

## THERE'S A CHRIST FOR YOU.

"Is there any Christ for little children?" asked a tearful, blue-eyed child of an elder sister.

There's a Christ for the little children,  
Full of tender, pitying love,  
Who is waiting to receive them,  
And to welcome them above;  
Every fault is freely pardoned,  
Every weakness fully known,  
And every childish sorrow  
Made lovingly his own.

There's a work for the little children  
Which their tiny hands may do,  
A love that their hearts can render,  
A service bright and true.  
There are souls they may win for heaven,  
By their Christ-like words and ways,  
By their daily heart endeavor,  
To tell out all his praise.

There are some in their heathen darkness,  
Who know of no loving Christ,  
Who never have heard the story  
Of his precious love unpriced.  
It may be the little children  
Will send them the tidings sweet,  
That the Lord has so freely loved them,  
And called them to his feet.

Are you trying to send the Gospel  
To souls that have never heard  
Of the Saviour's undying pity,  
Of this true and faithful word?  
He will bless every weak endeavor  
With a smile of tender love,  
And the souls you have won for Jesus  
Shall star your crown above.  
EVA TRAVERS EVERED POOLE.

## HOW THEY GIVE PRESENTS IN AFRICA.

One day last November Mrs. Sanders of Bailundu was greatly amused by a present which was offered her. The day before was Sunday. A man came bringing a little pig which he said was a gift. "Mr. Sanders told him," writes Mrs.

Sanders, "that it was the Sabbath, and he could not receive the gift that day; he might bring it the next. Before Mr. Sanders started the next morning, on his journey to Bihe, I asked him if I should give any return present. He said 'No; simply thank the man.' We are trying to break up their custom of bringing us presents and expecting to get twice their value in return.

"Soon after Mr. Sanders started, the man came with his pig. I thanked him and told him where to put it. He looked at me awhile and finally said, 'A long time ago I brought you a bunch of bananas, and you gave me nothing. Now I have brought you a pig. Are you not going to give me a present?' I replied that in our country when a person gives us a present we only thank him for it. Then he began to upbraid me. He poured out such a storm of words that I was quite overwhelmed. I left the door and went into the bedroom. Soon I heard a most vociferous squealing, and looking through the window, I saw the man going off with his pig on his back. Evidently he thought he would waste no more presents on this 'poor white trash.'" - *Missio Dayspring*.

## WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

If washed in Jesus blood,  
Then bear his likeness, too,  
And as you onward press,  
Ask, What would Jesus do?

With willing heart and hand,  
Your daily task pursue;  
Work! for the day wears on;  
Ask, What would Jesus do?

Be gentle e'en when wronged;  
Revenge and pride subdue;  
When to forgive seems hard,  
Ask, What would Jesus do?

Be brave to do the right,  
And scorn to be untrue;  
When fear would whisper, "Yield,  
Ask, What would Jesus do?"