

BEAUTIFUL FEET.

"What ugly feet!" said a little girl, pointing from a window to a girl about her own age, who was passing. To her surprise, her mother answered:

"I think Caroline has the most beautiful feet of any girl in the village."

"Why, another! Just look at them!" she replied.

Then the mother said:

"Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow."

"Now, Caroline's feet are carrying her on errands of mercy--sometimes to read to Blind Peggie, sometimes to amuse poor lame Tommy West, sometimes to invite people to the temperance meeting, and sometimes to hunt up new Sunday-school scholars among neglected children. I think her feet must be beautiful, for the Bible says, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!'"

THE CHRISTIAN'S MARCHING ORDERS.

"Make plain the great salvation,
With all its cheering light,
Discipling every nation
That gropes in error's night.

"The China walls must tumble
Without a pang of ruth;
All Asia's gods must crumble
Beneath the rays of truth.

"E'en Africa, belated,
Her plea you must not scorn;
Her heart is richly freighted
With sighings for the morn.

"Where'er the sun is shining
On pagan shrines to-day,
And blind ones are repining
To know the heavenward way,

"There let 'the old, old story'
The opening ear delight,
And soon will blaze with glory,
The darkest heathen night."

THE GREAT FAMINE CRY.

Hark! the wail of heathen nations;
List! the cry comes back again,
With its solemn, sad reproaching,
With its piteous refrain:
"We are dying fast of hunger,
Starving for the Bread of Life!
Haste, oh, hasten ere we perish,
Send the messenger of life!"

Send the Gospel faster, swifter,
Ye who dwell in Christian lands;
Reck ye not we're dying, dying,
More in number than the sands?
Heed ye not His words--your Master:
'Go ye forth to all the world!'
Send the Gospel faster, faster--
Let its banner be unfurled!"

Heed ye not the tramp of nations
Marching on to Day of Doom?
See them falling, dropping swiftly,
Like the leaves into the tomb.
Souls for whom Christ died are dying,
While the ceaseless tramp goes by;
Can you shut your ears, O Christian,
To their ceaseless moan and cry?

CATCH THE SUNSHINE.

It was a dark morning, and the shutters had not yet been opened, but through a tiny crack the sun darted as he came, all at once, from behind a cloud.

Baby Nellie in her high-chair saw the bright round spot on the wall and clapped her little hands. "See sunsine! bhwight sunsine!" she said. "Where?" asked papa and mamma, who had not yet seen it. "Sunsine on de wall!" pointing her little finger and laughing.

Are you as quick as she to see the sunshine in everything--the bright side of everything?--*Good Cheer.*

TO-DAY.

No man ever served God by doing things *to-morrow*. If we honor Christ, and are blessed, it is by the things which we do *to-day*.