

He then describes a Sunday-school held by Mr. and Mrs. Eby and himself. The scholars are from six to fifteen years old, and the attendance is from twenty-five to forty. On their tickets are written, in Japan, such texts as these: "Love your enemies," and the like. "Oh! it is very interesting," he says, "to see the little smiling faces and attentive looks when we speak to them." We hope our Canadian Sunday-school scholars will all deserve this praise.

Another letter, signed "Ever your faithful servant," thanks God that the dear master (Mr. Cochran) is in good health; "though," says the writer, "I was afraid of him that he should get sick by the account of the tiresome and sudden loneliness." "I will serve my dear master," she continues, "with all my strength, according to your command, even I am yet a greenhorn, but with all my heart."—She had evidently picked up a little bit of English slang. She then thanks her "dear mistress" for having been "so invariably kind, although I can never answer for it, and but only by my prayer and affection."—A little mixed, but the kind meaning is clear.

Another accepts, "with a great pleasure," an invitation to "attend to the Christmas-eve meeting, with full of joy and excitement." The particles are a little misplaced, but we don't think our readers would do as well in writing Japanese. It is really wonderful to think that these people a short time ago were heathens. What an encouragement it is to sustain the cause of missions which God has so abundantly blessed with His favour!

In another paper we may give some more of these interesting letters.

"You'll craze your mamma, Johnny dear,
If thus you tumble things about;
What makes you run and jump so high,
With merry laugh and careless shout?"

"Dear mamma, in the years gone by
Was there no time for mirth and joy?
You are a good and kind mamma,
Were ever you a little boy?"



FIND A WAY OR MAKE IT.

AMBITION sleeps la'z, in your brain,
Bright hopes may soon awake it—
You see the goal, but ne'er a path,
Then find a way, or make it.

To get the cocoa-nut's rich meat,
The shell is hard—you break it;
The fragrant leaf its odour holds
Until you bruise or shake it.

Untrodden is the path you choose—
You may be wise to take it;
But look a head—all danger see,
And then you may escape it.

A mountain, far too steep to climb;
Well, then, don't try and do it,
You may be able to go around,
Or patiently dig through it.

A fence, you say, but ne'er a gate!
What can you do? you wonder;
Just scale the wall—mount if you can,
And if you can't, crawl under.

Your way is muddy? Wait awhile—
Let winds and sunshine dry it.
Still, wait not for another rain,
To see some comrade try it.

A river deep—you cannot swim
No steamer there, you know it.
Well, if there is no other way,
Build your own boat, and row it.

Nay, lad, we know the way is hard,
Down hill and up steep mountain;
And oft you'll drink from muddy stream,
For want of some clear fountain.

Don't hide your talent through a fear,
But bravely go and stake it.
Wear out, don't rust, to reach your goal,
Lad, find a way, or make it.

THE very easiest and best way to get rid of a sin is to go and confess it to God; if a wrong has been done to any one else, then the wrong should be confessed to that one too. As soon as this is done you may be sure the load will be lifted from your conscience. Do not try any other way; for, by hiding your sin you become worse and may lose your own soul. Be brave, and own your mistake. GOD KNOWS IT ALREADY, and confession is much the best.