

THE LORD'S WORK.

Recitation for Six Little Children.

First.—The Lord hath work for little hands.
For they may do his wise commands.

Second.—And he marks out for little feet
A narrow pathway, straight and
sweet.

Third.—One little face may fill with light
A heart and home as dark as night.

Fourth.—And there are words for little eyes
To make them earnest, true, and
wise.

Fifth.—One little voice may lead above
By singing songs of Jesus' love.

Sixth.—One little heart may be the place
Where God shall manifest his grace.

All joining hands.—Our hands, our feet, our
hearts we bring
To Christ, our Lord, the risen King.
—Selected.

A BOASTER SILENCED.

A rich man was showing a friend through his house, and, after scaling a high tower, pointing in a northerly direction, said:

"As far as your eye can reach that is all mine."

"Is that so?" said the friend.

"Yes. Now turn this way; that is also mine."

"Indeed?" said the friend.

"Now look southerly—that is all mine, and westerly is mine also—in fact, on all four points of the compass, as far as the eye can reach, it is all mine."

His friend, looking at him, paused, said:

"Yes; I see you have land on all four quarters; but," pointing his fingers upwards, said, "What have you got in that direction?"

The rich man was unable to answer.

How many there are who are rich in this world's goods, but poor in the inheritance of life eternal.—Ex.

TARA AND HER FATHER.

By Rev. Norman Russell.

Ramdas was a clerk in the Government offices and a Brahmin. From all time, so he had been taught, his forefathers were Brahmins; the first Brahmin having sprung from God's head, and therefore he belonged to the greatest race of men living, a race before whom every other man was insignificant. Ramdas was quiet and unobtrusive; he had not much to say even to his fellow Brahmins, but he thought a good deal, and as he was daily brought in contact with Europeans, he came to find not only that they were powerful, but also clever and good. He had heard them called beef-eaters, despisers of caste, Mlechhas, but he found they were honest, kind-hearted and just, which was more than he could say for his own Brahmin people.

Ramdas' wife was dead and his son married; only his little daughter Tara remained to him. She was a bright little girl, quick and eager to learn. Her grandmother, had she lived, would have strongly opposed the idea of her learning to read, and her aunts scoffed at her. Education they said was for men, had they been taught to read or write, or their mother? And if her grandmother and great-grandmother had lived and died without being educated it was ridiculous for her to talk of it.

But her father did not think so, he saw that education had raised the English ladies and he knew no reason why it should not be so with Hindu women. Both Ramdas and his little daughter, therefore, were very glad when the Miss Sahib called one day to say she was opening a school for girls, and would be glad to have Tara attend. So it was arranged, and every morning the old calling woman came for her and took her and the other girls off to school near the Mission bungalow, and in the afternoon brought them home again.

It was not long before Tara learned to read and make her letters, and she became very much interested in her studies. She noticed that while it was one of the Christian women who taught her the ordinary lessons,