



MAORI GIRL.

You have here a picture of one of the Maori girls (pronounced Mah-ree) of New Zealand. A few years ago the Maoris were all savages and idolaters, and many of them cannibals. They were very fierce and war-like, and had many strong forts on the hills of their mountainous country. The British Government had much trouble to conquer them. It cost much money and many valuable lives. But Christian missionaries went among them, "with their lives in their hands," and now the country is almost altogether Christian. This girl has a cloak made of grass, which will keep her warm and dry even in the heavy storms of their rainy season.

LOVE TESTED.

"I do love God," said a little girl to her papa one day when he had been talking to her about loving God. "Perhaps you think so, Maria." "Oh, I do, indeed, I do, papa!" "Suppose, my child, you should come to me, and say, 'Dear papa, I do love you,' and then go away and disobey me: could I believe you?" "No, papa." "Well, dear, how can I believe you love God, and I see you every day doing those things which he forbids? You know the Bible says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.'"

CLEAN HANDS, PURE HEARTS.

JAMIE came in from play a few days since with his hands so black and soiled that the first thing he did was to get a basin of water and wash them.

But as his hands became whiter the water became darker, till at last what had been so clear and stainless was fit only to be thrown away. Jamie sat looking at it intently for a moment, and then, lifting his eyes, he exclaimed, "Only think, mamma, that water was made to be drunk! Who would like to drink it now?"

"Yes, Jamie," answered mamma; "that water, like everything else, was perfectly pure when it came from God's hands, and it is only as it is brought in contact with things impure that it becomes unfit for use. Just so it is with

our hands; and how thankful we ought to be for the water that can wash away the stains we cannot avoid!

"So it is with the soul, which, though so pure when God made it, no sooner enters this world than it is tainted with sin. Does my little boy know what alone can cleanse a soul that is soiled? It must be washed in the water of baptism, and ever after in the blood of Jesus Christ, who has promised to take away our sins and make our souls pure and white."—*Young Christian Soldier*.

WILL YOU BE A SOLDIER?

"SEE these funny-looking men, mamma?" said Ray; "and that horse?"

"They have on what is called scale-armour."

"I think they look like big fish. Why do they wear it?"

"Hundreds of years ago men almost always fought with arrows when they went to war. And they had different kinds of armour to cover them, so that the arrows would not wound them."

"That's what I should have liked to have had," said Ray. "I'm glad they gave their poor horses a chance too."

"This scale-armour was thought the best, for it was made of many pieces of finely worked steel, and fitted better than the other kind, which was only metal plates.

But it was all clumsy and heavy enough—very different from what I want you to wear."

"Why, mamma," said Ray, "I didn't know you wanted me to go to war."

"Yes I do, my boy; I want you to get your armour at once."

"A little boy wear armour!" exclaimed Ray in great surprise. "You must be joking, mamma."

"No, dear. The soldiers of the Prince of Peace cannot begin too young to fight their great enemy the devil."

"Hear what armour your Captain has waiting for you. Your body girt about with truth, a breastplate of righteousness, a shield of faith, a helmet of salvation, feet shod with the gospel of peace. Who could help winning with such aid?"

"Such armour would be easy to wear," said Ray, looking soberly at the picture.

"And you can have it all just for the asking, my dear boy," said his mother

A LITTLE SERMON FOR A LITTLE BOY.

I CANNOT be St. Paul:

I'm a little boy, you see
If Macedonia should call

And I went, they'd laugh at me,
And say I wouldn't do,

For I couldn't preach and pray;
So, friends, instead of trying to,
I'll talk to you to-day.

Paul started many churches,

And he often wrote a letter
To tell the people to be good

And teach them to be better,
And that is what the mission-folks

Would like to do to-day,
But something else is needed

Than just to hope they may.

We would like to have some money

To send off men to do

About what Paul did long ago
Asia and Europe through.

St. Paul believed in faith,
But acted out works too:

So give us dollars and your prayers,
Please, every one of you.

A WARNING.

A MAN once took a piece of white cloth to a dyer to have it dyed black. He was so pleased with the result that he went back to the dyer with a piece of black cloth, and asked to have it dyed white. The dyer answered, "A piece of cloth is like a man's reputation; it can be dyed black, but it cannot be made white again."