



PORTRAIT OF BRAHMIN PRIEST.

PORTRAIT OF A BRAHMIN PRIEST.

Some of our young readers, as they look at the picture, will be ready to ask, "Is this a man or a woman? and what is that queer thing on the forehead and nose?"

This is a Brahmin priest, who thinks his face is greatly beautified by that ugly mark. He is a follower of the Hindu god Vishnu, and the mark like a trident tells everybody he meets that he is so. Every morning when he dresses himself, bathes and says his prayers, after he has washed his face he takes a paste made of yellow earth, and makes that middle mark just over his nose; then, with similar material, he puts a broad white line on each side, and joins them across his nose. To be without this mark he would consider worse than being without his clothes. A crowd of half-naked Brahmins, all marked like this, makes one think of that verse in the Book of Revelation, which speaks of the men who "worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in their forehead, or in their hand."—Rev. 14. 9.

GONE BACK TO GOD.

Hilda knew what death was. She had seen funerals in the cemetery where her father was gardener. Hilda always dropped rosebuds on the babies' graves, and said with her father, "Poor little things!"

Though Hilda knew about deaths outside, because her father let her play near him while he worked, yet she knew nothing of its real meaning. When she asked her father why people died, he said: "They get sick and can't get well." And her mother said: "Don't bother, child."

Hilda determined never to get sick herself. People were foolish to die, she thought. One day, however, her dear baby brother got sick. That he was very ill Hilda knew, because her mother's eyes were so bright and her cheeks so red.

"Oh!" thought Hilda, "if baby only knew better!"

But Hugh didn't know better, and his little soul fluttered back to God before it had known much of this world.

Hilda could not stay in the quiet house, and spent much time planting flowers on Hugh's grave. One day she noticed another tiny grave, and a lady standing beside it. She had a smile in her eyes.

"Is it your baby?" asked Hilda.

"Yes," said the lady. "He has gone back to God. God sends us here for a while. Some stay longer than others, but we all go back to God, who is our home."

"But Hugh got cold, and he couldn't hear or smile!"

"That was only his body, his house here. You know who Jesus is?"

Hilda nodded.

"He died just as Hugh did, and then came to show us that we would live, too, after our bodies died. Hugh lives with him—and my boy."

"I won't be sorry," said Hilda. "I'll be glad for Hugh."

WHAT A CHILD DID FOR JESUS.

A little girl died in Philadelphia a few years ago. When the doctor told her that she could not live, she bade her mother send for the pastor of the church, and gave him her little savings-bank.

"Open it," she said. There were four dollars and a few cents. "Take them," said the child, "and build a church for the poor people. They must not pay anything. I want all the seats to be free."

The clergyman took the money. "My child," he said, solemnly, "it shall be done, with God's help."

When the child was dead he placed her

little bank on the pulpit, and told the story. Tears were in every eye. One wealthy man after another came forward with his offering, and children and women came also and added their gifts.

And so from that dying wish of a little child a church has sprung, where the Gospel of Jesus is preached freely to the poor.

THE TWINS' JOURNEY.

BY MARY WHITING ADAMS.

It was such a lovely morning that Jamie and Janie could not stay in the house. Mother told them they could play in the front yard, but they must not go outside the gate. So they played about under the trees, but after a while they grew tired of that. It looked so nice out in the road and down the street that Jamie said:

"Let's go see Aunt Laura."

Janie always did what Jamie did, so she followed him out of the gate, and they went down the street together. Jamie had a stick and felt very brave as he marched along, holding Janie by the hand.

But, dear me! when they got to Aunt Laura's door, they couldn't get in, for she was not at home. And then a big dog, that came down the street, jumped on them—just for play, but they didn't know that—and threw Janie down and broke the head off her wooden horse, and she cried; and Jamie forgot all about the stick and began to cry, too.

When the twins got home at last, all covered with dust and very unhappy, they found that grandfather had come to take them out for a drive, but had gone away when he found they were not at home. Oh, how sorry they were they had gone outside the gate!

Next time mother tells them to stay in the yard, you may be sure Jamie and Janie will not disobey her, for they have had enough of being naughty.

Katie was eating her breakfast one day. She had a spoonful of oatmeal, and was just about to raise it to her mouth when the sun shone across it, making it look yellow and warm. "Oh, mamma!" said Katie, "think what I have just swallowed!" "What was it, dear?" said her mother. "A whole spoonful of sunshine!"

"What are you doing?" asked auntie of little Mabel, who was making a great effort to walk on tiptoe through the hall. "I am trying to walk softly," whispered Mabel, "because mother has the sick headache, and noise hurts her head." Now was not a soft step a very little thing? Yet it showed what a dear, thoughtful little girl mother had, didn't it?