

So when I'm tired at close of day,
 And mother makes me stop my play,
 'Tis then I find a cosy nook
 And con my lovely picture-book.
 Once Mr. Swinstead caught me there
 And without any why or where,

Just made a picture out of me
 For all my mother's friends to see,
 And in they come, and talk and chatter;
 But I don't care: what does it matter?
 For I have still my cosy nook,
 And still can keep my picture-book.

FREDK. SHERLOCK.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

"A Big Wound in Your Soul."

SOME of the Christians in Uganda are very faithful in pleading with others to give up their sins. One man named Matayo was giving way to drink. His Christian friends reminded him of his wound in the war. "You have a big wound in your soul, caused by drunkenness. Give up the drink, or assuredly the wound will get worse and kill you eternally." Matayo replied, "Why can't you leave me alone?" Mika Sematimba answered, "When you were shot, did we not pick you up

and carry you home? Did you then think we hated you? You are shot now, and we want to carry you home. Do you remember when we were carrying you, how you said, 'Let me walk; your carrying makes the wound hurt me'? We didn't let you walk. We knew you could not walk, but that you would faint on the road; and now we know you cannot keep sober, and we want to help you. You say 'Leave me alone,' but we won't leave you alone. We know you will get worse if we do."

"I Count that Day as Lost."

Two Brahmins were in a railway carriage in India, and one of them refused a Gospel which was offered him by a Native preacher. "I could not think of buying a Christian book," he said. The other exclaimed, "It

is a very good book. It is the life of Jesus Christ. It is to me as my daily food. When I miss a day in reading it, I count that day as lost." What a speech for a heathen to make!

The Cruelty of Heathendom.

An atrocious case of cruelty in Zanzibar is related by the late Rev. Horace Waller. A little slave girl of seven, named Jamili, had been beaten by her mistress and then tied by the arm to a tree. The arm swelled so that the cord could not be got off, so they took a hatchet and cut off her arm, and then turned the child out in the street to die. Sir Lloyd Matthews

found her, and sent her to the hospital, the jagged bleeding stump of the arm being in a frightful state. She was cured, and sent to the Universities Mission School at Mbwani. When she was well, her masters had the audacity to claim her again; but the Sultan refused to allow her to be taken out of the hands of the Missionaries.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

I. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My Initials and Finals, read downwards,
 are already before you, before even you
 begin to guess me.

1. Something very pleasant in the summer weather.
2. A preposition.
3. A gentle breeze.
4. A place famed in Scripture story.
5. A narrow road.
6. Always.

II. PUZZLE WORDS.

To try your spelling, here's a great
 game,
 Backwards and forwards we're always
 the same.

1. An organ precious to us all:
2. A boy's name, be he big or small:
3. Often used to mean before:
4. Sometimes heard at the front door:
5. Perhaps you call your father this:
6. Day by day I never miss.

III. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A place to love,
2. A face to love,
3. Five men put down,
4. On this we frown.