

looking out of the window, with his back to her, and on the table lay—not the map, but the precious blocks, as well as a picture book, which was one of Harry's greatest treasures.

"Why, Harry," said his mother, "how is this?"

Harry turned from the window, and, though he smiled, there was a little tremble about his lip, and a suspicious moisture in the brown eyes, which told how hard the struggle had been.

"It wasn't true about the map, mamma," he said, "it was all whole, but it wasn't my best, it wasn't good at all, 'cause I hated it, and want to get rid of it. The blocks were the very best, and then my book; and so I am going to give them both. And, mamma, since I put them on the table, and then left them, and went away, why somehow I've been so glad that the little heather children are going to have them, that I wouldn't keep them now. What makes me feel like that, mamma, when I had to cry when I was getting them out of the closet?"

"You feel so, my little boy," said his mother, folding her arms about him, and pressing him close to her, "because your giving was true giving; because you gave of your very best to one of Christ's little ones. And because you have done this, you are feeling the truth of our Saviour's words, when he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

MISSION STARS.

ACROSTIC—RECITATION FOR EIGHT GIRLS.

L stands for little ones,
Such you see are we
Not, too little though, to send
The good news o'er the sea,
Now don't dispise our efforts,
Although they're small 'tis true,
For surely there is something
For little ones to do.

O stands for older ones,
I suppose that means you;
You don't need me to tell you
There's work for you to do.
If we can give our pennies,
Our nickles and our dimes,
If you can't give your dollars,
You're away behind the times.

N stands for numbers
Of workers good and true,
But isn't it a pity
We are so very few,
Only eight of us you see
Are standing here in line,
I wish that we were fifty
Oh wouldn't it be fine?

E, now guess what my E stands for,
Its something very great
Yes "Earth" is, who told you?
Its earth at any rate,
Just now its very wicked,
Indeed its getting worse,
I'd help to make it better
If you'd let me have your purse.

S stands for something,
May be great or may be small.
And pennies make the dollars,
And so we count them all.
Now when you're asked for money,
If dollars you haven't any,
Please don't say "no, I cannot give."
But just pass out your penny.

T Stands for talents;
We all have some you know,
Perhaps not all are brilliant,
We know it can't be so,
With what we have, if great or small,
We'll work and do our best,
Yes, let us work with all our might,
And trust God for the rest.

A stands for angels
In raiment snowy white,
With crowns of matchless glory,
So beautiful and bright.
Songs they raise of joy and gladness,
Round the throne above the sky,
We on earth catch up the music,
"Glory be to God on high."

R stands for the ransomed,
With the blood of Jesus bought;
Who lives with Him in glory,
In the Bible we are taught.
Some day we'll stand among them,
If we work for Him below,
He bought us with His precious blood,
And has called us His, we know.

MOLIKA, THE WILD JASMINE.

BY NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

There is a pretty little wild flower common along the hedges and in the jungles in this country.

It grows in white, starry clusters and is very fragrant. We call it the wild jasmine. The native name is Molika. I have often gathered it by the handful as I have passed along the road. It is very pretty marked with scarlet cypress for bouquets, and the natives are fond of wearing it in their hair. But it is of another kind of Molika I wish to tell you to-day.

Some miles south of Balasore lived a poor Hindu widow. She had a struggle to get sufficient food, and the one ragged cloth she wore you would hardly think of calling a garment. I suppose she would not have suffered so much, but she was wicked and cruel-hearted and worshipped idols instead of her Heavenly Father.

A baby girl was born to her. She had no love for it but hoped it would die. When she saw it lived in spite of her neglect, she put it one day into an old earthen jar and hid it under a thorny hedge, where she probably thought the jackals would find it and destroy the life she had not quite courage to take herself. But God saw just where the baby lay, and sent one of His angels before the jackals came.

'Twas not the kind of angels you see in pictures. There were no hovering wings, nor white flowing garments (These would have been very awkward in the thorny hedge), but 'twas a very practical, every-day angel, with red turban, blue jacket, and white trousers;