

She had always something pleasant to say, and a flower or kiss to give, so that the scholars loved the school-house next best to "mother's room" at home. They never had to be sent to school, but ran off cheerfully before nine o'clock, that they might speak to her before the little bell rang. She believed what Solomon said about the "rod of correction," but still in some way, she got along without using it very often.

Once her heart was deeply wounded by hearing that a little fellow had spoken dirty, impure words while out at play. When forced to punish little ones, she used generally to take them on her lap, but as Master Charlie was nine years old, she called him to stand before her. Taking both his hands between her own, and looking into his blue eyes, she asked, "Have you been using wicked words to-day, my dear?"

"I didn't swear," whispered Charlie, with his head hanging down.

"Are you willing to go home and repeat all you said before your mother?"

Charlie hung his head and colored deeply, and whispered, "No, ma'am; because it would grieve her."

"And have you forgotten, my dear boy, that One who is far holier than she has heard in heaven those naughty words which came from those lips of yours to-day? I am afraid there is something unclean in your heart; but as I cannot reach that myself, I will ask God to do it. I can reach your lips, and as I am very sure they are not fit to give your mother the good night kiss, nor to say your prayers, I will clean them for you."

She then took from her desk a bowl of water, a tiny piece of soap, and a small sponge; and bidding Charlie open his mouth, she washed it well—teeth, tongue, lips, and all! She then wiped them dry with a soft towel, and bathed his tear-stained face, on which with motherly kindness she pressed the kiss of forgiveness.

This simple punishment, and the real sorrow of her who inflicted it, made a deep impression on the minds of her scholars. Charlie is now almost a man, but never since that day has an impure word escaped his lips. At the very thought of such words he fancies he tastes soap, and that he hears again the gentle rebuke of his first teacher.—*Missionary Visitor.*

THE CHILD MINISTER.

HERE is a story of a child minister that will show you how very much children can do for Jesus. Little Annie Gale had given her heart to Jesus, and now all day long she wanted to be doing His will and pleasing Him. But one morning her heart was very much grieved. A gentleman called at her father's house and he laughed at the notion of little Annie being converted. "She was always so good that she did not need it to make her any better," he said. "If old Dan Hunter began to love Jesus now, I should think that there was something in it." Poor little Annie was very grieved, and going away to her room, she knelt down.

Now there was no mistake about it that old Dan was the very crossdest and most disagreeable man in the village. He worked away in his wheelwright

yard, grumbling and growling all day long. No poor woman ever came into his yard to get shavings for her fire, and no boy ever crept in there for a basket of chips. Nobody who could help it ever came to see old Dan. This morning he was at work bending at his saw, when a very pleasant little voice said, "Good morning, Dan."

The voice was so pleasant that Dan looked around and forgot to scowl. "Please, Dan," said little Annie, "I want to speak to you, and I'm sure you won't mind, will you?"

Now, it was so long since anybody had cared to speak to Dan at all, that he couldn't understand what this little maiden could have to say, so he laid down his saw and rolled his apron around his waist, and sat down on the trunk of a tree. Really, for old Dan, he was looking quite pleased.

"Well, whatever do you want to say to me, little-one?" He spoke gruffly—always did, but it was a good deal for old Dan to speak at all, for he generally only grunted.

Little Annie sat down by his side, and looking up into his rugged, wrinkled face, she said: "Well, Dan, you know Jesus does love me, and I do love Him. But the gentleman at home says that I am so little, and that I am so good, that he does not believe that I know anything about it. But he says that if you would begin to love Jesus, then he would believe in it. Now, Dan, you will, won't you? Because Jesus does love you, you know;" and little Annie took hold of Dan's great rough hand. "He loves you very, very much, Dan. You know He died upon the cross for all of us."

Poor old Dan! Nobody had ever talked to him like that for years and years—never since his mother had gone to heaven. And down those wrinkled cheeks the tears began to come, very big and very fast. "Don't cry, Dan; because God loves us though we have sinned, and He sent Jesus into the world to save us." Dan's heart was broken. He could only say, "God be merciful to me—the worst of sinners." As little Annie talked with him, he came to see all—how Jesus died for him, and was able to give him a clean heart and a right spirit. Little Annie left him praising God, his heavenly Father, for such wonderful love, and went away to tell the gentleman at her home.

"Now, sir," said she, "you must believe that Jesus loves me, because old Dan Hunter has really begun to love Him, and has got converted."

"Nonsense," laughed the gentleman. "Why, Annie, whoever told you that?"

"Well, you'll see." And he did, and so did everybody else in the place. They saw that old nipped, frowning face turned into joy and gladness. They saw the ill-tempered old Dan became so kind that everybody had a friend in him; and when you passed the yard, you might be sure to hear a happy old man, as he worked with hammer and saw, cheerily singing about the wondrous love of Jesus.

So little Annie ministered unto the Lord.—*Mark Guy Pearse*

IN Syria, where twenty years ago there were not twenty females of its two million who could read, there are now 7,194 girls in the mission schools.