

You'd find to the boys belong some of the glory
Of spreading the Gospel far over the seas.

(All say this and wave caps.)

Three cheers for the boys, as busy as bees!

(All go out singing)

Mission boys and girls are we,
Boys.—Mission boys Girls.—Mission girls.
Mission boys and girls are we;
Ever true we hope to be!

(Hold up right hand until through.)

—Selected and adapted.

Puzzle Drawer.

PUZZLE FOR NOVEMBER.

ENIGMA.

My 1st is in sour and also in sweet,
My 2nd is in hundy but not in neat,
My 3rd is in chair but not in seat,
My 4th is in prize but not in win,
My 5th is in fuss but not in din,
My 6th is in moon but not in sun,
My 7th is in joke but not in pun,
My 8th is in hasten but not in run,
My whole is the name of a Mission field.

Two Ways of Reading the Bible.

BY A. L. O. E.

"Would you like another chapter, Lillian, dear?"
asked Kate Everard of the invalid-cousin, to pursue
whom she had lately come from Hampstead.

"Not now, thank you; my head is tired," was the
feeble reply.

Kate closed her Bible with a feeling of slight
disappointment. She knew that Lillian was slowly
sinking under incurable disease; and what could
be more suitable to the dying than to be constantly
hearing the Bible read? Lillian might listen, surely,
if she were too weak to read to herself. Kate was
never easy in mind, unless she perused at least two
or three chapters daily, besides portions of the
Psalms; and she had several times gone through the
whole Bible from beginning to end. And here was
Lillian, whose days on earth must be very few, tired
with one short chapter! "There must be something
wrong here," thought Kate, who had never during
her life kept her bed one day though sickness. "It
is a sad thing when the dying do not prize the word
of God."

Such was the hard thought which passed through
the mind of Kate, and she felt it her duty to speak
on the subject to Lillian, though she scarcely knew
how to begin.

"Lillian," said Kate, trying to soften her naturally
quick, sharp tones to gentleness, "I should have
thought that now, when you are so ill, you would
have found special comfort in the Scriptures?"

Lillian's languid eyes had closed, but she opened
them, and with a soft, earnest gaze on her cousin,
replied: "I do; they are my support; I have been
feeding on one verse all morning."

"And what is that verse?" asked Kate.

"Whom I shall see for myself," began Lillian,
but Kate cut her short.

"I know that verse perfectly; it is in Job, it
comes just after 'I know that my Redeemer liveth';
the verse is, 'Whom I shall see for myself, and mine
eyes shall behold and not another.'"

"What do you understand by the expression,
'not another?'" asked Lillian.

"Why, of course, it means—well, it just means,
that we shall see the Lord ourselves," replied Kate,
a little puzzled by the question.

"Do you think," said Lillian, rousing herself a
little, "that the last three words are merely a
repetition of 'whom I shall see for myself?'"

"Really, I have never so particularly considered
those words," replied Kate. "Have you found out
any remarkable meaning in that 'not another?'"

"They were a difficulty to me, till I happened to
read that in the German Bible they are rendered a
little differently, and then I searched in my own
Bible and found that the word in the margin of it
is like that used in the German translation."

"I never look at the marginal references," said
Kate, "though mine is a large Bible, and has them."

"I find them such a help in comparing Scripture
with Scripture."

Kate was silent for several seconds. She had
been careful, daily to read a large portion of
the Bible; but to mark, learn and inwardly digest
it, she had never even thought of trying to do.
In a more humble tone she now asked her cousin:
"What is the word which is put in the margin of
the Bible, instead of 'another,' in that difficult
text?"

"A stranger," replied Lillian; and then clasping
her thin, wasted hands, she repeated the whole
passage, which her soul had been feeding on with
silent delight. "Whom I shall see for myself, and
mine eyes shall behold, and not a stranger." "Oh!
Kate," continued the dying girl; while unbidden
tears rose in her eyes, "if you only knew what
sweetness I have found in that verse all this
morning, while I have been in great bodily pain!
I am in the Valley of the Shadow—I shall soon
cross the dark river; I know it; but he shall be
with me and not a stranger. He is the Good
Shepherd, and I know his voice; a stranger
would I not follow; and when I open my eyes in
another world, 'tis the Lord Jesus Christ I shall
behold—my Saviour, my own tried Friend, and
not a stranger; I shall at last see him whom not
having seen, I have loved."

Lillian closed her eyes again; and the large drops
overflowing fell down her pallid cheeks; she had
spoken too long for her strength. But the feeble
sufferer's words had not been spoken in vain.

"Lillian has drawn more comfort and profit
from one verse, nay, from three words in the
Bible, than I have drawn from the whole book,"
reflected Kate. "I have but read the Scriptures;
she has searched them. I have been like one
floating carelessly over the surface of waters, under
which lie pearls. Lillian has dived deep and made
the treasure her own."