

on the back. Although these poor little babies look very uncomfortable, they seldom cry, but perhaps it is this discomfort which gives to the faces of so many of the little children such a sad and weary look.

We are amused by the ingenious way in which an Indian is taking a pig to market. A rope is tied to its hind leg, the rope is pulled, and the result is motion in the right direction, for the pig is persuaded that it is going in the direction opposite to the one desired!

There is not time to even mention the interesting things we see—an orange grove, a large field of pineapples, some bananas just ripening, the beautiful dark green leaves and the bright red berries of the coffee plantation, and the curious nopal or prickly-pear cactus, on which the little cochineal insect lives,—but now we must stop for breakfast. We are very fortunate to find ourselves at a little rustic hotel, set in a garden of rare and beautiful plants. The breakfast consists of coffee without milk, black beans or *frijoles*, fried eggs, and *tortillas* or corn-cakes—a very satisfactory bill of fare, if one is accustomed to it!

When we resume our journey the sun is high in the heavens, and the day has grown very warm. Some of our enthusiasm has worn away, so that after several hours more of riding up-hill-and-down, over good roads and bad, but always at the same breakneck speed, we are glad to reach our destination. We are hospitably received by our native friends, and we shall, no doubt, have many strange and agreeable experiences while learning to eat, sleep, and do everything *à la Guatemalteco*.—*Children's Work for Children.*

FRUITFUL SEED.

Years ago a French Testament was given to a little girl of Romanist parents, who was for four months at the school founded by Madame Feller at Grande Ligne, Canada. She went home still a Romanist. Her father asked her if she had a Bible. She said she had. "You must give it to me or put it away, never to take it out." She put it in the bottom of her trunk, and the treasure remained hidden for ten or twelve years. Then she was married and had more liberty. She began to read the Testament in the family; she and her husband were converted. Their zeal led them to labor for one of her brothers who was at her father's house. After many months of labor and prayer the brother was converted. The three united in labor for a sister. She was led to Christ, and so on until the whole family of sixteen children besides the parents were converted. A brother wrote in '86. "Through that little Testament, given to Julia at Grande Ligne thirty-five years ago, and in answer to the prayers of Madame Feller that followed it, our families, numbering eighty-five souls, are all in the light."

A LOST CHANCE.

BY BELLE SPARR LUCKETT.

I KNOW a dear boy who is sweet and good and generous most of time, but sometimes he gets into a bad way, like most people. Everything gets wrong at such times, but most of all is the dear little heart.

One day, not long ago, a dirty-faced ragged, ugly little fellow came up the back walk and asked, "Can I haul out the ashes?"

Henry—that is not his real name, but I shall not tell that—Henry was standing in the back yard, in a bad humor.

"No!" he snapped out as cross as he could. "Don't want 'em taken out."

The dirty-faced little ash-boy stood still a moment, almost afraid to say another word to such an ill-natured child; but finally he ventured timidly: "Say, would you please give me a drink?"

"No, I won't said the cross Henry with an angry frown.

The little ash-boy climbed over the fence, thinking, no doubt, "What a funny boy, not to give a fellow even a drink of water!"

And Henry's conscience within began to speak so sadly to him: "Such a little thing, Henry, so easy to do. Such a poor little ragged fellow gets little enough in this world. What a chance to do a bit of good!"

And then there arose in his mind the words of his teacher the Sunday before as she talked of the beauty of doing little acts of kindness for those we meet every day, and how she had held up a glass of water, and repeated:

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." "And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"And I didn't do it," said Henry.

Then he went into the house and told his other conscience, which was his mother. She looked down at him with such sad, disappointed eyes, and just said:

"Why, Henry!"

Then Henry felt so miserable he could not do anything. So he went out on the front steps and watched ash-carts all the rest of the afternoon. But there was no dirty-faced little boy thirsting for a cup of cold water passed that way.

His mother came to the door presently and said:

"He's got a drink by this time," for she knew what Henry was watching for.

"Some one else gave it to him then," said Henry.

"And received what you lost, the blessing of a kind act," said his mother. —*S.S. Times.*