

Youths' Department.

STORIES OF JAPANESE CHILDREN.

MISS GRACE WESTON.

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, there were two little sisters who had no father and mother. They lived with their uncle in a tiny straw hut. This was all the furniture they had: a piece of matting for the floor, a thin quilt to put over them while they slept, a kettle in which they cooked their only food, a little rice, and two or three bowls and chopsticks. Each day the little girls started out early for a match factory, where they worked hard all day. They had to pick up tiny splints of wood and put them one by one into a frame, then the sulphur is put on at one end and the match is made. They earned five cents a day, but there uncle used to take it all away from them, so they never had enough to eat or wear.

One day a friend of the children heard of Mr. Ishii, who had just opened a home for poor and homeless children at Okayama. He gladly took them in, and they became two of the best girls in the Asylum. At the time of the great earthquake many children were made homeless, and when Kino, the younger sister, heard of these poor friendless little ones, she gave eight and one-half cents of her small earnings to help them. This was the beginning of a large sum which was raised in the city. She is now in the Girls' School in Kobe studying and working, so that when she is older she may help others just as the kind Christian friends helped her.

My other story is about another little bright-faced girl. Whenever the missionary invited her to come to school, she would say "I'll come afterwards," which meant, as she said years later, that she would not come at all, but she did not think it polite to say so. After she was asked to come again and again, she was ashamed not to go at all, so occasionally she would go with the other children. After a long time she became interested in going to school regularly, and learning of Jesus' love for little children, and one day she gave her heart to Him and resolved to be a Christian. But this was not an easy thing for her. She lived with her father and sister in a little house with only one room about a third as large as an ordinary schoolroom. Here they all ate and slept. How do you suppose she could pray each day? When she washed her face

every morning she took a long time to wipe it, and with her face buried in the towel she used to pray. As she grew older she went to the training school in Kobe, and is now a successful nurse, caring for sick and telling them of Jesus' love.

These were brave girls, were they not? And there are many others whom we are helping in our schools to be just as Christ-like as they.

THE MISSIONARY RABBITS.

"Hallo! here you are," cried Uncle Ben, looking into one of the stalls and seeing Harry feeding a pair of rabbits.

"See how they love this cabbage leaf, uncle," said Harry, setting himself comfortably in the clear hay that was spread on the floor. "I do love my bunnies; I have six, and two of them are as white as snow. These are my speckled ones, and the next are my silver sprigs; they are the best of all."

"How long have you had them?" asked Uncle Ben.

"O, I have kept rabbits for two years, and sold twenty of them at 50 cents apiece."

"Twenty! So you have earned \$10. What have you done with it?"

"I paid \$2 a couple of months ago for the silver sprigs and their little ones, and have spent \$1 for feed and repairs."

"That leaves you \$7. Did you buy books with it?"

"No, sir. my father buys my books."

"Well, then, you don't pay for your schooling. Did you buy playthings or sweetpeas?"

"No, uncle, these have always been my missionary rabbits. I got them for that. All the money I make on them goes for the missionaries. I wish it were twice as much. You can't imagine the good it does me to know that I am helping to send the Bible to people that don't know about Jesus."—Our Little Ones.

A missionary in Japan tells of a little heathen girl who went to Sunday school twice, and going home, said to her heathen grandmother: "The God in the Sunday school is very different from my god, but this God they have in Sunday school you can pray to when you are all warm in bed, or most any time, and he can hear you just as well. But there is one thing I don't like: he can see you all the time everywhere, and sometimes I should think that would be quite inconvenient."—*Selected.*