

soon, and poor little Lakshmakka's clothes caught fire. Before the fire could be put out her legs were burned all over. The father and mother did not know what to do, and there was neither doctor nor hospital near. The only thing that could be thought of was to plaster the poor burnt legs with mud.

For three days poor little Lakshmakka lay in agony, her legs covered with mud which had then become as hard as clay.

On the fourth day the father and mother said, 'Lakshmakka is very ill, and she may die; we will take her to the hospital and see if the doctor can make her well.' So they put her into a bullock-cart and took her four miles to the railway station, and then for several hours in the train to the town where the hospital was. It was a long, weary journey, and the dear little girl suffered terribly.

At last the hospital was reached and the little girl laid on a bed. The doctor came and examined her and said: 'The first thing is to take off the mud.' So the nurses began to take this off—but oh! the agony little Lakshmakka had to endure, and it was her screams that brought in a lady missionary who happened to be passing the hospital at the time.

What could this lady do to help? First she had to ask if the father and mother—who were standing helplessly looking on on either side of the bed—would permit her to touch their little girl. For so holy are those people that the touch of an English person would defile. But so anxious were those parents, that at once they said: 'Oh, do touch her; what does it matter now the child is so ill.' So the missionary took the little girl in her arms and held her very tight so that she should not feel the pain so badly. Then she began to talk, and this is what she said: 'Don't cry any more; be a brave little girl, and I will give you a doll.' 'A doll! How big will it be? What will be the color of its dress? Will it have any silk on?' and many other questions Lakshmakka asked, almost forgetting the pain in her wonder and joy. She had never seen a doll, and now she was to have one for her very own.

By this time the mud was taken off and the poor burnt legs carefully wrapped up in wool and bandaged. The last bit—straightening and weighting them—caused another scream, but it was soon over and the child lay quietly waiting for the doll.

The little doll that Elsie had dressed in red silk and white lace was the one which little Lakshmakka received to comfort her. If little Elsie could have seen the joy and heard the shout of delight she would have been quite repaid for the penny she gave and for the trouble she took in dressing it. For two weeks the doll lay beside Lakshmakka, and then she was sent home quite cured. But this was not all the good that little doll did. The father and mother were so astonished to find that Christians in England had thought of their children, that they said, 'We will never persecute Christians again; we did not know what this new religion meant.' On saying 'good-bye' to the lady who gave the doll they gave her a hearty invitation to go to their house and to send Bible-women to tell more of the Saviour and His love.

Will not some other little girls give their time and money to help to tell of the Saviour's love?—News From Afar.

First Wrong Moves.

Mr. Ruskin, having turned his mind to chess in his old-age, made a wise remark upon the game. Writing to the author of a work on chess, he said:

'In all notes on chess that I ever read, there is to my notion, a want of care to point out where the losing player first goes wrong. It is often said, "Such a move would be stronger," but scarcely ever why stronger, and no player ever confesses by what move he was first surprised.'

The same thing has often occurred in the game of life. We have seen the living wreck of a human being—a woman before the police court for drunkenness, a man sentenced to prison for forgery, a married pair living in avoidable squalor, a stalwart man sunk to be a bar-keeper. That woman once was an

innocent child; that forger once held his head high as an honest citizen; that forlorn couple began their married life clean and decent; that bar-keeper was once a respectable porter.

In each of these cases there was a moment when the 'losing player' first went wrong. In some instances, though not in all, the individual can distinctly remember it, and that moment may have occurred very early in life. There are boys and girls, now apparently innocent and safe, who are meditating the false move, or making it without thought, which will bring them to dishonor and ruin twenty, thirty, forty years hence.

Two thousand years ago it was a familiar saying that no one becomes base suddenly, and every one now living who has had opportunities to learn the history of criminals, knows it to be true. There is only one safety for any of us, and that is to do right from the start, and to keep doing it.

The Story of One Penny.

(By Kate Maud Johnson, in the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald'.)

It was a cold, foggy afternoon in winter. The Ragged Sunday School had met as usual, but to one class and teacher that Sunday was different from any other Sunday. All the boys felt it, and the teacher felt it perhaps even more than the boys.

It was the last time they would meet, for before the next Sunday the teacher would be on the wide seas, going to China as a missionary. In simple, earnest words Paul Marsh spoke to his boys of the work he hoped to do for his Master in far-off China. The boys felt, although they could not have put their thoughts into words, that he was going to do high service for the King. And they forgot that they were ragged and poor as their hearts were stirred by new and great thoughts.

Two days afterwards, as Paul Marsh walked down a poor street near the Ragged Sunday School, he heard the patter of bare feet behind him. Turning, he saw Toney, one of his scholars.

