

Yet in his sermon papa said, that very Tuesday night, That when we gave with all our hearts, it must be a hard fight; But that Jesus knew about it all, and would help us to be glad,

If we only gave, for love of Him, the dearest that we had.

—Child's Paper.

Dorothy's Koorta.

BY C. L. BURNHAM.

"Aunt Agnes, I wish I didn't have to make this *koorta*."

The speaker was a little girl who was busily engaged in turning a fell on a small cotton garment. Now, turning a fell, truth to say, is one of the most difficult things in sewing; and this particular fell ravelled and ravelled, and wouldn't turn under, and wouldn't be even, till Dorothy was utterly discouraged.

"Why, Dora," said Aunt Agnes, pleasantly, "you know you are not doing it for pleasure. Can you not deny yourself for the sake of doing good?"

"Yes, I *can*," said Dora, "but I am not *willing*; and when I have self-denial, I want to be *willing*." And she sighed heavily as she tugged away at an uncompromising knot in her thread.

And Agnes kissed the flushed cheek, took out the knot and started the little maiden afresh, and then said, "How pleased the dusky little tot will be who gets this *koorta*! She has trudged to school every morning from her poor little home, after eating her handful of rice, in the expectation of getting a *koorta* at Christmas if she should be regular and punctual. I can see her, can't you, in the row of little girls Christmas morning, when this very *koorta* is handed to her. How her dark eyes shine!"

"And it is made just as she likes it, too!" cried Dorothy. "Isn't it funny that they are so particular about the pattern? that the little Cawnpore girls want it their way, and the Calcutta girls theirs?"

"Do you know I rather like that in them?" said Aunt Agnes. "It seems to bring them nearer to me, because it makes me think of some other little girls whom I know and love, who decidedly prefer to have their dresses made like those of the children about them, and not in some way that would make them look old-fashioned or odd."

Dorothy laughed. She remembered how particular she had been herself, and it reconciled her to binding the *koorta* with red, and turning all the fussy corners in the sleeves and round the neck.

"But I didn't wonder after all," continued auntie, "that you get tired over the little garment. I do myself; and as I was making mine the other day, I thought of three things I would put into it to make it more interesting."

"Oh, what were they?" said Dorothy.

"Well, I will tell you. A lady who was sitting by said to me, 'Whom is that little shirt for?' I said, 'A little Hindoo.' She smiled rather incredulously, and I thought to myself, 'After all, whom is it for? Only a little Hindoo girl, and nobody in particular? No, it is for one of Christ's little ones; it is for Him I am doing it, and I will ask him to accept the little offering of my time, and to direct it to some dear child, whose heart he will soften to believe in His name.' So I put a prayer into my *koorta*; and you wouldn't believe how my needle flew as I prayed for the conversion of the very child who should wear it."

"This brought me to thinking how I should like to have her get some sweet verse telling of Jesus' love, to

draw her young heart to Him, and I resolved to send a card with a pretty picture on it and a Bible verse, for the little one to take to her home to show to her father and mother. Who could tell but they might be converted too? With this I became so much interested that as every one had gone out of the room, and I was left alone, I could not help singing the missionary hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains.' So I put a song into my *koorta*, and before I knew it, it was finished in a burst of enthusiasm."

Aunt Agnes had become so absorbed in her story that she had not noticed that Dorothy had dropped her work and was gazing at her. Suddenly she felt a pair of arms around her neck in a tight squeeze, and a voice said in her ear, "You have made me willing, auntie."—*Selected.*

Rest for the Weary.

From a private letter from one of our missionaries, we are permitted to take the following:—

I would like to tell you about some of the women I met on our return from Toungoo to Mandalay, during the cold season of 1884 and 1885. One morning we stopped for breakfast at a large village in which were two *zayats*. We were soon surrounded by a crowd of people curious to see me, as they had never seen a white woman. You have so often heard of their curiosity, that I will repeat only a single one of their remarks about me. They said I was so white I looked exactly as though I were silver plated.

As soon as they found I could use their language, and that I had come to tell them of a new religion, a group of old women gathered about me and said it was most fitting that we should talk about such things, for it was the Burmese worship day, the eighth day after the new moon. Each held in his hand a rosary, and as she slipped the beads through her fingers was supposed to be reminded of her mortality and of the vanities and sorrows of life. I told them of the Saviour, and of the love which led Him to take our sins upon Himself, and to die for us upon the cross.

They listened most eagerly, and only interrupted by now and then saying: "Is it true? Is it for us or only for white people that he died?" One old woman said: "I am old, and all my life I have been wishing I might get away from my sins. I have tried faithfully to do all the priests have told me, but I have never had a moment of rest." Then I told her of the witness in my own heart that all these things were true, and spoke of the peace that passeth understanding which lovers of Jesus know. Then she exclaimed: "Who could help loving Him if He died to take away our sins?" Another said: "We are women, and this is not for us. We have no judgment, we only know that to be good which the men tell us is so." I asked her if she did not daily buy and sell in the bazaar without consulting any man about her bargains? if she did not know herself whether she were well or ill, miserable or happy? She seemed to get a new thought, and brightened up as she replied: "Why yes, even my husband and sons do not know what are the thoughts of my heart, and how can they know just what prayers I should repeat?" Another said: "Jesus Christ! Do you say he can save me? This is good news indeed. How can we tell Him that we want Him to save us?" So I taught them to pray, the first time they had ever thought of true prayer. It was a blessed day to me, and I believe it was so to at least two or three of those poor, old gray-haired women.—*Helping Hand.*