

good-bye, and gone off tripping lightly, with two companions, to her home, only three miles distant. 'No,' I said; 'what of her?' 'Oh, she and her companions were seized on the way home and carried off in an Arab dhow to the other side of the lake.' No wonder parents were chary of sending their children to school for a while."

THE WAY ONE MISSION BAND IN IOWA RAISED ITS MONEY.

"OUR society was organized in 1888, and the first year we sent \$20 for Beach Institute. We have about twenty members, from five to thirteen years of age. We meet once a month through the summer, but close for the winter. Last summer I gave to all over ten years of age a nickel, and those under ten a penny, to see how much they could gain. These are a few of the reports. One little boy, with his nickel, bought a sitting of eggs, from which he raised eleven chickens, which he sold for \$2.20. Another raised nine chickens, which he sold for \$2. Another bought a little turkey, which he sold at Thanksgiving for \$1.10. Another, with a penny, bought a squash vine, from which he sold five large squashes for fifty-five cents. Another bought a row of potatoes, for which he received fifty cents, and so the pennies multiplied. I gave mite-boxes to all in the spring, and so at the end of the year we are able again to send you the neat little sum of \$25."—*American Missionary*.

THE INNER VOICE.

I SAW a little spotted turtle sunning itself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile; for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, "It is wrong." I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle had vanished from sight.

I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked her what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and taking me in her arms, said: "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. Your life depends, my boy, on heeding that little voice."—*Parker*.

BABIES IN JAPAN.

"THE babies in Japan," says a writer in *St. Nicholas*, "have sparkling eyes and funny little tufts of hair. They look so quaint and old-fashioned—exactly like those doll-babies that are sent over here to America. Now in our country very young babies are apt to put everything in their mouths; a button, a pin, or any thing goes straight to the little rosy, wide-

opened mouth, and the nurse or mamma must always watch and take great care that baby does not swallow something dangerous. But in Japan they put small babies right down in the sand by the door of the house, or on the floor, but I never saw them attempt to put anything in their mouths unless they were told to do so, and no one seemed to be anxious about them. When little boys and girls in Japan are naughty and disobedient they must be punished, of course, but the punishment is very strange. There are very small pieces of rice-paper called moxa, and these are lighted with a match and then put upon the finger or hand or arm of the naughty child, and they burn a spot on the tender skin that hurts very much. The child screams with pain, and the red-hot moxa sticks to the skin for a moment or two and then goes out, but the smarting burn reminds the little child of his fault. I do not like these moxas. I think it is cruel punishment; but perhaps it is better than whipping."

This reminds one of the proverb, "A burnt child dreads the fire."

CHILDREN'S WORK IN MEXICO.

NINE years ago last winter the children of our Presbyterian Mission in Fresnillo were preparing for the Christmas entertainment, and all enjoyed meeting after school at the pastor's house to practice. One afternoon a strange little girl came, too. None of the children had on such nice clothes as *you* wear; however, they were quite good for Mexico, but the little stranger's clothes were very old (ragged, you would call them), and not clean. The others did not mind that, so she sat with the rest, trying to learn the sweet hymns that they were singing. She came regularly, and as she had a very sweet voice, all liked to hear Melila sing.

One afternoon Mrs. Martinez, the minister's wife, was telling the children that she hoped all would come to the Christmas entertainment with *clean clothes* and hair nicely combed; she did not say *new* clothes, for she knew that the parents of many of the children were very poor, and could not even afford new calico dresses for the girls, so she said clean clothes. Melila looked down at her dress, dirty and torn, and wondered if she must stay away from the Christmas-tree.

Mrs. Martinez knew that little Melila's father was a drunkard and a very cross man, often beating his wife and children, and that they had very little in the house to eat. She felt sorry for the child, and besides they needed Melila's sweet voice in the children's chorus on Christmas night. Mrs. Martinez and two of her friends bought and made a new calico dress for her to wear. The tree was brilliantly lighted, and each child received a little bag of candy—no one was happier than Melila.

After the Christmas vacation Melila began attending the little school that Mr. Martinez had for the children of the congregation. She became very much interested in the day-school and Sunday-school, and brought her little brother with her. She liked her studies pretty well, but was anxious to learn to play the organ. She would go early in the morning and practise till school began, and all during the noon hour and after school. During vacation she would go to the minister's house and practise five or six hours a day. She kept on