

Young People's Department.

JACK HORNER'S PIE.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a very queer pie;
He saw in a trice it held everything
nice
From lands where the mission fields
lie.

From Ceylon came spice, and from
China the rice,
And bananas from Africa's highlands;
There were nutmegs and cloves from
Borneo's groves,
And yams from the South Sea
Islands.

There were nuts from Brazil all the
corners to fill,
And sugar and sago from Siam,
And from Turkey a fig that was really
so big
Jack's mouth thought, "It's larger
than I am."

There were pomegranates fair grown in
Persia's soft air,
And tortillas from Mexico found
there;
And there did appear grapes and grains
from Korea,
And the various fruits that abound
there.

A Syrian date did not turn up too late,
Nor did he for tea to Japan go;
Tamarinds were not few, there were
oranges too,
And from India many a mango.

"Now," thought little Jack, "what
shall I send back
To these lands, for their presents to
me?
The Bible, indeed, is what they all
need,
So that shall go over the sea."
—Over Sea and Land.

A MOONLIGHT PARTY.

Dear Mission Band Boys and Girls:—
Do you not want to go with me to a
moonlight party? When the hot sun
goes down and the bright, bright moon
comes up, India is really beautiful.

But about this party. Perhaps you already know that over in our Compound yard we have a school and behind it,

guarded by a high wall, are the play ground and dormitories of our girls, of whom there are over eighty at present. During the day, Miss Pratt has sent them word that in the evening she will give them a treat in honor of her birthday.

It is evening now, so let us go. The girls have brought out all the mats on which they sleep, and spread them on the ground. Then they have seated themselves on these, three rows opposite to three rows, leaving an aisle between. Across the end benches are placed for us. As we entered they all rose and in English wished our Missionary many happy returns of the day. This was followed by one or two hymns. Having said a few words to them, Miss Pratt proceeded to distribute the treat of candy and plantains—small bananas. While this was in progress a curious object came rushing across the playground towards us. It looked somewhat like a little elephant. What could it be? All of a sudden it dropped down on one of the mats and went to sleep. But when some plantains were put in front of its mouth they disappeared wonderfully quick. Pretty soon it got up and after rushing at several of us, raced off to the sleeping rooms.

Then two girls with hanging hair, whitened faces, and all dressed up, came on the scene and went through some funny play. One wee girlie took the centre, and while the others clapped the music, she gave us a series of most graceful exercises. A group of older girls sang two songs in English which might puzzle some of you to understand. Who are these two? One seems to be an old woman and the other her son for whom she is seeking a wife. A couple of beggars next appear upon the scene. And thus they would like to keep on singing, dressing up and playing parts of which they are as fond as Canadian boys and girls. With many salaams we take our leave.

The everyday routine of our girls is a busy one, leaving but little time for fun. On special occasions such as these, and often on moonlight nights the monotony is broken by a real jolly play-time.

Cocanada.

IDA J. RYENSE.