

that time Guapung (that was her name) tried to win for Christ all she came in contact with. She had great power with every one, for she herself lived so near to Christ.—From "The King's Messengers," in "The Missionary Review of the World."

THIS GIRL SOLD HERSELF FOR CHRIST.

A young convert on the west coast of Africa, saved out of the most horrible savagery, came into the house of God on Christmas Day to offer a gift on the Lord's birthday—for they observe Christmas Day there not by giving their best to each other, but by bringing their best gift and offering to Christ, whose birthday is being celebrated.

At the close of the service they came in a procession to the front of the church, each offering the gifts they had brought for the Saviour. They were so very poor that most of them only had a handful of vegetables to bring and some only a bunch of flowers to show their good will. If anyone could bring a coin worth a penny or two it was counted a particularly valuable gift.

But here came this girl, sixteen years of age, and just saved out of paganism, and from under her old dress she drew a silver coin worth 3s. 6d., and handed this to the missionary.

He was amazed at the magnitude of it and, he first refused to accept it, for he thought she must surely have got it dishonestly; but lest he might create confusion he did take it, and called her aside at the close of the service to ask her where she got such a fortune as that.

She explained to him very simply that in order to give to Christ an offering that satisfied her own heart, she had gone to a neighboring planter and bound herself out to him as a slave for the rest of her life, and had brought the whole financial equivalent of her life of pledged service, and laid it down in a single gift at the feet of her Lord!—London Missionary Chronicle.

BUILDERS UNTO MUSIC.

Some king of old a temple built, 'tis said,
To sound of music; every stone was laid
Accordant with the harp's and oboe's chime,
And workmen's trowels beat a silvery rhyme
Unto the swelling flutes and strings.
All day
The shifting groups of players sat to play,
And all day long unwearied builders wrought
Their rhythmic motions from the music caught.
Fast grew the temple, with a grace unknown,
A beauty ne'er before displayed in stone;
And when 'twas finished, all who saw declared
None in the land could be with it compared.
A nameless glory crowned it;—every line
Touched with a strength and harmony divine.
A thousand years passed over it, and still
It stood all perfect on its ancient hill,
No stone displaced, no angle out of true—
The same, yet riper than its builders knew;
So balanced, perfect in its harmony,
Not e'en the hills could more established be.
So might we build our lives!—aye, make them whole
With the divine music of the soul,
Those sweet, refined emotions, loves, that stir
The deepest depths of holy character.
O, for such constant music as inspires
The soul that sometimes hears the heavenly choirs!
How we should build, how beautiful and strong,
If Love sat playing to us all day long!
—James Buckham, in Chautauqua Magazine.