

HOW MYRTLE'S RELIGION HELPED IN HER DAILY TASKS.

YES, Aunt Mary, I mean to be a missionary when I am a woman, if God will take me." And twelve-year-old Myrtle's sweet face looked very earnest as she spoke.

Aunt Mary smiled lovingly, and answered:

"I am very glad, dear, to hear you say this, and shall pray that God may call you into this work, and that you may be prepared to go when He calls."

There was a moment's silence, and then Aunt Mary asked:

"What are you doing now towards being ready?"

"I read my Bible and go to church and Sunday-school and Junior Endeavor. Is there anything more?"

"I think so," answered Aunt Mary. "What work do you have for every day?"

"Why, I have to wash dishes, and dust, and run errands, and keep my own room," said Myrtle wonderingly.

"Well," said Aunt Mary, "I think God is watching over all those tasks, and I think that when the time comes for a missionary to go He will send the girl who washed her dishes clean, rinsed and dried them well, and never set away any great dishes with little lumps of food in them to avoid washing them. And I think the girl who dusts all the corners, and all the little things on the mantel, and keeps her own room always neat and in order will be the girl who will be called to do His greater work, because she will make a better missionary than the one who was an unfaithful little girl over her daily tasks."

Myrtle flushed a little, but, of course, Aunt Mary didn't know that she was sometimes dreadfully slack about the little tasks her mamma gave her to do, for Aunt Mary lived a great way off, and hadn't visited them since Myrtle was a baby. But her little talk was like seed planted in good ground, for Myrtle was thoroughly in earnest about serving God, and her mamma seldom had need to frown over neglected, half-done tasks after that.—[M. E. McK. in C. M. F.]

"JESUS DIED FOR ME."

Hannah was a little Jewish maiden, seven years old. Her parents, being Jews, did not believe in the Lord Jesus; but they sent their little daughter to a Christian school. Here she was taught to read easy passages of the New Testament, like the other children of her own age. She was a bright-eyed, intelligent child, always laughing, and always full of fun. Sometimes her high spirits brought her into trouble; but everyone loved her, and no one could be angry with her long.

One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would go when she died. Some were silent. Some said they did not know. Some said they hoped they would go to heaven. But when it came to Hannah's turn, she answered without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there?" asked the teacher somewhat surprised.

"I know it," answered the little Jewish maiden, her eyes sparkling with animation, "because Jesus died for me."

Children, can you say, each of you, from your heart, "Jesus died for me, and I trust in him as my Saviour!" If you can, then you too may know that heaven will be your home.

A missionary was urged to send a Christian teacher to an inland town in China. He asked how they had learned about Christ. They replied that a little boy from a mission school had come home and read the Bible to those who would listen. Night after night they came, and now a whole village was ready to serve God. How God blessed that little light!—[Heathen Children's Friend.]

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD THEME.

This is a box called a Mite-box.

This is some money, that wanted to go in the Mite-box.

This is the purse that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

This is the maid with the crimped hair,
Who owned the purse, that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

These are the ribbons of colors rare,
That tempted the maid with the crimped hair,
Who owned the purse, that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

This is the clerk with the jaunty air,
Who sold the ribbons of color rare.
That tempted the maid with the crimped hair
Who owned the purse, that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

This is the store with the brilliant glare,
Where stayed the clerk with the jaunty air,
Who sold the ribbons of color rare,
That tempted the maid with the crimped hair,
Who owned the purse, that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

This is the safe, well made for wear,
That stood in the store with the brilliant glare,
Where stayed the clerk with the jaunty air,
Who sold the ribbons of color rare,
That tempted the maid with the crimped hair,
Who owned the purse, that held the money,
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

Then into that safe well made for wear,
That stood in the store with the brilliant glare,
Where stayed the clerk with the jaunty air,
Who sold the ribbons of colors rare,
That tempted the maiden with the crimped hair,
Who owned the purse;—*went the money*
That wanted to go in the Mite-box.

Y. P. F. M. S.

E. M.