

## LETTER FROM MR. ANNAND.

Children! Do you like selfish boys and girls? I know that you do not! Even heathens despise mean people. Who loves that girl who refuses to give her playmates a small part of her cake and candy? Who cares for the boy that will not share his apples and raisins with his playmates? No, you don't like them, but you call them mean and stingy. You love generous boys and girls who share their good things with those who have none.

Now, do you think that God loves selfish and stingy people? Well, He has given us a great many gifts and blessings, and He has told us that if we are liberal with them He will give us more; but how many of us are willing to share our blessings with the heathen. We are so mean with the Gospel that we are like a selfish school boy who tries to keep all his own good things to himself, but yet wants to get a good share of those belonging to the others. Don't let us be so stingy with the Gospel, but let us give it to the heathen also! Don't you want to be happy and make others happy? If so share your blessings with those who have them not.

Santo, the largest island in the New Hebrides, covered with men, women and children, is now looking to us for the Gospel. They have never heard of Jesus. Their life is one dark, toilsome journey to the darker grave. No hope, no real happiness. No comfortable home here, no heaven hereafter.

A missionary wants to go there but our happy Christian people are not willing to share their luxuries or deny themselves anything in order to raise money to pay way. Boys, girls, you spend enough in candies every year to send him out to the heathen. Many of you give one cent for missions and five or ten cents for candy. Ask God to open our eyes to see what we ought to do—to open our hearts so that we shall give to this work, and to fill our hearts with love so that we shall work for him.

Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH ANNAND.

## WORTH WINNING.

There was a boy who "lived out," named John. Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm away up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood box, and saw that the postage stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done its duty and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, and so the stamp is as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the teakettle, and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "Because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and this is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that He judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience. "God will know it, and that is enough; and He, you know, desires the truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best parts of John's character; "yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp the second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. And so John won the victory. Wasn't it worth winning?

We like to see a boy with his father. It is good for both of them. A boy will not be likely to turn out badly who likes to be with a good father; and the man who is willing to take his boy wherever he goes will not be likely to go very far astray.