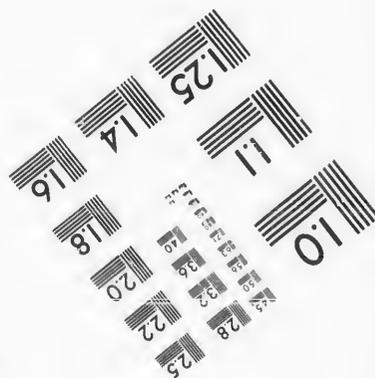
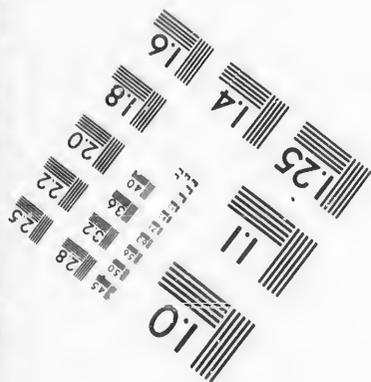
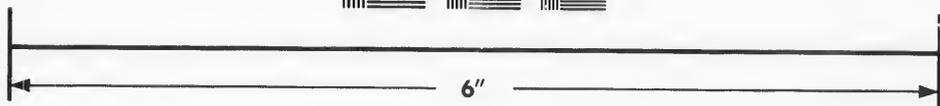
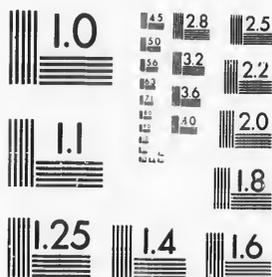


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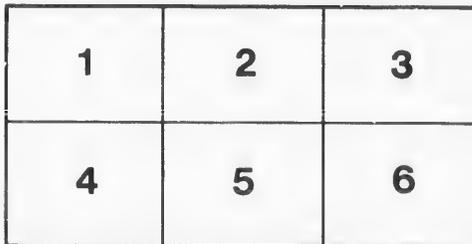
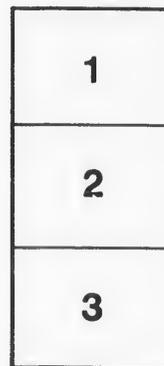
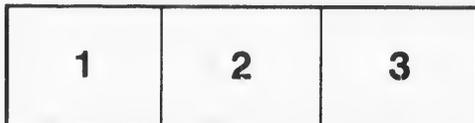
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REV. S. D. RICE, D.D.

MISSIONARY
READINGS

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Fourth Series.

TORONTO:
METHODIST MISSION ROOMS,
TEMPERANCE STREET.

1885.

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PREFACE.

THE present series of "Missionary Readings" is fully equal to any previous issue, which is saying a good deal. To all who receive the book we would say, Read it, and lend to your neighbors. There is nothing like good missionary literature for keeping up the Missionary Spirit.

A. SUTHERLAND.

METHODIST MISSION ROOMS,
TORONTO, February, 1885.

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THE LATE REV. DR. RICE.

A LIKENESS of the Rev. E. Wood, D.D., Honorary Secretary of the Missionary Society, formed the frontispiece of the third series of Missionary Readings. In the present volume we give a portrait of the late Rev. S. D. Rice, D.D., former General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. During his long and laborious life he was ever an ardent friend of the great Missionary enterprise, and his well-known features form an appropriate frontispiece to our "Missionary Readings" for the present year. As a slight tribute to his memory, we append the words spoken by the General Secretary of the Missionary Society, on the occasion of Dr. Rice's funeral:

"To men who live for eternity, death may have an aspect of solemnity but never of gloom. On an occasion like this we are serious and thoughtful, but not despondent. The Church has suffered

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sore loss, but to our departed brother it is unspeakable gain. Through the minor key of our funeral hymn runs an undertone of gladness, for we sorrow not as others who have no hope. A faithful soldier has fought his last battle and gone to his reward, and to-day the Church keeps solemn festival because another victor has been robed and crowned.

“Throughout his entire course, Dr. Rice was a man of pure and blameless life. Though occupying for many years prominent positions in the Church, and thus brought much into public notice, no breath of suspicion ever sullied the brightness of his private character. It is much to be able to say this. It is no small boon when God gives to His Church men of blameless reputation. His memory is an inspiration and a blessing, for which we render thanks to Almighty God.

“As a worker in the Church of Christ, our departed friend was a man of tireless energy and unswerving devotion. He did not choose his work, but took the sphere assigned him with a ready loyalty, deserving alike of our warmest praise and our most careful imitation. It mattered little to him where his field of labor might be, provided there was plenty of work to do. He

labored with equal diligence and cheerfulness in College halls and Indian schools, in city pulpits and on frontier missions, and whatsoever his hand found to do he did it with his might. Never sparing himself, he labored even beyond the measure of his strength. Had he exercised greater care in this matter, he might have continued with us for years to come, but impelled by what seemed to him the imperative demands of the work he allowed himself no rest. For months before his health finally gave way he labored incessantly. Preaching twice every Sabbath, often at places widely apart, speaking from three to five times during the week, presiding over numerous important committees, travelling by night and by day and in all kinds of weather, is it any wonder that the iron constitution succumbed at last? To him the thought of being laid aside was far worse than the thought of dying. But little more than a fortnight ago he came down to the Mission Rooms in order to test his strength and see if he would be able to preside over a committee the following day. To those who had known him in the fulness of his vigor it was pitiful to hear the feeble step on the stairs, and to listen to the tremulous tones of the once ringing voice; and when the test had convinced him

that his strength was not equal to the task, the tears that ran down his cheeks and the sobs that shook his frame told how sore was the disappointment because he must cease to work for Christ.

“As a counsellor, Dr. Rice was judicious ; as an administrator, prompt and firm. In the latter capacity his strong convictions and great decision of character sometimes left an impression of arbitrary authority, but joined with that almost iron will, there was a heart gentle and tender as a woman’s. No man in official life was ever more approachable ; no one more quick to sympathize with a brother in trouble, no one more ready to extend a helping hand, albeit that help was sometimes given to his own disadvantage and pecuniary loss. A man of wide and generous sympathies, he was ever ready to fellowship with all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, but his warmest affection and loyalty centred in the Church in which he had been converted.

“There is no need to multiply words. We are but like men who pause for a moment in the midst of the battle, while the captains of the host carry their fallen leader to the rear. Already the bugle sounds its rallying call, and, with a few hasty rites of sepulture, a few brief words

of eulogy, we leave our comrade to his sleeping and hasten again to the front. He who has fallen is at rest forever ; for us who remain there is only the more to do. Oh, if from the casket that lies before us our departed friend could speak with the ringing tones of yore, surely this would be his message : ' Redeem the time. Preach Christ and Him crucified. Don't change our doctrines, but preach them. Don't mend our rules, but keep them. The time is short and there is much to do. Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work !'

"Our brother has gone from us, but the memory of what he was and what he did are with us still. He has left his children that best of all legacies, the record of a blameless life. He has left the Church the memory of his self-denying labors and the inspiration of his heroic faith. And with exultant gladness we anticipate the hour when our warfare also shall be accomplished, and when we shall go to meet him beyond the river. Between this world and that there is only a veil, the thinnest and frailest of all conceivable partitions. A little while and the summons shall come to each of us, and in a moment, in the throb of a pulse, in the flash of a thought, we shall pass behind the veil and

know even as we are known. And when we have entered in,—when the light of that world shall have made plain all that perplexed us here,—when we look into eyes, now bright with eternal gladness, which, when last we saw them, were dim with the shadows of the sepulchre, and feel again the clasp of hands that were severed in the long ago, then shall the toils and conflicts, the sorrows and bereavements of the present be but as a dream when one awaketh; nor shall we ever regret one hour of toil or one act of self-denial for the Master that has led to such rich and unspeakable reward.

“The loss we have now sustained has its aspect of mystery. Why our brother should have been taken just at a time when the Church seemed to have especial need of his counsels and his work, we cannot tell, but we do know that all has been ordered by a wisdom that never makes a mistake, and a tender love that never does an unkind thing.

‘It is His way, and so it must be right,
Although at every step some foot that bleeds
Leaves print of anguish; still our Father leads
Through darkness into light.’

“May we have grace to follow His leadings till we meet our departed brother up yonder.”

TUMBY.

SITTING flat upon the sand,
 S With a plantain in his hand,
 Tawny face alive with joy,
 Tumby, black-eyed Hindoo boy.

Hatless is his oily head,
 Round his waist a cloth bright red;
 Shoeless are his chubby feet,
 Baking in the scorching heat.

Now he picks from tulip-tree
 Shiny leaf for plate, you see;
 Tumby's going to eat his rice—
 That's his supper; ain't it nice?

Stars from out the heavens peep
 Tired of play, he wants to sleep;
 Archie's mat lies on the floor,
 Just before the open door.

Tumby stretches on the mat,
 Claspings tight his fingers fat;
 Fast asleep our Hindoo boy,
 Full of fun and full of joy.

Can a heathen boy be gay?
 Yes; but one thing sad to say,
 How to go to heaven some day
 Tumby doesn't know the way.

WHAT SHE FOUND IN THE BOOK-CASE.

A NATIVE physician living in the country of Bingo, in Southern Japan, has a relative in Osaka. This relative is an earnest Christian, and takes every opportunity to spread the knowledge of the truth. Some time ago, when the four Gospels and the Acts were all the Japanese had of the word of God, this Christian relative gave to the physician these five books, and he put them away in his book-case.

He had a little daughter named O Tadzu, to whom he gave, what is quite uncommon among Japanese women, a good education. She became fond of reading; and in searching her father's book-shelves one day she came across the five books, which had lain unnoticed for a long time. She was intensely interested in them, and read them through and through, and often lay awake at night wondering how she could receive the joy and peace that she felt sure was for her.

When she was fifteen years old her father took her to Osaka, to receive better advantages than she could get at home, and procured board for her in this relative's family.

When the family assembled for prayers the

good man began to explain to her the meaning of what he read, thinking her wholly ignorant, when to his astonishment, she began to question him in a way that showed her to be well acquainted with the Gospels. He asked her where she had learned about the Bible, and she told him of the books he had given to her father years ago. A Chinese Bible was procured for her, and she read with intense interest the Old Testament history, which was all new and wonderful to her.

She soon gave her heart to Jesus, and understood for herself the joy which the Christians, of whom she had read in the Acts, had possessed. When she wrote to her parents of her desire to be baptized, they sent her a complete suit of new clothes, telling her to wear them at her baptism, for when her soul was cleansed the body too must be clean.

SOME YOUNG HEROES IN TURKEY.

IN a certain school a knot of boys had their heads together disputing about something. You could never guess what, if you tried. It would all have seemed strange to you—the

school-room, the teacher, and the scholars, their odd dress and odder speech. It was in far-off Asia, and the scholars were not orderly as ours. The boys talked when they pleased, and made so much din that one could scarcely hear himself think.

Missionaries had come to this city and opened schools and churches to teach the people that they must worship God alone, and that Jesus died to save them. When the natives found that their boys were beginning to stray into Protestant schools, they said, "We must start schools of our own;" and so they started one, but too late. Some of the boys had already learned to love Jesus, sing sweet hymns, and read the Bible.

The teacher in this school was a very bitter enemy of the new religion, so he listened sharply that day when he heard a discussion going on among the boys. It was not in our language, but it was something like this:

One boy said it was not right to worship pictures of saints, nor to kiss them and burn candles before them. Another one said, "It is right; it's the only true religion."

Others joined in with the first boy and said it was wrong, and that we must worship none but



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TURKISH SCHOOL.

God. The dispute grew warmer, and there were cries of "Heretic! heretic! mean old heretic! mean old Protestant!"

The teacher had made up his mind that this thing must be stopped; that the boys must not go any more where they would hear such bad doctrine, so he said in a loud strong voice, "Boys, stand up!" They all stood up.

"Now let all the Protestants step out."

He did not suppose that any one would dare to confess to him that he was a Protestant, but those little Christians must have remembered the solemn words of the Saviour, how He said: "If any man will confess Me before men, I will confess him before my Father which is in heaven."

There was a moment's pause, then seven little fellows stepped out. The teacher was amazed.

"What!" he said, "don't you believe in worshipping the pictures of saints?"

"No, sir, we don't; and please, sir," said the bravest of them all, "if Jesus wanted us to worship pictures of the saints, wouldn't He have left us His own to worship?"

This was an unanswerable argument, but the tyrant teacher did not let them know how they had cornered him. He said, "Boys, how shall

these heretics be punished?" and the boys decided they must be spit upon.

So the whole school formed a procession and marched around those seven, spitting upon them as they went.

"Now sing!" the teacher said, and all the school except the seven sung one of their patriotic songs.

"Sing, I tell you!" he said to the seven.

"We will, if you will sing the songs of Jesus," was the grand answer of the martyrs.

"Sing it yourselves!" said the teacher; and, wonderful to tell, this sweet song came to the ears of the teacher:

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

AN EVENING IN ROME.

ONE afternoon last November a group of boys were talking earnestly together. Night was coming on, but they were so interested that they still stood on the corner of the street, evidently engaged in an important consultation.

Just as the clock was striking six a gentleman was passing them, when one of the boys stopped him. He looked around at the eager faces, and said :

“ Well, boys, what do you want ? ”

“ Mr. Goodfellow, we are in trouble. Our mission-band met this afternoon, and Charlie read a letter from his uncle, who is collecting money to help furnish a church in Brazil. He wants us to help, and we want to do it, but you see our money is all pledged for something else, and we are giving all that we can now. We don't want to ask others to give, but we must do something.”

Mr. Goodfellow thought a moment, then said :
“ I think I can help you. I have a friend who has lately bought a fine stereopticon, and I think he will be glad to exhibit it for you. Suppose you go to see him, and tell him what you want to do ; and if he agrees to it you can choose the pictures. It will be a pleasant entertainment, and the proceeds can be sent to Brazil. If you get it up nicely, it will be a gift from your band. Here is the gentleman's name and address, and I know you will have a pleasant visit.”

