"Why, my child," said her teacher, "why should these words make you sad?"

"Seems when I read 'em it means me," she replied.

From that time her teacher gave her extra instruction in the mission school, and now ¿Zaidee is a missionary, carrying the glad news to her own race. Many homes have been made happier by her presence, many hearts cheered, and many souls have found salvation through her untiring labours for God.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 17, 1886.

KATIE'S PRAYER.

KATIE climbed up into the broad window-seat, to have a nice time with her new picture-book. And just as she was beginning to dream a lovely dream about two little girls in a picture, Robbie came and wanted to get up there too. Now, Katie wanted to be alone very much, and when she saw Robbie coming, she felt just like saying, "Go away." Shall I tell you what she did? She whispered a little prayer to Jesus, like this, "Dear Jesus, make me a good little sister to Robbie." And then she put out her hand and helped him up, and they had a happy time together. I think Jesus answered Katie's prayer, don't you?

NOT A CHILD'S PRIVILEGE.

A friend, visiting in a minister's family where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's Sabbath deportment, was confidentially informed by one of the little girls that she would like to be a minister. "Why," inquired the visitor, rather puzzled to understand what had given the child so sudden an admiration for that calling. She was quickly enlightened by the prompt reply, "So I could holler on Sunday!"



A STRANGE CARRIAGE

A STRANGE CARRIAGE.

What a novel mode of travel. The passenger looks as though he was enjoying a comfortable ride, and no doubt the men who carry the planquin are happy in the anticipation of a reward at the journey's end. The priest follows the carriage; whatever his object may be, we cannot determine. At any rate, we know he is not a priest of the true God.

How much better it is to live in a civilized country, and travel by rail or steamboat, rather than be carried about after the same manner shown in our picture.

These people belong to one of the countries in the far East, where the inhabitants are no doubt as backward in learning as they are in modes of travel. We may trace the cause of their ignorance to the lack of Christian teachers among them. Can we not help them? There are a few missionaries who have gone from among us to carry the Gospel light to the dying millions in India and in Africa, and every cent or dollar you give to the missionaries helps the work along.—The Pearl.

· "It's awful hot out, mamma!" he said, as he sat on the back steps fanning himself with his big s'raw hat. "My neck is all presbyterianism! See how wet it is!"

UP AND DOING.

Ur and doing, little Christian,
Gentle be, and ever kind;
Helpful to thy loving mother—
E'en her slightest wishes mind.
Let the little children love you
For your care and harmless play;
And the feeble and more wilful,
Help them by your kindly way.

Patience, patience, little Christian,
No cross look or angry word;
Follow him who died to save you,
Follow Jesus Christ your Lord.
Help the suffering and needy,
Help the poor, whom Jesus loves;
Tell the sinner of the Saviour
Who still lives to bless, above.

A "NICELY" GIRL

LITTLE Nellie is naughty sometimes, but when she is not, she tries very hard to please papa and mamma, and she likes to know when she is pleasing them.

So the other day she said: "Papa, if I don't say 'no' any more, or 'I won't,' or run away without asking mamma, or push any little girls on the street, will I be a 'nicely' girl?"

And papa said, "Yes," flough he smiled in a queer way, and Nellie could not tell what it was about.