



MELANESIA.

**M**ELANESIA comes from a Greek word which means black. It is used to describe a large group of islands in the Pacific Ocean close to Australia and New Zealand, and the "black" refers to the people, whose skin is very dark and swarthy. But you notice from the above picture that they have not the same kind of face as the negro that we are accustomed to see in Canada. So that they must be a different race of people. They are very cruel people and fight among themselves a great deal. Missionaries are teaching them and trying to show them how to live good and happy lives. The missionaries have schools, and in these they teach the children of these people, whenever they can get them, how to read and write and how to pray. When they get them they are rough little savages without clothes; but they teach them how to dress themselves and keep themselves neat and clean, and when they learn to do this they have more respect for themselves and soon see how much better it is to be as the Christians are. Then, too, they learn what true religion is, and some day all those islands—and if you will look on the map you will see that there are a great many of them—will have churches and schools on them everywhere, and then the people will be savage and cruel no longer. This is missionary work, and when children hear of it they ought to help it in every way they can, so as to save poor little children that are far, far away from the hard, cruel lives that in their natural state they will have to live.

If men should try as hard to become good as they do to get rich, it wouldn't be long before we had a nation of saints.

## THREE MAIDS—A RECITATION.

*First Little Girl.*

**W**E are three little maids of the Mission Band.  
Bright and early we've taken our stand  
To be of some use in this great wide world;  
Instead of living just to be curled  
And feathered and frizzed like the poor little birds,

We mean to try by our deeds and our words  
To do all the good we possibly may  
While on this pleasant earth we stay.  
So we have lots of things to tell—  
For in our Band we learn them well—  
About the far-off mission lands,  
Where day and night the teacher stands  
To show the way to our dear Lord  
And teach the people from His Word.  
We'll show you how the children look  
As they sit and learn God's Holy Book.

*Second Little Girl.*

This is the way they dress in Japan—  
Land of the bamboo and the fan—  
Where the queer little children are begging to learn  
Of Jesus, that they from their idols may turn  
And be happy as we in the care of a Friend,  
Who, having once loved them, will love to the end.

*Third Little Girl.*

I'm a Hindu child just now  
From sunny India, where they bow  
To cruel gods; where mothers sad  
Throw little girls to Gunga bad,  
And little widows, no older than I,  
Are left in darkness to pine and die.  
O, thankful and glad indeed are we  
Only "make-believe" heathen to be!

*Enter Chinese Boy.*

Here comes a boy from China, you see,  
You three little maidens make room there for me!  
For the boys are not to be left behind  
In a race with the girls for the good and the kind.  
In China of course we boys ought to beat,  
For what can girls do with their poor stumbling feet?  
But we mean in the future to give them fair play  
If Christians will help us and show us the way.

*All recite together.*

So we three little maids and our brother "Chinee"  
Mean always true workers for Jesus to be,  
Perhaps you may hear of us one of these days  
In China or India teaching His ways.

—*Children's Work for Children.*

THE bravest boys are not always those who are ready to fight. Here is the story of one who showed the right spirit when provoked by his comrades:

A poor boy was attending school one day with a large patch on one of the knees of his trousers. One of his schoolmates made fun of him, for this, and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys. "I'd give it to him, if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for dear mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of my patch for her sake."—*Selected.*