



BURMESE LADIES.

the boys could hardly hear what he was saying, eagerly as they listened. But Mr. Winter and the Squire heard.

"It was I who broke the tree, Squire Thomas," he said. "As I passed the orchard this morning, I was alone, for it was a little late, and the other boys had gone. I heard a bird sort of screaming, as if it was in pain; and I found it was a young cat-bird, that had somehow twisted its foot under a piece of loose bark, and couldn't get away. I thought the limb was strong enough to bear me, I truly did, but, if you'll just look at it, you'll see it's been gnawed by a worm, or something; it gave way the minute I stepped on it, and I only saved myself by hanging and dropping from another bough." He stood still, pale and frightened, for the Squire was looking at him searchingly, in doubt as to the truth of his story.

An eager voice broke the silence. "Mr. Winter!" exclaimed Jimmy Wister, excitedly, "may I please say something? Walter *must* be telling the truth, because he's afraid of cows and dogs, and he says being really brave is acting like you're not afraid when you are, and, don't you see, that's what he's doing now!"

The Squire's kindly face relaxed into a smile, and a little laugh went round the school.

"But, my boy," said the Squire, looking grave again, "if this is true, why did you not come at once and tell me, so that no one else might be blamed?"

"I ran right up to the house," said Walter,

"though I was afraid it would make me late for school; but the hired man said you had driven to the village, so I meant to stop and tell you on my way home."

The Squire held out his hand. "Shake hands, young man," he said, very kindly. "You can afford to be afraid of dogs and cows, as long as you're even more afraid of telling a lie!"

It was hard work for the boys to wait for recess that day, and, when it did come, they surrounded Walter with eager questions and remarks. Several of them admitted that they would not have dared to step up and face the Squire as Walter had done.

"Yes, you would," said Walter, at last, "if you had the sort of folks at home that I have. I couldn't have faced mother to-night if I'd kept still, for that would have been a lie, just the same as if I'd told one in words. And you may say I'm preaching, if you like," he added, with an evident effort, "but mother says God is strong enough for all the weak people in the world, if we'll just ask."

Nobody said he was preaching. But more than one boy who heard him remembered his little sermon.—*Young Christian Soldier.*

BURMA.

DO you know where Burma is? Away off in Asia. You think of "white elephants" when we speak of Burma—for that is the land where the white elephant is a sacred animal. Missionaries had for a long time very hard work in Burma. The king put one of them in prison, and loaded him heavily, with irons.

Once this same missionary (Mr. Judson) and one hundred other prisoners were crowded into a room without any windows, with the temperature outside at 106°. But now the missions are going on well, churches and schools are built, and well attended. At Mandalay, a city in Burma, nine of the king's sons came every day to school, attended by forty followers, who carried the books and slippers and held two golden umbrellas over each prince's head.

And this picture shows you what kind of people the Burmese are. They are only half civilized, and need many missionaries to tell them about Christ, and to make them more civilized.

LIVING UP TO OUR NAME.

IT is related of Adoniram Judson that, when a boy, he was told by a lady that he would have a great deal to do if he lived up to the tradition of his name, upon which he replied: "By the grace of God, I will do it."

I wonder how many of us who have shorter