

anyway?" "But there was no one to ask them, because no one knew about Him.

All the boys had the oddest names you ever heard. Our little boy's name was Hum King, and the name of the village where he lived Ko-teen. Have you guessed what country it was in now? Yes, it was China.

Well, for a very long time there had been no rain and nothing would grow. The people knew that if they did not get rain they would soon have nothing to eat. Some night they would be going to bed without any supper, and not be sure of getting breakfast in the morning. So every one in the village was praying, not to God, for you remember they did not know about Him, but to the village idol—for rain.

Have you ever had a visitor at your school? These boys had a visitor, too, one day, and he was not like anybody they had ever seen before. He asked the teacher if he might speak to the boys.

Knowing that all the boys had been beseeching the idol for rain, he asked them, "Where does the rain come from?" They answered, "From heaven." "Then why not ask the God of heaven for rain, instead of this powerless image?" the visitor said.

This was the only time Hum King ever heard of the heavenly Father while he lived in China. But at last he grew to be a young man and came to Montreal in Canada. One day, shortly after coming here, his straw hat blew off. A small boy who was passing, ran after it and gave it back to him. He knew that no one would think of doing such a thing in China, so he decided that something must make these "Westerners" different, and that he would find out what it was.

He became, therefore, a very faithful attendant at a Chinese Sunday School, where he learned to speak and understand English, and all about the God of heaven who sends us rain, and who gave His only begotten Son as our Saviour. Yes, Jesus became Hum King's Saviour, and he His loving, loyal servant, for he heard and believed.

Where is he now? Why he worked and worked, and saved and saved, until he had enough money to go back to China; because, as he put it, the boys in Montreal had so many more chances of hearing about Jesus,

and he wanted to help to give those in China the chance as well.

Montreal

A Missionary Lesson

By Miss. E. M. Russell

To the average child of Primary Class age, missions, as such, are so far away, so much removed from his everyday experience, that they do not mean much. They often lack the personal touch which gives interest. We must think out some way of making a missionary lesson interesting to the little ones.

Have you ever asked the children to choose a hymn to sing in Sunday School? Nine out of ten will choose, "Jesus loves me." This could be made the basis of a missionary lesson. After singing the hymn, tell them of the thousands of little children who cannot sing that hymn, have never heard it, and do not know that Jesus loves them. Have pictures of Chinese or Japanese children to show the class, and explain that these are pictures of little ones who do not know how to sing, "Jesus loves me." Show pictures of *children*, rather than of adults, because children are interested in *other* children.

Teach them that all the children in the world, no matter what their color, or where they live, belong to one great family; that God is their Father, and loves all His children.

"The little papoose in the wigwam that lives,
Whose life is so happy and free,
Is my Indian brother, and Jesus loves him,
Just as He loves you and me.

"The little Jap children with shining, darkeyes,
Live on a green isle o'er the sea,
Too many to count, and Jesus loves them,
Just as He loves you and me.

"The little brown children of Telugu land,
In India, 'way over the sea,
Are my brothers and sisters, and Jesus loves
them,
Just as He loves you and me.

"And all the dear children, wherever they live,
The poor and the rich, large and wee,
Are my brothers and sisters, and Jesus loves
them,
Just as He loves you and me."