

mothers never tell them Bible stories as yours do. When they are naughty they don't kneel down and ask God to forgive them for Jesus' sake. Is not this sad?

But now I must tell about some children who are allowed to go to school until they are twelve years old. Every day an old woman goes to their house to fetch them. Then they put on a funny white cloak, which covers the head and leaves only a sort of thick veil over the eyes to see through. These children are poorer than the others I was telling you about, and so their parents allow them to go to school for a few years. In school they learn to read and write and do sums. They learn, besides, many hymns, such as, 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' and many such texts as, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' They do like so much hearing stories about Jesus; but when they go home their fathers are angry and tell them not to hear about Him.

There is one dear little lame girl, and how do you think she gets to school every day? She sits on the ground and crawls all the way! Think of that! If you had to crawl on your hands to school, how often would you go? And she is such an industrious little girl; she always knows her lessons.

There is something you can all do for the children in this distant land, and that is—pray for them. Will you? Just ask the Lord Jesus to put His love into their hearts, because He says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.'

ROB'S VACATION.



MHOT August afternoon. Every one in the great retail store of Drayton & Co. looked dull and listless. There was only one theme of conversation—vacations, and how they were to be spent. The members of the firm were thoughtful Christian gentlemen, so even the cash-boys had their turn of freedom with the rest. Two of them were earnestly talking in a corner, about the pleasures in store for them.

"I'm going to my grandmother's down on Long Island," said Willie Bent, a sickly-looking child of ten. "It's just the splendidst place you ever saw, only one-half a mile from the Sound, and I spend all my time, except eating and sleeping, on the beach. The great waves come rolling in, and the air smells so good. Oh, it's just grand!" he said, drawing a very long breath. "I do wish I was there now. You see, my grandfather has a farm down there, and drives up to market with vegetables. Next week I'll ride back with him; that'll be as nice as any other part of it. Now, tell me where you are going, Rob."

"I've got an uncle that keeps a boat house down on Coney Island. He said I might come down there if I'd help him with the boats. I can go sailing and fishing, and I guess I'll have a good time."

"Of course you will, and week after next will soon be here."

Before it came, though, Rob had a letter from Willie's grandmother. Willie was sick—had been sick abed for two days, but was up then. The doctor said he ought not to go to work for at least two weeks; would Rob ask if Willie might stay?

Rob asked. Either of the partners would have granted the request if made directly to him, but the gentleman who held authority over the cash-boys, was a stern man, who suspected every one of shirking, and he refused to believe the story of Willie's illness; so the favor was not granted. Rob studied the matter. There was only one way to give Willie the needed rest. Could he give up his own vacation? He thought not; then wavered; then decided that, hard as it was, it must be done. Not until Willie returned well and strong did he learn of Rob's sacrifice; then, without a word to Rob, he went to Mr. Drayton and told him the whole story. The gentleman summoned the generous boy to his private office, and asked him why he had been willing to give up so much.

"Well, you see, sir, Willie and me's always been chums, and—and—it was sort of doing as I'd be done by, you know."

"Yes, I know; and now, Rob, I'll do so, too, and you may have the fortnight's vacation you have nobly earned."—*Selected.*

BRAVE LITTLE MARION.



MNE of the most heroic acts performed during the revolution, when the whole nation rose to a high plane of heroism, was that of a child in South Carolina. During the investment of Charleston the country north of Cooper's River was ravaged by Colonel Tarleton and the British. Some of his men reached the plantation of Mr. Robert Gibbes at night, and after killing the cattle and shooting down the terrified negroes, proceeded to shell the house. Mr. Gibbes was a helpless cripple, whose wife had recently died. His oldest daughter, Marion, a little girl of thirteen, with the help of one or two house servants, carried her father and younger sisters to a place of safety in the swamp. She then discovered that the baby, her cousin, a boy two years old, had been left behind. The house was in flames. The shells were falling thick upon it. The field between her and it was filled with drunken, riotous soldiers. But she did not hesitate. She kissed her father, and with a gulp of terror darted towards the house. A soldier caught her. "Where are you going?" he demanded. "For our baby!" breaking loose. The men stopped firing. As she entered the house the walls began to crumble and the flames shot high above the roof. But in a moment she reappeared with a white bundle in her arms. Tradition says that Tarleton's men cheered her loudly as she ran back to the swamp. She was badly burned, but recovered and lived to be one of the