

ONLY A PENNY.

NELLIE K.

"MAMMA, I've only a penny,"
I heard a wee girl say,
"And it seems so very little
For me to give away."

"To give away! where!" said mamma.
"Why, don't you understand?
I want ever so much money
For our new mission band."

"There's a lot of little heathens
In a country far away,
Who don't know hardly anything,
Not even how to pray"

"A-we do here. Their gods, you see,
Are made of stone and wood;
They're taught all kinds of wicked things,
And so they are not good."

"We are going to send them Bibles,
So they'll know the God we do;
And when they read how good he is,
They'll love our Jesus too."

"And then they'll all be happy,"
Said the child in sweet content.
"But it takes a lot of money,
And I only have a cent."

"If it were only a five-cent piece
It would not look so small;
But it seems as if a penny
Was not anything at all."

"My dear," said her mamma quietly,
Though a smile o'er her features played,
"You say you have only a penny;
Of what are dollars made?"

"Of cents," said the little maiden.
"Then, darling, don't you see
That if there were no pennies,
There would no dollars be?"

"Suppose that every little girl
Should say as you have done,
'A penny's such a tiny thing
It can't help any one'—"

"How many Bibles do you think
That you would send away?
So don't despise the pennies,
But save them day by day;

"And soon you'll find you have enough
For all you want to do.
For in saving up the pennies,
You save the dollars too."
—Children's Work for Children.

PLEASE ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS.

WHERE do you intend to spend your eternity? You have been deciding questions all your life; have you decided this one? Have you thought that indecision is decision? Christ says "He that is not with me is against me." Apply this test to your life: are you for or against him? If you do not choose to love and follow Christ here, heaven would not be a place of happiness to you. What pleasure could you take in being forever with the King to whose essay you will not now submit? In this life, must your soul be attuned to the heavenly music, or your eternity will be one long discord.

When do you expect to die? You cannot tell how soon the time for you to choose happiness may be over. How many of those whom you have known, have gone from you when they least expected it! God forbid that the one, whose eyes now rest upon this page, should be of those who wait for a tomorrow, which they are never to see. To-day, put yourself in Christ's hands for cleansing and guidance; then you will be no longer against him who has loved you with an "everlasting love"—who died that you might live.

Do you say you do not know how? This is his own direction.—"Ask, and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be

opened unto you: for every one that seeketh receiveth; and he that knocketh it shall be opened." He does not say wait and it shall be given you, but "seek." Who waits for wealth, or honour, or power, or pleasure, to come to him? Do we not seek these things? How much more then, eternal life! "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his life?"

But if we think of this life only and not of that to come: are you happy, are you satisfied? Surely he who made you understands you best. He intended you to be a worker "together with him." Your highest earthly happiness will be found only in this service. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" You have often proved that it satisfieth not. Try working for Christ—with Christ. " whatsoever he saith unto you do it;" then you will have satisfaction. Do not wait for some mysterious influence to draw you irresistibly towards Christ. Take him at his word:—"Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." O, do not put it off. Come to him now; for, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

One other reason why you should belong on the right side. Every day your life touches other lives, and these, in turn, other lives—a widening circle of influence. Even when it may be forever too late for you to say, "I will seek the Lord," your influence will still be going on. Which way has it been? Which way will you have it for the future? God has left this matter for you to decide. Settle it now; settle it right. M. C. Picton, Ont.

"LOOSE THEM, AND LET THEM GO."

VISITORS to York Minster, England, will remember the crypt which is pointed out as the place in which the golden statues of the twelve Apostles were kept, on seeing which the sturdy old warrior, Oliver Cromwell, uttered the sentence at the head of this paper. Of course the command was obeyed, and immediately the statues were removed and melted into coin which was put into circulation for the good of the realm.

Are there not thousands of volumes in our Sunday-school Libraries, which are not even useful as ornaments, for they are no longer in demand, having been already read, and they are put into a dark corner as useless lumber, and will soon become mildewed and may be moth-eaten.

If we possessed the authority of Oliver Cromwell, we would issue our mandate and say, "Loose them, and let them go." There are many schools in the poorer localities of our large and growing Dominion as well as in Newfoundland where the said books would be most gladly received. Since the formation of the Sunday-school Relief and Extension Fund of the Methodist Church over ten thousand volumes which were no longer needed in schools, particularly in the cities of Ontario and Quebec as well as the Maritime Provinces, have been

sent to localities which, but for them, would have been without Sunday-school libraries.

