



A KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

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BURMAH is not inhabited by the Burmese only. Beyond the Burmese cities, among the beautiful mountains and in jungle villages, dwell tribes of people called Karens. They were subdued long ago by the Burmese, and they have always been oppressed and ill-treated by their conquerors. Their religion is different from that of the Burmese, they speak a different language, and wear a different dress. The light bamboo hut and plaited-grass cradle and broad palm-leaf fan will be observed in the picture, also the pointed shoes and armlets of the mother. Much more than the proud Burmans, they have been willing to receive the Gospel of Christ, and many thousands of them are now followers of the Lord Jesus.

BETH IN THE TRUNK.

BETH wanted six warm doughnuts to have a tea-party with her dolls, and mamma thought one was enough.

"You don't understand, mamma," she said. "I wasn't wanting 'em for me, but five for the dollies and one for me."

"Ah! but I know how the dollies eat theirs, dear, and it won't do," answered mamma.

So Beth stuck her lips out and walked upstairs to the attic, where, in one corner, was a great trunk with big hole in one end. A few old, thin comforters were in the bottom, and five dollies were sitting on them in a row. Beth had put them there to punish them. "They fit so, I had to," she told mamma, but now she took them out.

"I think it's a great deal better for little children to have their own way," she said. "And as my mamma thinks different from that, I'll get in here my own self."

She climbed in, and in some way, bang! came down the heavy cover. Still, after a little, she decided it was not so bad, for she could breathe nicely through the hole in the end.

Mamma rang the lunch bell, but as no Beth came, she climbed the stairs to see what had become of her. All around the room she looked, and then she saw an apron string sticking out of the old trunk, so she opened it quickly.

"Well, well, dear little Lady Geneva, here you are," she said.

Beth opened her eyes, put up her arms to be taken out, and said: "No, I wasn't a lady, mamma, I was just a bad girl. And, mamma, one doughnut most made me sick, and just exposing I had eaten six!" "You said

some were for the dollies," said mamma.

"Well, I did try to purtend so, 'cause I was so greedy, but I thought it all straight in the trunk, 'fore I went to sleep, and—I'm sorry, mamuna, real."—*Youth's Companion*.

NOT AFRAID OF THE SNOW.

"I'm not afraid of the snow, ho, ho!
I'm not afraid of the snow,"

sang Jimmie as he raced out of doors, making deep tracks with his new fleeced-lined rubber boots in the pure, white snow.

"Well, I am," said a voice near by.

Jimmy turned quickly, and there, leaning over the gate, stood a boy about Jimmie's own age, shivering with cold. His feet were almost bare, so full of holes were the old, cut-down boots he wore; his thin, ragged jacket was pinned close up around the neck, because there were no buttons, and his breeches—no wonder the poor boy was afraid of the snow.

Jimmie's bright face was full of pity after that first look. "I say," he said, "you come into the house with me."

A half-hour later, the poor boy came out dressed in a full suit of Jimmie's clothes. He wasn't afraid of the snow any more, either.

A CLOSE OBSERVER.

RUFIE is five years old and has lately begun to go to school. One day his teacher was trying to teach the children the idea of self-reliance. "Your fathers and mothers work for you now," she said, "but what will you do after you are grown? Who will work for you then?" Rufie's hand was up instantly. "Wives o' course," he shouted.

THE FAIREST CHILD.

"In the green fields of Palestine,
By its fountains and its rills,
And by the sacred Jordan's stream,
And o'er the vine-clad hills.

"Once lived and roved the fairest child
That ever blessed the earth
The happiest, the holiest
That e'er had human birth.

"How beautiful his childhood was!
Harmless and undefiled;
Oh, dear to his young mother's heart
Was this pure, sinless child.

"Oh, is it not a blessed thought,
Children of earthly birth,
That once the Saviour was a child,
And dwelt upon the earth?"

ALICE'S RABBITS.

ONE day, Alice came running into the house, and said: "Mother, Jimmie Brown says I may have one of his rabbits, if you will let me. May I?"

Alice had no brother and no sister, and she was often a very lonely little girl. Her mother thought of that, so she decided to let Alice have her pet.

"You may have it if you can get a place to keep it."

"Jimmie says he can make a hutch out of those old boards, if we may have them."

"He is a very kind neighbour," answered mother, smiling. "He may have the boards if he is willing to take so much trouble for my little girl's pleasure."

After two hours' work, the little house was finished and the rabbit inside in her new home.

About three weeks afterward Alice came into the house with shining eyes. "Mother dear," she said, "there are five of the teentiest, little, funny baby bunnies you ever saw, out in the rabbit hutch. I'm so happy."

How those bunnies did grow! And how happy Alice was with them. She almost forgot to be lonely. Then too, Jimmie came over to see the bunnies every day, and he was almost as nice as a brother of her own.

COMING TO JESUS.

"MAMMA, our teacher said to us to-day that we must come to Jesus if we want to be saved; but how can I come to him when I cannot see him?"

"Did you not ask me to get you a drink of water last night?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Did you see me when you asked me?"

"No; but I knew you would hear me, and get it for me."

"Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see him, but we know that he is near us, and hears every word we say, and that he will get us what we need."