

frequently ask their parents and teachers. A missionary in China writes :

Come and I will take you to one of their great, gloomy temples—not on Sunday, for there is no Sunday or day of rest in China, but on the first of the fifteenth of the month, for these are the dates upon which the people usually visit the temples.

We must go up a flight of wide stone steps at the entrance, and as we enter we shall see two tall images with very ugly faces and brilliantly painted coats, which are called "Guardians of the Gate."

Walking on into the temple, which looks dull and shadowy in the dim light, we shall come to the shrine of the great idol in whose honor the temple was built. A number of other images are ranged around it. They are the servants of the god, and large rings of incense are burning before it. In some temples Buddhist priests sit in rows repeating in a sort of chant words of prayer which they do not understand at all.

The mothers bring their little children forward and teach them to clasp their hands and bow down, knocking their heads to the ground as they worship the senseless idol. If it is the first time, the children are afraid, and sometimes say: "I can't do it; I never shall do it." Then they watch closely while their mothers once more show them how it is done. Afterwards they are sometimes rewarded with little presents, which they are told have been given them by the idol. But if they are terrified and afraid to worship, they are told stories of the terrible things that happen to people who do not ask the protection of the ugly idols.

Sometimes, soon after children have been worshipping at the temple, they will fall ill, or some accident will happen to them. Then the parents immediately fancy the child has offended the god, and do all they can to make it forget its anger.

One night, when we were coming home from a week-night service, we passed a temple brightly lighted up, and we turned aside to see the people bending there. Two men were devoutly burning incense and paper money, and their faces were very sad. When they had finished, we asked why they had come to the temple at so late an hour. With a very anxious face the elder of the two men said: "It is just three days now since I, with my only son, came here to worship. On my way home my little boy had a serious fall, which has injured him severely. He is now very ill, and I fear may not recover. I am sure he has

offended the god, and so I have brought large quantities of paper money and am sacrificing at this shrine, hoping his anger may be turned away and my child will recover."

What a blessed work it is to tell these poor deluded people that there is a Father in heaven who loves all his children, and thus turn their minds from idol worship to the worship of the only true God!—Chinese Homes.

## TWO OFFERINGS.

I didn't think I could do it  
When first he told me to,  
For I love my precious dolly,  
And she is almost new.  
But dear me! Uncle Joe knows how  
To talk until you feel  
As if you'd give your money, and  
A part of every meal.

He knows about the Jews, you see,  
And how they brought the Lord  
The first and best of all their fruits  
According to His word.  
That must have been so beautiful—  
Those harvest-offerings!  
Well, Uncle Joe he talked until  
I brought all my things,  
To see which I would send away,  
To the Chinese, in the box,  
And he said my best doll,—blue-eyed,  
Red-checked, with curling locks.

I said: "Do you give what you like,  
The very bestest best?  
And do you 'make a sacrifice'  
As you tell all the rest?"  
And he said, yes, he always gave  
To help along the cause,  
But as he had no fields or fruits  
He couldn't keep Jewish laws.

Now, Uncle Joe is very good,  
But he does love cigars!  
He smokes on the piazza till  
He almost hides the stars.  
So then I said: "If you'll give up  
Cigars and pipes and all,  
And give the money to the Lord,  
Why, then, I'll send my doll!"

Then Uncle Joe looked sober, for  
You see he loved them so.  
I said, "Oh, now you see what 'tis  
To let my dolly go!"  
I thought he would not do it,  
But by and by he said:  
"I think you're right. I'll drop cigars  
And give their cost instead!"

So now my dolly's going,  
And Uncle Joe—just hear!—  
Will give 'most seventy dollars  
To missions every year!  
And mamma says she's very glad  
About the way I spoke,  
Since Uncle Joe has offered up  
His sacrifice of smoke!

—The Missionary Messenger.