That evening two of the boys called to see Mr. Willing, and told him their story. As Mr.

Goodfellow had predicted, he consented at once.

"There is nothing I would like better than to have my lantern raise some money for foreign missions. Now, suppose we select the pictures; I think that a series of views of one city would be interesting. But there is one thing I forgot to tell you: I never could explain pictures, and one of you will have to do it."

Ben looked grave. He was the president of the society, and ought to take this responsibility by rights, but he did not feel equal to the occasion. Charlie smiled, then remarked:

"Ben, you look scared already. I think I have an idea. We will choose the pictures, then let the boys read up about them and tell what they know, just as we do at our missionary meeting."

"That *is* an idea!" said Mr. Willing. "Ben, what do you think of it?"

"I think it sounds well—only Will's descriptions will be so learned and long, and Howard's will be so short, and—well, you know how it is is—some people are more interesting than others."

"Yes, I know; but you must look out for that. See that everything is right beforehand,

and I will help you all I can. Now for the pictures."

After looking over the list, the boys decided on "An Evening in Rome." They went home full of their plans, and in a few days the band was called together for a special meeting. All agreed to do their part. So the subjects were given out, and every week they met to make their plans, and talk about Rome.

When the evening came it was rather dull and rainy, but the room was soon filled. When the gas was put out there was the usual amount of giggling and whispering by the children, but soon all became quiet. First, a map of Italy was shown, and Will told how to go from their home to Rome. Then came a bird's-eye view of the city. The most important objects were pointed out. Churches, palaces, and works of art were thrown on the canvas. But the interest deepened when ancient Rome was exhibited.

Charlie told how the Roman forum was at one time the chief place in the city, with its streets and market-places, heathen temples, and triumphal arches erected in honor of the victories of the Roman emperors. "And of all this grandeur and power there now remains only

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these ruins, which have been covered up with forty feet of rubbish."

With this Charlie sat down, and the Palace of the Cæsars was next shown—great ruins, extending over a large tract of ground, and everything in a state of utter desolation. No one spoke for a moment. Then Ben arose and stated that one of their number had not arrived, and consequently there could be no explanation of the picture. There was a murmur of disappointment from the audience, and some of the younger members expressed their feelings more loudly. Then from a distant corner of the room came a strange voice :

"I am not known to many of you here ; but as I was staying over night with your pastor, I thought I would like to see your exhibition. If you will excuse me, I would like to tell you something about the Palace of the Cæsars, which will be of great interest, I am sure. In the year 1860 I was staying in Rome, and it was my habit to frequently visit these ruins. Workmen were engaged in *excavating*—that is, they were carrying away the rubbish which had accumulated during the past centuries. One day a new room was discovered, which proved to be the school-room where the slaves of the emperors

were sent to be educated. On the walls there was a sketch drawn with a sharp instrument—just a rough outline such as schoolboys often draw now when they want to make fun of some one. Now, what do you suppose this sketch represented? Only this—the outline of a cross, on which hung a human figure with the head of an ass. At one side stood a man with his hands raised as if in worship, and underneath were the words, ‘Alexander worships his god.’

“The discovery of this drawing created the greatest excitement. It was carefully removed from the wall and placed in a museum, where it can now be seen. The kind of bricks used, and some other things, prove that this room was built about a hundred years after Christ died. At that time it was the custom to ridicule His followers, and to accuse them of worshipping such a figure as that in the sketch. The idolatrous nations hated the Christians, and did everything they could to put them down. This ‘Alexander’ was probably a member of the emperor’s household, and his rude schoolmates in this way taunted him for his devotion to the crucified Saviour of men. We can all imagine how he must have suffered from the ridicule and persecution of his heathen companions. But think!

Now in 1883 the crucified Son of God is the light of the world. The Palace of the Cæsars and the splendid heathen temples have crumbled into ruin; but that little sketch, so wonderfully preserved, shows us how our blessed religion was despised in its early days. Now we can all truly sing:

“ ‘In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o’er the *wrecks of time*;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.’ ”

The stranger sat down, and the exhibition continued. But from that evening the ruins of ancient Rome had a new interest to all who had heard the account of the discovery of the sketch.

A SIAMESE WEDDING.

BY MRS. VAN DYKE.

I DO not know much about the earliest years of Leang, save that she lived most of the day out of doors among the flowers and fruit trees of the garden which surrounded her home, where the tall cocoanut towered fitly over the waving leaves of the banana. She must have

had the birds for her companions, for her merry laugh always reminded one of their carol.

When I first met her she was a bright child of six or seven summers—for the year in Siam is one long bright summer. She had soft black eyes, and hair that was black also, but all shaven, except one little place on the top of the head, where it had been allowed to grow long, and was twisted into a tight smooth knot, fastened by one long gold pin, the head of which was as large as your thumb, and set full of precious stones.

She was very friendly, and often visited the missionaries, and when Mrs. House started a school for children on her veranda she was invited to join them. Here she learned to sing, read, write and sew. In later years she joined the church, and was often in our family, and was much loved for her winning ways.

When Leang was about seventeen years of age, and her parents thought it time for her to be married, they received an offer from a wealthy Chinaman, who had already two or more wives, but who wanted to add a new ornament to his harem. He was a heathen, much older than herself, and Leang's heart had long been in the keeping of a young Siamese Christian, who had

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met her in the mission-house, where he also visited. Her parents scolded, took away her ornaments, beat her, and threatened banishment from home; but Leang remained firm in her refusal to marry the Chinaman. At length, after a long period of trial and waiting, the young Siamese won the reluctant consent of the parents to marry their daughter.

And now perhaps you think it is time to prepare for the wedding. No, not yet. The Siamese have a superstition that persons born in certain years are incompatible with each other. For instance: if one were born in the "year of the dog" and another in the "year of the rat," they could not live happily together. The matter is accordingly referred to some fortune-teller, who for a small fee usually pronounces no difficulty in the way. The matter of birthdays being settled favorably, the elders make another call for a further discussion of preliminaries. They say, "Since birthdays do not interfere, what shall be said about the usual stock for the young people to commence life upon, and the money for building the house?" for, according to Siamese custom, the bridegroom puts up the house on the premises of the bride's parents, and as near the old home as possible.

All these matters favorably settled in the case of our young people, Leang's parents hastened to consult the astrologers in reference to a propitious day for the wedding, and the young man engaged workmen to build the bamboo house, which did not take long or cost much. It grew day by day, until the sound of saw and hammer was no longer heard, and the new home was ready. The wedding-day hastened on, and the little house was festooned with the broad, graceful leaves of the banana, and adorned with the tall green stalks of the sugar-cane, symbolical of peace and fruitfulness. Flowers and fruits are arranged in fantastic designs on the walls; bright-colored cloth is gracefully draped as curtains and screens. All things are at last ready. The feast of fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats is spread on mats upon the grass among the trees and flowers, and the hosts await the arrival of the guests.

By-and-bye the sound of tabret and pipe and bands of music herald the coming of a sort of procession. One by one they come—musicians with their oddly-shaped instruments, old men and women, young men, maidens and children—all gaily dressed in holiday attire, some bearing trays containing gifts for the

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bride and her parents, others with fruits and confections to contribute to the already generously-prepared wedding feast.

Among her young friends, serving at the feast and bearing trays here and there among the guests, flits the pretty bride. Although her face is brown, the rosy blush is plainly seen on her cheeks. The bridegroom sits apart from the women among his young men attendants. Conversation flows on; the sound of merry voices tells of happiness and good will. All have been served, and the feast is over. The money has been brought forward, and counted by reliable persons and found correct. Both sums are thrown together, and sprinkled with rice, scented oil, and flowers, symbolical of blessings craved for the young people. It is then handed over to the parents of the bride for safe keeping. The wedding gifts, consisting of common household utensils, have been formally presented and duly admired.

The afternoon is now far spent. The band strikes up a sort of a wedding march. The groom, attired in plum-colored silk *panung* and a neatly-fitting white jacket, rises and leaves the group, attended by his young friends, all dressed in much the same style, and walks toward the

neighboring house of the American missionary. At a respectful distance follow some of the matrons, aged women and maidens. In their midst, like a gay butterfly, dressed in a red and yellow silk waist-cloth, a brilliant green silk tight-fitting jacket, and a fire-colored silk scarf thrown gracefully over her shoulders, walks the young bride.

The guests all go up through the veranda into the house, where they are welcomed by the missionary. Chairs are offered, but many prefer to crouch upon the floor, as they have never been elevated above it in all their lives.

The Christian marriage that follows is a novel episode to many present. At a Siamese wedding Buddhist priests come to the house and chant prayers for the benefit of the young couple. The parents of the bride and bridegroom and all the guests vie with each other in their attentions to these priests, who receive gifts also. The young couple are copiously bathed with holy water, poured by the elders—first upon the head of the bridegroom, then on the head of the bride—who pronounce blessings upon each. This, of course, necessitates a change of wet apparel for dry, usually more gay than the former, the fresh suit for the bridegroom being frequently presented

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But to return to our young couple. After repeating, with clasped hands, their vows to love, cherish, honor, and live with each other until death, the missionary pronounces the blessing, and congratulations are offered by their friends. The parties then separate, and as they came to the house so they go back to their guests in the garden.

The feasting continues until the twilight has waned and the full, clear moon transforms everything into silvery beauty. Then preparations are made for the torchlight procession to conduct the bridegroom and bride to the new home. The torches were made of pitch rolled into small sticks about two feet long, and wrapped around with the dried attap leaf. The groom's attendants escort him, with lighted torches, to his home, and at the same time a lad is dispatched by the bride bearing a tray of the *areca* nut, with all its concomitants, ready for chewing; tobacco, *seri* leaf, red lime, and soft wax for the lips. He met them at the door, and, placing the tray before them, invited them to partake.

After an interval, two or three matrons, with Leang's maiden attendants, light their torches,

and the little bride, shy and trembling, but with her heart full of happiness, is in her turn escorted to the little home. All sit down on the little veranda, the maidens apart from the men. The tray with the betel nut is passed to them, and they all partake freely. Then, after more friendly chatting, and some suitable exhortations from the matrons and congratulations from all, the guests depart, our young friends are left to themselves, and another Christian home adds its rays to the light which we hope will ere long cover Siam.

WHOSE PENNY DID IT ?

A WOMAN in India, in company with her son, went to see the missionary. She spoke to him as follows :

“Teacher, I am from Henji Mura, and I have been through the city seeing the sights. I received this little book on the street the other day, and I see the place of your palace written on it, and I come to enquire about the God you speak of here. Will you tell me about Him ?”

They talked together for more than an hour, and upon leaving the missionary gave her some

tracts. After a little time he received a letter from her. It ran thus:

"I brought the little books you gave me home, and kept one of each kind for myself. The rest I gave out to my neighbors. We believe what is in them. It seems like truth. We have quit worshipping our idols. We want you to send us some books, or a teacher to tell us how we must worship your God, and what we must do to please Him." A few days afterward another letter came from the same village, saying: "I am a stranger to you, but I hear you came from America to teach us the true way. Will you come, or will you send us some books by which I may learn the true way?"

Whose money for missions, sent in with prayers, purchased those tracts that have turned these village people from idols? God's Book, in the last day, will reveal it. "Some fell on good ground."

JACK AND THE JAPS.

THIS Jack was a jolly good boy. He was jolly because he liked fun. He was good for he liked to make others happy. Once a month Jack worked like a beaver in his father's

wood-shed splitting wood to earn five cents to take to the meeting of the "Cheerful Workers." He felt quite proud of his five cents. The Cheerful Workers were raising money to educate a boy in Japan, and Jack thought a good deal about the Japs. On Saturday Jack started off on his new bicycle. He had been saving his money for a whole year, and it cost him just five dollars.

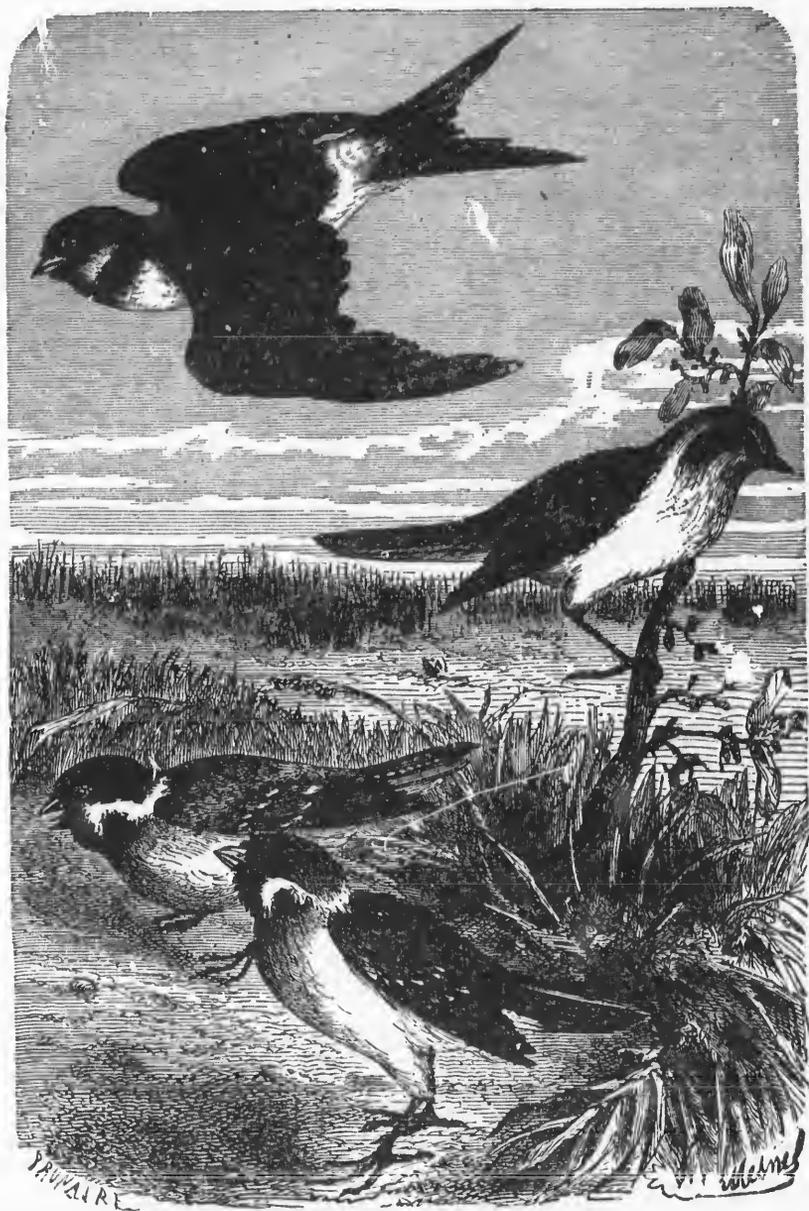
I cannot tell you what they did at the meeting, but that night Jack had a fearful dream. He thought his bicycle got started and took him straight across America to California. When he came to the Pacific Ocean a long narrow bridge stretched across it, and over it whizzed his bicycle; and the first thing Jack knew he was making a triumphant entry into Japan.