'Please take this for—for China,' Toney said breathlessly, holding up a penny.

'But, Toney, you are hungry,' said Paul Marsh in surprise. 'Why not buy something good with the penny?'

But Toney flushed as he answered hastily: 'No, no; I want to do something to help. This is all I've got.'

Paul Marsh hesitated, but only for a moment. Then he spoke a few words of thanks to the boy, and they parted; but Toney never forgot the loving pressure of his teacher's touch on his shoulder, or the grip of his hand as he said: 'Toney, you are a brave boy. God bless you!'

To Paul Marsh that penny was far too precious to be mixed with the loose bits of money in his pocket. He put it carefully in his pocket-book, and some time afterwards used it to buy the Gospel of John in Chinese. When he did this he had a strange little plan in his mind. He wanted that book to do some special work.

It was more than a year later, after he had learned to speak Chinese, that he became acquainted with a Chinese gentleman whose house was not far from the mission station. He was a servant of the Emperor, and all the people in the town looked up to him with great respect. More than once he asked Paul Marsh and the other missionaries to his house, for he had a great desire to learn more of the great West and its people and customs. They spoke also of higher matters, and the gentleman was interested in the story of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. But he did not feel that he needed the Saviour at all.

One day Paul Marsh took the book, bought with Toney's penny, to the great man's house. Presently, in their talk, he told about the Ragged Sunday School in London, about Toney and his self-sacrifice. He made it a very interesting story, and the great man listened to every word.

'Is that the end of the story?' he asked, as the missionary paused.

'No, I don't think that is the end of it. There may be some more to tell some day,' said Paul smiling.

The great man looked puzzled at the an-

swer. But he promised to read the little book carefully.

That day, and the next day, and for many days after that, the great man would take up that little book and read in it. And every time he opened it the truth became clearer and clearer to him, until at last he could no longer refuse its message. But still it was many days before he sent for one of the missionaries and told them what he felt, and desired to learn yet more. They answered his questions, and showed him the Saviour of 'the world whom they had come so far to preach. And in the end he became a humble follower of Jesus of Nazareth.

But the story of Toney's penny was not ended even when this was told, because this new soldier of the cross felt that he must use his influence and money towards extending Christ's Kingdom amongst his own people.

Toney is not a ragged boy now, but a young man doing well in his business. And one of his chief treasures is a letter from China telling him the whole story of his one penny and the work it did.

One Rose.

(By Eva F. Buker, in the 'Morning Star'.)

The sun rose slowly over the great city one spring morning, and one of his first beams struck on the highest window of a large tenement house and was reflected crosswise into a little window of an otherwise dark bedroom in one of the adjoining flats. Here it danced over the wall as the sun rose higher, and at last rested on the pale face of a sleeping child.

Instantly the sleeper awoke and over the wan features spread a smile of welcome to the bit of light.

'Mamma, mamma,' he called, 'come see the sunlight. Perhaps I shall be better to-day. Has papa gone?'

In answer a man rose from the breakfast table in the kitchen close by, and entered the room occupied by the boy.

Weary months had passed since this lad of eight years had been injured by the carelessness of a burly driver on one of the big waggons, of which there were so many constantly going up and down in this crowded part of the great city.

Not one morning had the father failed to see his son for a few moments before setting out for his day's work, and although his heart was heavy at the prospect ahead, he never faltered in his endeavor to bring only good cheer and loving comfort to the invalid.

So much did this little morning visit mean

—THE— "Canadian Pictorial" —FOR— SEPTEMBER.

Pictures of the waning summer season are the feature of the September 'Canadian Pictorial.' The cover-picture shows a Canadian girl on vacation. She is silhouetted at the end of the wharf looking across the lake for the boat that is to carry her to her journey's end. Then there are scenes of children paddling, and bigger children bathing; children roaming hand-in-hand through the fields; pastoral scenes of sheep and ducks and deep, cool ponds, and stalwart farmers reaping the harvest of golden grain. The eminent Canadian of the month is Sir Percy Girouard, who has served the cause of empire by building railways that conveyed British troops to the uttermost parts of the earth. A page is devoted to showing the disaster caused by the terrible fire at Fernie, B.C., and other news-pictures include the scenes in Turkey when the Sultan gave his subjects a constitution, the Canadian lawn tennis championship, and a jubilee celebration at Renfrew, Ont. In the Woman's Department, the feature is the story of an early Canadian heroine, Laura Secord. The regular departments are represented by pictures and matter which help the publishers in their aim that each issue shall be a little better than any of its predecessors. Ten cents a copy.

One dollar a year postpaid to any address the world over. Or, to the end of 1908 for 50 cents, starting with the July and August (Tercentary) issues.

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