



MOVING AN AFRICAN HUT.

MOVING AN AFRICAN HUT.

OUR picture represents the natives of Eastern Africa moving a hut from one village to another. These huts are made of bamboo canes and covered with grass. The roof, which we see the natives carrying on their heads, will shed water quite well, and protect the inmates from the scorching rays of the sun quite as well or better than a roof of wood or iron. The material does not last long in that hot climate, but it is abundant, and the natives have plenty of time to make houses. So if a house decays in a year it is easy to make another. The walls of the house are made of bamboo canes woven together to make a strong support for the roof and a protection from rain and sun. Thus, in a land where the natives are not intelligent enough to build houses of wood or brick, the Lord has provided abundance of material from which they can construct in a simple manner houses that will protect them from the heavy rains and scorching sun. The Lord is raising up missionaries to go to Africa to teach the natives about Jesus, and to show them how to build better houses and to do other things that pertain to Christian civilization. We hope our readers will help all they can.

GIVEN TO GOD.

ON Sunday Lucy and Robble went to church with their papa. Lucy observed that a plate was handed to every one, and that when it came to her papa he put in some money. So when they were walking home together she said: "Papa, who was that money for that you put into the plate at church?"

"It was for God," said her papa.

"How will they get it up to him?" asked Robble, in great surprise, and looking up to the sky.

His papa smiled, and even Lucy knew better than that. "When Jesus was here on this earth," said their papa, "he sent good men, two and two at a time, to go about teaching people about God and about

heaven. And such good men keep going even to this day. And the money was to help feed and clothe them while they are preaching, and so I said it was money given to God."

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Lucy; "but I haven't a bit."

"God does not expect you to give him what you have not," said her papa. "But you have other things beside money."

"I've got some dolls," said Lucy.

"No, I don't mean dolls. When we get home I will read something to you which will make you see plainly what you can give to God."

So after dinner they went to the library. Lucy's papa took down a large book, and began to turn over the leaves as if in search of something. Before long he came to the place he was looking for, and told her to read it aloud: "I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body or any of its members; no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears; I have given myself clean away."

"Now you see what you have to give to God, my darling Lucy."

Lucy was silent for a time, then she said, half aloud. "I don't believe God wants them."

He does want them, and he is looking at you now, to see whether you will give them to him or keep them yourself. If you give them to him you will be careful never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do every good thing they can.—*Anon.*

A BOY'S PROMISE.

THE school was out, and down the street

A noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health, and gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad,
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of bolsterous derision;
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision,
"Go where you please; do what you will,"
He calmly told the other;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still—
I can't, I promised mother!"

Ah! who could doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?
God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother!

STORY OF A GIANT.

A LITTLE girl, aged three, informed her mother that she knew a beautiful story about a giant. "Would you like to hear it, mamma?" she asked.

"Well, then," she continued, "once there was a great big ugly giant, and he was very fond of eating little girls. One day as he was walking along through the woods he met two little girls—one very good little girl, and one very naughty one. First he took a bite out of the good little girl, and he made up a horrid face, and said she tasted awful nasty. Then he took a taste of the bad little girl, and he smacked his lips and said she tasted dreadful nice; 'cause you see, mamma, she had eaten nuts and raisins and candy when her mother told her not to, and that made her taste sweet. Then the old giant said: 'I'll never again eat a good little girl; I'll always eat the bad ones.'"

"This mustn't make little girls afraid to be good, giants or no giants."