

important cities are Catbalogan, capital of Samar, and Saro, in the island of Panay; the latter has a factory of silk and China grass textures, and 17,000 inhabitants.

The population of the Philippine Islands is almost wholly composed of Malays (natives) and Chinese, with a small proportion of half-breeds and whites from the Spanish peninsula, whose total number does not reach 60,000. It can even be affirmed that



A CAVITE MAIDEN.

the latter hold sway only in towns and cities of the seaboard, while the natives are masters throughout all the territory in the interior of the islands, the Spaniards numbering only 20,000.

Mamie's Work.

(Cora Willsey, A. B.)

It was a pleasant Saturday afternoon in early springtime, and Dame Nature seemed to be in one of her happiest moods. The sun smiled benignly down upon the tender buds and soft, green grass, and with his admiring glances set all the spring flowers to blushing. The birds sang merrily as they hopped from branch to branch in the old maple in search of the best places to build their little nests.

Seated by an open window of a beautiful house in the little suburban town of Mason, with the open bible in her lap, was Mamie Preston, only daughter of Dr. Preston, the most celebrated physician in his native town. A frown rested upon her usually cheerful face, and her deep blue eyes wore an anxious, questioning look. She glanced at her bible and read aloud these words: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'

'Oh, how I wish,' said Mamie, 'that my life was not hemmed in by such narrow boundaries! If I could only be a missionary, and teach the little children in India or China the precious truths that I teach my little juniors, I should be happy. I should feel as if I were really doing God's work. There seems to be no chance for me to work for my Saviour. If mamma had lived—and here a tear dropped upon the open bible, and the look of pained perplexity deepened on the anxious face.

A door opened and closed, and unheeded by his sister Harry Preston entered the room. 'What, Mame,' he cried, in a bright, strong, cheery voice, 'moping this bright afternoon? Has not Mother Nature the power to drive away the sulks?' Then, as he noticed Mamie's anxious face, he came to her side and placed his arm around her, for this brother and sister were very dear to each other, and asked her to tell him what

caused her to look so unhappy. Instead of answering, Mamie pointed to the verse she had just been reading.

Harry read the verse indicated, and then, sitting down by his sister's side and holding her hand in his said: 'I am going to tell you, Mamie, about a picture that I saw when I was in Europe last year with Uncle Horace.

'In one of the galleries of southern Italy, surrounded by gems of art, some of them thousands of years old, is a beautiful picture of the "Holy Family." This picture, which no one has ever attempted to criticize, much less to copy, is made of mosaics, some of them not more than a quarter of an inch in circumference. Yet so perfect is their union, such refined taste and delicate touch have been used in combining them, that the most perfect harmony has been produced. It seems to hold imprisoned the dazzling rays of the sunlight, and to unite with them the delicate shadings of the rainbow.

'Thousands have stood before this picture in awe and admiration; yet no artist, by the cunning use of his brush, has ever attempted to equal it; no poet, with fine imagery and beautiful language, has ever tried to describe it.

'But, Mamie, beautiful as this picture is, should one of these little mosaics be removed from its place, or should the bits of mosaic be changed in any way, the harmony of the whole picture would be destroyed and its beauty lost.

'So it is with God's world, little sister. He has placed us here, each in the place he is best fitted for, and we cannot change our position without marring God's divine plan. We must do our duty, day by day, and leave the results with God. Remember these words, Mamie dear:

"If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If when fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead."

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

Mamie looked up, smiling through tears, and said: 'Thank you, Harry. After this when I am tempted to murmur because I cannot do some great thing for Christ, I will think of the mosaics in the beautiful picture. And now I must set to work in earnest to prepare the missionary lesson for my juniors for to-morrow.'

Harry left the room, but just before closing the door looked back and said: 'I forgot to tell you, Mamie, that Dr. Strong, who visited your junior league last Sunday, said that you had the best league in the state, and that the talent you have for interesting and instructing children is one of God's choicest gifts.'

Mamie bowed her head in silent thanksgiving to God for having shown her her work, and Harry, passing the room a few moments later, heard her singing:

'Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.'
—Michigan 'Advocate.'

Bad thoughts are worse enemies even than are tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your hearts so full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may not find room.—'Good Cheer.'

A Fortunate Boy.

(By Anna Sprague Packard, in 'The Independent.')

'Is that all, Max?' and the man halted, with his queer oilcloth-covered bundle, and looked back at the motionless figure on the bed.

'Yes, daddy, I could not be more comfortable. Don't worry a bit about me. The pain will be gone before long, and perhaps I'll see the sun at noon,' and the weak little voice was so full of gayety that the words seemed sung rather than spoken.

The father put down his bundle—from which proceeded a flutter and whirr—and stepped into his boy's range of vision. The man was a sad-faced, gentle-eyed creature, stooped and aged prematurely, with that hunted, deprecatory look which constant poverty sometimes brings to a sensitive soul. He seemed apologizing for being alive. He was wretchedly dressed, but not in rags. The thin, old coat bore many a patch. As he looked at the boy, a light, so faint and tender that one could hardly define it, stole over his weary face. It was more like reflected sunshine than sunshine itself.

On the miserable bed lay Max, in a surgical frame, which made rigid every part of his body but his arm. The headpiece was like a cage, from which the face looked forth; but such a face! Framed in thick, golden hair, which half-concealed the cruel iron, the first impression was so joyous a one that it was only after a time one saw the pallor, the waste, the pinched nose and the circles around the blue eyes. Such merriment in the eyes, such darting, glancing smiles as ran over the face! His very curls seemed to laugh. Over the two, thin quilts was spread an overcoat; for the garret was cold, although it was April. The room sloped steeply on both sides, and was lighted by a small glass suttle in the roof. It was uncarpeted, and almost wholly unfurnished. Standing on boxes on the floor and hanging from the roof were numerous cages, containing canaries. The boy's bed faced them and the light.

'Now, daddy, don't sell Mr. McGinty for less than eight dollars. We ought to get ten—dear, cunning Mr. McGinty!—but eight dollars will do. Go up to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and hang out the sign on the cage. Watch for ladies and children, and then call out—call loud, father:—'Here's your trick canary! Can climb a ladder, ring a bell, and draw his own water!' Follow them up, daddy, and don't be afraid. Remember the rent and all, and how we need the money.'

The father smiled at the eager, excited face, and for a moment looked hopeful.

'I'll do my best, Max; but I hate to take Mr. McGinty. You were such friends!'

'Nonsense, daddy; but there was a slight tremor in the voice which the ready laugh concealed. 'I can train another one. I have such lots of time!'

The father turned abruptly away and shouldered his birds again.

'I'll leave all the others at Wellman's, and if it rains, I'll work there through the day. Good-by' and the door closed gently.

Max shut his eyes tight, and listened to the retreating footsteps. Then, as two little tears ran down his cheeks, he said, softly, to his feathered friends:

'Well, that's over! Now we can begin to suppose. Suppose some nice little boy just about my age buys Mr. McGinty, and suppose he finds my note under his wing, and suppose he is always kind and good to him for my sake, and suppose Wellman sells all father's birds, and suppose we have so much money that we can pay all we owe, and buy Mrs. O'Grady a bonnet, and an