

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE MISSION BANDS.

(From the C. C. Woman's Board of Missions.)

All children like stories, especially if they are "true ones," and the one I am going to tell you is not only true, but a large part of it is told by one in whom you are all personally interested, our missionary in Bombay, Miss Lyman. So I am sure you will read it all through.

Over a year ago there was a little girl living in one of our Canadian cities, who had been seriously sick for many long, trying months, and was still so unwell that the physician insisted upon her keeping very quiet in her room a large part of the time. But her mind was active, and her heart had been given to the Saviour, so she earnestly wished to do something to show her love for Him. But what could a little girl do, so much of the time sick? The dear Father in Heaven who saw the willing mind, soon gave her a plan. She was very fond of paper dolls, and could make them neatly. So she proposed to some of her young friends, who liked them too, but could not make them, that if they would buy her dolls, she would send the money to the missionaries. Soon, quite an enthusiasm was created, the little buyers coming faster than the weary fingers could supply them. When her fund had reached two dollars and fifty cents, her work was broken off, by her removal to another city, and the money was given to Miss Lyman to use as she wished, in her work. The sum was so very small, she did not expect her to take the time or trouble to tell her how it had been used; but a month ago, the following letter came:—

BOMBAY, Jan. 14th, '88.

My Dear E.—

You have had to wait several months before hearing how the money you gave me has been used for the Master's service. I wanted to devote it to some little girl, and just before Christmas the opportunity came.

One morning there appeared at one of the windows opening on the veranda, a man with his little girl, seven years of age. He said her mother was dead, and he wanted her to be taken into Mrs. Hume's Mission School, but he had not the means to pay her fees. As she was a high-caste girl, he could get two hundred rupees (\$100), by selling her; but that "he would not do." All the mission funds for pupils were more than appropriated, and all the teachers were supporting children, so Mrs. Hume's children said they would try to pay her board; and your money has made her very comfortable. It bought a piece of matting to place under her mattress, on the floor—for none of the pupils have bedsteads—also a mattress and pillow, filled with cocoanut fibre; a blanket, and three print dresses. She is the youngest girl in the boarding school, and her name is Bhaghisti, after the name of a goddess. She is a bright, attractive little girl, and her father goes to Sabbath School every Sunday morning, so as to see her afterwards. We hope, that by so doing he will be brought to love Jesus. Although Bhaghisti loves him very much, she does not want to leave

the school to go with him, and as papers were made out the day she entered, he cannot take her away until she is twenty-one. Before that, we trust that she will have learned of Jesus, and I hope that you will pray for her every day, and for her many thousands of little sisters, who have no one to tell them about the dear Saviour. If you want to send money to her again, or for some other little girl, send it by draft, in English money to me, care of Rev. F. S. Hume, Byculla, Bombay, India.

Twenty-five dollars a year will support a little girl, and a larger one is ten dollars more, and that amount will also clothe them. The name of the little girl I have adopted is Kouma; she is ten years old, a bright, pretty child. But we cannot say much to each other yet, for she does not know a word of English, and I cannot yet say very much in Marathi. She is the daughter of a native pastor, who has a very large family to support, upon only eight dollars per month, and the Christians here do what all in America do not do, that is, first of all, they give a tenth of all they receive to the Lord. I must close now, but another time I may tell you more about the little girls.

Very truly yours,

LILY LYMAN.

You will not be surprised to know that such good news filled the heart of the little girl with unbounded joy and gratitude to Him, who had so wondrously blessed her "mite;" neither will you be surprised, I am sure, to learn that with the help of her little brother and another friend, she has undertaken the entire support of little Bhaghisti for the coming year.

Dear children, what does this simple story, and the knowledge that so little effort and self-denial may do so much good in the Master's service, say to your loving hearts?

BOY'S LEISURE HOURS

A boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and he had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He began to study French, and at the little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil, but could not read it, so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading. "Only a bit of 'Virgil,' my lady." She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to