

which was to buy the doll she wanted so much, and said, "Teacher, divide; Jesus half, me half." She was willing to wait a little longer for her doll, so that Jesus might have part of her money. How many of our young readers are willing to make as much sacrifice to teach just such needy children as this child once was.

"WAIT A MINUTE."

THERE is an old proverb, and a very good one, that "Time and tide wait on no man."

That means if man has a chance of bettering his condition, and lets it go by, the chance may never come again.

Perhaps a vessel can only be launched at the turn of the tide, and if the captain does not seize that precious moment, the tide turns, and the vessel has to be left behind. For the tide will not wait, nor the time either. Still there are seasons which our motto would prove a wholesome one, when it would be a good thing to wait a minute.

When you are about to make an angry reply. Your blood is up; and you could say a cutting thing. But don't do it. The irritation will go off if you have a little patience. Grievous words stir up anger. It is better to wait a minute.

When you are tempted to do a wrong—it may be to lie or to steal—Satan is hurrying you on, because he does not wish you to reflect. He knows that if you reflect you will not do it. But do not be driven into sin blindfolded. Wait a minute.

When you are going to spread a report about your neighbor. It will do him harm, and you do not know whether it is true. You have not had time to search into the matter. And yet the tale is on your tongue. But you had better not. Wait a minute.

That minute waited will often save you from evil. It may give your passion time to cool. You may be able to put up a secret prayer, "Lead me not into temptation." You may call to mind the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Stop, then, on the brink of wrongdoing, if you have been foolish enough to get so far.

THE BIG AND LITTLE WHEELS.

A FEW years ago, while visiting the western part of the State, a little incident occurred which illustrates what I want to say.

A kind old farmer was driving through the village with his team and lumber waggon. A bright, wide-awake little fellow was on the lookout for a ride; his quick eye soon caught sight of the farmer, whom he addressed about in this way:

"Say, Mister, may I have a ride?"

"Yes, jump in."

Soon he found himself sitting by the side of our old friend.

It was not long, however, before the boy became intensely absorbed. He looked first at the hind wheels, then at the forward wheels.

"Say, boy, what are you looking at?" said the farmer.

But there was no response; the wheels were the little fellow's world of thought, he saw nothing else.

The farmer now took him by the shoulders, seeking to bring him into the world of consciousness; it was no use, his mind was absorbed. Soon, however, he bounded to his feet, clapping his hands and shouting at the top of his voice, "Go it, little wheels, big wheels can't catch you."

He supposed the wheels were racing, and concluded the little ones had the best of it.

In the wondrous work of missions, are not the little wheels just as important a factor as the large ones?

The first century of modern missions will soon close up its record. This record seems to be divided into three periods.

In its early history we have a few consecrated men laying themselves a living sacrifice on God's altar. God's progress through them was slow but sure. After years of patient toil, on the sky of heathenism might be seen a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Soon, however, the clouds spread, followed by the abundant rain.

The next period is that of noble women, who had been called by God's gracious Spirit to be partakers of that inner life of faith, which is the mainspring of every noble desire, every far-reaching impulse. The women of England began to realize as never before, that they had sisters in the far fields of heathenism, who, if ever saved, must be saved by the same precious blood that redeemed them. A large portion of those received on confession of their faith in our churches are the children. Then again, when the heart is given in covenant love to Christ, humanly speaking, they spend a long and useful life in God's service, a long life of education in the blessed law of benevolence, so that in reality the big wheels find it difficult to catch the little ones. It is important then that we take hold of the children and interest them intelligently in the great work of missions. The last Sabbath in November we held what may be termed a Children's Missionary Service; it was announced the Sabbath before from the pulpit. At the time appointed they gathered in the chapel, and marched into church and took front pews which had been reserved for them. The choir came down from the gallery and took their position in front of the pulpit, and with the help of a cabinet organ led the little ones in their well-selected and inspiring missionary hymns.

The pastor sought to instruct and interest them by pointing out the great needs of Home and Foreign Missions. One of the most important events of the morning was the collection.

It was delightful to see the enthusiasm manifested on the part of the children when the big dignified deacons stepped forward, each with plate in hand to take the offerings of the little ones. There seemed to be something important about it to them, somehow it made them feel big to have the plate passed to them individually.

Their actions suggested the thought that in their hearts they believed the older part of the congregation must occupy the back seats for once. One intelligent little boy, four years old, became so enthusiastic with the idea of giving that he stood on the seat, a dollar bill in his hand, ready to drop it on the plate.