

WHO? WHY? HOW LONG?

MISSION RECITATION.

Who should work for missions,
God's kingdom to advance?
Each and all, both great and small,
Whoever has a chance.

Why? Because He bids it,
Because so great the need;
If one wants bread, he *must* be fed,
Or he will starve indeed.

How long shall we keep at it?
How soon may labor cease?
We must keep on till all are won
To serve the Prince of peace.

And so we, here, from year to year
Keep up our mission band;
We must not pause, for still the cause
Needs ev'ry heart and hand.

- *Sol.*

A CHILD'S CHRISTIANITY.

Little Mabel's mother had long been dead, and while her papa was away from home she had no companions but her governess and the servants.

Her father had often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted.

One cold wintry day a poor ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire.

"But," said Mabel, "my papa doesn't know you."

The woman was shivering with cold, and the rain and sleet dropped from her thin wraps.

A bright idea soon entered the child's head.

"Say," said she, "Do you know Jesus?"

Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her.

"Well," said the child, "if you know Jesus you may come in, for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care."

Thus should the manifestation of a knowledge of the Redeemer's love for him be the countersign by which we are to know all true Christians.

LITTLE BUILDERS.

Little builders all are we,—
Builders for eternity.
Building by our *love*, are we,
In the lands beyond the sea;
Building by each thought and prayer
For the souls that suffer there;
Building slowly, day by day,
One by one the stones we lay;
Building temples for our King
By the offerings we bring.
"Living Temples" he doth raise,
Filled with life and light and praise.
Building in the Hindoo land,
Where the idols are as sand;
Building in vast China too,
Living temples rise to view;
Building in Japan as well,—
Ah! what stories we could tell;
Building on dark Africa's shore,
That there may be *slaves* no more;
Building in the Turk's doomed land
For *Armenia's* scattered band;
Building in Pacific Isles,
Ruined once by Satan's wiles,
And some day our eyes shall see
In a glad eternity
"Living stones" we helped to bring
For the palace of our King.

MARIA A. WEST.

ARE YOU SAFE?

"Auntie," said little Alice, "when people put their money into a bank do they worry about it because they're afraid it is not safe?"

Her aunt replied: "That depends upon the character of the bank. If the officers who manage it are reliable men, those who place money there have no reason to fear for its safety."

"I thought so," said Alice. "And, auntie, I was thinking about my soul—whether it is safe; and I have given it to Jesus, and I feel as if it must be safe there, and I need not worry about it. He will take care of it, won't he?"

"Yes, dear; it is perfectly safe in the hands of Jesus," replied her aunt.