

BOYS AND GIRLS.

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Little Lights.

Just Where Jesus puts them,
Little Lights should shine—
"You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

Far across this country,
far across the sea,
What we do for Jesus,
Like a light shall be.

While the world of darkness
Needs our little light,
We must keep on shining,
Ever clear and bright.
—Julia H. Johnson.

These Boys Will Succeed.

Twenty boys in the station school at Donakonda, South India, help to earn their own way by working in the school gardens.

Black Mammy and Her Songs.

Did you ever know a real black mammy with the kind face and the deep, crooning voice? How she rocked the children in her arms singing the songs she loves. Here is one of them about the summer thunderstorm:

"Lil' pickaninny, wid de deep brown eyes,
Whut you heah in dem fur off skies?
Big drum-major s'leadin' his ban',
Keepin' time wid his wavin' han',
Whut makes de lightnin' go flashin' by,
A-streakin' away 'cross the cloudy sky?
It's sarvants whut wu'kt so faithful below
Scratchin' matches to light de stars some mo'.
Whut make de win' blow loud and shrill
'Twell not a leaf on de trees am still?
'Taint nothin' but de woman whut liv' in de moon
A-sweepin' de heavens to de time of dat tune."

The Home Where Jesus Lives—A Story of a Leper Village.

Christina was only a very young girl, but she lived in India, where girls are married very early, and she had been married at an age when most of our Canadian girls are romping and playing. Instead of having a doll to play with, she had her own baby to care for.

One day her husband found that she was a leper. As soon as he was sure of this he drove her from the house as an unclean creature, and said she must never see her baby again.

She went to her parents' home, but they refused to take her in. She was even driven from the village with stones followed by oaths, and threatened with death if she ever returned. She was helpless, homeless and heart-broken. No human being seemed to have any sympathy for her, so she made a long pilgrimage to a shrine, where she fasted and prayed, but the god of the shrine had no help for her. Then she bathed in a sacred river, hoping that the god of the river would help her, but no help came.

Then she became one of the many thousands of wandering lepers to be found in the lands of the East.

One day she was begging for food in the bazaar of Prulia, when a little girl from the mission school met her. The child knew of the Asylum for Lepers, and she had learned that the religion of Jesus Christ meant help and hope, even for an outcast leper.

"Why do you wander around and beg like this?" she said to Christina. "Why do you not go to the Kushti Kana?" (Leper Asylum). "You will be received and kindly treated there," she said, adding with the simplicity of a little child's faith, "because Jesus lives there."

Christina eagerly followed her advice. She went to the leper village at Prulia and found that in deed and in truth Jesus was living there in the lives of His followers, who took her in, in His name and for His sake.

She is now one of the many happy Christian leper women in our home at Purulia.