

May God soon lead all the heathen kings to cast their crowns at the feet of Jesus Christ, and "crown Him Lord of all!"

SISTER BELLE.

### A MISSIONARY TEA.

Ruth's face was flushed and her eyes were fairly sparkling from excitement as she rushed into the sitting-room upon her return from Sabbath-school.

"O mother," she exclaimed, "do put on a great big thinking cap and help me."

"Why, my dear," said her mother, "what is the matter? Why does my little daughter want so much thinking done this lovely Sabbath morning? Did not the lesson you had this morning—that beautiful lesson of the dear Saviour who had risen from the dead that we too might have life everlasting—give you enough to think about this holy day?"

"O, yes, mother, but the superintendent told us there would be a missionary from India at our school next Sunday, and that he would give us a talk on that country, and a collection would be taken for him by classes; and to the class that, without the help of their teacher, gave the most money, he would present a banner made by the native workmen." By this time Ruth's breath was well-nigh gone; but, hurriedly gathering a fresh supply, she continued, "And you know, mother, our class is so small only seven of us. Each of us is going to think as hard as can be, and to-morrow afternoon we have a meeting here—I knew you wouldn't mind my having them come to our house—and decide what to do."

"Well, my dear, we will say no more about it to-day, but I will be at your meeting and hear what the others have thought of, and try and help you out."

Seven more earnest little girls could not be found than were grouped about Mrs. Thornton, on the pleasant piazza, next afternoon. They were quite anxious that she should immediately take charge of the meeting and suggest what should be done to raise the money. But very wisely she first heard each little girl give her plans, and when all had expressed themselves she said:

"Well, my dears, Nellie has, I believe, thought out the very thing for you to do, and that is to give a missionary tea; and I will help you by offering you the use of our lawn, house, and myself."

"O you dear, sweet mother," cried Ruth, throwing her arms about her mother's neck.

Such chattering you never heard. Even Polly in her cage took it up, and her cries of "Polly wants a cracker, Polly wants some tea," rang out shrilly above the voices of the little girls, and greatly amused them.

After a great deal of talking and appeals to Mrs. Thornton's judgment it was decided to have the tea on Friday evening, and that it should be kept a profound secret. Ruth's father, who was editor of one of the local papers, very kindly offered to do their printing free.

So, on Thursday evening, everybody was astonished and filled with curiosity when Mr. Thornton's office boys threw into their yards a handbill, reading as follows:

Seven little maidens will be pleased to receive you at seven o'clock Friday evening and make you sevenfold happy, for the small sum of seven cents. Mrs. R. Thornton's, Chestnut Street.

To say that the little girls' entertainment met with success but feebly expresses it, for the lawn and house

were filled. Scattered about under the trees were seven small tables, at each of which stood one of the little maidens, who, upon the payment of seven cents, dispensed sandwiches and coffee, also giving to each purchaser a ticket, which admitted him, so it read, to the art gallery.

This feature of the entertainment had been the suggestion of Ruth's oldest brother, and was in his charge. The large reception hall had been used for his exhibit. Here, in various forms, was made prominent the figure seven. "The Seven Sleepers" were represented by seven youths, who made sorry work of keeping still. Then off to one side stood "The Seven Wise Men," looking as grave and decorous as such noted people should. Still in another corner "The Seven Wonders of the World" were cleverly represented, and caused the visitors to remark upon Arthur's ingenuity. So on through all the legends of that mystical number, had the representation been carried out as perfectly as possible. Nor did the wonders of this entertainment cease here, for Mary Jones's sister, Florence, had organized a choir of seven misses, who discoursed sweet music during the evening.

It is needless to say which class made the best showing the next Sunday, and not only was the banner—a piece of exquisite embroidery—given this enterprising little class, but the missionary was so pleased when he heard from the superintendent how the money had been raised that he told them he would not put it in the general fund, but would make a special contribution of it toward the education of a little girl, now in a missionary school in this country, fitting herself for a teacher, that she might some day go back and tell her own people of Jesus and the wonders his love works in the hearts of men.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Bravely to do whate'er the time demands,

Whether with pen or word, and not to flinch,

This is the task that fits heroic bands:

So are Truth's boundaries widened inch by inch.

—LOWELL.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,

To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base

Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

—LOWELL.

### A VILLAGE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

There they sit on the ground, twenty-eight of them in a curved line, around the blackboard, under a tree, just in front of the little school-house. They are "all sorts and conditions of" children; girls and boys and babies, Christians and heathen, dull-eyed and bright-eyed, plump and lean, washed and unwashed, dressed and undressed, mostly the latter. It is half past five and the teacher comes along with a large colored picture, and a small bit of chalk. The former he hangs on the tree and with the latter he will presently draw a rude sketch upon the blackboard.

It takes a moment or two to terminate a lively discussion between Ramaswamy and Muthuselah Daniel, and to stop Eunice from pulling Meanachie's hair, but "order" is restored at last and a lyric is begun by the teacher, who is instantly supported in his musical efforts by 23