

MISSIONARY MUSIC.

HAVE you ever brought a penny to the missionary box—
A penny which you might have spent like other little folks?
And when it falls among the rest, have you ever heard a ring
Like a pleasant sound of welcome which the other pennies sing?

This is missionary music, and it has a pleasant sound,
For pennies make a shilling, and shillings make a pound;
And many pounds together the Gospel news will send,
Which tell the distant heathen that the Saviour is their Friend.

And, Oh! what joyous music is the missionary song,
When it seems to come from every heart, and sounds from every tongue.
When happy Christian little ones all sing with one accord
Of the time when realms of darkness shall be kingdoms of the Lord!

But sweeter far than all which Jesus loves to hear,
Are children's voices when they breathe a missionary prayer;
And many a one from distant lands will reach his Heavenly home
In answer to the children's prayer, "O Lord, Thy Kingdom come."

Then, missionary children, let this music never cease,
Work on, work on in earnest for the Lord, the Prince of Peace.
There is praying work and paying work for every heart and hand,
Till the missionary chorus shall go forth through all the land.
—Selected.

PUT SOME SALT IN IT.

66 **M**OTHER, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make you put in a little salt." So spoke observing, little Annie as she stood looking on.

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find it out."

"Oh, mother, it doesn't taste a bit nice," said she after she had tasted the bread.

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie a day or two afterwards, "Jane Wells is the worst girl I ever saw. She slaps her little brother Johnny, pulls his hair, and acts really hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her brother he would be kind to her, she only spoke roughly to me and hit him again. Why won't she take my advice?"

"Perhaps you did not put any salt in it. Season your words with kindness, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do, and your words spoken in the spirit of Christ will not fall to the ground."

ONE night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair.

"Where are you going?" said the taper.

"Away, high up," said the man, "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do there?" said the little taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbour is," said the man. "For we stand here at the entrance to the harbour, and some ship far out on the stormy sea may be looking for our light even now."

"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper. "It is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning, and leave the rest to me."

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse—for this was a lighthouse they were in—he took the little taper and with it he lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them. And soon they were burning steady and clear, throwing a great strong beam of light across the sea. By this time the lighthouse man had blown out the little taper, and laid it aside. But it had done its work. Though its own light had been so small, it had been the means of kindling the great lights in the top of the lighthouse, and these were now shining brightly over the sea; so that ships far out knew by it where they were, and were guided safely into the harbour.—
Rev. D. Macrae.

FRED and Joe are boys of the same age. Both have their way to make in the world. This is the way Joe does: When work is before him he waits as long as he can; he hates so to touch it. Then he does not half do it. He is almost sure to stop before it is done. He does not care if fault is found. He says:

"I can't help it," or "I don't care."

Fred has a different way. He goes straight to his work, and does it as soon as he can and as well as he can. He never slights work for play, though he loves play as well as Joe does. If he does not know how to do a piece of work well, he asks some one who does know, and then he takes care to remember. He says:

"I never want to be ashamed of my work."

Which boy, do you think, will make a man to be trusted? Which way are you travelling in my little boy?

A CHAPLAIN once asked the Duke of Wellington whether he ought to take the gospel to the Hindoos. The old duke, every inch a soldier, asked, "What are your marching orders?" The chaplain replied, "Go ye into all the world and make disciples of all nations." "Then," said the duke, "obey your orders."