

ties, it is varied and many sided. There are often seasons when tribes are scattered, hiding in large trees, in caves, and in other villages far away from their homes. Not long ago inland from Port Moresby, a large hunting party camping in a cave were smoked out by their enemies and all killed but one. Once when travelling inland, I found the Makabili tribe in terrible weather living in the bush, under shelving rocks, among the long grass, and in hollow trees. The people at Port Moresby say that now, for the first time, they all sleep in peace, and that as they can trust the peace of God's Word, they mean to keep to it. This is significant, coming from those who not long since were the most noted pirates, robbers, and murderers along the whole coast of the peninsula.—*Rev. Jas. Chalmers, of New Guinea.*

Our Young Folk.

CHILD'S MINISTRY.

“AND a little child shall lead them,”
Oh, the sweetness of a word!
In the grand millennial glory,
Ere the coming of our Lord.

Little children shall be helpers,
Sharers, too, in all the joy;
Gracious words their lips shall utter,
Gracious deeds their hands employ.

In those latter days of splendor,
As of old in Galilee,
Christ, the Lord, will welcome children,
Love's sweet ministers to be.

Work there is for old disciples,
“Feed my lambs,” Christ says to them:
But the little ones He'll cherish,
Childish love He'll ne'er contemn.

Welcome, then, dear little workers,
Bringing Christ your youth's rich dew,
If, till death, you're true and faithful,
Crowns unfading wait for you.

“ANY IN HEAVEN, TOO?”

LITTLE Mary was sitting with her Uncle George one afternoon. Uncle George had told her to keep quiet, as he had some accounts to look over; so Mary busied herself with a picture-book. For an hour all was still, then Mary heard her uncle say: “There! I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need.” “What are you talking about, Uncle George?” asked Mary. “About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up.” “Up in heaven?” asked Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about laying up treasures in heaven. “Oh, no, Mary; my treasures are all on earth—some in banks and some in other places,” answered Uncle George. “But ain't you got any in heaven, too?” asked Mary. “Well, I don't

believe I have,” said Uncle George, thoughtfully. “But run away to your mother now, for I am going out.” Uncle George went out, was gone a good while, but all the time he was thinking that, after all, perhaps he was not so well off if he had no treasures laid up in heaven, to be ready for him when he left this world and his money behind him. He was so impressed with the thought that he wisely determined to lay up treasures in heaven. He did so. Little Mary never knew until years after—when she also, with a clearer understanding of what it meant, began herself to lay up treasures in heaven—that it was her childish question that started Uncle George on a generous, active Christian life.—*Zion's Herald.*

ZALIM SINGH'S ARGUMENT.

ONE day, when Zalim Singh a Christian convert, was crossing the Ganges in the same boat with two Brahmins, they began to reproach him for having become a Christian.

“What do you know you ignorant fellow, of your own religion, or of Christianity?”

Zalim replied, “What you have said, *pundits*, about my ignorance, is all true; but whether I have acted foolishly in ceasing to worship my *thakur* (household idol) is another thing. I had a capital god at my house, he was beautifully made, and cost me some money, for the man who made him was a skilful workman, and I paid him handsomely. But, look here, *pundits*, suppose I had my *thakur* here in this boat, and in my left hand this little dog, and cast them both into the Ganges, what would become of them?”

The *pundits* were silent, but the people said, “Why, the god, being of stone, would sink, and the dog would swim ashore.”

“If so,” the Christian replied, “then the dog must be greater than the god, for he can save himself, which the god cannot do. Do not expect me, *pundits*, to worship a god which is inferior to a dog. No; I will no longer worship a stone, but I will worship Him who made the stone. I worship the Lord Jesus, who died for me, and Him only will I serve.”

CHILD LIFE IN BRAZIL.

MR. H. H. SMITH gives the following account of child life in the villages of Brazil:—

“The children get few caresses, and give none. There is nothing of that overflow of tenderness, that constant watchful care, that sheds such a halo around our homes. The babes vegetate in their steady, brown fashion, seldom crying or laughing, but lying all day in their hammock cradles, and watching everything around them with keen eyes. As soon as the little boys and girls can toddle about, they are left pretty much to themselves, tumbling up the back stairs of life on a diet of mandioca meal and fish.

The parents seldom punish the children, for they are very docile. When they do the little ones pucker up their mouths and look sullen. Pleasure is expressed by a smile—among the girls often by a broad grin with a abundant show of the teeth—but a hearty laugh is a rarity.