

"We thank thee for our Saviour's love,  
Which brought Him from His home above ;  
We thank thee that He was a child.  
Simple, and pure, and undefiled.

"We thank thee that He taught that we  
Each day may like Him grow to be.  
Oh, may our lives our thanks proclaim.  
And grateful lips sound forth His name."

*Offerings mentioned in the Bible.*—Answers to the following questions should be read by the children:—

What is the first offering mentioned in the Bible?  
Gen. iv. 34.

What offering did the children of Israel make at God's command? Exodus xxxv. 22-29.

When were thank offerings brought to the Lord's house? 2 Cron. xxix. 31.

Whose offering was commended by Jesus? Mark xii. 41-44.

Recitation by a small child:—

"Little givers! come and bring  
Tribute to your Heavenly King;  
Lay it on the altar high,  
While your songs ascend the sky.

"Little givers! come and pay  
Willing tribute while you may;  
Many offerings, though but small,  
Make a large one from you all."

*Offerings made by the children.*—Decorate a basket with wheat, grain, or grasses to receive the offerings. Let the children come to the platform one by one, and, after placing the offering in the basket, tell what causes them to have for thankfulness in contrast to heathen children. The younger ones may not be able to do this, but can surely tell of something for which they are thankful.

Prayer for God's blessing on the offering:—

"Small are the gifts that we can bring;  
But thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

"The love of Jesus prompts us  
Our mites to earn and give.  
To send the blessed Bible  
Where heathen children live.

"That those who worship idols  
May learn the better way,  
To know thee, loving Saviour,  
And serve thee every day."

Give a talk showing how willingly and generously many Christians in heathen lands make their offerings, and how the children even give up their treasurers.  
*Life and Light.*

## MISSION STUDIES, NO. 7.

TUNI,

HOW many boys in our mission bands are eleven years old? Hold up your hands, please! Yes, quite a little army, and all good soldiers I hope. My own son, Jimmy, is one of you, and dearly loves to have mamma tell about boys as old as himself.

Now, listen, and I will tell you a true story of a boy eleven years old who grew up to be one of our missionaries to India. George Currie lived in the city of Fredericton, New Brunswick, and was just as full of life and fun as the rest of you are now. When he was eleven years old he gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. I wish you were all like him in that! He told his friends that as soon as he could he wanted to be a missionary and tell the heathen about the dear Saviour who loved them enough to die for them. But thousands, yes, millions of them had never heard the name of Jesus, and were giving all their worship to gods of wood and stone. George felt sure they would rather pray to the one, true, living God if they only knew about Him, so decided to go and tell them as soon as he was able. Have any of our mission band boys decided to spend their lives in this way?

Mr. and Mrs. Currie were not able to give their son George the education for a missionary, but he did not give up the idea. He learned to be a printer, and spent a good many years earning money to send himself through college, and was a faithful home missionary for Jesus all this time. Our best foreign missionaries have been good home missionaries first, and we may begin missionary work in our own homes as soon as we love the dear Saviour.

In 1874 our young friend was ordained as a Baptist minister, and at once offered himself as a missionary to India. But the Eastern Board could not afford to send him then. The Ontario and Quebec Board wanted a man to help Mr. McLaurin at Cocanada while Mr. Timpany was resting in Canada, after his years of work in the American Baptist mission. They asked Mr. Currie if he would be one of their missionaries. In November, 1875, he sailed for India, and in February, 1876, was married to an old friend of his, Miss Armstrong, who had been a missionary in India for two years. Mr. and Mrs. Currie sailed at once for Cocanada and were faithful co-laborers with Mr. McLaurin while Mr. Currie was learning the Telugu language. He helped in the services of the English Baptist Church, was Superintendent of the Sunday School, and started a temperance society among the members of the congregation. Mr. Currie believed, as we do, that King Alcohol is one of the greatest enemies to Christ's cause, and for many years had been an earnest temperance worker at home.

As soon as he could speak a few sentences in Telugu he began preaching to the heathen in the bazaars and villages about Jesus, trying every day he lived to tell somebody the old, old story that had made his own heart glad. I wish we could all follow his example in this!

In January, 1878, he opened a new station in Tunni, a village of about 3,000 people about 40 miles northeast of Cocanada and eight miles from the Bay of Bengal. This was, and still is, in many respects the hardest field of our mission. It is away up among the hills and jungles (which are full of wild, fierce beasts and poisonous snakes). The people are very poor, very ignorant, and more wicked than we can have an idea of. Here for six years Mr. and Mrs. Currie endured toils and cares, hardships of every kind, suffered much from fever, more than once were visited by robbers, twice had the roof blown off their home by a cyclone, and they were constantly exposed to danger from wild beasts. Yet they did not shrink or falter. Counting the cause of Christ dearer than life itself, they labored on with God for their sure refuge in every time of need.