

FOR THE CHILDREN.—*Continued.*

THE boys and girls who read about the Zanpan children in Japan will be glad to hear that some of them had one good meal of rice and soup and vegetables during Christmas week. The missionary families who live in Sendai gave the money, and tickets were given to two hundred and fifty of the poor people, who had nothing to eat but the Zanpan slops. The Baptist Girls' School at Nakajima cho opened its house, taking out the big sliding doors that separate the reception rooms, making one large room, where all could be entertained at once.

The pupils of the school prepared and served the supper. They all worked very hard, even the little ones doing what they could. There were bags and bags of rice to wash and cook, bushels of vegetables to prepare, gallons of soup to make, besides all the dishes to wash and arrange, water to draw, charcoal to carry and fires to attend. But they worked untiringly all day, and at four o'clock, when the families began to come, they were ready. It was such a ragged, pitiful looking crowd of people. There was one widow carrying two little ones on her back and leading the third, which was hardly more than a baby. There was a woman with a husband, who has become idiotic, and six little children, and no one to provide food for them all, but herself. There were old, lame and blind, and poor starved little children; oh, so many of them.

How we did enjoy seeing them eat! They were seated in circles of ten, and the school girls flew in and out among them, refilling the rapidly emptied dishes. There were two great heaping tubs of steaming rice in the middle of the room, and five or six were hard at work all the time, dishing it up as fast as they could, as the waiters kept bringing empty bowls. They all ate and ate, but especially the boys. They emptied bowlful after bowlful, but at last, with long sighs, were compelled to stop, still looking longingly at what was left.

After the supper was ended each child received a little gift, and all, old and young, received pretty cards (some of the cards American children have saved and sent out to us), and then the lights were extinguished and Mr. Jones showed them some magic lantern pictures, and told them about our dear Saviour.

This ended their happy evening, and they had to go back to their dark, cold, dirty homes again. But they will always have one bright thing to remember, and they have heard once, at least, that Jesus loves them; and we hope they will want to know more about Him and come to our Sunday school to hear.

Not a little of the money for this supper was given by the missionary children. One family of four had received five yen for a Christmas gift. That meant a great deal for them, for, you know, missionaries do not have much money; but instead of spending it for themselves, three of them gave all of their shares for

the supper, and the fourth gave half of hers. You may be sure that they had happy hearts as they watched the poor people eat that night. We are all happy to think that we could do this one thing for the poor, but the two hundred and fifty who were fed that night are not a quarter of the poor people in Sendai, and the cold winter has but just begun. So we are all giving a little each month, and a committee is at work, seeking out the starving, freezing, suffering ones and giving them what aid is possible, in Jesus' name.—"The Japan Evangelist."

(Miss A. S. Buzzell.)

Our Canadian Methodist Church has no work in Sendai, but for several years the missionary ladies of our Azabu school have given a feast to the poorest of the poor among the old people, in addition to the Christmas entertainments in all the Sunday schools.

Last Christmas, invitations were extended to one hundred by the Japanese Evangelistic workers among them and the children. But fifteen others, who had had invitations the year before came, too, thinking that would make it all right for them to come again.

Truly this philanthropic effort is most touching. What do I mean by "philanthropic?" I mean, doing good to the bodies of men. This is interwoven into all our work—as a means to an end—and that end is the people's salvation from sin, by teaching them to know Christ. Many of the Japanese boys and girls are learning to love Him. Surely our Canadian children will not withhold their love!

M. C.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

YOU would not have supposed she would cry; but she was curled up under the old willow sobbing woefully, when her four sisters entered the gate from school.

"What can be the matter?" they cried, and all swooped down upon her, telling her they were sorry, and asking what could be the trouble.

"It's all because of that bad, wicked old grandma." came the tearful answer.

"W-h-a-t?" in varying tones of astonishment.

"It's about a wicked old grandma who threw a little baby girl out for the dogs to eat."

"Avis Sweet, what are you talking about?"

Avis sat up, and dried her tears to tell her story.

A letter just came from Miss Ellis, telling mamma about a cruel old China grandma who took a little baby, just as soon as God sent it, and threw it out for the dogs; and one of the mission people found it and brought it in. And mamma is going to ask our church to adopt it."

Well, they won't," said Violet, grimly. "If there is anything this church is absolutely hardened upon, it is the subject of foreign missions."

Violet was right. To all Mrs. Sweet's pleading they turned a deaf ear,