

## Our Young Folks.

### A HINDU GIRL LOOKING FOR JESUS.

Stolen from her home, a Hindu girl was carried to Calcutta, where she was sold as a slave. A rich Mohammedan lady bought her, and, as she was very pretty, brought her up as a companion and plaything.

She had a happy life for years, until, one day, it came into her mind that she was a sinner, and needed to be saved from sin. Her kind mistress, to divert her mind, sent for the rope dancers, the jugglers, the serpent charmers, and all the amusements of which she was fond, but the little girl was as sad as ever.

Since she had lived in Calcutta, she had become a Mohammedan instead of a worshipper of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, and so the lady brought her a Mohammedan priest to comfort her. But though she recited long prayers in an unknown tongue, five times a day, with her head bowed towards Mecca, her trouble was not removed. After three weary years of waiting, the girl went to a Brahmin for relief, hoping, if she returned to the faith of her fathers, to find peace.

At first the Brahmin cursed her in the name of his god; but as she offered him money, he promised to give her all the help he could. Every morning, he told her, she must bring to the temple an offering of fruit and flowers to Vishnu, and every week a kid of the goats for a bloody sacrifice.

In India every flower has its own meaning, and the flowers that this poor girl brought to lay upon the altar meant a bleeding heart. She was so worried and troubled that after a while she became quite ill. Ah, if she had but known, as you and I do, of the One who came to bind up the broken spirit, and who alone could give her rest and pardon?

At last she happened to pass a beggar in the street one day. You would have thought he was a strange looking beggar, with his turban wound around with strings of beads, his ragged clothes, his pipe and his wooden bowl. She had never seen just such a beggar before, and as she dropped a little coin into his wooden bowl, she said, almost as if thinking aloud: "Ah, if even you could but tell me where I might find salvation!"

The beggar started.

"I have heard that word before," he said.

"Where? where?" she asked. "I am sick, and I am afraid I am going to die, and what will become of me?"

The poor man told her of a place where rice was given to the poor.

"I have heard it there," he said, "and they tell me of one Jesus Christ who can give salvation."

"He must be the one I want; take me to Him!" she urged.

"I do not know where Christ Jesus lives," answered the beggar, "but I can tell you of a man who does know;" and he told her of a Brahmin who had given up his gods, and was now a teacher of the new religion.

Weak and ill as she was, the Hindu girl started on her search that very evening. She went from house to house inquiring: "Where is the man who will tell me where to find Jesus Christ?"

No one knew, until, as she was about to give it up, she was shown to the house she sought, and met the teacher on the verandah. She burst into tears as she cried:

"Are you the one who can lead me to Jesus? Oh, take me to Him, for I am going to die; and what shall I do if I die without salvation?"

The good man took her into his house, and heard her sorrowful story.

"Now," she cried: "you know all, and where Jesus is, and I cannot wait longer to see Him." And how do you think the teacher led her to the Saviour, who she hoped was waiting for her in that very house? He knelt down beside her, and besought the dear Lord to open her eyes that she might see and believe in Him who was ready to give the salvation for which she longed. And, as he prayed, the truth was revealed. She saw the Son of God; and the Shepherd, who for so long had sought His child, folded her to His bosom, and she was at rest.

It mattered little, now, whether life or death were her portion. She had found Jesus, forgiveness and peace, and henceforth all things were hers.

### THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Into her chamber went  
A little girl one day,  
And by a chair she knelt,  
And thus began to pray:  
"Jesus, my eyes I close,  
Thy form I cannot see;  
If Thou art near me, Lord,  
I pray Thee, speak to me."  
A still, small voice she heard within her soul—  
"What is it, child? I hear thee; tell the whole."

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,  
"That Thou wilt condescend  
To tarry in my heart  
And ever be my friend.  
The path of life is dark,  
I would not go astray;  
O let me have Thy hand  
To lead me in Thy way."  
"Fear not; I will not leave thee, child alone."  
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all  
The living pass away;  
The aged soon must die,  
And even children may.  
Oh let my parents live  
Till I a woman grow;  
For if they die, what can  
A little orphan do?"  
"Fear not, my child; whatever ill may come,  
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,  
And from her chamber now  
She passed forth, with the light  
Of heaven upon her brow.  
"Mother, I've seen the Lord;  
His hand in mine I've felt,  
And oh, I heard Him say:  
As by my chair I knelt:  
'Fear not, my child; whatever ill may come,  
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home.'"

### THE CROSS BOX.

It was a rainy day and all the children had to stay in the house. Ned had planned to go fishing and Johnny wanted to set up a windmill he had made. Susie wanted to gather her flower seeds and Pet was anxious to hunt for her white kitten in the barns.

So all were disappointed and before night they had become cross and peevish and snappish. Mamma called them all to her and talked very gravely.

They were quiet for a while after it. In a half-hour Ned brought a small box and showed his mother. He had cut a little hole in the top just large enough to let a cent through, and under it were the words "Cross Box."

"Look, mamma," he said; "supposing whenever any of us speak cross we make ourselves pay a cent for a fine? Susie and Johnny and Pet are so cross it would be a good thing. We'll try who can keep out of the box the longest."

Mamma laughed and said it might be a very good plan if they all agreed to it; but if they did agree they must do as they promised.

"I'll agree," said Susie; "I'm not going to be cross any more."

"And I," said Johnny.

"And I," added Pet.

"What shall we do with the money?" asked Susie.

"We'll buy a magic lantern," replied Ned.

"No, we'll buy a whole lot of candy," said Johnny.

"No," added Susie, "we'll send it for a bed in the Children's Hospital."

"I tell you," said Ned angrily, "if you don't do as I want to, I'll pitch the box out of the window."

"Where's your penny, Ned?" asked mamma.

Ned looked very foolish, but brought the first penny and dropped it into the box.

Mamma thought the box really did some good. The children learned to watch against getting angry, and little lips would be shut tight to keep ugly words from coming through.

When school began they were so busy that the box was forgotten. Weeks later mamma was putting a closet in order one Saturday. "Here's the Cross Box," she said.

"I'm going to see how much money there is," cried Ned. "Seventeen cents! That's enough to buy lemons and nuts and play peanut stand. Let's do it!"

"Oh!" said Susie, "there goes poor little lame Jimmy. I think it would be nice to give it to him."

"I say—" whimpered Pet.

"I won't," whined Johnny.

"I—" No one knows what Ned was going to say in a very crabbed voice, for just then he clapped one hand on his mouth and with the other held up a warning finger.

"Look out," he half-whispered, "or there will be four more cents in the Cross Box for lame Jimmy."

### GETTING THE WORST.

A boy came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not want some berries, for he had been all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cage on the porch.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but I may cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it!" said the lady; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think that would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals or does anything wrong or mean just to gain a few pennies or a few dollars loads himself down with a sin which is worse than all the gain. Let this be borne in mind: The one who does a wrong to another always gets the worst of it.

WAN SIN LEE, a Chinaman, who has saved over \$15 000 in the laundry business, has applied for admission to Cornell University. He has been converted to Christianity, and intends to go as a missionary to China.