

last act had been to cut meat for his dogs. The hungry dogs had gnawed the sacks of provisions and were unharmed. The sailors found the food and their lives were saved. Only Tallook was missing. Yet we know that in that kingdom above when his great Captain shall call the roll of those who were "faithful unto death," there will appear this Eskimo boy hero, who heard his Lord call over the bleak, icy field of Labrador, and he shall "receive the crown of life."—Incident from "Young Christian Soldier."

QUEER VISITORS.

A missionary in India was looking out from her verandah one evening, when she saw a tent made of straw, under the shade of a tree in the compound. (That is the name given to the ground around the mission buildings). She said to herself, "When morning comes, I will go and see what my new neighbors want." So early next day she went over to the tent. A big brown man with no turban, shirt, stockings or shoes was cooking breakfast in a little brass pot on a small fire built up on some stones. His little girl was scouring her teeth with charcoal. Both of them said, "Salaam" to our missionary, just as you would say, "Good morning." Then the little girl ran to the tent and asked her to come and see. Lying on a pile of weeds, she saw a poor sick woman, the wife and mother, while on the grass beside her was the dearest little mite of a brown baby. The little sister took it up and said, "A nice fat baby! but her father looked angry, and said, 'The gods must be angry with us for they only send girls to me.'" Then he said to the missionary, "Will you buy this baby? I am too poor to keep any more girls." The sick mother said, "Yes, Miss Sahib, do take her. You have a kind face and

will be good to her. She will soon grow up and be of some use to you." The missionary replied that she could not buy the baby, but would keep her and take good care of her, if they did not want to. So the wee brown baby was given to her after the mother had given her a good-bye kiss, and the little sister a parting caress. The father did not bother his head any more about his baby. Very soon the tent was gone and only a small pile of ashes on the stones told of the home that had been there. The little brown baby was lovingly cared for at the mission house, and will early be taught about Jesus, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Perhaps she may become a missionary herself and teach others about Jesus. Does it not make you thankful for a home in this Christian land, when we read about wee girl babies being so little cared for?

In China one may see a peacemaker with two baskets on his shoulders, not full of fruit or vegetables, but of little girl babies! Some people buy them to bring up as slaves, others as future wives for their little boys, but the fathers and mothers never see them again.

Often these little girl babies are thrown out in the street to perish because the father is angry at not having a son instead of a daughter!

After our missionaries teach them about Jesus, they know better, and value the little girls because of their souls that Jesus wants to save for the beautiful home above. So my dear little Canadian girls must show their love to Jesus by helping to send missionaries to these little girls in heathen lands. Perhaps some day you may be among those who have the great privilege of carrying the glad tidings of a Saviour to heathen India. God has a plan for your life, and now is the time for you to prepare yourself for the work He will