Let the Superintendents of Sunday schools who may be replenishing their libraries this season, send the books which they no longer require to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Methodist Book Room, Toronto, and he will repair such as may be somewhat worn or defaced, and, with the addition of a few new books, he will send them forth on their errands of mercy. He has in his possession many letters which he has received acknowledging the receipt of books thus sent among the fishermen of Newfoundland, the poor struggling settlers in Muskoka, and the hardy pioneers of the great North-West "Loose them, and let them go." E. B.

AN ARAB SHEIK.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

If you were to visit an Arab town (for about two-thirds of the Arab race dwell in fixed abodes), you would find it a curious place. It might be walled about with a low rampart of sun-dried mud, with here and there a mud tower. The streets would be found to wind irregularly between low houses with flat mud roofs, small windows and no outside ornaments. If it were a town of any size, the broadest street would be the market-place. As the colour of these sun-dried mud houses is light yellow, it is said that from a distance the town looks like a dust-heap in the centre of a ring of gardens and palm trees.

The chief room in an Arab's house is the coffee-room. It is furnished with mats, cushions and a little furnace for making coffee. Here the men meet, and the women come sometimes if no strangers are present. Guests are very cordially received, and an Arab host is extremely polite according to his national idea of politeness. He never asks a guest where he is going or whence he came or how long he will remain.

Arab cooking is very simple, coarse ground wheat cooked in butter, a few vegetables, boiled mutton, dates and fruit, with flat baked cakes,—these are about all that is eaten unless the family is wealthy. Tea, boiled camel's flesh, rice, fish and a few other dishes may be added. The coffee is without milk or sugar, and the fresh grains are each time sifted, roasted, pounded and boiled.

Arabs, if they are strict Mohammedans, do not drink wine, and they make but one solid meal a day—that of supper, after sunset. As a rule, they are dignified, often very calm under great provocation. But under this self-control is a revengful temper that can remember an insult or an injury for years and at last punish either with bloodshed.

The Arabs are a fine-looking race, tall, well formed, with dark eyes and hair. They are simple in their dress and cleanly in their habits. In the towns there are a few schools, but little is taught there save the recitals of the Koran. At home the boys, who were very intelligent, learn of their fathers to read, to write and to know some grammar, history and poetry.

The Bedouin Arabs, or dwellers in the open land, are shepherds or herdsmen, they lead a roving life and live in tents. They are naturally ruler and more ignorant than those dwelling in

towns. These Bedouins regard the plundering of travellers or of caravans as a sort of right—a toll or tax which it is allowable for them to exact of those who pass through their territory. To avoid this annoyance, strangers apply to the sheiks of the various towns, and for a present to these officers they are provided with an escort of Arabs to protect them from others who are more lawless.

In addition to the Arabs proper, a large number of nations allied to them by race speak the Arabic language. It is calculated that no less than one hundred and twenty millions of people, from the borders of China to the Straits of Gibraltar, use this noble tongue. Hence the importance of the American Presbyterian mission in Syria. By its schools and colleges it is training Arabic-speaking teachers and preachers, whilst by its press it is sending out Bibles, books, tracts and papers that can be read by all of these many millions. The Arabic race is a strong race. To evangelize it is a glorious work.

THE OLD MAN OF DARTMOOR.

THERE was an old man of Dartmoor who for many years obtained his livelihood by looking after the cattle distributed over those wild moorland hills. At last, through infirmity and old age, and the constant and unusual exposure to all kinds of weather, his sight entirely failed him, so that he had to seek an asylum in one of the West of England infirmaries, to end his brief remaining days. While there he was frequently visited by one of his granddaughters, who would occasionally read to him portions of the Word of God.

One day, when the little girl was reading to him the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, when she reached the seventh verse, "And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," the old man raised himself and stopped the little girl, saying with all earnestness:

"Is that there, my dear?"
"Yes, grandpa."
"Then read it to me again; I never heard the like before."
The little girl read again:
"And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."
"You are quite sure that is there?"
"Yes, quite sure."
"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I should like to feel it."
So she took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:
"Now read it to me again."
The little girl read, with her soft, sweet voice:
"And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."
"You are quite sure that is there?"
"Yes, quite sure."
"Then if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words:
"And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."
And with that the man withdrew his hand, his head fell softly back on the pillow, and he quietly passed into the presence of Him whose "blood cleanseth us from all sin."

ENTER not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.