

## A RECITATION.

## FIRST GIRL.

There's a call from the far-off heathen-land,  
Oh, what can *you* give for the great demand

## ALL.

We have not wealth, like the rich man's store ;  
We wil<sup>l</sup> give ourselves—we have nothing more.

## SECOND GIRL.

I will give my *feet* ; they shall go and go,  
Till the heathen's story the world shall know.

## THIRD GIRL.

I will give my *hands*, till their work shall turn  
To the gold I have not, but can *earn*.

## FOURTH GIRL.

I will give my *eyes* the story to read  
Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.

## FIFTH GIRL.

I will give my *tongue*, that story to tell,  
Till Christian hearts shall with pity swell.

## SIXTH GIRL.

We have little to give ; but by and by  
We may hear a call from the Voice on high,  
"To bear my gospel o'er land and sea  
Into all the world, *go ye, go ye!*"

ALL (*very slowly and solemnly*).

Though of silver and gold we have none at all,  
We will give *ourselves* if we hear *that call*.

—Young Folks Missionary.

## SHINING IN AT EVERY WINDOW.

WE went, one cold, windy day last spring  
to see a poor young girl, kept at  
home by a lame hip. The room was  
on the north side of a bleak house. It was not  
a pleasant prospect without, <sup>there</sup> was there much  
that was pleasant and cheerful within.

"Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it,"  
I thought, as we went to see how she  
was situated ; and I immediately thought what a pity  
it was that her room was on the north side of the  
house.

"You never have any sun," I said ; "not a ray  
comes in at these windows. That I call a mis-  
fortune. Sunshine is everything. I love the  
sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I  
ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window,  
and even through the cracks."

I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of  
Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He  
shines in here and makes everything bright to  
me."

I could not doubt her. She looked happier  
than anyone I had seen for many a day.

Yes, Jesus shining in at the windows can make  
any spot beautiful and every home happy.—  
Sel.

## THE SWEEP.

Severa years ago an effort was made to collect  
all the chimney sweepers in the city of Dublin for  
the purpose of education. One little fellow was  
asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"Oh, I never was at school."

Here was a singular case—a boy could read  
and spell without a book or master! But what  
was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little  
older than himself, had taught him to read by  
showing him the letters over the shop doors as  
they went through the city. "Where there is  
a will there is a way."—Christian Advocate.

## NEVER.

Never make fun of old age ; no matter how de-  
crepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's  
hand rests lovingly upon the aged head.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of filthy  
stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign  
manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle  
filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheat-  
ing is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your  
play should strengthen, not weaken, your char-  
acter.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what  
anybody calls you. You cannot throw mud and  
keep your own hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt  
even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a  
bully ; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never make fun of a companion because of a  
misfortune he could not help.—Sel.