

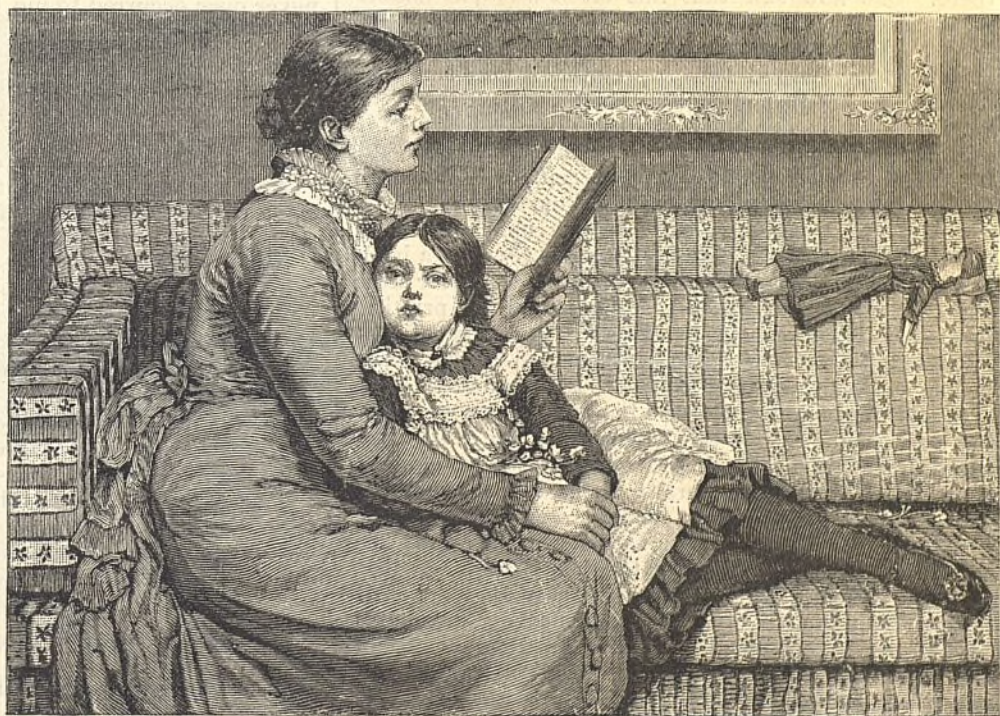
"ROUND THE WORLD."

SHE didn't go around the world by any means. Instead, she curled up in the great old lounge in the dining-room, laid her head on her mother's shoulder, and listened while the book named *Round the World* was read to her. By the way, that is a splendid book, and I advise you to coax mamma to send for it and read it to you. It was written by Mrs. Lucy Bainbridge, and she has been around the world, and knows all about it. Just here I'm going to copy a page or two for you from that very book, that you may see how interesting it is:

"Idolatry and superstition still reign in Japan. Temples and idols and shrines are without number. In the larger number of the homes is to be seen the god-shelf, where, in a gilded house, sits the favorite idol; a female figure with a dozen or more hands branching out at the sides. Before this, the family make daily offerings and worship. All about the city are to be seen shops devoted to the manufacture and sale of idols. It seems to be a good business. An aged man, being convinced of the folly of idolatry, wished to join a Christian Church. He was asked if he had taken down the god-shelf in his home. He replied that he had not, but was ready to do so, as soon as he could find a purchaser willing to buy his idols at the price he put upon them. He did not 'wish to ever bow down to bits of gilded wood again; but as long as the people will do such things,' he said, 'they may as well worship mine as any others; and I want the money.'"

