

de gwass—an'—an' me!"

He leaned back against his mother's breast, enfolded by her arms, and heaved a big sigh. He was tired out. It had been a very exciting day. As was usual when he was in a reflective mood, into his mouth went his chubby thumb.

This was a habit mother had determinedly set her face against. "Thumb! Thumb!" she cried, warningly. He withdrew it reluctantly.

"Why tant I?" he grumbled. "Because mother says 'No'. Thumbs are not for little boys' mouths."

The Sunday School lesson was still in his mind, and he brought his broadened knowledge to the controversy.

"What did Dod make fums for, den?" he demanded, rebelliously.

His mother hid a smile in his curls. Then her face grew bright with a new idea. Why, she had been grieving that the Sunday School lesson had taken the lesson out of her hands; while, in reality, it had given her a broader one. Hers was the sequel to the Sunday School lesson. A great truth followed naturally upon the knowledge that the all-kind Father had made everything good, the truth that these good things can be misused and so made evil.

And so, starting with his little thumb, the boy learned a wonderful lesson that day,—that he had his part in putting these good things God had made, to their proper uses, and that because the Creator had made his body, it was the temple of the living God. And the mother learned a lesson, too, that because her boy had entered Sunday School, her work in his religious training had grown broader and deeper.

Orillia, Ont.

What Jesus Would Say

By Rev. J. A. McKeen, B.A.

Not long ago, one of our ministers, in addressing an infant class, asked the children what they thought Jesus would say to them if they knocked at His door. A little girl said she thought Jesus would say, "Come in." "Why do you think that?" asked the

minister; and a small lad, with simplicity of heart, replied, "Because Jesus says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.'"

Orono, Ont.

Little Pearl

By Miss Jane M. Kinney, B.A.

In general, the life of Chinese girls, in comparison with that of little girls in Canada, is far from attractive. In Canada, the birth of a little girl is hailed with quite as much delight as that of a boy. And how often we see the baby girl petted and quite idolized by her parents and brothers. When old enough, she is sent to school and has advantages altogether equal to those of her brothers. But little Chinese girls are seldom so loved. Upon the birth of a son, all the neighbors and friends are eager to congratulate the happy parents. If a daughter, there are no congratulations, and almost a note of sorrow for a couple so afflicted.

Little Pearl was born into a Chinese home, but that home was Christian. Perhaps there was not the rejoicing there would have been, had it been a boy announced, but these parents were true disciples of Christ and had great faith in God. They believed He had given them this little daughter to nurture and train for Him, and cheerfully they set about the task. They showed their trust and gratitude from the first in calling her by a Chinese name which means Pearl.

Of a very mild and gentle disposition, but full of fun and frolic, little Pearl soon became quite a favorite in the family connection. But when about five years of age, she had a serious illness, which so affected the spine as to leave her quite a cripple, barely able to walk about. Pitiful was it to see her with back bent over and often suffering severe pain, moving slowly from chair to chair. But beautiful was it to see how ever gentler and more patient she grew. She usually bore the attacks of pain without a murmur.

How pleasing to hear her sweet and low voice gently singing,