

A SERMON IN RHYME.

IF you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you can impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them, and by kindly sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly.
Ere the darkness veil the land
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness.
All enriching as you go?
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver.
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

THE MISSIONARY DOLLAR.

HERE I am, shining brighter than ever, for
this is the happiest moment of my life,
I am now a Missionary Dollar! Tell
you about it? Certainly, with great
pleasure.

I well remember the day I came from the
mint new and shiny; I saw my companions go
out into the world with all sorts of queer people;
I was ambitious and hoped for fine things; my
desire was granted. I found myself in an elegant
home, where I lay for some time in a handsome
purse, but Sunday evening I was put into a
pocket and taken to church. Ah, I can never
forget that evening; the minister preached about

the brave men and women who are teaching the
truth in far-off lands, the children sang and spoke
pieces all about the missions, then the people
were asked to give money to help these missionaries
in their work for Christ.

How my heart leaped, for I wanted to go so
much. Just then a box came down the aisle,
and I heard the money rattling in. I looked at
the five-dollar gold piece lying so quietly in the
pocket.

"Oh, dear," I thought, "the missionaries
need money so much, I suppose you will go be-
cause you are worth more than I am." Just
then a hand came in; it picked up the gold and
dropped it; then it took me up; my heart beat
for very joy at the thought of being taken, but
alas, I was dropped—think of it, I, a good,
round, honest dollar, who would have done a
hundred cents' worth of good—was dropped, and
in its place three dingy old cents were thrown
into the box; as they went in they jingled sauc-
ily, as if to say, "We can make as much noise
if we can't go as far as you can, friend dollar."

The next day I was handed over to a tobacco
man; I was given for candy, for groceries, and
lived in many places, some good, but never did
I forget the missionaries.

Last night I was taken from the big counting-
room and given to a man who carried me to his
home, a neat little home, but rather poor; his
wife was a pleasant woman, whose face looked
sad and very pale in her black dress.

They poured me out on the table with the bills
and pennies; I rolled as far away as I could, for
I never liked pennies since they jingled at me
so rudely when they went in to the contribution
box. Then they counted me all over, bills, dol-
lars and dimes; how they talked about us, so
much for groceries, so much for meat, and so on,
until the woman stopped.

"John," she said softly, "we mustn't forget
Robbie's dollar," and the tears came into her
eyes as she looked at the picture of a boyish face
on the wall.

"That's so," returned the man.

"To-morrow is missionary Sunday," she con-
tinued, "and he wanted to earn a dollar to give;
oh, how much he talked about it," and the tears
coursed down her cheeks.

"Yes," replied the man in a choking voice,
"this shall be Robbie's dollar, and we will carry
it to-morrow night."

So saying, he picked me up, and here I am,
proud and happy to help the cause I love so
dearly.

Friends, I know there are many dollars in this
church to-night who want to be Mission Dollars;
don't disappoint them by sending pennies in
their place, but let us go out together, a shining
band of Missionary Dollars, bound to help
those who go "into all the world and preach
the Gospel to every creature."—*Ida Buxton
Cole, in The Little Missionary*