

## TRY TO HELP.



Our cut, I think, is the picture of a little Chinese boy. There are many in heathen lands enduring great hardships that they may carry to the heathen the glad news of salvation. These missionaries have not elegant homes as you have; they have left many loved ones behind in this country, and we know not the effort it cost them to give up all. Now and then they will grow weary, and their hands will hang down if not held up by some Aaron or Hur. Will not all who read this make some sacrifice in order to help on the work of missions? Deny yourselves; save the nickels that you were going to spend for candy, and put

them in the missionary basket to teach the heathen about God and his love. Do something to help the toiling and trustful workers.

You say "Our Father, which art in heaven," at morning prayers, and then you run away and forget all about him. You do not look up at him when you are happy, or turn toward him when you are in trouble the whole day. At night, if he should say, "Why did you call me Father?" you would have to confess that you didn't mean it, that you didn't think what you were saying.

What a bright and happy day it would be if we should each one try to do as many kind things as we could!