

passed before the deaconess, busy with many duties, could go to his poor home to inquire for him, and then she found him dying with diphtheritic croup. Sorrowfully she stood by the unconscious little form, expecting every hard drawn breath would be his last. Suddenly the great black eyes opened, and, as he recognized his friend a wonderful smile broke over the little face.

"Yer was so good to me!" he whispered hoarsely, and was gone.—Deaconess Advocate.

MAKING AN IDOL

I once saw in a village in India, writes a missionary, the village carpenter making a god.

The whole scene is exactly copied in the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah—so exactly that the prophet must have seen in Palestine hundreds of years ago what I saw in India eight years ago.

The people had gone to the forest jungle and selected a suitable tree, and sawed the stump the proper length, and hauled it to the village square. It had been roughly squared with an adze. The carpenter sat on the ground, a board of moist red clay beside him, and a pair of rude compasses in his hand.

He drew a circle to represent the head, the upper and lower parts of the body, and the feet, using his finger, dipped in the red clay, for his pencil. The figure was like what I have seen small boys draw on their slates.

Then he took his ax and began chipping at the wood.

The women came and gathered up the chips, and when the evening came they lit up their fires and cooked their bread, using these wood chips as their fuel.

I saw some boys creep up and run off with some of the chips and splinters of wood. They went to where the tall tamarind trees stood, and kindled little fires in the angles of the great roots.

Then I saw all the village boys run across the squares to the fires, and heard them shouting in Marathi, "Aha, I see a fire; I'll get warm!" It was during the cold, rainy season.

Now, will you read the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah? You will find all that described there. With part of the wood they baked bread, and with part they made a fire to warm themselves, and with the rest they made a god. Yet the people of India, and of other pagan countries, worship these false gods as blindly as of old.

HOW HE WON A VICTORY.

John "lived out." Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm away up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood box, and saw that the postage stamp was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done its duty, and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim that time," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself on my next letter, and save a penny."

He moistened it at the nose of the tea-kettle, and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know it."

"But you know," said his conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that he judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John, faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience. "God will know it, and he, you will remember, desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried the best part of John's character. "Yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp a second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds; and so he won a victory. Wasn't it worth winning? It is often such little tests as these that reveal character.—*The Children's Friend*.

A SONG OF SERVICE,

Sing a song of children,
Happy as can be,
Working for the missionaries
Over 'cross the sea;
Yes, and for the wee ones,
Unloved and alone,
Who are bowing down to idols
Made of wood and stone,
Sing about the Mission Bands,
Oh, let your voices ring!
For little hands and hearts are joined
In service to our King.

—*Children's Missionary Friend*.