

A LETTER FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

FROM REV. J. ANNAND TO HIS YOUNG NIECE.
MY DEAR ALICE,

You say in your letter that you would not live here for a great sum of money. Now I am sure that if you were here and saw the people and got acquainted with our home, you would not think them so bad after all.

There is beautiful warm tropical weather, and the beautiful flowers blooming all the year round where cultivated! There is no week in the whole year when you could not gather a fine bouquet of flowers with roses from our garden.

Then we look out upon the beautiful bright waters of the Pacific ocean. In front of our house is the harbor, lying among the green foliage like a lovely lake.

Then, dear Alice, it is pleasant to teach these poor degraded people the Way of Life. We do not live here because of the fine tropical scenery, but because Jesus says:—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

By and by we hope all to meet in the better land, so the more we are like Jesus, and the more fully we obey his commands the better we shall glorify Him.

It is now eleven years since we saw you. You will be so changed. What are you going to be? Perhaps you too may yet be a missionary, if not to the heathen, to others nearer home. You may be a missionary now to your brothers and sisters. With much love from us both,

Your affectionate uncle,

JOSEPH ANNAND.

"You ask what your Sabbath School can send here," writes a lady in Trinidad to a friend in Canada. "Many things are very acceptable, such as toys, books, pictures, scrap-books, thimbles, needles, cards, &c., &c. One thing which pleases the children of the sewing class is a work-bag, made of some pretty print, and stocked with a small thimble, a needle book, a few needles and a spool of thread, &c."

THREE MAILS—A RECITATION.

First Little Girl.

HERE 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 them
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 we boys of course 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.