

Christians had not sent them men enough or money enough to grant the application.

At last fresh help came from England, and a teacher was sent. But it was now too late. The tribe had engaged in war, their angry passions were excited, and all desire for Christian instruction had passed away. The teacher returned, bitterly grieving that the door was closed, and that it was now impossible to proclaim to them the message of the gospel.

Let us learn the lesson. Be up and doing at once. There are but twelve hours in the day, then cometh the night when no man can work. The work may be taken from us, or we may be laid aside from the work. Therefore let us throw heart and soul into our Master's service. Let us give freely and pray instantly. Let us refuse no call which He gives us. Let us yield up ourselves and all we have to be used for Him. Every soul is unspeakably precious. Men and women are rapidly passing into eternity. Many know not the joyful sound, and are perishing for lack of knowledge. Christ is ready to bless the weakest testimony which is given in His name. Therefore let us go forth, believing in His name. Therefore let us go forth, believing in His power and help. Let us remember that "the time is short," the warfare great, and fight manfully for the kingdom of Christ — *Friendly Greetings.*

ONE DOLLAR.

In a New England home there once lived a mother who could attend church only when her husband was away from home, for when he was present, he would not allow her the use of the carriage, and she could not now walk three miles to service, though she had gladly done so in her younger days. Her husband was so intemperate and penurious, that she lacked many things to make her comfortable; her life was constantly filled with sorrow. One day, when she had been speaking to me of her trust in Jesus, for no hard circumstances could ever quench that, she went into another room and returned, bringing a dollar which she had saved by laying away a few cents now and then.

"I wish to give you this," she said, "for I love every child of God. I want my children to hear Christ preached. It is only a little, but it is all that I could save. I do not wish this put on the subscription paper. I desire you to have it, and I am praying for you."

I hesitated some moments, but could deny no wish like hers. What result from what some would term an humble offering? Her heart was blessed. You say truly. The preacher was cheered. Yes. What more? The same winter two of her sons were led to Christ. The connection be-

tween all these facts was close and noble. — *American Messenger.*

ALL AT FULL LENGTH.

In books and newspapers, when we come to a stroke like this—, or perhaps to one letter with such a stroke after it, it generally means an oath, or some other bad word, which the author would not put down full because it was so bad.

But there is a book in which there are no strokes, but all the bad words which people say are put down at full length. It is a book which no man has ever read. But everything that is in it will come out one day.

It is the book of God's remembrance; the book, or books, of which it is said, "and the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books."

Everything in those books is set down at full length: all the sins, all the oaths, all the bad words, all the wicked thoughts.

Are there any bad words written there against your name? Any oaths, such as would be put down in a common book, or a

will be dressed in rags. Well, well," says he, "so long as I may see the king's face, and sit at the king's table, I will enter among the beggars." So, without mourning because he had lost his silken habit, he put on the rags of a beggar, and he saw the king's face as well as if he had worn his scarlet and fine linen. My soul has done this full many a time, and I bid you do the same; if you cannot come as a saint, come as a sinner, only do come, and you shall receive joy and peace. — *C H Spurgeon.*

GROUND SQUIRREL.

The little ground squirrel, or chipmunk, is quite often met with around our roads and fields. Smaller and of a darker color than the red variety, this cheerful little animal is peculiarly distinguished by two white stripes bordered with black, running along each side of the back, from neck to near the tail. It is amusing to see him running along the fence or stone wall, cunningly peeping out here and there, and then darting back again, as though playing hide-and-seek with you.



THE GROUND SQUIRREL.

newspaper, with a — ? Ask God to forgive you for them. Pray that the blood of Jesus may blot them out. They must be blotted out before the books be opened, or you are lost! And nothing can do it but that precious blood. Oh, seek it, and then go and sin no more. — *Friendly Greetings.*

COME AS A BEGGAR

A certain king was accustomed on set occasions to entertain all the beggars of the city. Around him sat his courtiers, all clothed in rich apparel; the beggars sat at the same table in their rags of poverty. Now it came to pass that on a certain day one of the courtiers had spoiled his silken apparel, so that he dare not put it on, and he felt, "I cannot go to the king's feast to-day, for my robe is foul." He sat weeping, till the thought struck him, "Tomorrow, when the king holds his feast, some will come as courtiers, happily decked in their beautiful array; but others will come and be made quite as welcome who

Often two or more are noticed playing romps around some old stump or stone heap, and, like boys playing tag, when one has fairly touched the other, he turns and is pursued, and thus they alternate until tired with their sport.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

"How can I be beautiful?" Every boy and girl, man and woman wants to know that. Here is Mr. Emerson's beauty recipe; "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us." Do you suppose that recipe will work? Think of the most beautiful people you know. Do you not think they are those who try very hard to make others happy? I know very many beautiful people who would have remained very plain had they sought only to please themselves.

We want to try Emerson's rule for becoming beautiful, so it will not do to forget that, "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form,

or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us."

But we should like him to tell us what things last longest.

He is ready to tell whoever wants to know. "Beauty is the quality which makes to endure. In a house that I know, I have noticed a block of spermaceti lying about closets and mantelpieces for twenty years together, simply because the tallowman gave it the form of a rabbit; and I suppose it may continue to be lugged about unchanged for a century. Let an artist draw a few lines or figures on the back of a letter, and that scrap of paper is rescued from danger, is put in a portfolio, or framed and glazed, and, in proportion to the beauty of the lines drawn, will be kept for centuries." And there are beauties of heart, mind, and character that do not meet the eye, but are none the less powerful in "making to endure." — *St. Nicholas.*

LIFE A SERMON.

"Our every life is a sermon."

"Life's a sermon!" Let us preach it,
Preach it ere this hour is past;
Up and preach it! do not waste it;
Perhaps this day may be your last.

"Life's a sermon!" How, then, live ye?
Is it full of lies or love?
Is its logic clear and truthful?
Does it point the heart above?

"Life's a sermon!" What, then, saith it?
Does it onward, upward move?
Is it written clearly, plainly,
Every deed a word of love?

"Life's a sermon!" What's its substance?
Is it woven from thyself?
Does it only prate of pleasure,
Pride and ease, and love of self?

"Life's a sermon!" Ever preaching,
Vast its influence here—above
All its notes a tinkling cymbal,
Should the heart be dead to love?

"Life's a sermon!" All must preach it,
Battling oft with many a foe;
Oh that God may see Christ's beauty
Gleaming through its tears and woe!

"Life's a sermon!" O Great Master!
Make it pure, and true, and free,
And its web, though tangled, broken,
Yet may guide some soul to Thee!

— *W. Poole Balfern, in London Christian World.*