

laid away among her black people. I know it now! 'Sae loves us.'"

"She loves us," the other servants whispered to one another, as Bua spread the strange request of the missionary. "We know it now!"

"The Little Miss Sahiba loved us," they say proudly, when they pause at her grave in the native cemetery, "and so we love and worship her God."—Missions.

WONDERFUL WALL-PAPER.

My walls are very dirty; I must have new paper," said a Japanese cake-seller to herself, as she looked around her shop before starting on an errand.

The little woman went on her way, carefully considering ways and means, and wondering for now small a sum she could make her walls look fresh and bright, so that the cake-shop might become more attractive.

As she passed a book-shop she caught sight of a heap of waste paper which had been thrown aside.

"The very thing for my shop!" said Mrs. Uno; "and I need not spend any money."

With care she collected the pile, carried it home, and sorted it out. Then she discovered that there was a book with scattered leaves, but nearly all were so clean that she decided they would be the most suitable covering for the walls of the cake-shop. So, with great patience, Mrs. Uno decorated her walls with printed paper, and when it was done, she felt that her labor had not been in vain, for did not those white printed pages make her shop look more attractive than ever before?

Yes, certainly the walls did look fresher and brighter, but Mrs. Uno could not see half their brightness. The very light of heaven was reflected there, for the leaves she had used were from a Bible, and the walls of the little shop were proclaiming wonderful stories of God's love to man.

One evening the old lady's grandson came in and having a little time on his hands, he began to read the printing on the wall-paper.

Mrs. Uno listened with astonishment as the boy read on, for she had never heard anything so wonderful or beautiful before.

As time went on she became so much interested that she would often ask her customers to read to her. At last a young man asked her if she was a Christian, and, finding she was not, he took her to a church where she heard the message from the wall-paper more fully explained. She became a Christian, and now not only do the walls of the cake-shop tell of the things of the kingdom, but the old woman carefully puts a tract into every bag of cakes, so that all her customers may share in the good news which first came to her soul from the wall-paper.—By Elinor M. Rice in World-Wide.

IN EVERY LAND.

In the land of ice and snow
Lives the little Eskimo;
Dress of skin
Fur-side in,
Keeps him warm from head to toe.

Running wild in blazing sun
Plays the little African;
Not a thread,
From his head,
Wears this little black-skinned one.

Far away, o'er distant seas,
Dwells the little Japanese;
Silken gown
Falls way down,
Far below his yellow knees.

On the sweeping prairie wide,
Does the Indian child abide;
Beads in rows,
Buckskin clothes,
Serve his copper skin to hide.

In the crowded city street,
Poorest child of all we meet—
Feet all bare,
Rags to wear,
Homeless, friendless, naught to eat.

Now, to all these children dear,
Let us send a word of cheer;
Tell them how
Jesus now
Waits with love to draw them near.

Of our plenty let us send
News of Him, the children's friend;
That from sin
We may win
Souls to serve Him to the end.

—World-Wide.