

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

This version of the Lord's Prayer is by Rev. Dr. Judson, formerly missionary to Burnah:

Our Father, God, who art in heaven
All hallowed be Thy name!
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done
In earth and heaven the same!

Give us this day our daily bread;
And, as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power
And glory, ever be. Amen.

WRITE TO MOTHER.

Boys, some of you who read this are absent from home. You are attending a school, learning a trade, or engaged in some kind of employment that has called you away. There is a mother at home who longs to hear from you often. Do you give her that privilege, or are you willing to let her watch, day after day, until the thought comes forcing its way into her heart that you have forgotten her, or care more for the new associates around you? Do you realize that her thoughts are with you oftener, and linger much longer with you, than yours with her?

You are young and are out in a world which she knows is full of snags and temptations. And while her confidence in your strength of character may be great, yet she cannot keep back the anxious thoughts that come up unbidden, especially when she has not heard from you for a long time.

She knows that this is an important period of your life. A great change is going on. You are developing into something. Can you suppose her to have aught but the deepest solicitude in knowing what that something shall be? She has forgone much pleasure for your sake, and

has centred many hopes in you. She cannot help feeling a deep interest in watching the result of her years of labor in your behalf.

I know a boy who, during a year's absence, wrote but two letters to his mother. At the close of the year he was summoned hastily home to look on that mother's face for the last time. He found the two letters he had written carefully laid away in a drawer where she kept a few things that were highly prized. When he learned how many times his mother had read these letters, even after every word they contained had been committed to memory, he felt as though he would give the world if he could only live that year over again, that he might swell the number to a hundred instead of two.

Write to your mother, and write often. Answer the many questions found in her letter to you. Do not miss a single one. Tell her all about yourself, tell all about your studies, your work, or whatever you may be engaged in. Tell her all about your associates; and such as you cannot tell her about do not hesitate to drop at once. Boys, write to your mothers.

DOING FOR CHRIST.

Shapau was a converted Karen, from the mountains west of Burnah, who had learnt to love his Bible much. But there were some kidnappers and dog-eaters called Bghais, who were nearly as ignorant as the dogs they ate; and the Missionary wanted to send Shapau to teach them the Gospel, so he offered him four rupees a month if he would go. Shapau took his Testament and went out to consider. On his return his face was bright and shining. "Well, Shapau," asked the Missionary, "can you go to the Bghais for four rupees a month?"

"No, teacher," very solemnly said he, "I could not go for four rupees a month, but I can go for Christ!"

Shapau went, and God so prospered him in his work that he established about forty Christian churches, and baptized nearly a thousand of the Bghais.