

LINES REPEATED BY A LITTLE  
GIRL IN A MISSIONARY MEET-  
ING OF PRINCE ST. CHURCH  
SABBATH SCHOOL, PICTOU,  
APRIL 15TH, 1888.

As our young people read over these lines and see the familiar names of missionaries there are four things that they will please do.

(1.) Thank God that so many successful missionaries came from one congregation.

(2.) Pray that many more congregations may send forth their five laborers to heathen lands.

(3.) Some of them give themselves to God for this good work.

(4.) One and all try to serve Christ faithfully whether at home or among the heathen.

How many little girls and boys,

With souls like yours and mine.

Have never heard our Saviour's name,

Or known his love divine!

We cannot go to teach them yet,

We're rather small, you see;

But some when bigger grown, may say:

"Lord, here am I, send me."

Five honored ones from Prince Street  
Church

To mission fields have gone;

Two "fight the good fight" still on earth,

Three wear the victor's crown.

John Geddie was the very first

Of all the cohort brave,

That Britain's Colonies have sent,

The heathen world to save.

"He found no Christian there," when first

He saw Ancitum's coast;

"He left no heathen," when he went

To join the heavenly host.

To Tanna's dark and savage isle,

With courage rare and high,

Went Mary Johnston Matheson,

For Christ to "do and die."

Benighted souls in Trinidad  
Will ever bless the Lord,  
For sending Kenneth Grant to them  
With His most precious word.

The dusky children of the East,  
By Tissie Copeland led,  
Are brought to Christ, by whose kind hand  
Their hungry souls are fed.

Dear Charlotte Wilson, last of all,  
'Neath India's burning sun  
Went forth to work; but quickly fell,  
Her task but well begun.

Ere tears for her have ceased to flow,  
Her husband Jesus takes.  
What does it mean? We do not know.  
But "God makes no mistakes."

How brief their life on earth! Their hearts  
Were filled with heavenly fire  
And love for souls: God saw and said,  
"Son, daughter, come up higher."

Would we be willing, just like these,  
For Christ to live and die  
In heathen lands? God grant we may;  
If not now, by-and-by.

But meanwhile let us do our best,  
May God use little hands.  
And little cents and little prayers,  
To bless dark heathen lands.

Who'll join "the Happy Workers," band?  
Help "Little Helpers" too?  
Who'll work and pray for Jesus cause?  
Won't you, and you, and you?

#### SNAKE WORSHIP.

A missionary in Central Africa tells that once, when out for a walk, he came to a town where he saw a man carrying a sheep upon his shoulders, and marching round and round the town, followed by several people in a procession. Upon his asking what they were doing, they replied, "we are going to offer a sacrifice to the snakes, and after we have carried the sheep several times round the town, we shall kill and eat it. Then no snakes will come into the town or hurt the people."