

MISSIONARY BEDS.

It is almost time to be thinking of our missionary beds, said Susie Brown to her brother, turning from the open window into which the warm spring sun was cheerfully shining. "I think so, too," answered Charlie, not looking off his work; for he was very busy mending a hoe.

"Missionary beds! What are they—feather beds, straw-beds, mattresses?" So thought a gentleman who sat in the room reading the newspaper, and who heard what the children said. "Missionary beds! Are they beds for missionaries?" At last he asked the children what they meant.

"Why, garden-beds!" answered Charlie quickly, dropping his hoe, and looking earnestly into the gentleman's face. "My father gives us children a bed in the garden to plant and take care of and do everything ourselves. Then we sell what grows to earn our missionary money. My bed is asparagus, and my father and Uncle John bought it all. Susie's is a bed of herbs; and last year she sold almost all of it to the apothecary. We like to be gardeners first rate. Mother was afraid we should not hold out, but we did; we like to be doing what is really something."

I think there is a good deal of truth in what Charlie said. Play does not always satisfy children. I have seen them hang round very often, saying over and over again, "Mamma, what can I do?" and I believe it means more than play. The fact is, they like to be doing what is really something, for a part of the time at least, that is, they want to do something that is really important to some one besides themselves; something they will be ashamed to give up, and that will reward them for persevering.

It is a very nice way to earn money for the Lord's blessed work; for children nowadays may not only pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," but they can really work for what they pray for like grown-up people. They can come into this heavenly kingdom themselves and help children all over the world to do also.

A HEATHEN PUNISHMENT.

A rude tribe exists in Africa, which, whatever else of evil it tolerates, abhors laziness. Of course much which is called "work" would better be left undone; but these people do not think so. Their

industries are elephant and monkey hunting, fighting and killing off neighboring tribes; and woe to the coward or the lazy man who does not respond when the hunting-call or the war-cry sounds out. When the verdict is that a man is so lazy that he is useless to the tribe, his doom is sealed. Men bind him hand and foot and cast him into the river, that he may at least make a feast for a crocodile, which might, otherwise, devour some toiling boatman or reed gatherer.

An Englishman who was among this people once, getting elephants and monkeys in the service of natural history, saw this punishment inflicted on a poor trembling creature. The men in charge held their victim over the water till they saw a crocodile rushing towards the bank when they flung him in violently. The great gate-like jaws opened, and in an instant the waters were crimson with blood. Then the pure stream rushed down and carried away every trace of the dreadful crime.

Well may we all long for the spread of the Gospel which has mercy to the erring as well as joy to the righteous. Yet it is sad to think how many lazy persons may be found in Christian lands, fine gentlemen who never add a grain to the world's wealth, nor lift a burden from the heavy laden; fair ladies and beautiful girls who lie on lounges reading novels, or planning some selfish amusement.

Although we have no fear of such cruel punishments, yet surely while the world lies in darkness and sin, while sorrow reigns abroad and at home, there ought to be no inactive hands, no unfeeling hearts among us.—*Mission Dayspring*.

"I KISS 'OO!"

"I strike 'oo!" cried a little boy in a sharp tone to his sister.

"I kiss 'oo!" said his sister, stretching out her arms, and putting up her rosy lips in a sweet kiss.

Tommy looked a look of wonder. Did his ears hear right? They did, for there was a kiss on Susy's lips. A smile broke over his angry face, like sunshine on a black cloud.

"I kiss 'oo," he then said; and the little brother and sister hugged and kissed each other right heartily.

A kiss for a blow is better than tit for tat, is not it?