

times, and this, you may be sure, very soon loses their tongues. While at play they talk in their own native tongue, for some day it is planned that they will return as missionaries to their own tribes, and Miss Whitfield doesn't wish them to forget their native speech. I wonder if some of you are asking just how they spend their days? Well, the older girls rise at five o'clock, and at six-thirty every one is astir and ready for a seven o'clock breakfast. Rice, sweet potatoes and other vegetables, fish, meat, bananas, &c.—these are the kind of things that you would usually find on the table of this Liberian home, but on Sunday, those who have been good have also tea and bread—butter is rarely seen.

Can you see in fancy nine dark, earnest faces reading in turn the morning Scripture lesson? How good it is to feel that these African children have a *right* to break the seal of the King's message.

Some share of the morning work falls to the lot of even the wee tot of four, and the two big girls of 12 and 13 are Miss Whitfield's right-hand workers. "Mary" stands at the left in the picture, and "Victoria" is guard of honor on the right. At 9 o'clock school opens in the dining room. Mary and Victoria read very well in the 3rd book, and the smaller children follow on with their simpler tasks. After dinner the little ones have a sleep while the older ones attend to domestic duties. Then comes an hour or two of sewing. The larger children make all their own underwear, and also help with the making of new dresses and the mending. I expect you have visions of stockings with pathetic looking holes in them, but not so. These African girls usually wear neither shoes nor stockings. Last Xmas Mary and Victoria received boots as presents, and proud and happy girls they were. I am afraid, however, that some of the poetry may wear down to solemn prose, when they find that boots means stockings, and stockings holes, and holes—darning. Exquisitely neat is some of the sewing done by the children of Miss Whitfield's home. It would put to shame much of the work turned out from the homes of Canadian girls. From five to six is play hour, real, genuine, rollicking play, in which no one joins more heartily than the cheery faced head of the household. At evening prayers each child gives a verse of a psalm, the older girls teaching the little ones the memory verse. Some of these girls of only six years of age, can repeat correctly whole psalms. At 7.50 the tired little ones go to their rest, and after an hour's study very soon comes the 9 o'clock bed hour of the older children. Sunday is just the bright, happy day that it should everywhere be. Morning service, and home Sunday

school in the afternoon. They sing the dear old familiar hymns and Miss Whitfield tells the same "old story of Jesus and His love."

Thus these little African children with heads and hearts as bright and true as yours, are growing up to be stalwart, lovable women. Of course they are not always good, but their faces are toward the light.

Can you reach your hands across the stretches of land and sea, and grasp the hands of these little black-faced sisters? And can you hear them say—"There are millions more just like we were, only—there is no money to redeem them?"

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRIST CHILD.

"One golden morn to Adine's home there came
The Angel-bearer of a sweet behest,
"With loving care,
Adine, thy house prepare,
For Christ, the Lord, this day shall be thy guest."

With awe, Adine the heavenly message heard,
A holy hush fell on her heart and face;
And going to and fro,
She whispered low,
To-day His presence shall make glad this place."

Long hours she watched, and while she bent her ear,
And through the twilight strained her eager sight,
A shadow crossed the floor,
And at the door
A sad eyed child begged shelter for the night.

But Adine, waiting for the Kingly guest,
With hope and fear at war within her heart,
No thought or care
The weary child could spare,
And with ungracious alms bade him depart.

Then suddenly the childish form was changed,
And with a look that smote her like a sword,
All fair and bright,
In robes of silvery white,
He turned and said "Adine, behold thy Lord."

And while with trembling hands her face she hid,
The glory paled that through the place had shone;
The sheen of pinion fair
Swept thro' the air,
And in the twilight dim she stood alone.

Still for the Master's coming Adine waits,
But help from those that need no more with-holds,
For evermore
In all who seek her door,
Adine the image of her Lord beholds."