

of their life there, you will be glad to read. I hope it will interest you in missions.

Sometimes, she says, I think our home is like Babel there are so many tongues here. The Americans use their own language, the Jews, Persians, and all, use some English. We have five girls as boarders who live in a little room of our house, and we have a good woman who sleeps with them and takes care of them. They have no chairs but sit on the floor and they have a table cloth spread in the centre of the room when meal time comes. Their food is in large blue bowls, and their bread in large thin cakes they call sand-gak. We do not want them to learn our frangee or foreign ways only to be good and loving followers of Christ and serve Him well.

At half past eight o'clock every morning they go to school. There we have 56 pupils, boys and girls and they are very much prettier, many of them very much dirtier, and most of them just as quick to learn, as children at home, but they have not a nice school room. One room is very good with glass in the windows, but the other is a dark little place with only paper windows. They learn the same lessons that children do at home, and every morning they have an hour for sewing and fancy work.

On summer Saturday afternoons, the girls came here and I gave them some toilet sets to braid, and some card board book marks and made patterns for them of that beautiful text, "God is love." So each little girl carried that sweet message home with her. Then I thought I would teach them the luxury of giving as well as of fancy work. Each girl that braided a piece was promised some money for our mission box. I want all of them to be true, earnest, devoted Christians not saved as by fire but worthy of Him who has called them to His kingdom and glory.

You have been reading about life in Persia. It is so funny in many respects. Sometimes the sandflies have eaten us so that we had to leave our rooms altogether and sleep on the roof. The first night we were there all the roofs around had spectators on them when we ascended to our lofty room that had the sky for its ceiling, and the mountains round about for its walls, and the mud roof of the house for a floor. We laughed over the fun of our situation and then enjoyed our rest because we knew that he who counts the stars and calls them all by their names does not forget any of His children anywhere.

SAD.

For the Children's Record.

In the month of August the Spanish Steamer Humacao left the West Indies for St. John, N. B. Before reaching St. John she went ashore in a thick fog near Grand Manan. She was at once abandoned by her crew. Afterwards the owners sent twenty men from St. John to the wreck. On the 22nd Sept. a tug boat passed by, and as a storm was threatening offered to take the men ashore, but they refused the offer. As a result of their refusal the whole twenty met with a watery grave, and eight widows and 29 orphans are left in Portland, N. B.

More sad still is the fact that thousands in Canada are listening to a preached Gospel and are offered salvation without money and without price and yet deliberately refuse the offer. Many souls thus perish through indifference. But how shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation.—*Com.*

TEARS THAT MAKE RAINBOWS.

Blessed are they that mourn, for he who never mourns never mends. Compunction of a godly sort, dissatisfaction with all past attainments and honest grief at falling short of Christ's high standard of holiness, all tend to growth in grace. There are too many dry-eyed Christians in this world. Gloomy, God-distrusting unbelief we have no apologies for. But there ought to be more tears of penitence over neglects of duty and woundings of Christ, more tears of sympathy with the wronged and suffering, and we would have more gracious bursts of sunshine from Christ's countenance. Rainbows are never painted except upon raindrops. They that sow in tears of contrition reap in the joys of pardon and peace. Such tears water the roots of grace. Blessed are they that mourn and mend. The ladder to the higher Christian life starts from the dust of self-abasement; but for every round we need a fresh grasp on Jesus, and a new lift by his loving hand.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

TEMPER AT HOME.

I have peeped into quiet "parlors," where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are neat and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens" where the family live and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the