

and the wise thing to do is to see that we do not fall under the condemnation of Paul in the first chapter of First Corinthians, and that

we should help to answer the prayer of Christ offered for the unity of His people in the 17th chapter of John.

Our Boys and Girls

BEDTIME.

As A was sitting fast asleep,
 "It's time for bed," said B;
 C crept into his little cot;
 To Dreamland off went D.

 E closed his eyes; F fretful grew;
 "Good night," G softly said;
 H hurried up the wooden hill
 To put itself to bed.

 I jumped for joy when bedtime came;
 K kissed good night all round;
 L asked for light; M found the match;
 The Land of Nod N found.

 O owned that it was overtired;
 To Pillowland P pressed;
 Q queried why it was so quiet
 When R retired to rest.

 S went in search of Slumberland;
 Too tired was T to stay;
 U went upstairs, V vanished, too,
 And W led the way.

 When X 'xclaimed, "How Y does yawn!"
 With zest responded Z:
 "I'm last of all to go to bed,
 But here's a nap for me."
 —United Presbyterian.

TAKI OF TEAPOT LANE.

Once upon a time a Lady and Gentleman from America went on a visit to Japan, away across the sea. They thought they had never seen such a lovely country, for the cherry trees were covered with pretty pink blossoms and the Japanese people in soft-colored kimonos walked under those trees and composed quaint little poems about the blossoms.

Then one day the Lady said: "Henry, dear, it's our last day in Japan and we simply must go to real Japanese teahouse, one where only Japanese people go and where nobody can speak a word of English."

So they asked the proprietor of their hotel about it, and he bowed very politely and said that in Teapot Lane was a teahouse that would certainly suit them. And it did. The Lady said afterwards that she wouldn't have missed that cup of tea for anything in the world, and I assure you that Taki felt the same way about it.

Taki was a little Japanese girl whose father kept the teahouse where our Lady and Gentleman happened to go. It was the tiniest kind of a teahouse, so very, very small that only Taki's mother and father and herself were needed to wait on the customers.

It would have been fun to watch the Lady and Gentleman enter that house, for the doorway was so low that he proved much too tall to walk in in the regular way; he had to stoop way over, which was amusing, but nothing compared to their astonishment when they looked around for tea-tables and chairs.

"Perhaps they're housecleaning," said the Gentleman.

But the Lady laughed. "Oh, Henry, I know! The Japanese always sit right down on the floor; no chairs at all. You see how clean the matting is kept. Come on, let's try it!"

So they folded their stiff American legs under them, as if they each wanted to turn into a human letter Z. It was not so bad at first, but before three minutes were over the Gen-

tleman cried that his feet were going fast asleep, and the Lady said hers felt "exactly like prickly pin-cushions, oh, dear! oh, dear!" So really it was only Taki who kept them from leaving at once. For Taki came pattering into the room, flopped down on her little knees and politely bumped her nice little forehead on the matting floor as she said: "Is the worshipful wanting tea—honorably yes?"

"If you please!" smiled the Lady, in love with Taki's dear queer English. So Taki pattered away, returning with two absurd little tables tucked under her arms. You would have laughed at the queer little legs those tables had, no longer than your longest finger! But, of course, people who sit on the floor to eat need tables exactly like that. Taki knelt to place them before her guests, then brought them tea and strange looking cakes. After she had served them with everything they could possibly eat, she sat back on her heels and looked at the Lady and Gentleman very carefully.

"Is you husbands and wives?" she asked, cocking her head on one side.

"We are!" said the Gentleman.

"And what's more," said the Lady, "we're missionaries. Did you ever hear of people like that?"

"No," Taki answered, squinting at them in a puzzled way, "but if you is this missionary, then it are something to bring the happy—honorably yes?"

"Oh, Taki! Taki!" cried the Lady, very much pleased, "that's exactly what we want to do, to bring happiness. We're going to some islands called the Philippines tomorrow, but today I do wish we could bring this happiness to you. Henry, have you the little Japanese Bible in your pocket, the one Mr. Smith gave you? Well, let's give it to Taki."

The Gentleman fished the Bible out of his pocket and handed it to Taki. "It's full of stories you will love," he said. "See, it's all written in Japanese, and it begins here—" Then he opened it at what you and I would certainly suppose was the front of the Bible.

But Taki laughed, as politely as she could, however, so that his feelings would not be hurt. "That are the endings of Japanese book," she smiled. "It are begin here." Whereupon both the Lady and the Gentleman discovered that Japanese books begin at the back and are read from the back toward the front.

"The book tells about God, oh lovely stories, will you read it, Taki?" they asked.

"Ever and ever so long time each day," she promised, hugging the Bible against the sash of her blue kimono, bowing many times. When they tried to pay for their tea, she refused their money: "Aren't I got book?" she asked, "well, that are all the pays I are asking, honorably thanking you."

The nice part of this story is that although the Lady and Gentleman sailed away from Japan that very evening, they told another missionary in that Japanese town all about Taki. And every day they remembered to pray for her, asking God to help her believe the Bible.

So a few days later when this other missionary came to call there sat Taki on the matting floor, her little Bible safely stowed away inside her big long sleeve, while she served tea to customers. But the minute the teahouse was empty, she pulled out her Bible and slowly began spelling out the dear stories. She has been going to the mission ever since, and not only does Taki go, but Taki's mother goes, and Taki's father goes.

A YOUNG SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

Miss Charlotte Kemper is one of our beloved missionaries in Brazil. She has been there ever since she was a young woman and she is now eighty-four years old. The other missionaries and the Brazilians love her so much that they affectionately call her "Aunt Lottie." She loves little children and is always interested in what they do. She has written us this interesting letter telling how a little girl, a daughter of Dr. S. R. Gammon, one of our missionaries, is helping her father and the other missionaries to tell the children of Brazil about Jesus and His salvation. You know they do not know anything about Jesus until they are told about Him by the missionaries. The little girl's name is Alice Gammon, and she is just twelve years old.

"Aunt Lottie" says in her letter:

"Last June, when the morning sky was always bright and cloudless and the air somewhat nipping, if not frosty, Alice conceived the idea of inviting some of her little playmates who were seeking the sunny spots in order to keep warm to unite with her in establishing a Sunday school, to hold its sessions in one of the rooms on the ground floor of Dr. Gammon's residence. The idea appealed to the little folks, some of them little waifs, whose home life was not ideal.

"Leave to carry out the scheme was readily and joyfully granted, a little clearing out of rubbish effected, some benches improvised by placing some loose planks on boxes, and the school was organized in due form—an fait accompli.

"There were present at the opening session some twelve or fifteen little boys and girls, and the number steadily increased until often there were twenty-five or thirty present, and as a matter of course the interest increased. The regular program was faithfully carried out each Sunday. Alice taught the children the hymns she learned in our church Sunday school, also Bible verses and the Lord's prayer.

"Sometimes the little superintendent would ask one or another of the children to repeat the story that she had told them the previous Sunday. The session began at 8:30 and closed at 9:30, which is our breakfast hour on Sunday, leaving time for our boys' Sunday school before the hour for public worship.

"Mrs. Gammon arranged a Christmas tree for Alice's school, which bore the satisfying fruit of a bag of good home-made candy for each child. The school is still kept up with apparently no diminution of interest on the part of the pupils or zeal on the part of the teacher."

WORK AND PLAY.

"Work while you work,
 Play while you play;
 That is the way
 To be cheerful and gay.

"All that you do,
 Do with your might;
 Things done by halves
 Are never done right."