

THE GRACE OF GOD IN SIAM.

Once upon a time—not many years ago—there lived away off in Siam a poor, unhappy heathen family of three little girls and a wicked, wicked mother. Their father, too, was a bad man, and ran away from home and left his little girls with no one to take care of them, for their mother knew nothing about the religion of Jesus, which makes mothers kind and loving toward their daughters, and the only thing she loved was to play games of chance—to gamble. Poor little children, what a hard they had! for the mother sold everything that was in the house and gambled away the money, and then she sold her little daughters, one at a time, as slaves, and when the money was all gone she sold herself, and gambled away all that money. Was she not a wretched, unhappy, wicked woman? But she was a heathen, you know, and no one had taught her that she could be forgiven and saved from sin and from eternal death by the dear Lord who has saved all of us.

I am glad that there is a sequel to this story, and that there was some one in Siam who could help this poor woman. For you know our missionaries are there, and I am sure you will be glad if any of your money has sent a Bible teacher to Siam when you hear what the gospel has done for this poor family.

The eldest daughter went to the mission-school and there learned about Jesus, and gave her heart to Him. In course of time the other two girls were brought to the mission-school, and they too became little Christian girls. Then a young Siamese student, studying to be a Christian minister, loved and married the oldest girl, and redeemed her from slavery. Together they sought out the poor degraded mother, and took her to their home, and taught her the good news of salvation through Christ, and now that mother says, "My old heart was taken away, a new heart was given me; my old heart loved the gambling-dens, my new heart despises them." She has been working hard to buy back her youngest daughters, and has

now paid all the money to redeem them and half of her own redemption-money.

When we think that all of this has been done through the missionaries, does it not make us want to send many more missionaries, that other wretched heathen families may become happy by learning to love Jesus?—*Children's Work for Children.*

THREE LITTLE PRINCESSES AT SCHOOL.

Miss Nielson writes from Petchaburee, Siam, that three daughters of the governor have commenced to attend the mission-school. She says, "They come in a tiny little cart-carriage, drawn by a slave. Their nurse, a slave woman, and three or four slave girls come with them and stay all day. At noon they eat a lunch under the trees in the yard, and at four o'clock the carriage comes for them. Their names are Ern, Ob and Verb. Ern is about twelve years old, Ob about ten and Verb eight. They are all sweet children, and the youngest one is especially bright. They cannot read at all, but if they continue as industrious as they have commenced they will soon learn. The nurse sits by them during school hours and urges them on, and, had she her way, there would be no recess at all, but one long study-hour from morning till night.

"The little girls wear nice bright *pansies*, white jackets, and handsome silver bells around their waists. Two bracelets adorn each wrist, rings adorn the fingers, diamonds the ears, and anklets the ankles. In the morning they usually have fresh flowers stuck above the ears. This is the first experience in a public school, and of course they have not the faintest idea of school propriety. They chew betel the livelong day, in a truly disgusting manner; they talk aloud whenever they wish to, and study at the top of their voices. I do hope and pray that they may learn not only this world's wisdom, but what shall make them wise unto eternal life. I trust they will allow the little slave girls to be taught also, instead of running wild out of doors."—*Sel.*