

over the field. Hundreds of tame crows were flying about, often alighting on the backs of the cows or goats, and contentedly sitting there for some time. Now and then I met a snail, plodding along so slowly, with his house on his back, that I had to stop and watch him, to be sure he was moving at all. Then there were several mounds that had been thrown up by the white ants. There were clumps of cacti, some of them higher than my head.

I passed quite near two wells,—very large, deep, dark wells, having round or square curbs, sometimes two or three feet high, made of bricks and mortar. Many people come to these wells to draw water. They have a kind of earthen jar, which they let down by a long rope, and then draw up again with their hands. (Ask your mother to tell you about "Jesus at the well," next Sunday. Jacob's well was, no doubt, much like these we see here.) Thus far in my walk, all the sights have been pleasant ones; but, as I came near Dr. Bachelor's house, I saw a very sad sight. Just outside the gate were more than twenty miserable looking men and women, with long, uncombed hair, and no clothing except a strip of dirty, ragged cotton cloth wrapped around their thin bodies. Some of them imploringly stretched towards me their thin, long, bony hands, and said some strange words which I could not understand; but I knew they were begging me to give them some *piece*.

I hurried on into the house, and found Mrs. Bachelor, who told me that some of these people were very old, while others were lame or blind, or disabled in some way, so they could not work. When poor people can no longer work, their condition is very bad in this country. Even their own children will not give them enough to eat and wear, and are glad when they die. One of the ways in which good Dr. Bachelor is laying up treasures in heaven, is by giving something to help the suffering people. Every Monday morning they come, and a very little and very good old woman, by the name of Chandu Ma, is allowed the pleasure of giving each one of them a *piece*. A *piece* is only a little more than half a cent, but it is enough to buy one good meal of rice, which, you know, is what the people here live upon almost wholly.

This Chandu Ma—"dear old saint," Mrs. B. calls her,—was once a heathen woman, and worshipped idols; but she has a little granddaughter who was in Miss Crawford's school, and there learned to pray to the true God. This little girl died when only twelve years old, but, before she died, she told her grandmother about Jesus, the blessed Saviour, and made her promise to become a Christian. She did become an earnest Christian, and has ever since done all she could to help the mission work.—*Missionary Helper*.

A Lesson for Children.

A grain of corn an infant's hand
May sow upon an inch of land.
Whence twenty stalks may rise and yield
Enough to crop a little field.

The harvest of that field may then
Be multiplied by ten times ten,
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread
Wherewith an army might be fed.

A penny is a little thing,
Which e'en a poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.

As sown! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a millionfold;
For mark—a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.

That soul, could scarce be saved alone
Its bliss, I trust, it would make known;
"Come," it would say, "and you shall see
What great things God has done for me."

Hundreds the joyful sound might hear,
Hear with the heart as well as ear;
And these to hundreds more proclaim,
Salvation through the only Name.

That only Name, above, below,
Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know,
That every tongue and tribe may call
On Jesus Christ as Lord of all.

MONTGOMERY.

What We May Bring.

The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King,
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him.
At home, at school, at play;
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to our King,
And these the gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

From *Little Helpers*.

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