

## WHAT A LITTLE MAID GAVE.

'O dear, I've nothing to put in the box for Foreign Missions!' complained a little girl.

'No,' said her friend, as she gave the little maid a caress, 'but you are a little home missionary.'

And was she not? She spent an hour that morning amusing her baby sister who was cross with cutting teeth. She sewed up a tear in brother Ned's ball and hunted up some twine for his kite string, and she did it with a smiling face and not a word of being bothered.

Yesterday, this little home missionary attended the door-bell for Mary, the housemaid, and let her go visit her sick child. Meantime she wrote a letter to her absent father, who was away on business, in which she told him all the home news in a frank, artless way, giving the man a thrill of loving pride and pleasure in his little daughter.

In many ways did this little maid help and cheer her mother. So, though she could not contribute to the aid of Foreign Missions, she did what she could to add to the happiness of those about her. Who can do better than that! *S. Erwin.*

## FOR THE BOYS.

A boy is something like a piece of iron, which, in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth a pound note, say, in its natural state, is worth forty-eight shillings when it is made into horse shoes, and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to £70. Made into pen knife blades it would be worth £900 and into balance wheels for watches, £50,000. Just think of that boys; a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material.

But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so,

if you are become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horse-shoes as it has to be converted into delicate watch-springs; but think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be, horse-shoe or watch-spring? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without intervals for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry to see you grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study and play, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter. *Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

## ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There, by his love o'er-shaded,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know that you are safe?" asked Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my two hands tight!" promptly replied her sister.

"That is not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off?"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought deeply. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out:

"Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with His two hands, and Satan can't cut His hands off, so I am safe."