

WHO IS IT?

There is a little maiden --
 Who is she? do you know?
 Who has a hearty welcome
 Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,
 Her voice is like a bird's;
 The sweetest of all music
 Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,
 As if she were the sun;
 And she is sought and cherished
 And loved by every one;

By old folks and by children,
 By lofty and by low—
 Who is this little maiden?
 Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;
 You certainly can guess—
 What! must I introduce her?
 Her name is—Cheerfulness.

A VISIT TO A SUNDAY SCHOOL IN INDIA.

BY RENA CLIFTON.

I often think of the many pleasant hours I have passed in Sunday-schools in America, and think that home friends and others may be interested in hearing of the first one I attended in India.

Our vessel reached Bombay on the last Sabbath of last January at noon. We soon landed and enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Stone, the Methodist Episcopal missionary pastor in Bombay.

After an hour's rest we were invited to attend the native mission Sunday School, which is held in the church at 3 p. m.

The school is under missionary management, but of course all the services are in Hindustani, and native convert teachers are employed as far as they are available. We could not understand their songs or readings, but they used the same Sunday-school lessons we had used at home. The classes were arranged much the same as in

our home Sunday-schools. There was an infant class, then intermediate classes, from that to a Bible class.

The school was opened by singing one of our old Sunday-school songs, but of course in Hindustani. Then followed a prayer by a native convert preacher who was attending Conference then convened at Bombay, after which they sang in their own language, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Now, dear friends, you should hear these children, in this work, sing. I fear we should be heartily ashamed of ourselves on account of the little interest we often take in this line of Sunday-school work as compared to them. As we watched them we thought if any one ever "sang with the spirit," surely they did.

The next half hour was spent upon the lesson. This time was passed very pleasantly by us in studying these many new and curious human object lessons.

Seated somewhat apart from the rest we observed three natives listening earnestly to the instructions of their teacher. These persons, we noticed, had some form of a skin disease and were allowed to touch no one. While we watched them, we were reminded of the miracle of Jesus healing the leper.

You must not think of this Sunday-school as made up of bright, clean, happy-faced children, dressed in white dresses with blue sashes, with their wealth of hair streaming down to their waists; or in their new suits with bright colored stockings and ties; because they present quite a different appearance. The children are gathered in from the street. Some have a mere string about the waist, others have but little more, and none are well dressed. Added to this, dirt seems to be one of the essentials to the life of the native child, but, fortunately, their complexion seems to come to the rescue at this point.

We were informed that the great hindrance to effective work with these children is their irregular attendance. Of all that number of children present that day, perhaps the next Sunday nine-tenths of their places would be filled by others. Thus