"Asakusa is the temple of the people in Tokio; the walks and steps are filled with a continual crowd of devotees. The noise of the slapping of hands together in prayer, and the jingling of money as it fell through the slats of the box in front of the idols, never ceased an instant, as, for a long time, we watched the coming and going of the crowd. The most pitiable sight, to me, in all that great city, was in this temple. Before a mass of greasy wood once fashioned into a form, with ears, eyes and nose, but now entirely obliterated by the constant

rubbing for years, stood an old woman and her grandson. The child had a spinal disease, which the grandmother expected this lump of dirty wood—called a medicine-god—to cure! Earnestly and patiently she prayed and rubbed her palms, and offered money, and then tenderly stroked the back of the image, and imparted the efficacy thus obtained, by rubbing her child. Again and again was this repeated, with sighing and prayers and money offered. But this was not enough; the boy must do the same, reaching around to his own



BESSIE LISTENS, WITH HER HEAD ON MOTHER'S SHOULDER.

back to apply the benefit he had taken from the god!"

Shall I tell you what Bessie said as she listened to this? Bessie is the little girl curled up on the lounge.

"Mother," she said, sitting up straight, her cheeks very red, "they ought to be told better! They ought to be told about Jesus; how he made all our bodies, and how foolish it is in them to think that that dirty lump of wood can do them any good."

"Aye," said mother, "they ought to be told, and people are doing it. Missionaries are there hard at work; but they need money, child, *money*; they are hindered all the time for lack of that. The question is, what can Bessie do to help?"

Said Bessie: "I'll give the whole half of my gold dollar! I will, truly!"

"THAT STICK."

BY REV. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

What, all the way from Africa? How very, very strange! And who knows but some awful black man—one of those dreadful chiefs they tell about, that kill and eat people—who can tell but he had this very stick in his bloody hand. Ugh!" And she gave the stick a furious fling back into the waves.

The speaker was Eva Hustiss. She was sitting with her father on the sand very near the breakers, watching the scores of bathers. At length a strong wave rushed almost upon her, making the crowds of lookers-on "cut and run" to higher quarters, herself among the rest, but not until she had seized a queer-looking stick from the receding tide. Turning it over and over she passed it to her father for him to examine.

With a thoughtful look, he remarked that for aught they could tell, that stick had once been part of a tree in Africa, by chance broken off, and some one had made those marks upon it and cast it into the waters to travel thousands of miles and bear some message to a strange people.

Eva wondered if such things ever did really happen; if it was possible for such a little thing to wander so far away and speak some kind of language after it got there. She now saw that this bit of wood, no matter where it came from, was really making her think and speak. And she could not think it all an accident. God must have urged her to go down to the surf that day and just at that moment. He must have sent that very stick with some word for her. She had thrown it back, it was true, and it had disappeared, but she could not throw it from her mind. Especially now that her father had said it might have come from Africa.

"Africa!" "One of those bloody chiefs who eat people." Ah, that little stick had begun to write a book upon Eva Hustiss, and page after page and chapter after chapter leaped into being as though a dozen printing presses were working at it. That bit of wood set Eva to thinking about benighted Africa; so many, many people without Christ, and so few to tell them of his love.

She soon saw not one of the hundred that were dancing and swimming in the breakers at her feet. She heard none of the rollicking laughter that kept bursting from the throng of bathers or from the crowds that watched them as the great waves tossed them about. Eva hardly realized that her father was sitting by her side and often saying: "See there, my dear; see that great white cap; there it comes; now they'll get it if they don't jump lively. Ha! ha! ha! do see, there's Sis Day, just come out, looks like a drowned rat for all the world. How she spurts the salt water from her mouth and rubs her eyes—just do see the child, my dear!"

But Eva was three thousand miles away; the little stick was still telling her of Africa, reproaching her for having been saved so many years, and a happy church member, and expecting some day to go and see her Saviour in glory, and never once thinking earnestly or caring particularly for the blind, hapless tribes of Ethiopia. That little traveller seemed to plead with her: "Eva, if you are

—'So glad that your Father in heaven,
Tells of his love in the book he has given,'

don't you think others would be glad to hear about it too? And how will they hear without a preacher, and how will one preach except he be sent, and why may you not go or send?"

And Eva Hustiss, without knowing it, had two or three deep furrows across her forehead, thinking how she should answer those pressing questions. Then she

arose and pushed her way among the crowds, chatting with several who had just come dripping from the surf. At every turn, however, this stood face to face with her, Why may not you go or send?

"I go? the idea! as if I am called to be a missionary!" Then something seemed to say, "If any one, why not you?"

