

main in the garden all day and keep them out. They are very fond of play. One of their amusements consists in making oxen and cows and other animals of clay. They skip and jump about as happy and joyful as the animals about them. But there is a kind of happiness which you have and which they have not. And they do not know how to get it until missionaries come and tell them. — *Presbyterian Observer*.

CHILDREN IN CHINA.

Some days ago as I went to my work, a walk almost across the city, the thermometer between 90° and 100°, I thought of you, and wrote you a thought letter. I often write thought letters to shut out the outside world. Going along the bank of the canal, a little girl of some four or five years came from her play to meet me, with a pleasant smile—but, children, she was so dirty! I don't think you ever saw such a dirty, half-dressed little girl. I did not know her at first, through all the dirt, and she could only have known me as a foreigner. She put her little hand up to take mine, and led me along to her home.

I wonder what you would have thought of that for a home? Just one room in theirs—her father, mother, and little baby sister live there together; the fuel room and pig pen in the front yard; not one blade of grass, no flowers, no pretty playthings; and as I sat on the brick bed, talking with and teaching her mother, some of her companions came and sat down close by me—they were all just as dirty as she was.

I think I pity the children in this land more than the grown-up people; none of the nice times and pleasant woods you have in a Christian land; mothers here so often have no pleasant words for their little girls, only scoldings and often blows; little girls are not loved as boys are.

In the same room where I taught, I saw some years ago a sight which filled my heart with joy; a girl of some twelve or thirteen lay dying. She had learned to read and pray, and loved Jesus; she spoke

to her mother just before she died, and told her she was going to be with Jesus, and was glad to go. Her father was and still is a heathen, but we hope her mother and brother love her Jesus.

Won't you pray for the little girls in China that they may know and love your Jesus!—*Miss F. G. Evans in The Little Missionary*.

A MICRONESIAN CUSTOM.

BY MRS. M. D. ROGERS OF THE W. E. M. I.

A curious custom have the Micronesian Islanders. When a person is yet a child a hole is made in the lobe, or soft part of the ear, and something is wedged into it to keep the hole from closing as it heals. From time to time this substance is removed, and a larger and still larger quantity of material is used, until by the time a youth grows to manhood his ears have been stretched and stretched until they hang far down upon his shoulders.

We should not consider this very ornamental, but a Micronesian thinks himself finely dressed when he has a large ring of polished shell fitted into each of his poor, disfigured ears.

These rings are sometimes used for the purpose of carrying articles which a native cannot conveniently take in his hands.

For instance, Captain Bray says he once saw a man who was sufficiently civilized to wear one garment made of cloth. It was a cotton shirt. The native wished to swim from one point of land to another, but the precious shirt must not be wet. After thinking a few moments he seemed to have decided the matter. He took off the shirt, rolled it carefully together and tucked it neatly in his ear-ring! Then he swam across, holding his head high above water, and not a whit the worse for the voyage was the shirt. When these natives learn from our missionaries that this cruel and hideous disfigurement of their bodies is not pleasing to their Heavenly Father, they do the best they can to remedy the wrong. They no longer decorate the large loop of flesh, but hang it up over the upper part of the ear!