The Japs seemed glad to see him. They crowded around him, and chatted and laughed and danced with delight at him and his bicycle. Finally, one boy asked, "Do you belong to the Cheerful Workers?" "Yes, I do," said Jack, proudly. "How much did you give for us Japs?" said another. "Five cents," meekly answered Jack, wondering what was coming next. "Oh, ho!" said all the boys. "What did you pay for your bicycle?" asked another boy. "Five

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BIRDS OF JAPAN.

dollars," said Jack. "Good, ain't it?" "Oh, ho!" answered all the boys again. "Mighty mean boy," said the first Jap. "Gives five cents for us and five dollars for himself." All of a sudden the air grew full of sticks and mud. Poor Jack! what should he do? Everywhere the Japanese boys were coming after him like an army of giant grasshoppers, their shoes clattering, their hair flying, and every boy was yelling, "Oh, ho! oh, ho! Five cents for the Japs and five dollars for Jack! Mighty mean boy!"

But, somehow, the bicycle started off, and Jack started for the shore; but, alas! no bridge was to be seen, and the first thing Jack knew he went down, plunged head first, bicycle and all, into the Pacific Ocean. He was just thinking how cold the water was, and whether his mother would cry when she knew her Jack was drowned, when his eyes flew open, and lo! he and the water-pitcher and the towel-rack were a pile of ruins on the floor. His mother was standing in the door-way rubbing her eyes and holding a candle in her hand. "Why, Jack," said she, "what are you doing?" "O, mother, the Japs!" gasped Jack. Next morning Jack had to account for his conduct. His father said, "My son, there is a lesson in your dream. The Bible says, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

CHILDREN'S PENNIES.

LITTLE children, give your pennies,
 Think not it will prove a loss,
 Send the Gospel to the heathen,
 Send the story of the Cross.

Send the babes Christ's invitation,
 "Little children, come to Me,"
 Soon their willing hearts will answer,
 "Blessed Lord, we come to Thee."

Heathen mothers, in their blindness,
 Of wooden gods salvation crave.
 Give your pennies, send them teachers,
 Tell them only Christ can save.

Bring your pennies, give them freely,
 Treasures they will prove in heaven;
 God will bless them, God will bless you,
 For each little sum you've given.

THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT BRITAIN.

THE early inhabitants of the British Isles were Celts. The priests and law-givers were called Druids, from the Greek name of the oak, their sacred tree. Their laws were in verse,

and the only record was in the memory of the priests. The Druids believed it was displeasing to God to worship within walls. The oak groves were their dwellings and the temples of their daily worship. In the centre of the grove was a space enclosed with one or two rows of large stones. Sometimes stones of great weight were placed upon upright pillars. The remains of such a temple may be seen at Stonehenge.

The Druids wore long white robes and flowing beards to distinguish them from the people, over whom they had full control. The office of priest was also held by women. They worshipped God; but the serpent, the sun, the moon, and the oak shared this worship. Sheep and oxen were offered in sacrifice; also, men and women taken in war were burned in large wicker cages. Their chief feasts had reference to the harvest. One was held after the seed was sown, another when the grain was ripening, and a third when the crop was gathered in.

On New Year's day the chief priest cut with a golden knife the mistletoe from its parent oak, while attendant priests caught the sacred plant in their white robes as it fell. In all these ceremonies they were crowned with garlands of oak leaves. Traces of these customs may still be

seen in England, where the sports of May-day, the fires of Midsummer-eve, the harvest home, and the cutting of the mistletoe at Christmas are observed.

LIZARD AND SCORPION.

HOUSES in India abound with moths, mosquitoes, cockroaches, beetles, wasps and worse than all, scorpions. In the gardens there are snakes and ugly large lizards. But into the houses there come beautiful small lizards, white or salmon-colored or spotted, and these are gladly welcomed by the people, for they are very skillful hunters and devourers of all the insects named above, even including the scorpions. They watch the insects flying rapidly about till they alight somewhere, then approach them as stealthily as a cat does a bird, taking advantage of every book or pincushion or brush or other article on the table, to hide until within springing distance; and then, resting an instant, jump several inches, with unerring aim, and devour their prey.

The lizard is so cunning, such a bright-colored and bright-eyed little creature, loving warmth and sunshine, that I think one would soon cease

to have any fear of it, though it could never be agreeable to have one drop from the ceiling upon the bed or the table as they often do. In her beautiful poem entitled "Watching," Mrs. Judson thus speaks of it :

"The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet, after day's harsh din,
Then ventures boldly out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricksey, winsome sort of way
His delicate marauding seems no sin."

When one of these little lizards sees a scorpion crawling along the wall, it runs quickly toward it. The scorpion then faces the lizard, curling its sting-pointed tail over its back ready to strike. The lizard runs quickly, first to the right and then to the left a few times ; and the scorpion faces it everywhere. After a little fencing in this way, the nimble and cunning little lizard leaps directly upon the tail of the scorpion, and sits upon it, pressing down the sting. Thus holding its enemy's weapon, it begins at the head, and eats the scorpion gradually

down to the last joint of the tail, and then goes away, leaving only the head and poisonous sting.

Of the scorpion we could never cease to be in dread, on account of this fearful sting. Though not often fatal, it is always extremely painful, and that of the larger varieties sometimes causes severe sickness. These creatures get into the houses, and have a trick of hiding in beds, shoes, etc., so that accidents are very common in the countries where they are found. I have heard of those who have made a pet of the lizard, but I am sure no one could think of such a thing with reference to the scorpion.

PATCHWORK.

IN an ancient Eastern city dwelt a king of
wondrous power,
Whose domain was far-extending, and whose
wealth grew hour by hour,
Till he planned to build a temple, like the wise
old king of yore,
That his fame might be eternal, and might sound
from shore to shore.

So with gold and gems and earrings they built
up the arches high,
But could find no painted window that could
please the monarch's eye;
And a solemn proclamation was re-echoed far
and wide
By his own right-royal heralds, and by prince
and lord beside.

"Know ye," said the solemn message, "'tis the
king's most gracious will
That a great reward be offered for the painter
of most skill;
And whoever makes a window most artistic in
design
Shall receive a crown and kingdom which shall
second be to mine.

So from all those wide dominions came those
artists, one by one,
And they worked with care unceasing till the
windows all were done,
And were lifted to their places in among the
arches tall,
For the king to give his judgment which was
grandest of them all.

But they had not counted rightly; there was
still one empty space,
And there was no time to purchase a new win-
dow for the place,
When some one of them remembered a poor
workman who, in fear,
Had begged the colored pieces of the crystal
lying near;

And by patient cutting, fitting, using up each
fragment small,
He had made a *patchwork window* that was
plainest of them all;
And its many-coloured figures—every shape and
size and style—
Made the workmen jeer and cavil, made the
skilful artists smile.

But it must be used one evening, and amid so
much beside
It would simply pass unnoticed, till its place
could be supplied;
So they set it, like the others, in its frame of
carvings rare—
For the king was then approaching, and the
shouts rang through the air.

On he came in all his glory, gazing up on every
hand,
At the saints and martyrs holy; at the old
Apostles' band;
At the calm, sweet-faced Madonna, with her
wondrous child and Lord;
And at angels bringing tidings with their white
wings spread abroad.

But before the *patchwork window* paused the
king in great amaze,
For the setting sun was shining with a rare and
ruddy blaze
Through the scarred and criss-cross tracings, and
watched the sunbeams pour
A hundred brilliant rainbows on the tessellated
floor,

While the nave was filled with glory, with a
splendor from on high,
And the people bowed in silence, for the Lord
seemed passing by.

“Bring the artist!” cried the monarch; “his
shall be the crown and gold;”
And the workman humbly kneeling, gained a
wealth and power untold,

From this legend, full of meaning, shall we not
take courage now

That our work will be accepted, though it seems
but poor to view ?

In our weakness bring we offerings—prayer and
labour, money, time—

But at best we make but *patchwork* when we
aim at deeds sublime.

But we know that in God's temple *all* our work
shall find a place,

Though we mourn because our neighbors build
with greater power and grace ;

But when through our patient life-work shines
our heavenly Father's love,

It will glow with matchless beauty, and be fit
for heaven above.

HARRY'S MISSIONARY POTATO.

"I CAN'T afford it," John Hale, the rich farmer,
answered, when asked to give to the cause
of missions. Harry, his wide-awake grandson,
was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied, "is it not
too bad that they cannot have churches and
school-houses and books ?"

“What do *you* know about the heathen?” exclaimed the old man testily. “Would you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it.”

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and day after day puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humor over the election news, he said:

“Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?”

“A potato!” ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

“Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years.”

“Oh, yes!” replied the unsuspecting grandparent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad’s persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing thirteen; these, the following season, became a peck; the next, seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, lo! the potato had increased to

seventy bushels; and when sold the amount realized was, with a glad heart, put into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed:

“Why, I did not feel that donation in the least. And, Harry, I’ve been thinking that if there was a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered.”

Little reader, will you be that missionary at home?

LOOKING FOR JESUS.

BY MRS. M. E. MEAD.

A HINDU girl was stolen from her home and carried to Calcutta, where she was sold as a slave. A rich Mohammedan lady bought her, and, as she was very pretty, brought her up as a companion and plaything. She had a happy life for years, until, one day, it came into her mind that she was a sinner, and needed to be saved from sin. Her kind mistress, to take up her mind, sent for the rope dancers, the jugglers, the serpent charmers, and all the amusements of

which she was fond ; but the little girl was as sad as ever.

Since she had lived in Calcutta she had become a Mohammedan instead of a worshipper of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and so the lady brought a Mohammedan priest to comfort her. But though she recited long prayers in an unknown tongue five times a day, with her head bowed toward Mecca, her trouble was not removed. After three weary years of waiting the girl went to a Brahmin for relief, hoping, if she returned to the faith of her fathers, to find peace.

At first the Brahmin cursed her in the name of his god ; but, as she offered him money, he promised to give her all the help he could. Every morning he told her she must bring to the temple an offering of fruit and flowers to Vishnu, and every week a kid of the goats for a bloody sacrifice.

In India every flower has its own meaning, and the flowers that this poor girl brought to lay upon the altar meant a bleeding heart. She was so worried and troubled that after a while she became quite ill. Ah, if she had but known, as you and I do, of the One who came to bind up the broken spirit, and who alone could give her rest and pardon !

At last she happened to pass a beggar in the street one day. You would have thought he was a strange-looking beggar, with his turban wound around with strings of beads, his ragged clothes, his pipe and his wooden bowl. She had never seen just such a beggar before, and, as she dropped a little coin into his wooden bowl, she said, almost as if thinking aloud, "Ah, if even you could but tell me where I might find salvation!"

The beggar started.

"I have heard that word before," he said.

"Where? where?" she asked. "I am sick, and I am afraid I am going to die, and what will become of me?"

The man told her of a place where rice was given to the poor.

"I have heard it there," he said, "and they tell of one Jesus Christ, who can give salvation."

"He must be the one I want; take me to Him!" she urged.

"I do not know where Jesus Christ lives," answered the beggar, "but I can tell you of a man who does know;" and he told her of a Brahmin who had given up his gods and was now a teacher of the new religion.

Weak and ill as she was, the Hindu girl

started on her search that very evening. She went from house to house inquiring, "Where is the man who will tell me where to find Jesus Christ?"

No one knew, until, as she was about to give it up, she was shown the house she sought, and met the teacher on the veranda. She burst into tears as she cried:

"Are you the one who can lead me to Jesus? Oh, take me to Him, for I am going to die; and what shall I do if I die without salvation?"

The good man took her into the house, and heard her sorrowful story.

"Now," she cried, "you know all, and where Jesus is; and I cannot wait longer to see Him." And how do you think the teacher led her to the Saviour, who she hoped was waiting for her in that very house?

He knelt down beside her, and besought the dear Lord to open her eyes that she might see and believe in Him who was ready to give the salvation for which she longed. And, as she prayed, the truth was revealed. She saw the Son of God; and the Shepherd, who for so long had sought His child, folded her to His bosom and she was at rest.

It mattered little now whether life or death

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were her portion. She had found Jesus, forgiveness and peace; and henceforth all things were hers.

THE GIRLS OF DEHRA DOON, INDIA.

IN one of the most beautiful valleys of India, at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains, is the Doon. It is shut in from the plains by a low range of mountains—hills only, compared with the lofty and famous Himalayas. The sacred Ganges flows by one end of this lovely vale, ten miles wide and sixty miles long; and at the other end the river Jumna rolls toward the sea. About midway between these two rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna, and a rise of ground from which, each way, water runs to the river, high and healthful for situation, stands the city of Dehra, and in it a large building that cost \$25,000,—Oriental in style, picturesque, airy and commodious,—where one hundred and twenty girls are gathered.

It is not the domestic establishment of an Eastern monarch, nabob, prince or merchant. These girls are not slaves. They are not heathen, though many of them are the daughters of Ind.

