

ing up his tattered trousers with the other, at every step.

But I must not make my letter longer. When we left it was after six, and not more than half the animals had yet been blessed.

Some other time I will tell you about the witches and the evil-eye, if you think it would be interesting.

A HEAVY HEARTED MOTHER.

The one of whom I am going to tell you lives in Mexico, and her story is given in a young people's paper called "*Children's Work for Children*."

"There she sits by the roadside to rest after tramping weary miles to sell a broom which she has made. Her baby is tied to her back. It maybe she hoped to sell the broom for enough money to pay for the christening of her child, but she finds she only has three reals, (36 cents), and the rich priest says, "No, I can not do it for less than four reals, (50 cents), and remember if your babe dies it will be forever lost."

Poor, sad mother! How wearily she turns to trudge the long miles back to her little grass hut, or it may be, to the little hole dug in the side of a hill, with not even a bed of straw to rest her weary limbs upon; only the hard, cold, and often during the rainy season, very damp earth for a sleeping-place. The poor home has not a chair, or table, or anything that we would think absolutely necessary to make a home.

The child sickens; do you wonder the poor mother is almost beside herself lest he should die before the sacred rite could be performed? For, you know she fully believes those dreadful words of the priest that her baby must be forever lost if it dies before the poor mother can bring money enough to pay for having it baptized.

The poor woman gathers some wild *tunas* (fruit of the cactus), and accompanied by the father with his bundle of charcoal, they trudge the weary road again to the city to find the priest, but before the

journey ends the baby dies. Oh! how those dreadful words of the priest ring in their ears. "*forever lost! forever lost!*"

How sad the darkness of these poor mothers. On another page you will read what the gospel has done for little girls. Here we see what it does for mothers, making them glad as they hear the voice of Jesus say, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

Some of our young readers may be familiar with the following lines by Dr. Norman McLeod but they will be new to many. Commit them to memory. They will make a good recitation for school or mission band.

"Courage brother do not stumble
Though thy path be dark as night
There's a star to guide the humble
'Trust in God and do the right.'

Though the road be long and dreary
And the goal be out of sight
Foot it bravely, strong or weary
'Trust in God and do the right.'

Fly all forms of guilty passion
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Heed no custom, school or fashion,
'Trust in God and do the right.'

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight
Cease from man and look above thee
'Trust in God and do the right.'

Simple rule and surest guiding
Inward peace and outward light
Star upon our path abiding,
'Trust in God and do the right.' "

Anticipated sorrows are harder to bear than real ones, because Christ does not promise to support us under them.