

LETTER FROM REV. JOSEPH
ANNAND.

(For the Children's Record.)

My Dear Young Friends :

I have just said to Mr. Scott that I would rather play with you for half an hour than write you a letter. What do you think of that, a missionary wanting to play with you children! Why he must be crazy, surely! No, no! I don't think that he is! None of you like glum, surly, people, do you? Well, I do not like them any way. A gloomy, cross Christian, who has no play in his heart, is not the kind of person that I wish to meet. I am quite sure that surly, sulky, snarly boys and girls would never make good missionaries. The heathen children would all run away from them, for even the savages do not like cross people any more than you do.

But do heathen boys and girls play and love fun? Oh, yes! they have their fun and sport as well as you, but not as much of it. They have to hunt for their food and cook it so that they get tired, and often do not feel like playing. But you come out of school or from your other light work needing exercise, so you love sport. They have no school, no lessons to learn, no comfortable home in which to stay, hence they do not enjoy life as you do.

Then their parents are not kind and good to them as yours are to you. No, they are more like young animals, for they run about nearly naked. Their games are not nice like yours, but rude and rough. They run, jump, climb trees, roll, splash and swim about in the water, throw spears, and shoot with their bows and arrows. Sometimes we see them sliding down banks on cocoanut leaves.

To gather their food, cook and eat it, and then play is the whole work of their lives. How different with you. Making ready for the duties of life and then play for recreation is your work. You must play if you wish to be strong and healthy. Pray well, play well, and work well, is a good motto for you. I think that Jesus

used to play about the hills of Nazareth, but he never disobeyed his parents nor ran away to play when he had work to do. You are to be like Jesus, happy and good. Yes good! for one bad boy spoils the game! One bad girl makes the others unhappy. To truly enjoy life in play or work we must be good. "My son give me thine heart," says the Lord. What do you reply to Him?

Yours faithfully,

J. ANNAND.

LITTLE HELPERS.

Little Helpers! what a title!

How it strengthens, how it cheers
Many an older worker, weary,
Full of cares and full of fears.

Long they've labored, till the shadows
Gather round their lengthened day:
Still they linger, hoping, looking,
For some help along the way.

Lo! 'tis coming, sound the signal,
Little Helpers, o'er the land,
Till all pealing notes are stealing
From each little mission band.

"We are coming, firm and steady,
Though our hands be weak and small;
We are coming, all are ready
For the Master's urgent call.

"For, when here on earth He blessed us,
Bid us come to Him in love:
So we'd early learn to serve Him,
And we'd reign with Him above."

A little child, who had just lost her mother, was once asked by a friend, "What do you do without a mother to tell your troubles to?"

She sweetly said, "I go to the Lord Jesus. He was my mother's friend, and He's mine."

When she was asked if she thought Jesus Christ would attend to her, she replied: "All I knew is, *He says He will; and that's enough for me.*"