More than twenty years ago, the Rev. David Herron and Rev. Mr. Woodside proposed to found a seminary for the education of the daugh-



HINDU GENTLEMAN.

ters of the members of Christian Churches in India. It was a noble thought. They had no means, but they had strong faith. The Chris-

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tian women of Dehra were the first to contribute to the grand design. The missionaries gave it their encouragement and prayers. Women in America and England heard and helped, and in a short time the money was given and the house was built. The daughters of the country came. They came to stay. For it was wisely made one of the conditions of admission that the pupils should not be removed at the caprice of the parents.

These girls are carried on through courses of study similar to those in the public schools and some of the colleges in America. Recently the highest class has been permitted to go up to the Calcutta University Examination, where one of them was examined six hours a day for four successive days, and passed honorably.

At the outset it was thought important to confine the studies to the native language, but it was soon found that the range and destiny of the English tongue made it far more desirable to give them access to its inexhaustible and increasing stores. Their usefulness in India is greatly enhanced by this course. Mr. Herron says :

“I have been pleased to find that they avail themselves of this invaluable privilege. A short

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time ago I met one of the pupils, a girl about fifteen years of age, reading as she walked in the avenue of their play-ground. 'What is that you are reading?' 'A book of poetry,' she replied. 'Whose?' 'Walter Scott's.' 'Which of his poems?' 'The Lady of the Lake.' 'Do you like it?' 'Yes; I have read it several times.' 'Do you like to read poetry?' 'Very much.' 'How much have you read?' 'I have read Longfellow's poems, Jean Ingelow's, Willis', Pollock's Course of Time, Burns', Goldsmith's and Walter Scott's.' I was surprised; and as I walked along I thought to myself, what a store of rich thought and beautiful imagery that child has in her mind that she could not have had she not learned English."

These are the girls of Dehra Doon. It is pleasing to know that far away among the mountains of India there is such a bright spot, made brighter by the Sun of Righteousness, where "every prospect pleases," and the sweet power of Christian education is training a hundred young women for usefulness in their native land. Greatly are to be honored the men and the women who give their lives to the work. They will have their reward. And it would be well if our children, and especially the pupils of

our schools and colleges, would bear in mind that these children, rescued by the grace of God from ignorance, are making, perhaps, a better use of their opportunities than *they* who are enjoying the full noontide of civilization.

BUNARAM, THE BRAVE CHRISTIAN BOY.

DO you know where Assam is, dear children? If not, take a map of India, and look north-east of Hindostan and north-west of Burmah, and you will find this province, with the mighty Bramaputra River running through its entire length. The lofty Himalaya Mountains bound it on the north. Assam is long and narrow; and the eastern and western borders, between which is the river valley, are made up of the foothills running up to the great mountains. On these hills live many tribes, very different from the inhabitants of the Assam valley. There are the Mikirs, the Nagas, the Garos, the Kohls, and the Rabha Cosaris, and a great many more.

Bunaram, the boy of whom I am going to tell you, was the second convert to the Christian religion from among these Rabha Cosaris. He was only thirteen when he was converted, and I

fear that not very many children of that age in this land could have stood faithful under the trial he had to meet.

By becoming a Christian, he broke his caste. I have not time to explain just what caste is to you this time, but perhaps Aunt Carrie will find a way to tell you about it some day. It is considered among these people worse than death to break caste, and Bunaram's friends were in great distress about it. There was one way out of the matter ; for, by paying a great deal of money to the priest, and going through an endless amount of ceremonies, the lost caste might be restored, provided, of course, that Bunaram should give up being a Christian. His friends loved him very much, and offered to bear all the expense, if he only would consent to renounce the new religion. Listen to the answer of that noble boy :—

“No, you can't give or take away my caste. You may cut me in pieces, or do what you like ; but I can never deny that I am a Christian.”

So his father said to him in bitter anger : “You are not my son any longer. If you had loved me, you would allow me to buy back your caste.”

He was treated as an outcast, and had to eat

all his meals alone in the cow-house, because he was a Christian. His teacher asked him, when he returned to school, and had told of the fiery trial:—

“Well, Bunaram, did it make you sorry that you were Christ’s disciple?”

“No, not a bit,” was his reply.

Jesus and his religion were worth more than the dearest earthly friends to this noble boy, once a poor heathen.

BURIAL CUSTOMS OF THE CHINESE.

BY REV. J. W. LAMBUTH, D.D.

THE Chinese have very singular customs and strange ideas about the burial of the dead. When a person dies he is generally dressed in the very best clothing that can be provided for him. Even persons in very moderate circumstances expend as much as thirty or forty dollars for good clothing, and the person must be dressed as if going to a feast, and in as many as nine garments. The smallest number is three, and these must be padded with cotton or silk to keep the person warm on his long journey. He must have his fine hat and satin boots on, and his long,

flowing, official robe, in order to make a respectable appearance in the next world, so as not to be arrested by the policemen belonging to the king of Hades, who are always on the lookout for travellers from whom they can get a good supply of ready money to supply their daily wants. If he makes a shabby appearance in the other world, he is laid hold of by these men and dragged in a violent manner before the king, and if he has nothing to pay, is thrown into prison, or put upon racks, or ground in the mill.

When the person is supposed to be dying, the members of the family gather around the body, get hold of the face, try to close the mouth, and commence to yell at the top of their voice to prevent the spirit from escaping. When the body is dead and they begin to wash it, three crackers are fired; when the body is being dressed three crackers are fired and a band of music begins to play; when the body is placed in the coffin three more crackers are fired, and at the same time there is music by the band. All this noise is to frighten away any evil spirit from the world of spirits. When this is completed, his bed-clothes and body clothing must be burned, and is thus transformed into spirit clothing for the dead, and will be ready for him

when he reaches the other world. His name is attached to his clothing, so that no one else can claim them. After all this, then comes a feast for the neighbors, musicians, and priests; and it is often the case as much as fifty or sixty dollars a day is used, besides the expenses of the coffin, which seldom costs less than twenty dollars. Very often these priests represent the torture of the deceased to be so great in the other world as to require their prayers and incantations for not less than two weeks, during which time the family is reduced to extreme poverty. During this time the spirit of the dead must go to the city temple to pay his respects to the presiding god of the city, and then to another temple to get his passport, and then to a third temple in the country to be examined and see if he deserves punishment. After passing ten officials under Satan, the spirit is brought to a bridge and directed to pass over it. At one end is a serpent, and at the other end is a savage dog. The bridge is thirty-three feet high, and passes from this life to the next. If the spirit passes safely through, he comes to a river, half of which is white and half black. The ferryman tells the spirit to close his eyes, and he is left on the other shore in darkness. The friends of the deceased

burn ghost money to supply him with funds to fee the officials and bribe the police. If the spirit has plenty of this money, he is able to pass without danger. If he is not provided with the necessary funds, he is led off by the devils, put into a mill, or thrown upon spikes, or sawn asunder, or is transformed into flies and insects, or serpents, and gradually becomes extinct. If not very wicked, and he has a tolerable supply of funds, he is transformed into one of the twelve kinds of animals—the last and lowest of which is the hog—and in the process of three thousand years he again becomes man.

STORY OF ASAN.

MORE than forty years ago, an English lady, Miss Aldersey, left her home and friends in England, and went to China to tell the poor women and girls of that country about Jesus, who came to die for sinners. She was a member of the Committee of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, and she had heard much about the sad state of the heathen in China, so she gave herself to the work, and

determined to try and open a school for girls in one of the large cities in that empire.

Miss Aldersey soon found that she had not undertaken a very easy task. The Chinese could not imagine why she wanted to teach *girls*, whom they consider as worth nothing at all; so all sorts of absurd stories were spread about her. At first it was said that she was a cannibal living upon human flesh, and that she wanted to collect the children in order to keep them as provisions, and to eat them when required. More than once her house was surrounded by a crowd of women, each demanding to see her daughter, that she might be sure Miss Aldersey had not dined off the little girl; and one woman took her child aside, and asked her whether she had not been killed and brought to life again. When this point was settled to the satisfaction of the people, another story went round, that the reason why Miss Aldersey wanted to "gather the children" was that she might take out their eyes and send them to England, as all English people had blue eyes, with which they could not see. Miss Aldersey, however, persevered and prayed, and went on in faith. At last little Asan was brought to her.

Some three years before, an English soldier in

Chusan was walking out one morning, and he heard what he thought was the cry of a kitten, but he soon found that it was that of a poor little baby girl, who had been cast into a ditch by the roadside to die. He took it up, carried it back with him to his comrades, and with these kind, good men the baby lived and grew healthy and strong. They gave her the name of Asan. At last the time came for them to return home, and they had to leave their little pet behind. They committed her to the care of a Missionary's wife living in that city, and the parting with the child was a sad one, for those strong men wept over the little girl till her hair was wet with their tears. Miss Aldersey arrived at Chusan soon after this, and gladly undertook the charge of Asan, looking upon her as the beginning of her proposed school.

Asan lived several years with Miss Aldersey, first at Chusan and then at Ningpo. Prejudice gave way in time, and a large number of girls were collected into a flourishing boarding-school. Asan early became a decided Christian, and proved a valuable helper to her kind friend. She became the wife of a native catechist, and she and her husband have both been the means of bringing many of their native countrymen to

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Jesus. Who could have foretold that the poor little baby, picked out of a ditch, would live to be a valuable and honored missionary? But we know that it is the Lord who not only "bringeth low," but also "raiseth up;" and He has raised up many "from the land of Sinim" (that is China; did you know before that it is mentioned in the Bible?) to be His witnesses and light-bearers in that dark country. Do not forget to pray for the women and girls of China.

NOTHING TO DO.

A FAIRY STORY OF TO-DAY.

"**T**HERE'S nothing to do and there's nothing to say,

And the rain, it raineth every day.

There's nothing amusing, and nothing is new;

In fact, as I said, there's nothing to do."

So spoke little Gretchen, and turned again

To watch the rain on the window-pane;

"Now!" she cried, "there's the clock, but it's only struck two;

What is to be done when there's nothing to do?"

“Nothing to do?” said a voice by her side;
“Would you like to come with me for a ride?”
Then Gretchen turned round delighted to see
Her good fairy godmother smiling with glee;
And the very first tap of her high-heeled shoes
Quite startled the child from her fit of the blues.
A neat little figure so quaint and so trim—
Her little high hat and a little broad brim,
And her dainty red petticoat, quilted and neat,
Showed the high-buckled shoes on her brisk
 little feet.

“O yes,” cried poor Gretchen, “pray take me
 with you;

I really am dying from nothing to do.”

“Very well,” said her godmother, “prithee be
 quick,

And jump by my side on this fairy broomstick;
It does not rain now, and we will not go far,
Don’t stay to dress, but come just as you are.”

Quoth Gretchen, “I’ll get my hat and cloak ere
 we go;

I’m not quite a fairy, as you are, you know.”

The broomstick was swift and the broomstick
 was fleet,

So it soon set them down in the old village
 street.

"And now," said the fairy, "you just follow me ;
I have touched you with fern-seed, so no one
will see."

Then straightway she opened a rickety door,
And there saw a baby alone on the floor—
Such a pitiful baby, so pale and so thin,
With hardly a garment to wrap itself in.

It gave little Gretchen a sorrowful shock,
And she said, "I must make that poor baby a
frock."

Her godmother nodded, and merrily smiled ;
But soon she led Gretchen away from the child,
And showed her its mother, who lay on the bed,
With scarcely a pillow to hold up her head.

Said Gretchen, "She looks very ill. Don't you
think

I may bring her some food or some nice cooling
drink ?"

Her godmother gave her broomstick a twirl,
And they stood by the side of a little lame girl ;
She had no one to comfort her hour by hour.

Cried Gretchen, "I should like to bring her a
flower !"

"Very good," said the fairy, "pray do if you can ;
But now we shall call on a poor old blind
man."

“O dear,” cried her godchild, “how lonely he looks !

Might I read him sometimes some comforting books ?

And O, godmother, look at that poor little lad—
He is shaking with cold, so wretchedly clad,
While I am all wrapped in velvet and fur ;
Don't you think I can make him a warm comforter ?”

“Our ride,” said the fairy, “has not been in vain ;
And now, if you please, we will fly home again ;
I shall call on you, dear, just a week from to-day,
And then I shall hear what you may have to say.”
The week slipped away and the godmother came,
In her little red petticoat, gay as a flame ;
She tapped at the door, and she laughed outright
To see her fair godchild so happy and bright.

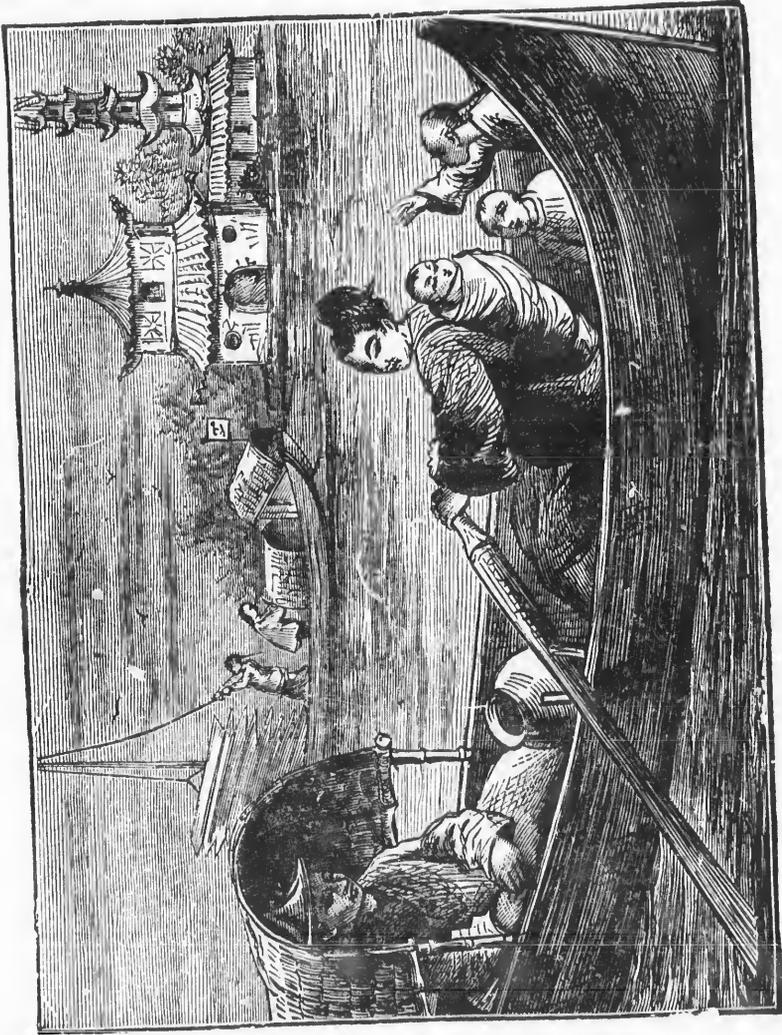
Then Gretchen looked up with a sunshiny smile,
As she folded her work in a neat little pile,
And laid it a-top of her plentiful store,
Saying, “Now that is done, I can make something more.

