

Children's Corner.

THE LITTLE HINDU GIRL.

"I am a little Hindu girl,
Of Jesus never heard;
Oh, pity me! dear Christian child,
And send to me His Word.
Oh, pity me! for I have grieved
So great I cannot tell;
And say if truly there's a heaven
Where such as I can dwell."

That pleading voice was borne across
The rolling ocean wide;
Forthwith the children, touched with love
Of Him who bled and died,
Said, "Here's our money, little girl,
To buy God's Word for you,
We wish 't were more, a thousand-fold,
And you should have it too.

"We've heard of Jesus, and we know
The way of life full well;
'Let children come to me,' says He,
'And they shall with Me dwell.'
Ever with Him! with hearts renewed,
And 'badness' all forgiven;
For He who never fails has said,
'Of such the realm of heaven.'"

We'll speed the Gospel o'er the earth
To each dear child so sad,
If one soul saved gives angels joy,
Then will all heaven be glad!
And if at last we reach the shore
Where sorrow is unknown,
We hope to greet thee, Hindu girl,
Safe, safe before the throne.

CHILDREN'S WORK FOR MISSIONS.

Let me tell you, dear children, of a little girl scarce three years old, a tiny, bright-eyed body, of whom you would say in passing, "Isn't she lovely? isn't she pretty?" and yet so wisely trained and guarded that she is not in the least spoiled.

A lady called to see her mother a short time since to ask her for the annual collection of the Woman's Board of Missions, when little May, attracted by the earnest conversation, ran to her, saying, "I'se going to be missionary? I 'ant to be a missionary!" The lady took her up, and told her some stories about

the poor little heathen; and then, in response to the glistening eye and quick heart-throb, said:—

"You shall be a little missionary, if you ask papa to give you twenty-five dollars to make you a life-member of our society."

This satisfied the child, and, soon after, the lady left. When she called the second time, the little girl was summoned, and came running to the visitor, all alive with, "I'se a little missionary now," at the same time putting twenty-five dollars into her hand.

She climbed into her father's lap at her earliest opportunity, and lavished all the wealth of her love and pretty endearments upon him; and so pleadingly asked for the twenty-five dollars that the father, deeply grateful to God for the gift of this precious child, could not deny her request.

But you ask, "How did twenty-five dollars make her a missionary?"

Suppose you very much desire to make your father a present of a beautiful watch-case, but are too small to embroider it, and still know how to knit, crochet, pick berries, take care of baby, or do something else by which you could gain a little money; you would have no need to sigh, and say, "I cannot give him the beautiful watch case, because I do not know how to work it;" for you could use many spare minutes—and they could be love minutes—and earn here a few pennies, and there a few more, until, almost before you know it, you would have money enough to get the materials, and pay somebody else to make it for you, so that, when you presented it, you could say, 'Father, this is all my own present; I bought it with my own money.'

Now, although May is too young to go to teach heathen children herself, the twenty-five dollars can be given to a good Bible reader, who will visit the little mud-floored cottages, and, gathering the mothers and children around her, tell them the story of the cross,