



SPINNING A YARN.

MYSELF.

My two little hands are for Jesus,
To work for him, all my days.
My two little feet are for Jesus,
To walk in all of his ways.

My two little eyes are for Jesus,
To read his most holy word.
My two little ears are for Jesus,
That all he says shall be heard.

My one little mind is for Jesus,
To learn of his heaven above.
My one little heart is for Jesus,
And he shall have all its love.

MILDRED'S MISSIONARY TEA.

Although Mildred was only four years old, she went to the Mission Band one afternoon because mother had a bad headache. Alice and Paul, who were older, and who both belonged to the band, took their little sister along to get her out of the way. "She will love the singing," said Alice, who was eight years old, and felt very big, "even if she doesn't understand

one word, mother;" and Paul added, "I guess she couldn't understand, anyway, for Miss Brant is going to tell us 'bout the Eco-no-mi-cal Conference to-day; she said so." Paul was ten, and loved large words.

So Mildred trotted along very happily beside her brother and sister to Miss Brant's house. She didn't understand at all what the big map was, or what the Conference that Miss Brant was talking about might be; but she had a quick little mind, and she looked at the pictures which Miss Brant showed them of Chinese and Koreans, Africans and Fiji Islanders, and she knew that the bright dime which she dropped into the basket was going to some of those queer little black and yellow children "way, way off." She heard, too, what Miss Brant said about the missionary tea that the band was going to have some day to raise more money for the work. Only she got it mixed, and thought that all the far-off little heathen were to come to the tea, too, as well as the band. You see, she was a very little girl.

Next morning she began to talk about it at breakfast, but Alice and Paul were in

a hurry to get off to school, and mother was very busy putting up their lunch, and father was reading his paper, so nobody listened. Mildred had to tell somebody, she was so full of it, so she got out all her dolls after breakfast, and explained to them what a missionary tea was. Then, to make it quite plain, she decided to give them one at once, for she had her tea things, and there was Dinah, who certainly was as black as any child in the pictures, and the Japanese boy doll, too, who came from ever so far away across the world.

Mildred set the table, and put the Jap at the head. Dinah sat at one side, and Arabella, the best dolly, beside her. But Dorothy, the jointed dolly, behaved very badly. She wouldn't listen, and she wouldn't sit up straight, even, in her chair. Mildred felt very sorry, but she had to punish Dorothy. "If you will not go to a missionary tea, you can go in the corner!" she said, sternly; and the hapless Dorothy was set in the corner accordingly, with face to the wall, and feet sticking stiffly out behind, suggestive of complete dislocation and disgrace.

Mother came into the nursery just as the missionary tea was in full progress. Arabella and Dinah and the Jap were all enjoying it very much, and so was the hostess. "But Dorothy wouldn't come, so I put her in the corner!" explained Mildred.

"I'm very glad that my little girl has caught the missionary spirit so early," said mother.

HER HAPPY SECRET.

A parable says that there was a great king who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and wool and patterns were all given by the king, and he looked for people who worked diligently. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send to him, and he would help them; and never to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction.

Among many men and women busy at their looms was one little child whom the king did not think too young to work. Often alone at her work, cheerfully and patiently she laboured. One day when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures—the silks were tangled and the weaving unlike the pattern—they gathered round the child and said: "Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver. "He told us that we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning."

"Ah," said the child; "but I send as often as I have a little tangle."—*Selected.*

A loving word is always a safe word. It may or may not be a helpful word to the one who hears it, but it is sure to be a pleasant memory to the one who speaks it.