

And Maudie returns to her seat beaming.

It is just three-thirty now. After a closing prayer, while coats and caps are being put on, Dick and another big boy distribute the JEWELS. We leave them to the last for, as you know, the JEWELS are apt to demand the whole attention. And then away the dear tots troop, with many loving good-bys.

Hard work? I should think so! Plenty of noise and worry? Yes, indeed! But, oh, what if one should be instrumental in saving just one of "these little ones," wouldn't it be worth it all?

Orillia, Ont.

"Mata"

That word means *eyes*; and it is the name of a keen-eyed, keen-witted boy who often visits me in my little coral house.

Do you think that, because I live in a coral house, I must be a mermaid or any other strange creature? In fact, I am just an ordinary person. At least, you would think me ordinary; but to Mata, no white person is ordinary.

Mata is not white; yet he is not a negro nor an Indian nor a Chinese. All such people would seem even stranger to him than white people. Mata is brown-skinned, and so are most of the people that he ever saw.

I told you that my house was coral. Perhaps all the coral you ever saw was delicate and beautiful, but much is in solid masses, like ordinary rock. Many small islands consist wholly of coral rock; and other islands are surrounded by reefs of such rock.

It is on one of those reef-inclosed islands far out in the Pacific Ocean that I live; and my house is made of blocks of coral cut from the reef that surrounds this island. You would not think my house a nice one if you should see it; but Mata thinks it a very good house. He lives in a bamboo house, with a roof made of palm leaves.

Mata asks many questions. Some things that I tell him he can hardly believe. When I said to him that in my country people have fires without wood and lights without fires, he was amazed, for he knows nothing about gas and electricity.

The people on this island used to be sav-

ages; but since missionaries have come here and told the islanders about the true God, some of these people have become Christians. Mata is a Christian boy.

He asked me once whether all the boys in my home land were Christians. I had to tell him that not all were. Then he asked if they did not know about the true God. He thought it strange that any one who knew about Christ should not wish to be a Christian.

—Boys and Girls

Little Helpers

"I will be a little helper,"

Lisps the brook.

On its silvery way it goes,

Never stopping for repose,

Till it turns the busy mill

In some nook.

"I will be a little helper,"

Smiles the flower.

By the wayside, in the field,

All its beauty is revealed

Unto sad and weary hearts,

Though skies lower.

"I will be a little helper,"

Sings the bird.

And it carols forth a song,

Though the cheerless day be long,

Bringing to some helpless one

Some sweet word.

You can be a little helper,

Child so fair!

When your kindly deeds can make,

For the heavenly Father's sake,

Sunshine, love, and happiness

Everywhere!

The Fairy Gold

"I want my mama," said Teddy.

"You shall see mother in a little while, Ted," said Philip; "she's gone off to get a nap, now."

But Teddy had been having croup, and felt cross and uncomfortable, and the only idea in his dear little head was that mother made things feel better. "I want my mama!" he