



FISHING.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it. It certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket; but, after a few moments' struggle, "Phil," he cried, "I wonder if the man wouldn't change this and give me two tickets that would take you and me in at one time?"

Phil's eyes grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his broad little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked, eagerly.

"Let's try," said Kenneth, and the two little boys started off to the office window at the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping short, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend, stoutly, "'cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat, "one for me and one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the Golden Rule down here, don't you?" asked the ticket man.

"No, sir; we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they didn't know for a long time what that man meant by the Golden Rule. —*Southern Churchman.*

MISSIONARIES.

MISSIONARY is a person who is sent to tell people about Christ, how He came to earth, and lived and died for us, and how we should, in return, love and serve Him, and tell to others the story of His love. Some of these missionaries, as most of you know, go away over the ocean to countries where the people have never even heard that there is such a God; never heard about how Jesus came into the world on that first Christmas Day; or the beautiful story of the shepherds to whom the glad tidings were brought. These are the Foreign Missionaries.

Others go away into the new and distant parts of our own dear country; some to tell the "old, old story" to the Indians; some to preach to the people who have settled there from all parts of our own land, and from lands all over the world; and who, though they have long known about God, might easily forget to love and serve Him if there were no churches or Sunday-schools to make Sunday different from other days. These are called Domestic Missionaries.

Children, and a great many grown people, for a variety of reasons, cannot go to do this mission work, but all can give money to send those who are willing and fitted to go, and to carry on that work: that is, to build schools and churches, and often to provide clothing and food for those who come to the schools. So you can feel, every time that you give even a penny, that you are doing something toward paying for work which you can not as yet do yourself. And you can pray for them. Some of them are very lonely in their work, and it is nice for them to know that some people are praying for them.

FISHING.

WHEN our Saviour was passing some men who were fishing one day, He told them to follow Him and He would make them fishers of men. They did not know what he meant then; still they followed Him. But long afterwards when their Master had been put to death, and when they were preaching to men so as to save their souls, they remembered what He had said. They were fishers of men. They were trying to catch men, and draw them out of wickedness and sin just as a man draws a fish out of water. This is the work that missionaries do. They are fishers of men, fishers of souls. But there is this difference: the poor little fish is drawn from life to death, but the missionary fishes among men for an opposite purpose. It is to draw men from darkness to light, from death to life, eternal life.

TWO STORIES.

THERE was once an old Indian, a strange, savage-looking fellow. If you met him in the swamp, you would like to have your rifle handy. This fellow came and stood before me, and said, "Missionary, once my hair was as black as a crow's wing, now it is getting white. Gray hairs here and grandchildren in the wigwam tell me that I am getting to be an old man. I never heard