

Youths' Department.

WHAT A PENNY TEACHES.

First Child—

Here's a penny for the Master,
Given as an offering dear,
In remembrance of his goodness,
Crowning us from year to year.
'T is a little willing offering
That I bring through love alone,
Yet, not mine—the Savior lent it,
And I give Him back His own

Second Child—

This little penny that I bring
To Jesus as an offering,
You see is very, very bright,
And seems to say, "He is our Light."
Like it, I pray, my soul to shine
Triumphant for my King divine.

Third Child—

The penny I offer is new,
A symbol for me and for you;
So, too, are the mercies that, scattered abroad
Descend to the earth from the store-house of
God;
His mercies are new,
And fresh as the dew.

Fourth Child—

Here on this penny's face
A stamp, or seal, I trace,
That shows its mart of trade,
And place where it was made;
With us it is the same,
A seal we, too, may claim;
And if our hearts to God are given,
We'll wear the blessed seal of heaven.

Fifth Child—

I find a name and date
On which to meditate,
And from my penny learn
New meaning to discern,
And read a lesson there
To keep with tender care;
If we for God are set apart,
His name is graven on our heart.

Sixth Child—

My little penny reminds me—
It stands for wealth, though small—
Of our Father's great abundance,
Rich and large enough for all;
From his bounty full and free
Man is fed, from sea to sea.

Seventh Child—

My penny suggests giving,
And this is true living,
If done for the dear Savior's sake,
To give without grudging,
And no one misjudging—
Oh, this is the plan I would take.

Eighth Child—

I have a thought to tell you
My penny teaches me;
'T is round, and is the emblem
Of true eternity.
So Jesus' love encircles
His children, great and small,
And tenderly surrounds us
Forever, one and all
—The Missionary Monthly.

TO THE MISSIONARY BANDS.

Dear Young Friends,—

"What a beautiful day!" has been the exclamation everywhere. We are fairly revelling in the delights of the spring-time, in the glad-some songs of the birds, the budding trees, the fresh green grass, and the timid flowers hidden in the depths of the woods. Does there creep over you a listless longing to lay aside duty for pleasure? But firmly boys and girls are replying, "No, not now; we must work. Examinations are just ahead!" An all-absorbing interest centres about that examination day. May you all find success!

And while you pore over your books, we wonder if you forget the students who work under India's burning sun? Hundreds of our Mission Band members are sharing the responsibility of providing education and all of life's necessities for these boys and girls in Samulcotta and Cocanada, and when spring comes, you look for a message concerning them. The revised lists have been sent us by Miss Lida Pratt, of Cocanada, and Mr. Harry Stillwell, of Samulcotta, who is taking Mr. Craig's work during his absence on furlough. Miss Pratt writes that the work in the Girls' School has been much hindered by change of teachers, but the new head-master arrived on Feb. 13, and it was hoped that the work would then go steadily forward. There are now 78 girls in the school, 16 being in the Infant Standard, and 62 in the seven other standards. In comparing with last year's list, we find