The days are so busy ; I rise with the sun,
But I never can do all there is to be done,
When wants are so many, and workers so few—
How can anyone say they have nothing to do ?”

CHUNG WAH.

HE is a bright little ten-year-old who lives in a town away off West. You know by his name that he is Chinese, and I am afraid some of you have already turned up your noses in disgust, and have thought, "Bah! those dirty Chinamen! My mamma says it makes her sick to think of them, and papa's glad they can't come to our country any more." But let me tell you about Chung Wah, and then you can decide the Chinese question for yourselves.

He is in the A class in Number Two, and in the schoolroom his yellow face is almost always bright with soap-suds and joy, for he is a wonderfully happy boy, and smiles all the time he is happy. His little black eyes look like apple-seeds, and snap whenever he winks. He wears great flapping brown pantaloons, which are covered to the knee by his pink calico aprons, but on Wednesday, when he speaks his piece, he has on a white apron, so stiffly starched that it rustles and cracks like paper. His low cloth shoes have no heels, but long, pointed, turned-up toes. Chung Wah is very quick at his lessons, and neat in his slate work, so that



BOATWOMAN OF CANTON.

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when visitors come in his slate is one of the first the teacher shows them.

He has always loved to study, but last May, when the days commenced to be warm and bright, he must have grown a little tired of school, for, alas, a great many times he was seen on the street the whole day long. When questioned the next morning, he told the teacher: "My fadder send me to school an' I no come." I suppose he liked to pitch horse shoes with the other boys down in Chinatown, as none of them had to go to school; or to follow old Sam Lee round the town as he gathered up the clothes for the wash house. At any rate he played truant many days, until his teacher sent him up stairs for the school superintendent to talk with him. Still the truancy was repeated, and he gave no excuse, only "I no likee come dat day." At last, one morning, the superintendent whipped him for truancy, and poor little Chung Wah went down-stairs with both fists in his eyes and a very sore heart.

That very afternoon, just before the tardy bell rang, who should walk into the superintendent's room but Chung Wah, his face still downcast and troubled. He held a preserve jar, covered with Chinese characters, in one hand,

and in the other a bright silk handkerchief, such as are sold in the Chinese shops. With an awkward little nod, just as if he were going to speak a piece in school, he said: "My fadder gib 'em to you. He say you heap good man. He likee you beat me ebly day I no go school."

Brave little Mongolian! Do you think you, clean, white boys and girls, could have carried such a hard message as that so honestly?

Somehow, after he had said the words, the lump in his throat seemed to grow easier, and, although the superintendent said some words not very comforting: "Well, Chung Wah, tell your father I will punish you when you are truant from school,"—yet when the boy went down-stairs this time his face beamed as though he had never known a tear, and his little black cue bobbed merrily behind him.

A good many months have passed since then, and he has never deserved another whipping. I don't believe he will. His teacher says he has a wise father, and that if there were more fathers like him there would be more good boys in school, but I say, brave little Chung Wah! The boy who can tell the truth when it is so hard to tell it, has a clean side to his heart, though his face may be very yellow.

What do you say, my white boys and girls? would he be a bad playfellow for you?

If some fifteen or twenty years from now you should hear that the grown-up Chinaman, Chung Wah, fills well some position of honor and trust, don't be surprised, but tell *your* boys and girls, "Oh, yes, when he was a little fellow he was brave enough to obey his father, and tell the whole truth."

CANNOT WE DO SOMETHING?

A MISSIONARY in Africa had established a school for colored children. One day he told them that there were still a great many idolaters in the world who did not know the Lord Jesus Christ, and that there were societies in England, Germany and France which sent missionaries to these poor pagans. The little colored children then said, "And cannot we do something also?"

"Reflect upon it," replied the missionary, "and when you have found out some way of contributing to this good work, you may come and tell me."

These poor children racked their brains to discover how they could obtain something to give;

for you know that they have no parents or friends who are rich enough to let them have a little money occasionally, and that there are many in Africa who do not know what a piece of money is.

One morning they came to school full of joy, and said to the missionary, "We wish to form a little juvenile missionary society."

"That is very well," said the master, "but what will you give for missions?"

The eldest answered, "We have resolved to form a society like grown-up persons, and each of us will oblige himself to collect as much money as he can without begging. As for those boys of us who are largest and strongest, we will go into the woods to find bark, and will carry it to the tanner, who has promised to pay us a florin for each load."

Another child interrupted him and said, "And as for the rest of us, we will gather resinous gum, and will sell it for more than four shillings a pound."

"And we," exclaimed the smallest children, "will carry ashes and sell them to the soap-maker."

Then the girls came, and some of them said, "We will collect locks of wool, and we will sell

them." Others said, "We will get some hens and sell the eggs and the chickens."

The little colored children did not rest satisfied with making promises. They executed their plan without neglecting school; and at the end of a year they held a meeting, under the direction of a missionary, and carefully paid over to him all that they had raised. And how much do you think they put into his hand? More than ten pounds.

GIFTS FOR THE KING.

THE wise may bring their learning,
 The rich may bring their wealth,
 And some may bring their greatness,
 And some bring strength and health.
 We, too, would bring our treasures
 To offer to the King:
 We have no wealth or learning;
 What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
 We'll bring Him thankful praise,
 And young souls meekly striving
 To walk in holy ways.

And these shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King,
 And these are gifts that even
 The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
 We have to do each day ;
 We'll try our best to please Him,
 At home, at school, at play ;
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King
 Than richest gifts without them ;
 Yet these a child may bring.

CHILDREN'S WORK FOR MISSIONS.

LET me tell you, dear children, of a little girl scarce three years old, a tiny, bright-eyed body, of whom you would say in passing, "Isn't she cunning? isn't she pretty?" and yet so wisely trained and guarded that she is not in the least spoiled.

A lady called to see her mother a short time since to ask her for the annual collection of the Woman's Board of Missions, when little May, attracted by the earnest conversation, ran to her, saying, "I'se going to be a missionary! I 'ant

to be a missionary!" The lady took her up, and told her some stories about the poor little heathen; and then, in response to the glistening eye and quick heart-throb, said,—

"You shall be a little missionary, if you ask papa to give you twenty-five dollars to make you a life-member of our society."

This satisfied the child, and soon after the lady left. When she called the second time, the little girl was summoned, and came running to the visitor, all alive with "I'se a little missionary now," at the same time putting twenty-five dollars into her hand.

She climbed into her father's lap at her earliest opportunity, and lavished all the wealth of her love and pretty endearments upon him; and so pleadingly asked for the twenty-five dollars that the father, deeply grateful to God for the gift of this precious child, could not deny her request.

But you ask, "How did twenty-five dollars make her a missionary?"

Suppose you very much desire to make your father a present of a beautiful watch-case, but are too small to embroider it, and still know how to knit, crochet, pick berries, take care of baby, or do something else by which you could gain a little money; you would have no need to sigh,

and say, "I cannot give him the beautiful watch-case, because I do not know how to work it;" for you could use many spare minutes—and they could be love minutes—and earn here a few pennies, and there a few more, until, almost before you know it, you would have enough money to get the materials, and pay somebody else to make it for you, so that when you presented it, you could say, "Father, this is all my own present, I bought it with my own money."

Now, although May is too young to go to teach heathen children herself, the twenty-five dollars can be given to a good Bible reader, who will visit the little mud-floored cottages, and gathering the mothers and children around her, tell them the story of the cross, and show how even the little ones may please and serve Jesus.

Thus little May is a real missionary, because she can provide a Christian teacher. Will she not grow into a deeper piety and love for the heathen as the years pass on? And will not her dear mother be likely to train her for missionary service?

But you say, "My father is not rich enough to give me twenty-five dollars."

Now, please listen: Just want to be a missionary, and want it ever so much, because you

are sorry for children who will never know how to be good unless somebody is sent to teach them, and then go and tell Jesus, asking Him to direct you what to do for Him while you are young.

Every child cannot do what this little child did; but there is a work which God will give you, and which no one else will do quite as well.

Can you not talk with some of your mates, and persuade them to join you in forming a little Mission band, a berry or sewing circle, to earn money for the Board of Missions?

“THE WHITE MAN IS OUR BROTHER.”

MR. INGHAM, of the Livingstone Inland (Congo) Mission, writes in July, from Lukunga station, that when he first settled there in December of last year, he could not get the natives to come near him. The few who did so for purposes of trade gravely assured him that there were no chiefs and no towns in the neighborhood, and that they “did not know” anything about roads and paths and the people around. By-and-by, however, a chief got his wrist broken with a gunshot wound, and was

glad to go and be healed by the white man. His confidence was soon gained ; he sold some good land for cultivation to the missionary, and explained to him that fear alone kept other neighbors back from coming to see him. By degrees the fame of this first cure brought other patients—a poor fellow with a badly burnt hand, and another with a sore knee, both of whom did well. The nearest towns, however, stood aloof, and refused every “dash” that was offered, till an incident occurred which suddenly brought them all around. A man going to visit a wife he had in a village across the river was seized and frightfully injured by a crocodile. Mr. Ingham was summoned, found him covered with thirty cuts and lacerations, and with his leg broken. He did his best to stop the bleeding and dress the wounds, arranged the broken limb on a temporary splint, and giving the man a little laudanum to secure sleep, went home to study medical books and make a suitable, properly-padded splint. The patient slept well, though the doctor got little rest ! When he repaired to the scene of the accident early next morning the people perceived that he must have been at work on behalf of the poor wounded man during the night, and felt the kindness implied in the action.

“He is our brother!” they whispered in surprise to a native servant who accompanied Mr. Ingham; “the white man is actually our brother!”

After this friendship was soon established. Three chiefs came bringing goats, and the people brought him plantain trees; eight acres of land were cleared and cultivated, and four thousand plantain and other fruit trees planted.

Mr. Ingham had sixteen boys in his school when he last wrote, and he hoped by the summer to have forty. Many of these he obtained from distant towns which he had visited, and he seems to find no difficulty in keeping them.

APOWAKAS—THE BLOOD INDIAN MAIDEN.

(Dedicated to the Woman's Missionary Society.)

FEAR on the prairie wide,
 Wandering without a guide,
 Sadly the maiden cried,
 “Keenon,* be near me.”
 Loudly the thunder roared,
 Fiercely the torrents poured,
 Saintlike the maid adored,
 “Keenon, I fear thee.”

*Blackfoot for the Great Spirit.

Silent beside a grave,
Helpless, and none to save,
Knelt she as if to crave,
 "Keenon, accept me."
Then on the evening air
Floated a Blackfoot prayer,
Asking the Father's care,
 "Keenon, protect me."

Quickly her plaintive wail
Pierced through the autumn gale,
As with her mournful tale
 Death-songs she chanted.
Upward her eyes were cast,
Angels were hurrying past,
Keenon, the First and Last,
 Blessings soon granted.

"Daughter, I welcome you,
Homeward thy path pursue,
Ever be brave and true,"
 Said the Great Spirit.
"Go, with the pale face plead,
Tell them of all you need,
Ask them the way to lead,
 Heaven to inherit."

Quick with her heart made glad,
Singing, her path she sped,
“Hath not my Father said
‘Plead with the pale face?’”
Brave men and maidens sang,
All through the camps there rang
Shouts as she passed along,
“Pardon through God’s grace.”

Far on the mountain peak,
Daily she kneels to seek
Help for the poor and weak
’Mong all her nation.
Weeping, she calls aloud,
“Help, help the dying Blood,
Tell us the way to God,
Peace and salvation.”

“Mothers and sisters dear,
List to my falling tear,
Sin, death, and hell are near,
Blessings now send us.
Soon o’er the raging flood,
Pale face shall meet with Blood,
Singing in heaven’s abode,
‘Keenon, befriend us.’”

J. McLEAN.

THE HAPPY CRIPPLE.

