

THE ALASKAN GIRL.

[For the Children's Record.]

Perhaps you know but little of this cold country of Alaska. Twenty-one years ago the United States government paid Russia \$7,250,000 for the territory. Soon afterward missionaries went from the Presbyterian Church in the United States to teach the Indian people there. They have been very successful. Indian children are attending school and many of them are now serving the Saviour whom you love.

Four years ago a church was organized at a place called Sitka, where there is an Industrial Training School. There are now over 200 names on the communion roll of that church.

On the first Sabbath of last November a communion service was held. Thirty-nine were received into the church. There was one little Indian girl present that day and I cannot tell you how happy she was. Her heart beat with joy, her face beamed with delight. Why was she so happy? She loved Jesus and was glad to see so many give up old heathen customs and give themselves to the Lord's service.

But there was something that gave her greater happiness. For a long time she had been pleading with God and laboring faithfully to bring her parents and brothers to Jesus. Her prayers were answered. Father, mother, and five brothers all sat with her at the Lord's table for the first time.

THE DOG THAT ATE A BIBLE LEAF.

The Bible is a power. "Through my long missionary life," writes Mr. Moffat, "I have proved the softening effect of the Bible on the most savage people, as well as on the hardest hearts. A little while after the gospel had been carried among the Bechuanas in Africa, and had made several converts, I met, one day, an old man of the station, who was still a heathen. He seemed very much distressed.

"What is it, my friend?" I asked. "Have you lost some of your family?"

"Oh, no!" he answered; "no one is dead."

"What is the matter, then? You look very sad."

"The man hung down his head; then he said hesitatingly:

"My son has just told me that my dog has eaten a page of the Bible."

"Is that all?" I said. "Don't be troubled. Perhaps I can give you another page just like it."

"Oh!" said the old man, "it is about my poor dog; he will never be good for anything again. He will not bite any one nor follow the game; he will become quiet and gentle, like all the people who read your book. Haven't I seen the hearts of bravest warriors changed into the hearts of women? It will be the same with my dog."

DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

Not very long ago a Hindu lady had, with a group of other listeners, been drinking in, from a missionary, the explanation of the way "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," when she suddenly exclaimed—

"Do you believe it, Mem Sahib, do you believe it?"

"Yes, Mohini, of course I believe it. It is God's own message to us all. I am reading it to you from His word."

"Ah, I know, but Mem Sahib, do you believe He gave His Son to die for us miserable Hindu women as well as for you English ladies—do you believe that and do your people at home believe it?"

"Mohini, yes; we all believe it—it is God's glad tidings to us all, to you and to us alike—yes, we all believe it."

"Then why, oh, why did you not come sooner, and bring more with you, to tell all of us this good news?" sobbed poor Mohini. — *Hindu Women.*