And she tried to answer "I'm not fit."

But the voice said, "Why not be fit? Some one must be fitted."

"But I could not leave papa and mamma and dear little brother Bennie."

"Ah, but some one must. Besides, how are you worthy of him if you are not ready to forsake all?"

"But, but—why, I've never thought of this matter before. I never supposed I had any thing to do with missions except to join the Band and pay a dime a week, and go to the meetings and read a paper saying how needy the heathen are, and that we must go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; and what a grand work it is to leave one's home and go and lead those idolators to Christ, and how little real piety there must be in the church when so few are found willing to obey the last command of the Lord. And there's Emily Duff and Kit Coan and Charley Jessup! I've wondered these many years why they have not felt it their duty to go as missionaries. But the idea has never once occurred to me that maybe I am called to this work. Dear me! of course it's all a notion, somehow sent to me by that stick. I wonder why I should have caught that strange stick from the surf. And why should it have set me a thinking this way to make me so uncomfortable in my mind? I'll cast it all off and think no more about it, or I'll go crazy."

And that evening some friends were invited in, and there were music and dancing, and Eva was "gayest of the gay."

At two o'clock her home was quiet. The revellers had gone their several ways. She was alone and on her knees, saying: "Our Father," etc., and she came to the words, "Thy kingdom come," and though she was so weary with the night's doings, and had tried so hard to forget that stick, yet now it came dancing again upon the wave and seemed to be covered all over with eyes and mouths and hands, pleading for Africa, and saying: "Who will go, and whom shall I send?"

That was an eventful night for Eva Hustiss. She said to the Master, "Send me." She has had no heart for the dance since. She is now "fitting" for her "mission." That stick has done its work.

AN INTERESTING BIBLE CLASS.

SUPPOSE you were in Persia! Among other places of interest that you might visit, perhaps would be the spot where it is supposed two people of whom you have heard, were buried. I mean a man named Mordecai, and a woman named Esther. Do you all know their story? If not I hope you will read about them at once, for it would be hard to find a more interesting story.

I will tell you why that spot would have a very special interest for me just now. I would like to attend a Bible class which meets there twice a week. To it come a large number of Jews who have decided that the Jesus whom for so long they have refused, is really the Saviour. Here they gather and study their Old Testament and our New Testament, and learn how wonderfully both stories agree. Forty families have lately become Christians. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." More than eighteen hundred years has he been waiting for them to own him, but they are coming. Let us do what we can to hurry the work.

REPORT OF CHILDREN'S MISSION-BAND, NEW BOSTON, N. H.

GRANDMOTHE RBROWN and Grandmother Gray
Met in the cottage just over the way,
This afternoon for a social tea.

Grandmother Brown is rheumatic,
you see,
And she dearly loves to have Grand-
mother Gray
Come in and chat with her any day.
And to-day, as they cozily sat
Knitting, and talking of this and that,
Grandmother Gray said, "I must
early go,
Because of the children's fair, you
know."

"The children's fair?" said Grand-
mother Brown,
As she laid her gold-rimmed glasses
down.
"What is it? Do tell! I want to
know
Where other people are glad to go:



THE COTTAGE JUST OVER THE WAY.

You know it is now almost a year
Since pain has kept me a prisoner here."
"Has no one told you?" said Grandmother Gray :
"It is strange that I have not, anyway,
Since the band was organized last May.
To the parsonage the children went :
Some of the ladies their presence lent.
They organized, as their elders do,
Adopted a constitution too ;
Perhaps I can tell it over to you :
First, 'The Ruthians' should be their name ;
And, second, it should be their aim
To learn of missions at home and abroad,
And to glean for them along life's road ;
Thirdly, their officers should be
A president, vice, and secretary,

With a treasurer, to hold the purse,
And all the funds receive and disburse ;
Fourthly, any under eighteen could be
Members by paying five cents, and we
Elders could be members honorary,
By paying fifteen cents annually.

Eight became members that
afternoon,
And others were added very
soon ;
So now they have eighteen or
so,
Good number for this small
place, you know.
Once in two weeks they've
met together.
And some have come whate'er
the weather ;
Five the least number on any
day,
And thirteen the largest so they
say."