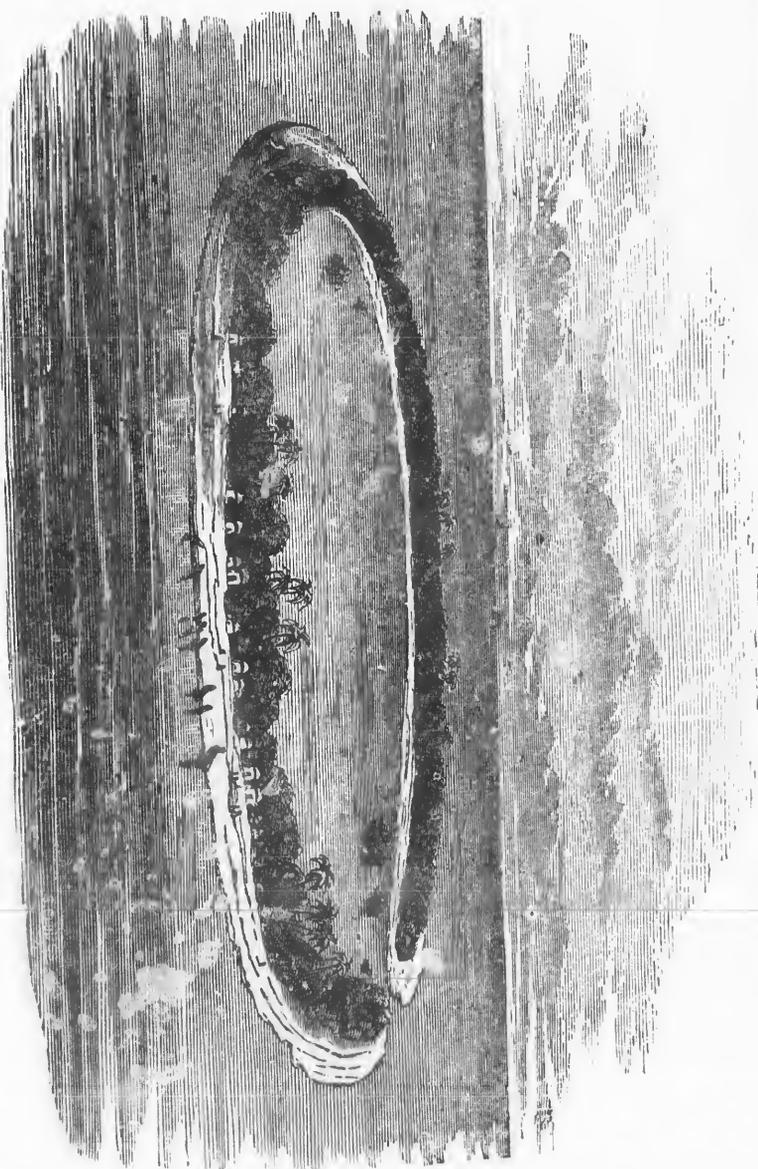
ABOUT one hundred years ago many islands were discovered in the South Seas. Some of these are called "Coral Islands." The people were all ignorant of Jesus; prayed to fishes, reptiles, and birds, calling them their gods. They bowed down to a fly, an ant, or a lizard, because they said either a good spirit or an evil spirit was in it. We are told by the Rev. John Williams that there came to an island a ship, the captain of which had a parrot. A chief and some natives went on board, but just as they entered the cabin the captain spoke to the parrot, and the parrot loudly replied to the captain. The chief was struck with alarm at the sound of the talking bird, and ran upon the deck, crying, "The captain has got an evil spirit on board, for I have seen and heard it." At these words every native dashed into the sea and swam ashore.

Mr. Williams, when walking on one of the islands, trod on a small snake and killed it. As soon as the poor natives saw the dead snake they shouted aloud, "Oh, you have killed our god! you have killed our god!"

In former times the people had no books, for they had not even a written language. They

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A CORAL ISLAND.



had no Bible, no school-house, no holy Sabbath. As this was their dark condition, we need not wonder when we hear that they were very cruel and sinful. Mothers often took their dear babes and put them into graves which they had dug, and then trampled to a level the earth under which their little ones were in the pains of death.

One way in which they hoped to please their gods was to wound and injure themselves. Some knocked out their front teeth, and others cut off one or two joints of their little finger on each hand. A young daughter of a chief was seen with the fingers bleeding from wounds thus made, and when asked why she had so cruelly treated herself, she said that she had done it to please the gods and to save her mother, who was very ill. "How did you do it?" "Oh," she replied, "I did it with a sharp shell." They often cut off one joint after another, and when their little fingers were both cut away they rubbed the stumps to make the blood flow, thinking that this was the way to obtain what they wished. Truly, "their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after other gods."

Missionaries have toiled here for years, and now the Bible and books and tracts are scattered

through the islands. They opened schools, and old and young are seen in them. As the young are the first to learn to read, they assist their fathers and mothers in their lessons.

Mr. Williams tells us of the great change in these islands. He says: "There is a good road round one of the islands, which the natives call 'the parent path,' some miles in length, both sides of which are lined with chestnut and other trees. The houses of the natives were placed from ten to thirty yards or more from this pathway, and some of them were very pretty. The path which led up to the houses was always strewed with white and black pebbles. Six or eight stone seats were arranged in front of the houses by the side of the 'parent path.' Here, when it was cool at the close of day, and their work was done, with a wreath of flowers on their heads and anointed with an oil of a sweet smell, sat the owners of the houses to chat with any one who went by about the affairs of their own little world.

"As I went along the path one evening, I was struck by seeing a man get off one of these seats and walk upon his knees into the middle of the pathway, when he shouted, 'Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island; to

you we owe the word of salvation.' His hands and feet were eaten off by disease, and he could only move along on his knees. Though this was the case, he kept his garden in good order. He pressed the spade firmly to his side, and leaning the weight of his body on it, pierced the ground, and then, with the ends of his arms, planted the seeds and roots. On asking what he knew about Jesus Christ, he said, 'I know that He is the Son of God, and that He died in great pain upon the cross for the sins of men, in order that their souls might be saved and go to be happy in the skies.'

"Where did you learn what you know?' 'From you, to be sure. Who brought us the news of salvation but yourself?' 'True,' I said, 'but I do not think I have ever seen you come to hear me speak of these things, and how have you learned them?' 'Why,' he said, 'as the people come back from the service I take my seat by the wayside and beg a bit of the word of them as they pass by; one gives me one piece, another a second piece, and I gather them together in my heart, and by thinking over what I get and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about His word.'

"I felt much interested in what had passed, as I had never seen the poor cripple before, and I

could not learn that he had ever been in a place of worship in his life; yet all he knew made me wonder and rejoice, and after this I seldom went by his house without speaking to him."

THE CHINESE CHRISTIANS.

BY MR. MEADOWS, OF SHAO-HING.

IT has been asked, "Are the Chinese Christians as anxious about the salvation of their families and friends as are the Christians of other nations?" Sometimes there seems to be a want in this respect, and it has been brought before the members of the native churches again and again. There are, however, we are happy to say, many who feel deeply for their unsaved relatives. We have heard very earnest prayers offered in our meetings, and have seen touchingly earnest letters that have been written by girls in Miss Murray's school to fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, entreating them to repent of their sins and come to Jesus. And in the case of one of the members of our Church, prayer and effort have been greatly blessed to the salvation of several of her family.

She is our nurse, and came to live with us six years ago. She had then been a widow four or five years, and, with her little boy, had lived with her mother-in-law. She had heard the Gospel, but it had not made any deep impression on her; for when asked to come and live with us, she only consented to do so on condition that she "should not be compelled to enter the Church." Her mother-in-law was much opposed to her coming to live with us, on account of the current idea that we take out the eyes, heart, etc., of those who die on our premises, or in connection with us, and said she would rather her daughter-in-law went to live with a native for less money.

The night before she came to us she slept at the house of the native pastor, and attended family worship. The next morning she came here, and from the first attended prayers twice a day. She soon felt that the religion of Jesus was just the thing she needed, and very demonstrative was she in her joy at having found something that exactly suited her case. She early proved to be a real believer, though not an angel, and in due time she was received into the Church.

Her mother-in-law was still unsaved, and as

she had the care of her little boy, nurse was very anxious on her account, as well as her own, that she should be saved. She was very earnest in prayer for her, and whenever she paid her a visit besought her to come to Jesus. The old woman was an earnest devotee, and her neighbors used to come to her that she might present their petitions to the idols. For a long time it seemed to be in vain that she was exhorted to seek the salvation of her soul, to forsake the worship of idols that could not save her, and to trust in Him who loved her so much as to die for her.

One day last summer she made her appearance here, to our great surprise, on a visit to her daughter-in-law. During the day we were still more surprised by her telling us that she was suffering from indigestion, and wished for medicine. As the idea is so prevalent that we have medicine that will charm the people so that they are compelled to believe the Gospel, our surprise was at its height when we saw her take the pill without the least hesitation. She was asked to stay over the Sabbath, which she did, and attended the services. She was much pleased with what she heard, and it was evident her prejudices were giving way. Her great trouble was that she

could not remember what she heard. She was told that it was not necessary that she should remember all, and what was needful for her to remember was told to her in the most simple words.

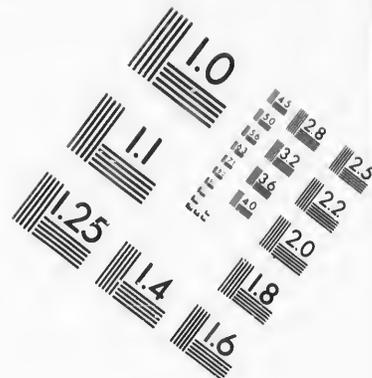
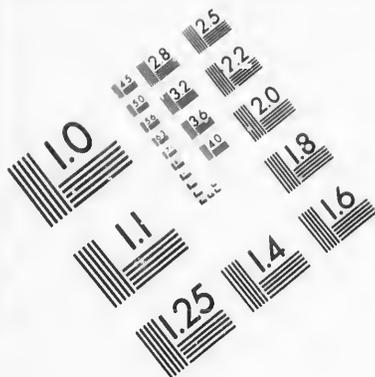
In a few days she returned home, but she was not the same person she had been before; her faith in idols was shaken; her friends no longer found in her a willing medium through whom they might present their petitions. She loved to pray to the true God, and to speak of Jesus who died for her, and their verdict was, "The daughter-in-law has gone out of her mind, and the mother is going too."

In November she came again, and remained several weeks. She said she had only remembered two sentences of what she had heard during her last visit; these were that Jesus died for her, and that she must thank God for her daily food. She was more than ever pleased with what she heard, both at the Sunday services and at the daily family worship, and sometimes gave vent to her feelings by saying, "That is good!" "That is true!" showing that she understood what she heard. Indeed, so clearly did she understand, that we were all sure the Holy Spirit was her teacher. She was often

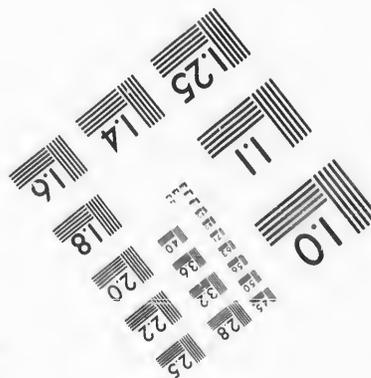
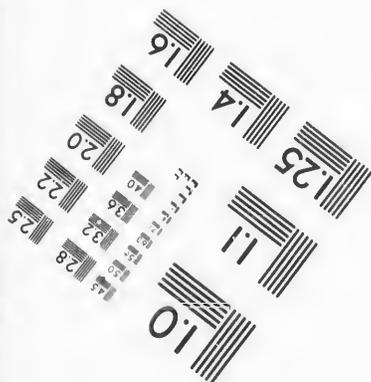
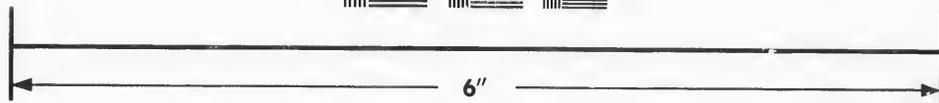
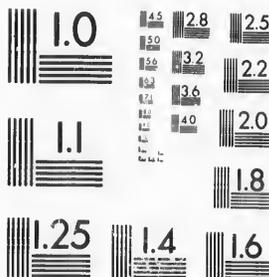
found on her knees, and said she was never so happy as when praying. Her health was not good while with us, probably owing to the difference in the manner of living (at home she did her own housework, here she was waited on by her happy daughter-in-law), so she returned home. We often hear of her through her son, who is the inquirer mentioned above. He says she is very earnest and prays a good deal. When asked if she is trusting partly in her prayers or not, she says, "No; I trust only in Jesus." The 2nd of January was her eightieth birthday, and her own daughter wanted to light candles and perform the usual idolatrous rites; but she would not allow it, although it made her daughter very angry. Our nurse sent her boy (who has been here at the school for some time) to spend the day with his grandmother. He took her some presents, and as he can read well and knows a good deal of Gospel truth, he was able to help and comfort her, and she was very thankful for his visit. Will you not pray that the old woman of eighty and the boy of thirteen may both become real Christians, and be the means of leading many others to Jesus?

The daughter-in-law is as earnest as ever in seeking the salvation of her family, and is a good





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illustration of the truth that whenever the Holy Spirit performs a work of grace in the heart, the desire for the salvation of friends is as ardent in the Chinese as in foreigners. It would be unprofitable to reason or speculate about it; a practical illustration or living example will operate more effectually than mere theorizing. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

O SUMI SAN'S STORY.

O SUMI SAN, one of the girls in our school at Yokohama, told a little story in our prayer-meeting the other day that I think will interest you. This child is about thirteen years of age, has been a dear little Christian for some time, and has led in prayer in the children's meeting; but this is her first attempt at speaking. After the older girls, who usually help me, had finished, I asked if any of the younger ones would like to say a little. Then O Sumi San spoke out. Her cheeks were very red and her eyes shining as she said:—

"I am afraid I can't do it, but I want to tell you a story about a poor widow who lived all

alone. She had no friends, and had to work very hard to get money for her rent and food. But after a while this poor widow became very sick and could work no more, and a Christian woman, who lived near, went every day to see her. She brought her soft food, and told her about the one true God, and about Jesus who had died to save us ; but the poor woman would not believe in Jesus.

“The landlord was a very hard man ; and, when the widow could not pay her rent, he became very angry, and said, ‘If you do not pay me before a certain day, I will come and take away your paper doors, your mats, and even the *futon* (wadded coverlet) you lie upon.’

“Then he went away ; and the poor widow was greatly troubled. She grew worse and worse, and could not work at all ; and she did not trust the true God to help her.

“One day, when the Christian woman was going to see her, she met the landlord ; and he told her he was going to take away the poor widow's things, because she could not pay the rent. Then the Christian woman asked how much it was, and when she knew, took out her purse and paid him, saying, ‘Now please give me the *ka-ki-ten-ki*’ (receipt).

“So he gave it to her, and she went into the widow’s house, where she found the widow in great distress, and crying—‘He is going to take away my *futon*! He is going to take away my *futon*!’

“But the Christian woman answered, ‘No, for your rent is paid.’

