

Our Young Folk.

THE MISSIONARY DOLL.

BY HANNAH SHEPHERD.

NOW, mamma, take me on your lap, and hold me tight—just so—
And I'll tell you all about it—how I let my darling go.
For I didn't know 'twas naughty until you said to-day
That I must not give my playthings, without your
leave, away.

Oh, but it was so drefful hard to let Angeline go!
For she is my oldest child, and my dearest one, you
know.

Why didn't I send Nellie, or my new wax doll so tall!
Because I loved my precious one the very best of all.

Don't you 'member all about it—how papa said that
night

That when we gave to Jesus, it must be our dearest
quite?

And I saw the mission-boxes being 'packed so full
down stairs

For the little heathen children who've not been taught
their prayers.

So I hugged and kissed my Angeline—now, mamma,
don't you cry;

I'd have let you say "Good-bye" to her, but I knew
you would ask me why;

And papa in his sermon said, "Don't tell 'bout what
you do,

But help a little if you can;" so I thought that meant
me too.

And I hope that ragged heathen girl, 'way out in
Timbuctoo,

Will love my sweetest Angeline, and treat her well,
don't you?

Though I'm afraid she'll be so lonely, just at first,
you see,

For she is not used to strangers, 'cause she's always
been with me.

So please don't tell the boys; they'd tease me 'bout
my "missionary child,"

And I couldn't bear it very well, if even papa smiled;
For I tucked her softly in the box when no one saw,
you know,

Though it broke my heart to pieces to let my darling go.

Yet in his sermon papa said, that very Tuesday night,
That when we gave with all our hearts, it must be a
hard fight;

But that Jesus knew about it all, and would help us
to be glad,

If we only gave, for love of Him, the dearest that
we had.

—*Child's Paper.*

A HINT.

MANY of our boys and girls wonder at times how
they may be of service to others. They have
little or no money, it may be, and so they cannot see
what they can do. It is probable that most of these

receive children's papers or magazines, or they have
picture and story books that are almost worn out, and
have been cast aside. Now, are there not among all
these some stories or poems that they have enjoyed
reading, and some pictures that have pleased and
amused? If so, could not the young people pick out
those they liked best and arrange them in a scrap
book to be sent to the children of some missionary or
of some family who are so far away that they do not
enjoy the advantages of those who are in the more
thickly populated portions of our Dominion. It would
be a pleasure to the giver as much as to the re-
ceiver to make the selections and cut and prepare
them neatly, having a drawer or box in which to
place them as they are chosen, before being put into
the scrap book. It would give pleasant employment to
many who do not know what to do with themselves,
and would cultivate neatness, educate the fingers, assist
memory, develop taste, teach discrimination in select-
ing either pictures or stories, and turn youthful energy
and activity into a useful channel instead of mischief.
With a little help from parents this employment would
be a boon to restless young people, as well as to their
mothers and those to whom they intend to send the
scrap book when filled.

In some cases it may be preferred to save these
same papers, books, magazines, etc., and send them in
quantities as they are, to some family or school, where
they would be highly appreciated. Much good has
been done in this way, and older people also, when
they have read the various periodicals that come into
their homes, may do much good by passing them out to
some other home.

Should any one feel that they do not know to whom
to send these gifts, by asking the General Secretary
by post card, a card will be returned with the address
of some family or school to whom these presents would
be a boon, and may be forwarded.

CLEVER PACK-MULES.

I SUPPOSE you have often heard the phrase, "Stub-
born as a mule." My own opinion is that mules
are taught to be stubborn by their stupid drivers, who
are sometimes very cruel to the poor, over-worked
animals. Mules often show a good deal of wisdom.
For instance, a traveller in Jamaica relates this in-
stance of cleverness in getting rid of too heavy a load
on the part of pack-mules which carry coffee from the
plantations to market: "They have to pass through
some narrow paths bordered on one side by sharp rocks.
The mules have found out that by rubbing the bag
against the sharp rocks they can tear a hole, out of
which the coffee-berries run, so that the weight is soon
lessened. Some shrewd old fellows have observed that
making a hole on one side only destroys the balance
of the burden, and so they rub first one side and then
the other, the berries spilling out equally. Ten or a
dozen mules walking in single file, with a negro boy
riding on the leader in front, have been seen to reach
town from the plantation without a berry left in the
bags on their backs." This is certainly very provok-
ing, but it is very clever, too, and looks a great deal
like reason on the part of the beasts.—*Harper's Young
People.*