

pets comfortable, and does not allow them to annoy us. I used to think a large family, each with some pet animal, was the most quarrelsome crowd in the world; but pets, rightly looked after, keep a lonely little girl out of mischief."

"And they are not nearly so annoying as the pet habits that many persons think are no harm," said Bertha's mother.

Bertha had put the paper-knife down and curled the kicking foot under her. "Do not look so mortified, Bertha dear," said Cousin Mary. "You are only a child yet, and can tame and train those queer pets of yours. But think of the many grown people who torment all their friends by petting noisy or disturbing habits of speech or movement!"

After tea, Bertha announced that she was going with Becky to watch the chickens going to bed, and from that day no one heard her say a word against Becky's curious pets.

E. T. M.

LITTLE LAMBS IN DISTANT FOLDS.

TALKS WITH THE TINY PEOPLE.

(The Children's World.)

I AM going to tell you to-day about one of the youngest missionaries I ever heard of! Guess how old she was? Well, I had better tell you, for I don't think any of you will guess right. She was only six years old! "Why," you say, "I thought only grown-up people could go out as missionaries!" Yes, you are quite right there, it is only grown-up people who can go out as missionaries into distant lands; but don't you remember I told you recently that everybody, even quite little boys and girls, could be missionaries at home? Well, that is just what this little girl was—a missionary at home. Now, I suppose you want to know next what her name is, and where she lives, so I must begin my story properly. Her name is Deborah, and she lives in West Africa—at least, that is where she lived three years ago when what I am now relating happened, and I dare say she is there still. Now you can picture her to yourselves as a little girl with curly black hair, dark eyes, and a shining black skin! She was baptised by one of the missionaries, and though she was only six years she went to church every Sunday, and I can't help thinking that she always sat very still in her seat, and didn't fidget about, like some little girls and boys I know! Well, Deborah liked God's House so much that she actually got her mother to go there too! Her mother, I must tell you, was a Heathen—that means that she worshipped idols and didn't love God at all, but I think she loved her little girl, for when her little girl asked her to go to church she went, just to

please her. But Deborah did more than that. She went round to all her uncles and aunts and cousins, and begged them to go to church too. In her uncle's house she saw some idols, so she said to the women there, "Why don't you come and hear God's Word?" They said, "But what shall we do with our idols?" Her answer was, "Why do you not put them in the fire to help to cook the yams?" (Yam is the food the people eat out there, just as we eat bread.) They all laughed at her when she said this, but she didn't mind their laughing a bit, she went on begging them to come, till at last her uncle said, "Very well, I'll go."

Now, don't you think she was a splendid little missionary? I do, and I think, too, that God would have every little boy and girl who reads this paper to try and be like her. "How can I be like her?" says some little voice. "Must I go and ask all my uncles and aunts to go to church?" No, I don't mean that at all, for I expect they go already, but I will tell you what I am thinking of. Haven't you some little friends, or perhaps even brothers and sisters, who don't love the Saviour? Well, don't you think that you might invite them to come to the Lord Jesus, just as Deborah invited her relations to come to church? Couldn't you tell them what a loving Friend you have found, and ask them to give their hearts to Him?

The Good Shepherd has room for many more little lambs in His fold, and wouldn't it be nice if you could in this way help to gather them in? Then one day, when we all meet together in the great Fold in Heaven, you will meet there with some of the little lambs, not only from our own land, but from heathen lands whom your words and your prayers have helped to bring into that happy place. Wouldn't that be nice? Ask God that it really may be so, through His help.

E. W.

MEMBERS of Christ are we;

He is our living Head,
That henceforth we should ever be
By His good SPIRIT led
In the same narrow path
Our LORD and SAVIOUR trod—
The path that leadeth by the Cross
To glory and to God.

Children of God are we;

Such grace to us is given,
To kneel and pray in CHRIST'S own words
"FATHER, Which art in Heav'n;"
Seeking to do his will,
As Angels do above,
And walking in obedient ways
Of holy truth and love.

CHRIST'S little ones are we;

And unto us are given
Angelic guards who ever see
Our FATHER'S face in Heav'n.
To walk in folly now
We may not, must not, dare,
Mindful Whose seal is on our brow,
Whose holy Name we bear. Amen.

—Hymns A. & M.