“But the widow could not believe it until she had seen the *ka-ki-ten-ki*. Then the tears gushed forth, and she said, ‘As you have paid my rent and received the *ka-ki-ten-ki*, so I believe the Lord Jesus has paid for my sins, and received the *ka-ki-ten-ki*.

“After that her body gradually grew worse, but her heart was very happy. At last she died, rejoicing greatly; and I believe that when her spirit went up to heaven, the Lord Jesus showed her the *ka-ki-ten-ki* for all her sins.”

Was not this a nice story for a little girl to tell?—only it was much prettier in Japanese than I can make it in English.

When O Sumi San first came here to live, I was told that her father was dead; but one day she remained in the room after her class had left, and, bursting into tears, she said to me:—
“My papa is not dead, but is a very bad man; he love only bad things. Please pray for him.”
And she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Will you not pray, too, that he may repent of his sins and become a true Christian, and that other Japanese boys and girls may put away their idols and believe in the Lord Jesus ?

MY FIRST NIGHT IN JAPAN—A MID-NIGHT PANDEMONIUM—BLIND MEN AND BAD WEATHER—THE NOISY NIGHT WATCHMAN.

I NEVER shall forget the experience of my first night in Japan. It was not the fleas—I have them yet to meet and vanquish—but it was the Babel of nocturnal sounds that rendered the night memorable. I retired early, and thought I was in a fair way to fall an easy prey to Morpheus. But I was soon startled from a promising drowse by a shrill, plaintive whistle. It was repeated at intervals of about seventeen seconds, now sounding as if under my window, and now growing quite remote, only to become more vigorous again. Then there was an occasional gong beaten, and anon the tinkling of bells added spice to the entertainment. At length, half-frenzied, I arose, dressed and descended to the piazza below, where I found the

keeper of the inn, notwithstanding the fact that it was almost midnight.

“What means this pandemonium?” I inquired in stern, sepulchral tones.

“More quiet as is most of the nights,” was the assuring reply, delivered with a profound, deferential obeisance.

“But what is that agonizing whistle?” I persisted.

“That be the blind man. Lots of blind men in Japan. They go 'round all night whistling on pipes so they be not run over, and so they be heard by people with the rheumatics. All blind people, when they can do nothing else, make themselves into—a—um—why doctors. They rub the Japanese all over with their fists and take away the sore. Japanese sick men hear the whistle and call out ‘Amma!’ Then blind men go in. They be not all blind men; some boys and a great many girls do so.”

“Why should so many people have the rheumatism?”

“Well, Japanese have only one suit of clothes. He work hard and sweat; then sit down in wind, and sweat go into his bones. He suffers most at night, and so blind men and girls, who get their living in that way, go about after dark.”

"But why should there be so many blind men and women in Japan?"

"Bad water. Water no good in Japanese town; it makes worms that eat the eyes, sometimes one and sometimes both."

"What is the trouble with the water?"

"Well, the Japanese spoil it by washing rice, vegetables, etc., near the wells. Every place so crowded and bad water drain into the wells. God make water all right, but Japanese make it all spoil. Water good all along the Bund, where Europeans live. In other places white people have to get water from springs out of town. Water sometimes caught on roofs when it rains, and then filtered; but the birds leave bones and food on the roofs so as to spoil it most often."

"But what is that noise?" I queried, as sharp, monotonous sounds smote successively my tympanum.

"Night-watchman clapping his two sticks together so that people may know he is on duty. Japanese no mind that sound, like to hear it."

"And this medley of other discords?"

"They be Japanese selling black beans, macaroni, and other things. They go about selling till twelve, one, two o'clock."

The evening sights are no less interesting than

the sounds. The city is overrun with the ginrikishas or man-power carriages, each one of which carries a pretty Japanese paper lantern at night. As the carriages dart hither and thither, or adorn the wayside in long rows, the effect is very pretty. To look at a 'rikisha coolie is fatal. He may follow you a mile for that look. To glance back over your shoulder is as dangerous as it was in the case of Lot's wife, if there are any of the runners within half a mile. I have had them follow me a mile and then wait outside while I performed a long errand, borne up with the hope that I would want to ride back when I got done.

THE HINDOO MOTHER DEDICATING HER CHILD TO KALI.

“ **A**LLOW me to introduce you to the goddess Kali. She has a necklace of six or seven serpents; then she has another composed of representations of human skulls. She has a cobra about her. Well, she is the goddess of cholera, and small-pox, and fever, and death of every kind. There is only one festival a year in that

temple, and I heard so much about it that I went to see it. I will not tell you everything I saw, but I will tell you one thing. I saw a mother come up to the gate of the temple. There was a quadrangle round it, and a shrine inside, and an image inside that. The woman took a leaf of the tulip tree, stripped off the soft part, and left the centre fibre; she then took a thorn of the cactus, and twisted it into the fibre; she then took hold of the baby, and saying, 'This to thee,' deliberately thrust the thorn into the child's fat side, and turning it over, did it a second time. As she passed out she clasped her bleeding child against her bruised and bleeding heart; she walked three times round and then came into the temple again, and saying, 'This to thee,' drew out the fibre. Do not tell me that she did not love the child; she loved it to the heart's core; but she so loved it that she dreaded the touch of the fever; she dreaded the infliction of the small-pox; she so loved the child that she rent her own heart in throwing the charm around it. She came away with the child, the hot tears streaming out of her eyes, and she could not extinguish the feeling in her own heart in dedicating the child to Kali. That is done every year."



REV. JOHN SEMMENS.

FREIGHTING ON LAKE WINNIPEG.

BY REV. J. SEMMENS.

GENERALLY our missionaries are fortunate enough to have their yearly supplies brought to their doors by the Hudson Bay Company's York boats, passing from Fort Garry to the Posts on the Saskatchewan, or to York Factory, at the mouth of the Nelson. The charges are very high, judged from an Ontario standpoint. The freight, especially that portion which is likely to suffer from dampness, is not always delivered in good condition. Provoking delays will occur when one's needs are the most pressing. Notwithstanding all this, it is the best and only practicable way of obtaining the yearly outfits. The Company has learned by experience the unwisdom of sending a single boat across unfrequented lakes; and having due regard to the safety of both property and life, its boats are sent out in brigades. The propriety of this course is the more evident when the broken lines of navigation are reached. A heavy fall necessitates a portage. The boats must be emptied, lifted out of the water, and dragged across the land to the quiet stream above the

boiling flood. Three boats' crews can haul one boat with ease, but fewer men would be compelled to abandon the journey where the falls are wild and the banks are precipitous. No missionary has ever yet, in the history of the North Land, had capital enough to equip and maintain a brigade of boats, even if he had freighting enough to keep them employed.

Circumstances will sometimes render it very inconvenient to wait for the arrival and departure of conveyances that are controlled by a corporation which never hurries; and then the needy missionary must measure the distance by personal effort, and obtain what is essential to comfort at the expense of his muscle. If it be in the winter, dog-trains are the only available means of transport, but in summer he can use the indispensable birch-bark canoe. With this craft he can follow the trend of the coast so closely that at any moment, when danger threatens, canoe and all can be lifted on shore, and refuge found among the hills, or beneath the pines. Anything larger than this would be generally considered useless, unless it was equal in size to a York boat, and was so constructed as to outride the heavy swells which even moderate breezes provoke on shallow lakes like this.

It happened that in the fall of '76 the Berens River Missionary was a prisoner in the Red River country, with his winter's stock of provisions on his hands, but with no means of procuring their removal to the far-away mission. The last days of August were still lingering, and usually at that season of the year brigades happened along; but this year's work had been done up with unwonted celerity, and the season was considered at a close. The crews had been disbanded, and freights were not likely to move again until the following spring.

In the dilemma private parties were canvassed, but no one could be found willing to risk the fall wrath of Lake Winnipeg for anything that could be paid. Every day lost in vain endeavor was a day nearer to the high winds of mid-September. Delay was perilous, perhaps fatal, to the purpose of reaching the field of labor which lay two hundred and fifty miles across the water.

With some hesitation the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company was approached, and the most favorable terms of sending a special boat out were solicited. The result was not encouraging. One hundred dollars, and all the risks besides, could hardly be compassed by the limited financial ability of one whose salary was

less than \$800 a year. Worse than that, the interview had been made the occasion of venting official indignation at some members of the fraternity of missionaries, whose indiscretions had closed for a time the floodgates of the Company's benevolence. With a poorly disguised indignation at the personally undeserved rebuff, the honorable gentleman was assured that favors had neither been anticipated nor solicited, and the august presence of Governor Graham was quitted without any special ceremony.

About this time, John Sifton, Esq., of Selkirk, always a friend of passing missionaries, hearing of a stranger's difficulties, with great kindness offered a large boat which was at his disposal. But there was no sail, and the boat required a crew of four who would demand high wages, and might not be able to return before the close of navigation, in which case pay and provisions would draw heavily on limited funds, so that this kind offer was respectfully declined. Two small skiffs were purchased for a trifle from the half-breeds. Ten hundredweight was crowded into each. One was put in charge of an Indian anxious to winter at Berens River, the other was taken in hand by the Missionary himself, and the journey homeward was resolved into

the storms of the lake *versus* two pairs of oars.

The trip down the river and across to Willow Island was not unpleasant, but no sooner was the tent pitched than a thunderstorm burst upon the lake, lashing it into foam and affording the voyagers some idea of what they had undertaken.

As the following morning opened fair and clear, an attempt was made to cross a deep bay without coasting, which would have involved a good deal of labor and a long delay. That a mistake had been made was evident before the middle of the bay had been reached. A smart breeze started up from the shore, and in less time than it takes to record, a considerable wave was running. Turning the boat's head toward the wind, some vigorous spurts were indulged in to no purpose. A high rate of speed only drenched us with spray and made the boats heavier. To fly before the wind was ruinous, for sixty miles of water lay between the boats and the shore in that direction. So the oars were vigorously plied with very doubtful results. Life and property were saved in this instance by a peculiar circumstance. In the bay were some shallows where reeds and rushes grew, rearing

their tall forms above the waves. Happening to reach one of these, the almost exhausted rowers grasped the swaying rushes, effected an anchorage, and obtained a much-needed rest. With energies recruited by this respite from severe exertion, another start was made, and in due time a landing was thankfully effected on the windward shore.

Following hard on this adventure was another, equally perilous, but of different character. A light fair wind encouraged the wayfarers to hoist blanket-sails, and a very respectable rate of progress was thus secured. Towards noon the wind increased and the growing waves became troublesome and threatening. Then it was discovered that the shore could not be approached with any hope of safety until a certain point, still distant, was past. The coast was iron-bound and begirt with shoals, over which the waves danced with frantic mirth. On flew the skiffs before the wind, their speed the only influence which kept the waves at bay. Little Grindstone Point was not far away, and the hearts of the helmsmen beat hard with fear. They knew well that the back-swells at the Point would be more dangerous than the long seas of the open lake. If the wind would have allowed, they would

gladly have given the dreaded spot a wide berth, but their blanket-sails could not be manipulated to good advantage, so the risks must be run. A few moments later the confused seas, in which lay the greatest danger, had been reached. Helms and sails had by this time been securely lashed, and the occupants of the boats sat with pails in hand, baling out the water which boarded the frail crafts from all sides. It was like a hand-to-hand fight with destruction. The Missionary's boat was the first to reach the quiet waters and touch the shore, but the other was not far away. Shooting through the dangerous surf, it struck an unseen rock, and sank almost within its length of shore. Its steersman escaped to the beach without difficulty, but the cargo was all in the water. Tea, coffee, matches, twine, and many other things of perishable nature were overwhelmed in the waters of a harbor after passing the dangers of open sea.

This state of things occasioned some delay, but repairs were quickly effected, and some articles were dried in the sun, and before twenty-four hours the trip was resumed.

For some days there was no adventure of moment. The lake was calm enough to admit of advancement, and though the sky wore a

somewhat sullen aspect, the weather was not unfavorable. Long stretches were crossed by dint of hard rowing, with no more special result than the weariness of the operators. This, however, was not much thought of, for they were rapidly nearing the end of a long journey and the completion of an arduous task.

After a long spell of successful tugging at the oars, nightfall of the seventh day found them camped in a cosy harbor on the eastern coast. The wind came over the land, and the water in the bay was as quiet as a pond. Across the lake "Dog's-Head Post" could be distinctly seen in the deepening twilight, and, as night advanced, its ruddy light glimmered merrily over the rippling water that rolled between. The moon shone from a cloudless sky, and appearances seemed to indicate a fine to-morrow; so the hearts of the boatmen were full of cheer as, sitting beside the glowing camp fire, they recounted the perils of the way.

Supper over, the tent was pitched on the sandy beach beneath the sheltering pines, and before the conventional hour for retirement had come, weariness had hidden itself beneath the wing of sleep. Then the clouds came. The wind shifted from the east to west. Moon and stars disap-

peared. Waves sounded on the sands the news of a coming storm. The boats, lifted by the rising water, were so swayed that the increasing surf struck their frail sides with giant force pushing them hard aground, and filling them with flying spray.

By this time the camp was alarmed, and frantic exertions were being made to prevent a threatened destruction. The darkness was intense, for the encroaching water had put out the camp-fire. The howling winds and the hissing waves were all that could be heard. But the men knew their duty, and were doing it bravely. A good deal of effort was required to launch the skiffs, by this time heavy with water and sand; but the waves were pressed into the service, and the boats were pushed away from the shore before any very serious damage was done. The Missionary and his assistant were drenched to the skin. Some of the freight had been water-soaked, but nothing of a more serious nature had occurred. Now that they were afloat once more, the object was to reach the nearest inlet where shelter could be enjoyed. The nature of the night made this a difficult task. A mile of high-running waves must be crossed. A sharp lookout for rocks must be kept up. If the oars

ceased for a moment, the boats were drifted toward an inhospitable shore. At best the waves would be intrusive. Providentially, after an hour's fight with the storm, the harbor was gained and life was safe once more. Quickly the cargoes were put on shore, the boats were hauled up on the sand, a fire was kindled, and the work of drying the dripping garments was just begun, when down came the rain in torrents. There was no use in seeking comfort any further, so the almost discouraged ones wrapped their drenched forms in their blankets and lay down, wet as they were, to resume a sleep which had been so rudely disturbed. Oh, the thoughts of home which filled the minds of the voyageurs that long and stormy night! It required some effort to say, "But none of these things move me!"

