

A LITTLE GIRL'S BAND.

She was only one wee maiden,
 But with willing heart and hand,
 She pursed her rosy lips and said,
 "I'm going to be a Band!"

Of course she asked her mother,
 As any maiden would,
 And got some help in drawing rules,
 And "seeing if she could."

Then off she started down the lane,
 This dainty missionary;
 She had to talk, and talk, and talk,
 For folks are "real contrary."

"D'you know about those heathen girls,
 How every single one
 Is shut up in a horrid house,
 And can't have any fun?"

And nothing nice to eat at all—
 Just sour milk or tea
 Without a scrap of sugar?
 I'm very glad 'taint me.

And then they're so afraid to die,
 They don't know 'bout our Lord,
 Who came to take us all to heaven
 By trusting in His word.

Don't you think we ought to help them,
 Before we're grown up quite,
 To save those little heathen girls
 By sending them the light?"

She didn't have to go so far,
 This little maiden wee,
 Before she found another one
 Who did with her agree,

So they 'lected Molly secretary,
 And Ethel took the chair,
 And, though their minds were very hazy
 As to what their duties were,

That day they made an iron rule,
 That each who joined must seek
 One other member; then the Band
 "Adjourned to meet next week."

And Molly brought Clarinda
 And Ethel found out Dan,
 And him they made the president,
 Because he was a man.

Now, it wasn't very long, be sure,
 With such a stringent rule,
 Before there really was a throng—
 In fact, 'twas all the school,

For four, you see, make eight;
 Twice eight, sixteen or more,
 And twice sixteen are thirty-two,
 And twice that sixty-four.

And they studied about the heathen,
 Prayed for their souls, so sad,
 And they worked to gather pennies
 To send the tidings glad.

They had exhibitions, concerts,
 And all such things, you know,
 For the bigger people all waked up,
 By the stir going on below.

So just one little maiden,
 Who works with heart and hand,
 Is the very best beginning
 For a Missionary Band.

—"Children's Work for Children."

WHY HE ESCAPED.

An English Earl, who was a sceptic, was travelling not so long ago in the Fiji Islands. "You are a great chief," he said to one man, "and it is a pity for you to listen to those missionaries. Nobody believes any more in that old book called the Bible that they try to teach you, that you have been so foolish as to be taken in by, nor in that story of Jesus Christ — we have all learned better."

The eyes of the chief flashed as he replied: "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we crushed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven over yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now if it hadn't been for the good missionaries and that old book, and the great love of Jesus Christ, which has changed us from savages into God's children, you would never leave this spot. You have reason to thank God for the Gospel, for without it you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on you in no time."