

think of the poor children of Japan who have to live on zampan. The zampan is the food that is left over by the soldiers in the large garrisons. Cold rice, and bits of meat, vegetables and soup, and all kinds of things, just dumped in together. Dealers buy this mixture of remnants and sell it out to the wretchedly poor people who cannot buy anything else.

There is a zampan selling place near here, and three times a day there is a crowd of poor people waiting with a few cents that they have succeeded in earning, or have pawned their clothes for, and when the door is opened there is a rush, for there is not always enough for all. There are poor ragged, shivering children, bent old men and women, and sick, weak, feeble, lame and blind, looking, oh, so pathetically hungry, and so eager to get just a little, for if they are too late this time they must wait until the next time, though they are so hungry.

I know one little girl who lived with her grandparents. They were very poor, and lived on zampan, and never had enough even of that, so this poor child was always hungry. But when she was ten years old, she was taken into a mission school. She had been compelled to eat so sparingly for so long that she did not know she could have all she wanted, and so would be hungry between meals, and would go slyly to the closet and take the cold rice and eat it. When the matron found it out she chided her for stealing, but the missionary teacher was wiser, and told the little girl that she could eat all she wanted three times a day, and if she was hungry between meals she would always find a rice ball ready for her in a certain place, and could go openly and take it, that she need never go hungry.

The child stood in utter amazement. "Can I eat all I want?" "Certainly," said the teacher, "all you want." And what do you think she did? She lay down on the floor and cried and cried, just to think that she could have all she wanted to eat.

She is still in the mission school, where she has been for eight years, and there are many hopes that this little zampan girl will become a useful woman. She has been a Christian for six years, and is already working as she can for the Lord. Do you suppose she can ever forget the day when for the first time in her life she had enough to eat?

Dear boys and girls, in your homes of plenty, won't you sometimes think with pity of the poor zampan children, and ask the Lord to give them food for the body, and the far more precious food for the soul, the bread of life?

And as you pray, of course, you will want to do what you can to help them too.

—Miss A. BUZZELL in *The Japan Evangelist*.

"The Sunbeam," published last year by the editorial staff of the Ladies College, Whitby, is a bright, interesting sheet, with its "rays and ex-rays." Thanks are due for the copies sent us.

## ETHEL'S TRUE STORY.

MRS. N. G. ALGER.

GRANDMA has gone way off to the store, and left me to stay with you; and oh, mammy, just see the pictures she let me have to look at! I really b'lieve I have found the mish'nary who prayed 'bout the rats. He's taken 'side of a house. Yes, I am sure it is he. Take me up, and I'll show it to you."

"Why, honey," said the faithful old colored woman, who had been with Ethel's grandmother since before the war, "I guess you 's mistaken. He didn't pray about rats did he?"

"Deed he did!" exclaimed Ethel, "and I think you're 'staken as you can be if you 'spose I don't know. I did 'member his name, but forgot. I got 'quainted with his mother last summer. He lived near Boston, and made ever so much money, but he loved Jesus so well he wanted to tell about Him to folks that never heard, so he went to Africa, and lived in a big house that belonged to Govment. But there were such lots of rats he couldn't take any comfort.

"The cats round there were little twenty things, as 'fraid of rats as they could be; so Mr. Mish'nary and Mrs. Mish'nary and all the little Mish'naries couldn't sleep nights; and rats spoiled their clothes, and the things they got to eat, so it seemed as though they couldn't stay there another minute.

"That makes me think;—you know my prim'ry teacher went to China to tell folks about Jesus, and one night the rats went right over her face—yes, they did!" and Ethel nodded her head until every hair went on a strike, while mammy rolled her eyes and said, "O-o-o-o!"

"Well," said Ethel, "Mr. Mish'nary prayed most all night that the Lord would take away the naughty rats. You know Jesus lets us pray 'bout anything we want to, only we must say 'If it be thy will' Isn't He good? He says 'Casting all your care;' and, of course, rats are cares, when they're eating 'all your good things.

"Mr. Mish'nary said he knew the Lord would help them, and next morning, what do you think? When they opened the door, there stood a great, big, 'merican cat, but she never came in till they 'vited her, then she went to work and killed rats, and rats, and rats—that was what she came for, you see—and by and by there were some beautiful little kittens, and she brought them up fine, and set them to killing rats. She would get one and put it down before them, and if they couldn't manage it, she would give it a whack or two to show them how; and when they could all kill rats, real good, that nice old cat went off, and they never saw her any more.

"But the mish'naries gave all the kittens but one to their 'merican friends, 'cause they were troubled with rats, too. Now that's a realty, truly story. Aren't you glad I told you? Grandma says such answers help us 'bout casting all our care—there she is. This minute, and I'll go and tell her how I 'mused you."

—*Children's M. F.*