"Well, well, I declare!" said
Grandma Brown,
"There are some wide-awake
fol's in town.
What d'ya they do at their
meetings, pray?"

"Oh, as to that," said Grand-
mother Gray,
"They had Bible reading, sing-
ing, prayer,

Talked over the missions here and there,
And sewed on a quilt that is novel quite.
It is going to be sold at the fair to-night.
The little girls are going to sing :
Their voices will make the town hall ring.
Some poems, also, they will recite :
We really expect a treat to-night."

GRANDMOTHER BROWN.



GRANDMOTHER GRAY.

"A treat, indeed!" said Grandma Brown :
"I wish I were able to go down.

Here, take this dollar and spend for me;
I know what their working for, you see.
I hope the purses will open all,
And a rich amount in the treasury fall.
Come in, and tell me about it, please,
To-morrow, when we can talk with ease."

So early next morning Grandmother Gray,
As soon as breakfast was out of the way,
Without waiting to rest or sit down,
Ran over to tell dear Grandma Brown
About the "fair" and its grand success.



EIGHT BECAME MEMBERS THAT AFTERNOON.

"Good-morning!" she said. "You'd never guess
What a real nice time we had last night!
Every one seemed to feel just right.
The hall was trimmed very nicely too;
The 'Magic Quilt' was hung in full view;
The fancy-table was brimming o'er,
Attracting purchasers by the score;
The supper was nice and daintily spread,
From delicious tarts to snow-white bread,
Then the children dear, their songs and fun
And recitations were finely done;
Our chorister's singing added zest,
And was, *as usual*, just the best;
Our pastor had written a poem too,—
I hope he will come and read it to you;
Mr. Allen spoke; and in fact, my friend,
It was a success from beginning to end,
For we made full seventy dollars, you see:
The children's share over thirty will be.
I wish I could stay and longer chat;
But duties at home will not allow that.
One thing, I am sure, is plain to be seen,
That those who try for the Master to glean
Will find the *handfuls* so easy to win
That many a *sheaf* may be gathered in."

— *Good Times.*

IN MEMORIAM.

MY DEAR PANSIES:—Years ago I had a school-friend with whom I used to take long walks to and from school, and have long talks together. She was a good scholar in geography, was very much interested in people of other countries, and used often to say to me: "It must be nice to go away off, to people who don't know any thing about the Bible, and tell them of Jesus and heaven!"

She had one virtue which we girls used to notice more than any other. She was thoroughly unselfish.

Always willing to do what the rest of us shrank from. When we grew to be young ladies we were separated. Years afterwards I met a lady who was a friend of hers, and as we talked together about her I said: "What sort of a woman is she?"

"Well," said the lady, "in the first place, she is the most thoroughly unselfish person I ever knew. Not long after that, she spent a winter with me in my home; and every one who came to know her, talked about her forgetfulness of self. I was not surprised when I heard that she had gone to Africa with Mr. and Mrs. Bushnell.

"It is like her," I

said, "to leave home and friends, and all the pleasant things here, and go away for the sake of others. Besides, this is the dream of her girlhood, when we used to study geography together. Two years ago when she was at home on a visit, she came to my home to spend a few days, and after we had talked a great deal together, we said of her: "She is the same earnest-hearted, unselfish person she always was, isn't she?"

Last fall she went back to Africa, eager for her work. She worked hard, as many letters from her telling me what she was doing to spread the light of the world, plainly showed. Knowing how earnest and eager and forgetful of self she was, I cannot say I am surprised to read in a late paper this paragraph about her:

"OGOVE RIVER, August 17, 1881:—Miss Susanna Dewsnap died here this afternoon, after an illness of seven days. Her decline was peaceful and her death triumphant."

I can be sure of that last; she lived for Jesus all her life; of course it was a triumph to go to him so soon.

But this is what I want to say to all the Pansies: There is one less missionary to tell the story and spread the light.

What will you do to help fill up the gap that her going home has made?

Yours lovingly,

PANSY.