We do not propose to weary our readers with any further details of this eventful trip. For fourteen days the strife continued; afterward came harbor, home, and Christian work. Enough has been recorded to show that the romance of mission work is often counterbalanced by the eminently prosaic; by toils, losses and dangers unknown to the world, borne uncomplainingly for Christ's sake.

HOW BUDDHISTS PRAY.

ALMOST nine out of every ten Mongols you meet will have rosaries in their hands, and be rapidly reciting prayers, keeping count of them by passing the beads through their fingers. Some few are met with having a rosary in each hand, the one being used to count individual prayers, the other to keep record of each complete set of prayers that have run round the whole rosary. In this way, by the time the worshipper has got round both strings of beads, he has said one hundred and eight times one hundred and eight prayers.

They Don't Know the Meaning of Their Prayers.—One of the prayers most commonly used consists of six syllables. Ask one man what these six syllables mean, and he will tell you one thing; ask another and he will have another version of the meaning; ask a third, and he will most likely give an answer which all will agree in, namely, that it does not matter what they mean; the efficacy depends not on the meaning, but on the repetition of the prayer. Acting on this belief, the Mongols rattle away at their prayers; most of them ignorant of what they mean, and all of them,

paying no attention to the meaning, whether they know it or not. It is not, properly speaking, praying at all, but *repeating charms*. Each repetition is believed to have a certain efficacy; the more repetitions, therefore, the more efficacy; and so men and women spend much time and energy in the so-called praying, hoping thereby to make merit which will, among other things, cancel their sins.

The Hand Praying-wheel.—But mouth repetition is a slow process, and to expedite matters, a praying wheel has been invented, into which are put a large number of printed papers, the wheel is turned round, and, by this simple act, all the prayers contained in the machine are supposed to be repeated. This is wonderful acceleration. The wheel is fitted on to a handle, which a man can easily hold as he walks about; and thus it comes that men may be met with examining their cattle, or going from one place to another, whirling their praying-wheels all the time.

Family Praying-wheel.—In some tents there is a stand in which is placed a large wheel, bearing about the same relation to the hand-wheel as a family Bible bears to a pocket Bible. A thong is fixed to a crank, the inmates taking their turn in pulling it; but the aged grand-

mother, as having most leisure, usually spends most time over it, and the grandchildren keep a sharp look-out, and raise an outcry when, from inadvertence, a wrongly-timed rull sends the cylinder turning backwards, and, according to the Mongol idea, makes sin instead of merit.

Roasting-jack Praying-wheel.—In one house I saw a wheel placed over the fire and driven by the upward current of hot air, after the manner of the roasting-jack.

Windmill Praying-wheel.—A common form of the praying-wheel is a windmill set on a lofty pole high above the tent. When a strong north-west gale springs up, the machine goes whirling round; and the poor Mongol, as he shudders at the tempest in his tent below, is comforted so far, at least, by the thought that the blast is performing a lot of prayers for him.

Clockwork Praying-wheel.—Sitting in a tent once, I heard behind me a curious clicking noise, and looking round, found a praying-wheel going by machinery. The master of the house being a mechanical genius, had bought an old clock in a Chinese town, taken out and re-arranged the spring and wheels and then made them drive a cylinder filled with prayers. When he got up in the morning, he simply took the key, wound

up the clockwork, and then the thing made prayers for the whole establishment.

Praying-Flag.—He that is too poor to buy a handwheel or a windmill gets a praying-flag—a piece of common Chinese cotton cloth printed over with Tibetan characters—fastens it to a pole, and sets it up near his tent, believing that every time it flutters in the wind all the prayers on it are repeated. Not only at tents, but over stone cairns on hill tops, these flags abound. The cloth is coarse, the printing rude, wind and rain soon make havoc of its appearance; but there it is and there it flutters, bleached and ragged, long after the weather has removed every trace of letters.

Mammoth Praying-wheels.—Large temples have sometimes large praying-wheels, filled with sacred books, shrines and idols. Pilgrims come from long distances, assemble round the wheel, lay hold of its handles, and with "*A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together,*" by their united strength, drag the creaking fabric round, and believe that each one who helped has acquired as much merit as if he had read all the books, repeated all the charms, and worshipped at all the shrines contained in the wheel. The thing would be laughable were it not too serious

a matter by far for laughter. The *deluded worshippers really believe* that this charm-repeating, and wheel-turning, and flag-fluttering *makes merit that cancels sin*. They live in this belief, and they die with this lie in their right hand. This idea, too, is the cause of much sin. Believing, as he does, that this merit cancels sin, a Mongol aims not at leaving sin and being holy, but at providing for plenty of merit to counter-balance his sin, and thinks that the more religious he is he can afford to sin the more. just as the man who has most-money can afford to spend the most.

“When ye pray ye shall not be as the heathen.” During prayer do not our thoughts wander so much that when the prayer is over we could, if asked, hardly tell what we had been praying for? Again, is it not sometimes the case that so-called Christians, when asked what they do for Christ, say they attend church or chapel, and all that, evidently implying that they think such services has in itself a *meritorious value*—an idea that comes somewhat near the Buddhist’s notion of his temple services?



D. J. S. 1874.

TRAVELING IN SYRIA.

EXAMINATION-DAY IN SCHWEIFAT,
SYRIA.

SHALL I tell the American young people of examination day in a far country? In my walk to and from the school I climbed a narrow path, steep and rocky, such as you may find in your vacation if you make excursions on the heights of the White Mountains, only this was a village street.

Entering the school building I stopped a moment in the court or broad veranda with its stone pavement and open arches and stone pillars. Above waved the feathery branches of a palm tree, and not far off shone the glossy green and flaming blossoms of the pomegranate; on the plain below stretched one of the largest olive gardens in the world, with its soft hues of silver gray; beyond the blue sea shimmered in the glowing sunshine. In another direction were the whitey-gray Lebanon Mountains, with queer-looking villages perched here and there. The school-room was large and well-lighted, and rows of benches were placed for visitors, who so filled the room that many of the pupils remained outside till wanted for their classes; on a platform which ran across one end of the



room was a melodeon (lent for this occasion) and a table with the girls' needlework, copy-books, etc., and vases of flowers. Wall maps, diagrams and movable black-boards were ready for use. Two girls stood before these, and with just such a bit of chalk as you use, were making such hieroglyphics as you could not decipher, and explaining them in one of the oldest languages of the world. One girl's black braids hung down her back, and on her head was a buff *men-idle* or handkerchief; full trousers just showed below her skirt. The other girl had a long strip of white muslin over her head, one end passing under her chin and thrown over her shoulder. When she turned towards the audience I fancied that her fingers fumbled with the edge of her veil, as if in the habit of drawing up its folds and so holding them as to hide all the face but one eye—for this was a Druse girl, and thus they cover their faces in the presence of men. These rigid customs, as well as fashions in dress, are much changed by the foreign influences of the various sects now in Syria.

The recitations were fluent, clear, distinct, and prompt—such as any teacher in an American school might take pride in; the girls were modest, quiet and dignified. Each class as called

came forward to reserved seats, and stepped upon the platform by twos for recitation. The examinations were conducted by Miss Calhoun, with three native teachers; few questions were asked or promptings needed; in geography one took up a given country, pointing out its main physical divisions, its capital, towns, etc., and telling of its people, products and civilization; in Arabic grammar, illustrations on the black-board of various forms of verbs as called for showed an understanding of what they repeated.

Many fathers were present, and looked with evident pride upon the performance of their daughters; yet their grandfathers would as soon have thought of sending a kitten to school as a *bint*, but now the *bint* sometimes puts the boys of the house to shame. The father of a pair of bright, studious girls said, "Oh, if the heir of my house had a mind equal to his sisters!" He had money and would gladly have purchased for his boy their capacity and love of knowledge; had the girls been thus lacking it would not have troubled him.

Miss Calhoun invited the audience to ask the girls questions in Arabic grammar and arithmetic. One proud father turned to another and said, "How can we ask them what we do not

know? they are wiser than their fathers; we should hang our heads in silence if they questioned us." A generation ago no Schweifat man would have made such a concession.

In physiology, the girls pointed to the various diagrams to illustrate their talk about "the house we live in." The day was varied by recitations and reading in English, singing in English and Arabic, and infant-school exercises. Miss Calhoun succeeds well in teaching English; her pupils do not merely get the English words, but catch the English manner and expression as well as enunciation. The most interesting thing was the history of St. Paul, given by five girls; they went through with this remarkable history rapidly and clearly, pointing to the map of his travels, with scarcely a question or hint.

A FYOTE BOY PREACHING CHRIST IN KING PLENTY'S TOWN.

BY A MISSIONARY.

"ON looking up I saw that I was surrounded by 120 or 130 natives. It was half-past nine, and the night dark, but a wood fire burned brightly close by my seat, upon which I had a

candle to light me in writing. The scene was an impressive one. I felt an intense yearning over these poor dark souls; and as they stood gazing at me, and wondering at my presence amongst them, I felt that even at that hour, and before I put up a tent or did any thing else, I must speak to them of Jesus. There was one man who is a sort of 'lingster' among them, and understood a little English. I tried to speak through him, but finding I could not get on with him, I called Mr. Harvey's boy, Vemba, and got him to interpret for me. After speaking through him for some time, I told him to tell them himself what he knew about Adam and Eve, other Bible stories, and about Jesus. Forthwith he did so, and my heart thrilled within me as I noticed his earnest endeavor to explain to the people all that he himself had learned. As I watched the lad and listened, I thought surely the Spirit of God is with him! After a while he stopped. I felt impelled to ask him if he would now pray for the people, and seek God's blessing upon them. He said 'Yes,' and, turning to them, he told them that he was going to speak to God for them. The people laughed at the beginning, but he, bowing his little head, poured forth an earnest prayer that God would

open their eyes that they might see how it was with them, and might learn to know and love Jesus. His voice trembled a little at first, but as he went on he seemed to gain confidence, and positively wrestled with God for his countrymen. Glancing round I saw that the people had their heads bowed to the ground, and felt sure that the Lord had heard our prayers and was even then moving on their hearts. Oh, as I looked at that young lad with his thin little arms stretched out as he spoke to the people, I could not but pray that the Lord would prepare him to grow up into a strong man in Christ Jesus, even to be an evangelist among his countrymen. His speaking to them and praying for them seemed to impress the people far more than anything I had said to them. They sat round that camp fire for more than an hour afterwards, talking of what they had heard, and of the strange fact that a *Fyote boy* had prayed to *the white man's God* for them! It seemed to open their eyes to the fact that what Vemba had been speaking to them about Christ was true, and a growing wish was prevalent amongst them to hear more."

ALWAYS GIVING.

LITTLE children, do you ask me
 Why you should be always giving,
 When the Orphanage Box they pass you?
 Why, the orphans still are living:

Just like you, with bright eyes shining,
 Loving lips and soft dark hair;
 Yet not like you:—oft they're weeping—
 Pining for a mother's care.

Just like you, with young hearts beating,
 Quick to feel both joy and pain;
 Yet not like you:—theirs are breaking;
 Yet they scarcely dare complain.

Just like you, as fond of playmates,
 Pretty gifts and sweet home joys;
 Yet not like you:—they've no playtime,
 They've no home, no friends, nor toys.

Just like you, with young sweet voices,
 That might sing the Saviour's praise;
 Yet not like you:—they've no Sabbath;
 All their days are working days.

Just like you, with eyes so sleepy,
Most too tired to be undressed ;
Yet not like you :—no fond mother
Folds them in her arms to rest.

Just like you, with sins and sorrows
None but Jesus can remove ;
Yet not like you :—no kind teacher
Ever tells them of His love.

Surely now you guess the reason
Why you should be always giving,
Why your hearts should fill with pity
For the little ones thus living.

'Tis to help the missionary
Over in the mountains toiling,
That these orphans he may rescue,
From the evil spoiler's spoiling.

O, then send your cents and dollars,
To prevent his heart from failing ;
Then pray God will bless the orphans,
Dry their tears and soothe their wailing.

—E. A. BARRETT.

THE MISSIONARY LADY'S STORY.

THIS lady had been teaching in India, where several years ago there was a very dreadful famine. Very many people could get nothing to eat, and actually died of starvation. Many children lost father and mother, and then were gathered into homes, called orphanages, by the missionaries. In one of these, there were at one time some six hundred children; and while the missionaries fed and clothed them, they also taught them of Jesus, of whom many of them had never heard before.

Two of these little children became very sick; and, as it was plain that one of them could live but a short time, the kind teacher said to her, "You will soon be with Jesus."

The other child, who lay in a bed near her, said, "Teacher, will she go to Jesus before I do?"

"I think she will," was the reply.

Then the child reached out in her little hand three pennies which had been given her, and calling the other child by name, she said, "Carry these to Jesus, and tell Him I send them, because I love Him."

So this dear little child, though born a heathen, did the best she knew to express her love to Jesus.

ling.

ARRETT.

GROWN WHITE WITH WAITING.

“DO you see this?” said a Brahmin to a missionary who had been speaking of Jesus, and he held up a long bunch of hair at the back of his head. “Do you see this? It is getting white now, is it not? It was as black as the crow’s wing once; and, sir, it has grown white with waiting for words like these!”

“Grown white with waiting for words like these!”

Oh, wonder no more that we rest not at ease,
Over whose heart-strings such words have
thrilled;
How, think you, can echoes like these be
stilled?

“Grown white with waiting!” O brothers all!
Is there for *you* in these words no call?
Stirs there no pulse in your inmost soul,
As by you these heart-waves of pleading roll?

“Grown white with waiting!” Oh, think how
soon
Must their voices be hushed! It is long past
noon,
And the Master calleth; oh, hear His voice,
And bid the waiting ones heart rejoice.

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