

A CALL TO THE CHILDREN.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY IN AFRICA.

Listen to me, my children,
Lay aside your work and play,
While to you I tell a story,
Of children far away.

Not in homes of ease and culture,
Are these little girls and boys;
No fine clothing have these children,
Dolls and tops and other toys.

None to tell them of the Saviour,
Of the Christ upon the cross,
Who for us gave His life freely,
Counting all things else as dross.

Can you not, dear little ones,
Save your nickels and your dimes—
Each give up some fancied pleasure,
Do a little work betimes?

That in Africa, Japan, and China
And the islands of the sea,
You may help some little children,
Help they need from you and me.

You can help send men and women,
Who can tell that story old,
To these little heathen children,
Those to whom it's ne'er been told.

You may help to save these children
From a life of sin and shame;
If these children die as heathen,
We, dear children, are to blame.

WHOSE GIRL GOT THE NEW HAT.

PAAPA, will you please give me fifty cents for my spring hat? Most all the academy girls have theirs." "No, May; I can't spare the money."

The request was persuasively made by a sixteen year old maiden as she was preparing for school one fine spring morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone.

The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and, being hail fellow well met, he invited him into Mac's for a drink.

As usual, there were others there, and the man that could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat treated the crowd.

When about to leave he laid a half dollar on the counter, which paid for the drinks.

Just then the saloon keeper's daughter entered, and, going behind the bar, said: "Papa, I want fifty cents for my spring hat." "All right," said the dealer, and, taking the half dollar from the counter, he handed it to the girl, who departed smiling.

May's father seemed dazed; walked out alone, and said to himself, "I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop."

This is a specimen of the wholesale robbery of the home which the saloon is practicing everywhere. And it is not only spring hats, but winter clothes, shawls, shoes and stockings, and daily bread, and fire to warm the family hearth, that the saloon is stealing from families in Canada.

"NO SWEARING ALLOWED."

THE above notice was written in a good plain hand and stuck up on the wall of the barrack-room by the corporal in charge. He had been converted shortly before.

At first the men laughed. He had been a rough character; he would not keep it a week, etc. But the Lord kept him; and among other results the notice was stuck up. The men respected him, he was consistent, he was honest, he was brave and the order was obeyed.

There was to be an official inspection. A great general was coming. There was washing, scrubbing, scouring, polishing. Many paintings, pictures, and papers were taken off the walls, as likely to meet with disapproval.

"No Swearing Allowed." "Corporal, you'd better stow that thing away." "No, it is there to stop, and I'll take the consequences."

"It caught the general's eye.

"Who is the corporal in charge here?"

"I am, sir," stepping forward and saluting.

"Did you put that placard there?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you enforce it?"

"I do, sir."

The general stretched forth his hand—to tear it down? No, but to shake hands with the corporal. "I wish all our corporals were like you, and that the same rule were enforced everywhere.—Sel.