

the little boy said, "Mother, dear, I want you to help me write a valentine; to-morrow will be the fourteenth you know, and there's somebody I want to send one to."

"Who may that be?" asked mother.

"Well, perhaps you will be surprised, but it's Nannie Brown, she said the other day, she'd never had one," and the boy glanced up shyly, but with a very bright smile.

"My little soldier!" was all mother said; but she went at once for pen and ink, and together they wrote these verses:

"Little Miss Nannie, with eyes of blue,
This is a valentine for you,
Not so fine as some, I fear,
But means, shall we be friends, my dear?
Oh! let's make up without delay.
And both shake hands on Valentine's Day."

"N.B. Do come over to-morrow and cheer a fellow up."

That evening came a very elaborate valentine in return, and inside written in a large, careful school-girl hand, it said:

"Dear Master Ted,
What you have said,
It makes me cry
And wipe my eye,
I was so bad
It makes me sad,
I'll come in the morn
At earliest dawn,
You're awful good
To say I could."

"P.S. I wrote 'dawn' to rhyme with 'morn,' but mother says I mustn't come till after breakfast. Oh! I'm so dreadful sorry for what I did; I've just cried quarts about it."

"Poor little thing," thought Teddy, "I don't feel a bit angry with her now, and yet this morning it seemed as if I just couldn't write that valentine."

"Mother," he added aloud, "if I'm going to be a soldier in the King's army, I guess I'll take my school verse for a motto: 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' Somehow that verse didn't seem to have any meaning when I first learned it, but I understand it better now." *The Churchman, N. J.*

A WRITER in the *Golden Rule* gives a thrilling account of the heroism of native children in Africa:

About three years ago our missionary and his wife, who for three years had been in charge of Baraka Station on the west coast of Africa, were driven away by the chiefs, and were threatened with death if they should attempt to return. They had done faithful work, and left the mission house in charge of Tom and Uriah, two converted nursery boys. The kindred of Uriah came in force, seized

him and dragged him from the mission, and gave him his choice between renouncing Jesus and being beaten.

Uriah said, "I no give up Jesus."

Then they beat him nearly to death.

He kept repeating, "I no give up Jesus."

Then they took him to a small stream of water, and held his head under until the poor boy was nearly strangled; but every time he got his head above water he said, "I no give up Jesus."

Then they tied a rope around him, and ran him up into the inner cone of one of their round huts, and kindled a fire underneath him, and threw on it a lot of red pepper, the strangling fumes of which surpass anything this side of perdition. Poor Uriah sneezed and coughed and fainted. When they supposed that he was dead, they lowered him, and dragged him out of the hut; and in the fresh air he soon opened his eyes, when his would-be murderers crowded around him, shouting, "Now, you give up Jesus!"

"No; I die for Jesus. He died for me, and I want to die for Him."

Thinking that they could not prevail, they left him, and he returned to the mission, and he and Tom held the fort.

WHAT will the boys and girls of our Canadian Church Sunday Schools do for Missions during this Lenten season?

LAST year Sunday Schools in the sister Church of the United States raised nearly \$63,000. This year the Board hopes to receive \$100,000.

ARE you a Sunday School scholar? Have you got a Mission Box? If not get one; or without it try to earn and save something *weekly* to be given on Easter Sunday as your *very own* offering to God to help His Church to tell the many, many heathen boys and girls of Him who is the *Children's Saviour*, and to bring them to Him in His Holy Church.

ARE you a Sunday School teacher? Have you already helped, or will you now help your scholars thus to keep Lent?

LOVE all for Jesus, and Jesus for Himself. Jesus Christ alone is singularly to be loved; and He alone is found good and faithful above all friends. For Him, and in Him, let friends as well as foes be dear unto Thee; and all these are to be prayed for, that he would make them all to know and to love Him.

Thomas a Kempis.