

of helping Him" replied mamma with a loving kiss for her little girl.

"It seemed to-day as though Jesus stood there and smiled at me, saying, 'Prue, I know you love me, for you gave up those pretty clothes for me.'"—*Canadian Missionary Link*.

WATCHING FOR HIS PREY.

Concealed in the midst of the jungle, the tiger lies crouched sometimes for hours together, watching for his prey, and ready in an instant to pounce upon the first unwary animal that comes within his range. His whole body is on the alert. His mouth wide opened shows the cruel white teeth, his ears are erect, ready to catch the first distant sound, and the bright, sharp eyes pierce through and through the thick undergrowth of ferns and grasses.

With one spring he pounces upon his victim, and it then takes but a short time to finish his work. Just so Satan, the Arch-Enemy of mankind, goes about watching for his prey. He is never weary always on the alert, ready to pounce upon us. Therefore,

"Take ye heed, watch and pray, lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping," and you fall a victim to his snares.—*Scr.*

GATHERING FOR JESUS.

In the vineyard of our Father daily work we find to do,

Scattered gleanings we may gather, though we are so young and few;

Little handfuls help to fill the garners, too.

Toiling early in the morning, catching moments through the day;

Nothing small or lowly scorned, as along our path we stray,

Giving gladly free will offerings by the way.

Not for selfish praise or glory, not for objects nothing worth,

But to send the blessed story of the Gospel o'er the earth,

Telling heathen of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

THAT ETERNAL THINK.

A convict, on being removed from one prison to another, was asked how he liked his new home.

"Not at all," was his reply.

"Are you not clothed and fed as well here?"

"Yes, better."

"Is your labor harder?"

"No, not so hard."

"Are you not treated with kindness?"

"Yes."

"Then why not like it!"

"Because I am allowed to speak to no one. I go to the table and sit and think; I go about my work all day to think; and at night the iron door shuts me in my solitary cell to think! think! think! and I cannot endure it."

Can the mind contemplate a more dreadful condition than the remorse of a lost soul thinking through an endless eternity?

WORKING FOR JESUS.

Dear Children:

Miss Beattie, our medical missionary in India, has not yet been two years in the mission field. She cannot talk directly to the women of that country. She is, however, working for Jesus in another way, doing what she can to spread the gospel. Let me tell you how she does it.

The people often come to her for medicine. Just as with our doctors, the directions are pasted on the bottles. Below the direction is also pasted a text of Scripture in the Hindi language. Eternity alone will reveal how many of the poor heathen in India may be led to Christ through those pasted texts on medicine bottles.

If you are anxious to work for Jesus, like our missionary Miss Beattie, you will find ways of doing so. You can drop a tract in the hand of somebody, speak a kind word, help the poor and pray for those out of Christ. And let us not weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Your friend,

D.