

buds in the fingers that had often clasped me so lovingly, carried her away.

I saw them no more, but I heard them say, "The Master came and called her. She has gone to be with Him in Paradise." And one, smiling through tears, opened me gently, as though I were some precious thing of gold and diamonds rare, and counted from my heart its treasure, \$7, the dear child's life work for foreign missions.

My story is ended; my work, for a time at least, is done. Some day I may go elsewhere to gather treasure; now I lie still in the darkened room. But if you want a Mission Box just like me, ask your clergyman. My message to the children of this great Dominion is: Love Jesus your Saviour; give your whole lives to His service; bring Him an offering; bring warm hearts and willing hands; bring prayers and gifts, that the old, old story of Jesus and His love may gladden the hearts of thousands of heathen children in this and other lands, who have not heard His name.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy who has not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman: "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat to the lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it on the table; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order; when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me."

CHILDREN should nourish their old parents and supply their wants. Storks and mice feed their dams when old; boughs incline and bend down towards the root, and in summer, receiving from the root leaves, flowers and fruit, they let them fall again in winter to the fattening and nourishing of the root. Unkind and unnatural children are like kites, which, when grown strong, expel their dams, and with their bills and wings beat them out of the nest.

FULL souls are double mirrors, making still an endless vista of fair things before repeating things behind.

OCTOBER.

October is the month that seems
All woven with midsummer dreams;
She brings for us the golden days
That fill the air with smoky haze,
She brings for us the lisp'ing breeze,
And wakes the gossips in the trees,
Who whisper near the vacant nest
Forsaken by its feathered guest.
Now half the birds forget to sing,
And half of them have taken wing,
Before their pathway shall be lost
Beneath the gossamer of frost;
Now one by one the gay leaves fly
Zigzag across the yellow sky;
They rustle here and flutter there,
Until the bough hangs chill and bare.
What joy for us, what happiness
Shall cheer the day, the night shall bless?
'Tis Hallow-e'en, the very last
Shall keep for us remembrance fast,
When every child shall duck the head,
To find the precious pippin red!

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS CAN DO FOR MISSIONS.

Looking through a missionary treasurer's report, I noticed this clause: "Miss. Rags, 25 cents;" and I said to myself, "That young lady has a queer name, and not a very pretty one, either." A little further down the report I noticed again, "Miss. Rags, 45 cents," and thought, "Why, there is a family of Rags in that town also." But when I came to the third "Miss Rags, 31 cents," I then noticed that there was a period after the Miss., and I saw that instead of meaning a young lady, it was a short way of writing Missionary. I then understood that here and there some one had carefully put all the rags and waste paper, not into the fire, but into the rag-bag, and the money received from the rag-man had been sent to the missionary society. Here seemed to be one answer to the question: "What can boys and girls do for missionary money?"

On further study of the subject, I discovered that rags were not the only things to have the title Missionary. I found Miss. Patchwork, Miss. Berries, Miss. Flower Seeds, and even Miss. Hens.

Two little girls in New England raised sage, and sold enough to send \$3 to the missionary treasurer. One little girl gathers the eggs carefully, and says: "Mother gives me one egg for every dozen I find; and when I have a dozen, I sell them and put the money into the missionary box." All over the country we find earnest, eager groups of boys and girls who have found that interest and enthusiasm belong to that strange class of which the more you give away the more you have left. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."—*Home Missionary*.

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds the volume of the week.