

THE CORAL WORKERS.

A Missionary Parable for the Little Ones.

IN the Pacific Ocean there were long ago many empty spaces without any land. The ocean was blue and beautiful, but there was no eye to see it. The sun shone brightly, but no flowers or trees could grow beneath its rays. The seeds that fell from other countries into the water, floated by, but there was no soil where they could stop to rest. The Master saw that if there was only some islands there might be lovely homes for men and animals.

"My little builders can do this," said He

So He called for the coral insects, and told them to build three islands in one place, five in another, seven in another, and so on. The little workers were so taken by surprise that they popped their heads out of their windows and looked at each other in astonishment.

"We!" they exclaimed. "We are not bigger than pin heads. We never could build one island, to say nothing of a whole oceanful."

"If the whales would only try it! A whale's work would amount to something," said the Astra.

"But the whales have their own work to do," said the Master Builder; "and if they come down here to make islands, who will keep the North Pacific free from sea-weeds? I do not ask one of you alone to build an island. Think how many of you there are."

"But we do not know how to shape the islands; they will all be wrong!" cried the Madrepora.

"I will take care of that," said the Master, "only see that each one builds one little cell."

So the corals divided the work among themselves. Some began to build the middle and some the outer edge. Very busily and patiently they wrought. The islands grew higher and higher, until they came up to the top of the water. Then the waves and wind did their part by bringing sand and weeds and leaves to make soil. The nuts and seeds that had fallen into the water, and were so tired by bobbing up and down all the way from India and South America, found a nice bed to sleep in for a few days. When they got rested they got up and grew into thorn trees and bushes and cocoa trees. Long vines began to creep across the sand, and sweet flowers blossomed; men and animals came to live there, and little children ran about and played beside the ocean. The islands were called the Friendly Islands, the Caroline Islands, and so on.

"Who would have believed we could have done it!" said the little corals, as they saw the result of their efforts. "The whales could have done no better! And to think that it was all done by our making one cell apiece!"

They felt so proud of their islands that they put a lovely fringe of red and white and pink coral around the edge. —Leaflet of the American Presbyterian W. F. M. S.

Recitation.—EASTER MORNING.

O happy Easter morning!  
To hail thy dawning rays,  
We join with all the ransomed  
In songs of grateful praise.  
The weary night is ended;  
The heavy shadow fled,  
Since Christ the Lord ascended  
In triumph from the dead!

O holy Easter morning!  
Thy glory shines within,  
And calls our souls to hasten  
Eternal joys to win.  
Since we with Christ are risen,  
We triumph in his grace,  
And press to that dear country  
Where we shall see his face.

O blessed Easter morning!  
No more in hopeless wo,  
We see our loved departing,  
And know not where they go.  
The light of Christ's awaking  
On every tomb is shed,  
And bids us seek our living  
No more among the dead.

O glorious Easter-morning!  
O dawn of Christ's glad reign!  
Spread wide thy blessed radiance,  
Shine on our sea and plain.  
The nations wait thy fullness,  
The prisoner longs to see  
The Christ of God anointed  
To set the captive free.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

DOING ERRANDS FOR JESUS.

"Mamma," said a little five-year-old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should have liked so much to have done something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you have done for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated for a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face and said, "Why, mother, I could have run all his errands for him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here are some things I was going to send to poor old sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour; for when upon earth he said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, . . . ye have done it unto me.'"