



THE "TRAVELLERS' TREE."

THE WATER OF LIFE.

THERE is a palm known by the name of the "Travellers' Tree," which grows in the island of Madagascar, in hot and comparatively waterless regions. It has a very handsome and regular appearance, the large leaves starting out like wings from opposite sides of the trunk, so as to resemble an extended fan. The stalk of each leaf rises immediately above the one below, and forms at its base a large cavity, where a considerable quantity of moisture is collected and preserved. The thirsty native has but to raise his spear, and, on piercing the thick, firm end of a leaf-stock, obtains a welcome and abundant supply of cool, pure, fresh water, even in the hottest and driest seasons of the year.

Christ the Lord is such a tree of life in the midst of earth's arid desert. Thus by the voice of the prophet he cried long ago, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters"; and in the days of His flesh repeated the gracious invitation, saying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." The weary traveller on life's way, here may drink abundantly, "without money and without price." In calling us to Jesus "The Spirit and the bride say come; and let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Well may our cry be that of the awakened woman of Samaria, "Sir, give me this water"; for has He not declared, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." "Ho, everyone that thirsteth,

come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

HOW THE LITTLES GROW.



LADY, canvassing a part of the parish to obtain pledges for missions, entered a shoemaker's shop and inquired of the man at the bench if he would be willing to pledge \$18.25 a year in weekly instalments for missions.

"Eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents" he replied. "No, indeed; I seldom have so much money. I would not promise one-half as much."

"Would you be willing to give five cents a day?"

"Yes, and my wife will give as much more."

"I do not wish to play any trick on you, but if you will multiply 365 days by five, it will make just \$18.25."

"Don't say any more, I am good for five cents a day."

He gave his pledge and took the book to his wife, who took in washing and ironing, and she cheerfully gave her name for five cents a day.

Weeks came and months passed, and the shoemaker said, "I enjoy this, for I can give thirty-five cents a week and not feel it. It goes like current expenses; and it amounts to so much more than I ever gave before, it gives me a manly feeling. I feel that I am doing my duty."—*Selected.*

OUR WESTERN NEIGHBOURS.

JUST think of it! Not a single boy or girl in Japan has a birthday of his or her own! It is hard for us to think of how it would seem never to have a birthday, with its presents, good wishes and good times. The day a Japanese child is born it is considered a year old until the next New Year's, when it becomes two years old. Thus it happens that in Japan on New Year's Day the whole nation has a birthday—the only one of the year. Besides this general birthday, two festival days are observed, one for the boys and one for girls. The girls' festival comes first, on the third day of the third moon; the boys on the fifth day of the fifth moon.

Boys are considered of more importance than girls in Japan, so their festival is quite a grand occasion. In front of every house where a child has been born during the year a pole with a gilt top is stuck in the ground. From this pole a large paper fish is suspended by a string. Holes at the mouth and tail allow the wind to blow through and inflate the paper. To see them