

If you want to hear more about these children ask somebody to buy the book called "A Puzzling Pair," by Amy Le Feuvre. The reason I have told you part of this story is to make you think more about saving your money to let the heathen hear the joyful news that has blessed your home in this christian land. One who really loves Jesus will want to carry out His last request and "go into all the world" until every creature has heard the way of salvation. Do you remember one of my old Mission Band boys named D. A. McGregor, who went as a missionary to India last year? This is part of a letter I lately received from him: "You have no idea what a value we set on letters that come from home. They are read, and re-read, then put away for safe-keeping to be taken out for another reading later on. I am finding the work intensely interesting. Every day some men come to read the Bible with me, and to talk over religious questions. It is remarkable to notice the very favorable attitude the educated men take towards Jesus Christ. They profess to admire Him greatly. The Hindus claim Him as one of the great incarnations of God, and the Mohammedans speak of Him as a great prophet. But in none of their hearts is there the devotion which Jesus claims. A Mohammedan lawyer who was reading with me yesterday, was greatly surprised to know that Jesus said, "He that loveth father or mother or son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me, or he that taketh not up his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me." These words taught him that Jesus did not care for his intellectual admiration, but wanted his heart's supreme devotion. It is so difficult to awaken the hearts of these educated men, for they have been taught that religion is entirely a thing of the head, to argue and speculate about, but not an impelling power in the life. The common people are different, more superstitious, but these men want to cut loose from the crude forms of their old faiths, and seek to appropriate a great deal of Christian truth by saying that it really exists in their systems; a new Hinduism is springing up and forming a refuge for these men who can no longer believe in the old myths of their gods, while the Mohammedan seeks to harmonize the results of his modern education with the Koran, but the great mass of the common people still cling to their old

beliefs. I do not have to argue against idolatry, for none of the educated men believe in it, though a few worship idols still for custom's sake; but I do have to say to them, that there is such a thing as sin; for many of these men claim that good and evil are only variations of the same thing, and that wise men will rise above the apparent distinction and will practice both impartially. Just imagine the character that results from such a belief! Their consciences appear to be seared as with a hot iron, there is no hatred of sin, no longing for purity, no belief in the truth that God is light, and that only the pure in heart shall see Him. The only power in all this world which can cope with such a condition is the power of Jesus Christ. The whole of India is honey-combed with sin. Only Jesus can ever save this country."

Now, boys and girls, some of you may not fully understand all of the letter my friend has sent me about his first impressions of India's people, but you will see that they need to know our Jesus as their Saviour if they are to be truly happy and safe. Let us work and pray that these glad tidings may be made known to each one of them, so that Christ's Kingdom may come, and His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

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THE BRIGHT LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

First Girl.

The bright little sunbeams on ladders of gold,
Slipped down from their home in the sky,
They brought to the earth folks a message of cheer,
And made the dark clouds quickly fly.

Second Girl.

They peeped in the windows where sick children lay,
And merrily danced on the floor,
Till the hearts that were weary grew happy and glad
And sorrow skipped out of the door.

Third Girl.

They shone through the raindrops, and painted a bow
That spanned the gray heavens above;
They tinted the flowers and left in their hearts
A message of infinite love.

Fourth Girl.

The bright little sunbeams climbed through the gold bars
The sunset let down in the west,
The work that God planned had been faithfully done,
And so they went gaily to rest.

—LIZZIE DEARMOND, in *Missionary Monthly*.