

party a while, and presently mother called:

'Come, children, the rain has stopped, and we can go for a little walk before supper. Get your boots and thick cloaks.'

'Oh, good!' shouted the first little girl. 'Then we can have fun! We need not mind the puddles, for our thick cloaks are our old ones; so it won't matter if they do get spattered.'

'I think it horrid!' answered the second little girl. 'The thick cloaks are too hot, and I just hate to wear heavy boots. But then I always have to do the things I hate, and I s'pose I always shall.'

It is a very strange thing, but it does seem so. I wonder if it will happen to her in the same way all her life?—'Children's Friend.'

### Do You Think He Will Love Me?

An English paper tells of a native woman in India who came to the home of the missionary with bare feet and looking very weary, yet showing by her countenance that there was some matter about which she was most anxious. When asked what she wanted, she drew a piece of crumpled paper from the dress, which proved to be a bit of a torn tract, and as she held it out to the missionaries she said, 'These are good words. They say that your God is love. Do you think he will love me?' Then she asked for another paper that would tell her more about him who was love.

This was a strange idea to a woman of India. She had been taught from her earliest childhood that all the gods were full of hate. Every story she had ever heard about any of the numberless gods her parents and kindred had worshipped, was concerning their wars or the bloody sacrifices they demanded. Indeed, the word love had never been mentioned to her in connection with any divine being. Can you wonder that it was a surprise to her to hear of a God who cared for his creatures, and whose very name was Love? I think that if we had been trained as she had been, and suffered what she had suffered, and one had come to us and told us of a loving father in heaven, we should have been willing to go far and through the hot sun to ask something more about this gracious Being. Shall we not send the women and children of

India this blessed message that God does love them?—'Mission Day-spring.'

### Tom's Sermon.

Last July Tom Davis and his mother went to the seashore to stay three weeks. It was a quiet little place, and Tom was the only boy there; but he never got tired of shovelling sand and gathering shells and sailing his boat, while his mother sat on the beach.

One day Tom said:

'Mother, can't I go round the bend for a while? The wind upsets my boat here. I shan't go in the water far.'

'Yes,' said his mother; 'but don't go any further away.'

A while afterward, Sam, the big fisherboy, saw Tom and said:

'Jump into my boat, Tom, and I'll give you a sail.'

'Can't,' Tom said; 'mother said for me not to go away.'

'Your mother need not know anything about it,' said Sam. 'Come on, quick.'

'Ho!' said our little Tommy. 'I guess you don't remember things very well. Don't you know that verse, "Children, obey your parents?"'

Sam says he thinks that was a good sermon.

I think so, too.—'Bright Jewels.'

### When I Get Better.

'Poor Rosa is very ill,' said my sister, coming in from a visit to one of her Sunday-school class, 'and I am almost discouraged about her.'

Rosa Hunter was a bright-faced, bonny looking girl of fifteen, who had been some years in her class. Attentive, regular, cheerful, the girl had won her teacher's heart, so that if there was one better loved than the other it was she. And often the hope sprang up that she really loved Christ.

And now Rosa was ill. Day and night she was tossing on a bed of pain, and the doctor looked grave and her mother's face grew troubled, for her bright, loving child was in danger.

When my sister went to see her she was heartily welcomed. 'Oh, teacher, it is so good of you to come;' and her face beamed with gladness.

'I am sorry to find you so ill, dear,' she said, 'but I hope you feel Christ with you in all your pain.'

'I don't know, teacher,' she answered, shaking her head.

'But is Christ your Saviour? You are trusting him, surely.'

'No, I think not. But, teacher, I will serve him when I get better.'

'But, Rosa, you may never get better.'

'Oh, teacher, but you know I cannot think. My head swims so, I cannot now.'

'But, Rosa, if you should die without Christ, what will you do?'

'I hope not, teacher, but you know I cannot think, my head aches so; I will when I get better, indeed I will, teacher.'

She knelt down and prayed at the bedside, prayed for that young life to be spared, for that dear soul to be saved, and then when she rose said, 'Rosa, dear, try to trust in the Lord Jesus now, don't wait.'

There was only a look of love came over the pale face as she said, 'Good-bye, teacher.'

That night Rosa Hunter died. So near the kingdom, did she enter it?

'To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.' It is ill work putting off to a dying bed the salvation of our souls.—'Friendly Greetings.'

### Self-Surrender.

(James Strang in 'Sunday Magazine'.)

'As the poet takes his thought,  
Shapes it to harmonious song;  
Take my life, Lord, let it be  
Joyous, tender, true and strong.

'As the master builder trims  
Roughest stone until it be  
Wrought to purpose, O my Lord  
Work thy mighty will in me.

'As the potter takes the clay,  
Moulds it into gracious form,  
Shape my being till it be  
Perfect made, through calm  
and storm.

'As the sculptor by his power  
Gives the passive marble grace,  
Take me, Lord, and let thy love  
Change my heart and light my  
face.

'As the great musician strikes  
Chords that echo true and  
grand,  
Tune thou me until my soul  
Thrills in answer to thy hand.