

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so" !

Being unable to run about and play, her parents had taken more time to entertain her, and had taught her this and other children's hymns, the Twenty-third Psalm, and some other scripture texts. How sweet to hear her lisp these !

Only a little Chinese girl and only a Chinese home, but Jesus was known and loved in that home, and the name of God was revered. Only a little Chinese cripple, but her life was brightened by her love for Jesus, and she in turn spread sunshine all around. But in this land where there is one such home, there are one hundred others who have not yet heard, or who never heed, the story of Jesus and His love. Will you not pray that all the little boys and girls of this land may hear the teaching, that they, like little Pearl, may learn to love Jesus ?

Tamsui, Formosa, Japan

### Shepherd Jesus

Christ, of tender lambs the Leader,  
Shelter of each nestling bird,  
For our young the Guide and Pleader,  
Let our song to Thee be heard :  
While sweet praises each voice raises  
To the everlasting Word.

King of saints, the all-prevailing  
Message of the Father's grace,  
Lord of wisdom, grief assailing,  
Saviour of our mortal race ;  
Shepherd Jesus, guide and lead us  
To Thy heavenly pasture-place.

### Lost Each Other

"I can't find Chappie anywhere, mother ! I've hunted and hunted !" Laddie's face was full of anxiety, and there were two red spots on his cheeks.

"How did you happen to lose him ?"

Laddie dropped his eyes, and the red spots on his cheeks deepened. Something serious usually happened whenever his mother's voice sounded like that.

Suddenly Laddie's face brightened. "He lost himself, mother. Chappie and I were

running,—and—and—Chappie let go my hand and—and—he just lost himself."

"Why did you not go after Chappie ?" she asked. "Why, I was running, and when I stopped, Chappie w—wasn't anywhere !" insisted Laddie, his lip beginning to quiver. "Come with me, Laddie, and show me where you last saw Chappie" : his mother's voice was still very serious.

Laddie slipped his hand in hers and led her out into the yard. "I lost Chappie right here, mother", he said, stopping under the widespreading branches of a large elm tree.

"He certainly couldn't have gone far ; Chappie's little feet couldn't have carried him far beyond this tree", said Laddie's mother, looking around her. "He couldn't climb the tree, and he couldn't climb the fence." Then she hesitated. "But he might have crawled into this barrel."

She stooped down, and so did Laddie. He even crawled into the barrel, so eager was he to find his little brother. When he had gone in as far as he could, his mother heard a smothered voice exclaiming, "Here he is, mother ! He has gone to sleep way inside of this barrel !"

Laddie's voice woke Chappie, and he began to cry ; for it was very dark, and he could not tell where he was. But Laddie took his little hand and led him out into the light ; and when he saw his mother's face he began to laugh ; for you see Chappie was only a little three-year-old baby. He didn't even know that he had been lost.

Laddie assured his mother that he never should lose Chappie again when there were any barrels around into which he could crawl, for he would know where to look for him.

"I thought you told me Chappie lost himself", his mother reminded him with a smile. Laddie pondered a minute, then looking up brightly, he said, "I guess Chappie and I must have lost each other, mother." "I think the better way would have been for strong Laddie to have held his little brother's hand so tight that neither could lose the other", his mother suggested.

Laddie smiled as he squeezed Chappie's hand firmly in his own, and said that was what he would do next time.