

he lives an impure and wicked life, he will in the next stage be born as one of the lower animals. This transmigration of souls is the common belief throughout the greater portion of Asia.

It is easy to see how this faith leads to kindness to animals, and, on the part of many, to a refusal to kill any living creature. A cow or a dog or a snake may possibly be no other than one's father or mother or child, who has died and passed into this new form. Gautama ordered that no animals should ever be killed.

The results of the Buddhist faith in India and Japan and China have not been at all what Gautama expected. Practically the people believe in no God, and their theories about the practice of self-denial and all the virtues have not prevailed over their sinful inclinations. His religion points to no Saviour outside of one's self, and without such a Saviour, as all history shows men are helpless.

Many beautiful Buddhist temples are found in Ceylon, Burma, Japan, and China. Some gigantic images of Buddha have been reared. He is generally represented as seated on a lotus-flower, with his eyes half closed, and his hands folded, in an attitude of calm meditation.—*Mission Dayspring*.

LOW KITTY DID IT.

Kitty's mother went to a missionary meeting, and Kitty wanted to go too. Her mother said, "Kitty you had better form a society of your own."

So Kitty went to see Minnie and Fannie and Jennie and Nellie. They said they would come Wednesday at three o'clock.

Wednesday came; but Minnie concluded to go skating, the ice was so good; so she didn't come.

Fannies's sister's baby came to her house for a visit; so she thought she must stay at home and play with it.

Jennie believed she had a headache, and she'd go next time; besides, she had a new story book she wanted to read.

Nellie got started, but met Madge Grey, who didn't approve of missionary societies; so they went down town and bought some candy with the penny Nellie was going to take to the society.

Kitty waited, but no one came: so she thought, "Well, I'll be the society." So she read and prayed and sang, and took up a collection.

The collection was the great thing. Kitty didn't know what to do with it.

It amounted to just five cents. Kitty's mother said she thought it had better go to India; it might buy a book for some one. So the collection of the "one-member society" went to India. The missionary lady knew Kitty; so she bought a Tamil book and gave it to a Hindu man. He threw it in the street going home; but another heathen picked it up and read it and learned to love Jesus. So Kitty's society was a success. I think a society with one member who does something is much better than a society with a hundred members who never come, and don't do anything. What do you think children? If the other girls won't come, have a "one-member society."—*Selected*.

THE MANGS.

One of the lowest tribes of the many kinds and sorts of people who live in Hindostan are called Mangs. They live in the woods, or just outside of villages, earning their living as best they can. Poor things! Nobody tries to make them better. Indeed, they are so looked down upon, that their own countrymen feel polluted by their very touch. Do you know what polluted means?

Christians do not feel so. Christians are interested in them, and wish to make them good men and women.

A USEFUL ERRAND.

Bertie is a little boy who had a bad way of saying, "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him, "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?"

"O yes, ma'am!" cried Bertie; "what is it?"

"Take your naughty 'don't care' away up in the garret and hide it."

Bertie laughed and then looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Auntie Nell." And away he ran.

I think he must have hidden it very carefully, for he hasn't found it yet.—*Chris. Observer*.

"THAT'S NOTHING."

A Christian negro, speaking one day at the coffee-rooms in Calcutta, said, "I love Jesus. He has saved me, and I love to try and save others and bring them to Jesus. I go out with a bundle of tracts and give them away to anybody who will take them. Of course I get jeers and sneers, but that don't matter—that's nothing."