

Youths' Department.

ONE BRAVE LITTLE MEMBER.

Ten little members sitting in a line;
One dropped out, and then there were nine.
Nine little members coming in late;
One got excused, and then there were eight.
Eight little members, by command of heaven;
One forgot his duty, and then there were seven.
Seven little members found themselves in a fix
'Cause one didn't pay, and then there were six.
Six little members, all of them alive;
One moved away, and then there were five.
Five little members felt right heart-sore;
One got discouraged and then there were four.
Four little members, all officers you see;
But the president resigned, and then there were three.
Three little members wondered what they should do.
One said she didn't know, and then there were two.
Two little members felt all undone;
One went away crying and then there was one.
One little member stood all alone,
But she didn't feel discouraged, and she didn't moan;
She just went to work with a will and a way,
And she worked right along from day to day.
Until she had won every member back,
And the fund in the treasury did not lack,
For of boys and girls there were a plenty,
And, instead of ten, they now number twenty.
And you, little member, and you, and you,
Can do what this one little member did do,
If you work and pray from day to day
And never get discouraged and stay away.

—*Children's Missionary.*

"HELP ONE ANOTHER."

"Help one another," the snow-flakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see."
"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow-leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be."
"Help one another," the dew-drop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"This warm south breeze would dry me away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And we'll make a brook, and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;

"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, oh, what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand,
We'll build a mountain, and then we'll stand."

"Help one another," a penny said
To a fellow-penny, round and red;
"Nobody cares for me alone,
Nobody'll care when I am gone;
But we'll stick together and grow, in time
To a nickel, or even a silver dime."

"Help one another," I hear the dimes
Whisper beneath the Christmas chimes;
"We're only little folks, but you know
Little folks sometimes make a show;
Ten of us, if we're good and pure,
Equal a big round dollar, sure."

And so the snow-flakes grew to drifts,
The grains of sand to mountains,
The leaves became a pleasant shade,
And dew-drops fed the fountains;
The pennies grew to silver dimes,
The dimes to dollars, brother,
And children bring this Christmas gift
By helping one another.

—*Children's Work for Children.*

THE MISSIONARY RABBITS.

"Halloo! here you are," cried Uncle Ben,
looking into one of the stalls and seeing Harry
feeding a pair of rabbits.

"See how they love this cabbage leaf, uncle,"
said Harry, setting himself comfortably in the
clear hay that was spread on the floor. "I do
love my bunnies; I have six, and two of them
are as white as snow. These are my speckled
ones, and the next are my silver sprigs; they
are the best of all."

"How long have you had them?" asked
Uncle Ben.

"O, I have kept rabbits two years, and sold
twenty of them at 50 cents apiece."

"Twenty! So you have earned \$10. What
have you done with it?"

"I paid \$2 a couple of months ago for the
silver sprigs and their little ones, and have spent
\$1 for feed and repairs."

"That leaves \$7. Did you buy books with
it?"

"No, sir; my father buys my books."

"Well, then, you don't pay for your schooling.
Did you buy playthings or sweetmeats?"

"No, uncle, these have always been my mis-
sionary rabbits. I got them for that. All the
money I make on them goes for the missionaries.
I wish it were twice as much. You can't imag-
ine the good it does to know that I am helping
to send the Bible to people that don't know
about Jesus." —*Our Little Ones.*