and Calcutta.

There are more than two hundred girls in the Methodist school in Rangoon. Some of them are wee tots in the kindergarten, cute little things, with brown faces and bright eyes. The older girls have a literary society. At a public meeting, lately, one of them presided, and they had music, recitations, and essays, which were very good. The best thing about this school is that many of the girls are real Christians, and have a Sunday afternoon class-meeting, where they speak and pray.


The girls and boys of the Burmese school had a fine time one afternoon in April, at the house of their teacher. Each girl had two dolls given her, one quite tiny, the other larger. Each boy had a gift which pleased him as much as the dolls pleased the girls. Then they had tea and biscuit. The teacher says these Burmese children always behave well when they are invited out. I suppose some mission band in America sent the dolls which made them so happy.

In Asansol there is a school where the little girls have just made a large quilt out of light bits of calico, and some little coats, and other things. They have happy times as they sit together and sew. On Saturdays they are taught to wash with washboards and tubs, as we do it here. They used to think this was very hard, and their tears sometimes fell into the washwater. But now they like it, and try to see whose clothes can be whitest. Besides sewing for themselves, they have made some clothing for the poor little girls who are lepers, in the asylum.

In one of the schools in the Calcutta district there is a little girl named Sundara. It is not often that she has even the least bit of money to spend for herself. Last Christmas her father gave her a *picce*. He thought she would buy some "sweets" with it, for she likes them just as much as any little girl likes candy. But into her heart came the wish to help; so when the Christmas collection was taken up Sundara's *picce* went into it, and she did without her sweets.


A dear little girl in the Pakur orphanage, about six years old, was asked what she understood by salvation. She replied, "Some medicine for the soul." Do you not love to help and pray for such little children as these?—*H. C. Friend.*

AN AFRICAN HOME.

 MISSIONARY writes to *The King's Messenger*: "Shall I tell you about a hut I visited one day? Well, as I went to the door I saw three or four dirty children, with little or no clothing on, playing outside. The mother came to the door and asked me to come in, so I crawled in. It was so dark I could scarcely see at first. There are no windows in a hut. There were no chairs, so I took a seat on the floor. I heard a baby crying, but could not see it anywhere. Finally I saw it was strapped to its mother's back, where she carried it all day long. The old grandmother was sick and lying down—not on a bed, for there wasn't any bed. She lay on a mat on the floor, just as all the family do at night.

I asked the mother what she was doing. She said she was about to cook dinner, but I didn't see any stove. I watched to see where she would cook it. She made a fire right in the middle of the mud floor and set a pot over it, in which to make some porridge. How it did smoke! There was no chimney, so what smoke could not go out at the door had to stay in. It almost made me cry. Think of it! No windows, no chairs, no chimney, nothing but darkness."

TAKE HER.

 N American missionary working in West Africa has told the following story about her little scholars:

"A few days ago I said to them, 'A poor Congo woman wants me to take her little girl.'

"'Take her! Take her!' exclaimed the children in chorus.

"'But I do not feel as if I could feed more than I have now,' I said.

"They thought awhile, and then the eldest said, 'If we could work and earn something, we could help buy her chop,' (food.)

"'Yes; but I know of no one who has any work that you could do,' I said.

"Another pause and some talk in Kroom, and then one said:

"'Mamma, take her, and we will give her a part off each one's plate. Cook same as now, and we take some—some from all we plate till she have plenty.'

"'Are you all willing to do this?' I asked.

"'Yes,' was the answer; 'and,' continued the one who led off, 'now take her and teach book and teach her about God.'

"What made it touching to me was that they all had their meals measured out and no more than they wanted for themselves—never as much meat at any one time in their lives as they could eat!"—*Good Tidings.*

THE last entry found in the journal of David Livingstone was, "Jesus, my life, my king, my all, again I dedicate myself, my life, my all, to Thee."