

that if there were only some islands there might be lovely homes for men and animals.

"My little builders can do this," said He.

So He called for the coral insects, and told them to build three islands in one place, five in another, seven in another, and so on. The little workers were so taken by surprise that they popped their heads out of their windows and looked at each other in astonishment.

"We!" they exclaimed. "We are not bigger than pin heads. We never could build one island, to say nothing of a whole oceanful."

"If the whales would only try it! A whale's work would amount to something," said the Astra.

"But the whales have their own work to do," said the Master Builder; "and if they come down here to make islands, who will keep the North Pacific free from sea-weeds? I do not ask one of you alone to build an island. Think how many of you there are."

"But we do not know how to shape the islands; they will all be wrong!" cried the Madrepora.

"I will take care of that," said the Master, "only see that each one builds one little cell."

So the corals divided the work among themselves. Some began to build the middle and some the outer edge. Very busily and patiently they wrought. The islands grew higher and higher, until they came up to the top of the water. Then the waves and winds did their part by bringing sand and weeds and leaves to make soil. The nuts and seeds that had fallen into the water, and were so tired by bobbing up and down all the way from India and South America, found a nice bed to sleep in for a few days. When they felt rested, they got up and grew into thorn trees and bushes and cocoa trees. Long vines began to creep across the sand, and sweet flowers blossomed; men and animals came to live there, and little children ran about and played beside the ocean. The islands were called the Friendly Islands, the Caroline Islands, and so on.

"Who would have believed we could have done it!" said the little corals, as they saw the result of their efforts. "The whales could have done no better! And to think it was all done by our making one cell apiece!" They felt so proud of their islands that they put a lovely fringe of red and white and pink coral around the edge.—Leaflet of the American Presbyterian W. F. M. S.

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A daily newspaper may become a missionary journal to the wise reader, and current events may reveal to him the governing hand of God in the world. Jonathan Edwards used to say: "I read my Bible to find how God loves the world. I read the journals to find how God rules the world."