

pushing him on to leave his idols and become a Christian ; that he felt afraid of his friends persecuting him and making fun of him, many a time, and so held back. But still, he says, this invisible person kept behind him, pushing him on till at last he did come out as a Christian.'

As they talk the missionary opens a door and Dick steps inside. Among a class of children stands a tall young native with an open Bible in his hand. He, too, was dressed in black ; he had no feathers in his hair or rings on his feet, and no red pictures could be seen on his face, and hands. Yet, Dick, hardly pausing a moment, steps up to him and, holding out his hand, says, 'So here you are at last.' The two men gaze at each other for a minute. Through the open door come the shouts of the heathen mob and a cry of wailing as they call, 'O Ram, hear us!' A party of Christian girls pass in from the street, and as they close the door, in sweet children's voices the hymn rises,

'Jesus loves me, this I know.'

Then the young man said, with a happy smile, as he clasped again Dick's hand, 'So it has been you who have been pushing me in here all the time. I'm so glad you kept on for so many years; I can never thank you enough.' Then kneeling down they both thanked God together.

### The Beach Picnic.

Bertie looked over the back-yard fence with his face all aglow with smiles, and there was Pearl sitting in a disconsolate bunch under the apple tree, with her face all streaky with tears.

'Why, what's the matter?' said Bertie.

As soon as Pearl could control her feelings sufficiently to answer she said:

'I have to stay all alone to-day, except for Maggie, and she never talks to me. Mamma and papa are going away for all day, Bertie—just think of it!—and they are not going to take me.'

'I'll stay with you,' said Bertie, bravely.

'O, do you s'pose you can stay all day, and for lunch and everything?' cried Pearl, anxiously.

'I'll ask my mother,' said Bertie, and vanished.

Bertie's mother said 'Yes,' and

Pearl's mother said she would be very glad to have Bertie come and keep her lonely little girl company.

So Bertie went upstairs to select his most amusing games. From the window he saw Pearl's mother and father drive away ; and who was that coming up the road in a smart dog-cart ? It stopped in front of the house, Bertie flew downstairs and met Uncle George at the front door.

'Hello, youngster!' he said, 'I wonder if you know of a boy that would like to go down to the beach to spend the day. I've got Star and the dog-cart out here all ready.'

'O Uncle George, I want to go! May I, please, mother?' But as he turned round to his mother he remembered. His face grew very sober. 'I can't go, Uncle George,' he said.

'Why not?' said Uncle George, in surprise.

'Because I promised to stay with Pearl.'

'That's my little man,' said mother, smiling. 'Never break a promise for any pleasure.'

Then Bertie swallowed the lump coming up in his throat, and smiled too.

Uncle George stayed a few minutes later; and then drove away alone, and Bertie put his games under his arm and went away to Pearl's house. They sat on the piazza and played games; then they swung in the hammock, and afterward built a fort in the sandpile. The cook had the nicest kind of a little lunch ready for them. Then they had the whole afternoon to look at Pearl's books, and to play the most delightful romping games on the big lawn. And all this time Bertie, like the true little gentleman he was, never said a word about the pleasure he had given up to stay with Pearl.

When Pearl's father and mother returned, he packed up his games and said good-by with a smiling face; he was a trifle sober during the supper-hour, but that was all.

It was about a week later, that Aunt Lulu, Uncle George's sister, drove up to the gate in the same dear little dog-cart. There was a great suggestive picnic-basket in the cart.

'Bertie,' she said to the little boy who raced down to the gate to meet her, 'your Uncle George and I are going to have a picnic on the beach

to-day, and we would like to have you come too. And do you think your little neighbor Pearl would like to go with us?'

How Bertie rushed off to ask his mother, and to find Pearl and ask her mother! Those two children hurried so, that in less than half an hour they were on their way to the beach. And the picnic—the romp with Uncle George, Aunt Lulu's stories, the delightful lunch, the wonderful shells they found—in short, there never was such a picnic before, and never can be another one unless it is exactly like it. — Zella M. Walters, in the 'Christian Standard.'

### Naming the Baby.

In some countries curious customs prevail in regard to selecting a name for the baby. A Hindu baby is named when it is twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother. In that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns brightest is the one given to the child.

In an Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles. To each of these they give a name, one of the three belonging always to some dignified personage. The candle that burns the longest determines the name of the baby.

The Mohammedans sometimes write desirable names on five strips of paper, these they place in the Koran. The name upon the slip first drawn out is given to the child.

The children of the Ainos, a people living in Japan, do not receive their names until they are five years old. It is the father who then chooses a name by which the child is afterwards called.

The Chinese give their babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are twenty years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, according to their birth.

Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls that, if you ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and a girl, how many children he has, he will always reply, 'Only one child.'—Detroit 'Free Press.'