

much of the seed sown in these young minds is choked and blasted by the withering influences of heathenism.

As we looked over this group of busy workers we could scarcely realize that so much had been accomplished in one year, for the school was organized but one year ago. Great credit is due Miss De Line, one of our missionaries, who has charge.

The closing exercises were very interesting and much the same as the opening, except that a few of the children repeated Scripture texts and many joined in giving the "Golden Text."

Rev. Dennis Osborne, who visited America in 1884, then sang, with his son Ernest, some native Bhajans—our Sunday-school songs translated and set to native music—which seemed to give new energy to their enthusiasm.

As we were leaving the house an old native Christian lady came and taking us by the hand gave us a hearty welcome to India.

It was a pleasure to notice the gleam of Christian intelligence which shone on her wrinkled visage. One must visit these scenes to realize how great the need of the Gospel to drive out the darkness and superstition of heathenism, and usher in the glorious light and love of Christianity.

May our Infinite Father bless the Sunday-schools at home, and may they aid with their pocket-books as well as their prayers in sending the Gospel to the millions of men, women and children who have never heard of Jesus and his love.—*Mussooree, June 28, 1886.*

### THE SYSTEMATIC GIVERS.

In the last number of *The Pansy*, Faye Huntington tells a very good story of some girls at a boarding school, who formed a missionary society. The name the society took was "The Systematic Givers." The motto adopted was, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by in store as God hath prospered him," and each girl pledged herself to give one tenth of the money she called her own.

Considerable discussion has arisen

among the girls as to what money they have a right to tithe. "What would you do about taking a tenth of the money your father sent to you for a new dress?" asked one Lillie Case.

"Well," replied Laura, "I will tell you what I did. Papa sent me thirty dollars for dress, hat, etc., and I decided to take out a tenth, and get a dress of a little cheaper material, or a plainer hat. But I tell you, Lilly, I never made even thirty dollars go as far as the twenty-seven did. Bess says my dress is prettier than hers that cost twenty-five dollars, and I know it will be more durable. There is a difficulty, I know, in some cases, of knowing just what we may do, but all of us have something that we may call our very own, and that is all we are responsible for, after all. I know the girls pretty well, and with one or two exceptions, a tithe of what we spend for confectionary, creams, and ices in the course of the term would buy a good many Bibles."

After several months had passed, Lillie Case remarked one day, "Is it not wonderful how much we can do by following out a regular system? Why, I do not miss the money I give, and I actually give dollars where I used to give cents!"

"I am sorry you lose the blessing of self-denial," said Laura, smiling; "You ought to give enough to feel it."

"Oh! you need not imagine I do not feel it; every time I take out a tenth it hurts, for I am naturally stingy. And I say to myself, 'You old miser! you have got to deny yourself, even if it does pinch.' But after I put the money in the little gift box, I find I get along just as well without the money to spend, and I love to hand it over to the treasurer. That is what I meant when I said I did not miss it."

A number of children were asked why Jesus was called an "unspeakable gift." There was silence for a second or two, when one little girl, with a trembling voice, said, "Because he is so precious that no one can tell his preciousness."