

through their back, and then they swing in the air, suffering fearful pain, thinking this will save them from their sins. Now, boys, perhaps you have heard some of this before, but if you were really here it would impress itself more deeply on your minds and you would want very much that they would know of Jesus our loving Saviour, who was, once for all, offered up as the great sacrifice for sin, theirs as well as ours.

Now, boys, I know you won't forget to pray for these poor people, and help along as much as you can. I often think of you all and the nice little talks we had together. Are you studying well?

Your loving friend,
C. MURRAY.

A BOY AND A BIRD.

A dear little boy with a nice little dog
Was having a frolic, one day,
When mamma came out with a very long
face

And called him away from his play.
"The chickens to feed, and some wood to
bring in!

O dear! it is horrid to work!
I wish, yes, I wish I could live like the
birds!"

He said, with a half-mind to shirk.

A mocking-bird, perched on some branches
near by,

Poured out a melodious song;
This dear little boy with a very dark frown
Stood listening; the song was not long.
The bird flew away with a trill and a chirp,
As busy as busy could be;

"He's building a nest, and how happy he
seems!

I'll work and be jolly as he."

So the dear little boy, with a gay little
song,

Fed chickens and brought in the wood,
Then went for some water, thus trying to
learn

A lesson but half understood.
A song with our work is a very good thing,
And happy the lass and the lad
Who learn it as early as this little boy.
Who sings where he used to be "mad."

SENDING LOVE.

The little Indian girls in some of the northern tribes of America have a pretty custom. When a little friend dies the children set snares and catch birds. A little girl, holding the pretty bird tenderly in her hand, will talk to it in this way:

"O, little bird, our dear Laughing Eyes has gone away at the call of the Great Spirit. She can no longer see our faces or hear our voices. We are sad and lonely without her, and we want you to fly away and tell her that we love her, and our hearts are sad because she has gone. Go, dear little bird, and bear our message to Laughing Eyes."

And then they set the bird free, and it flies away.

It is very sweet to send love, but it is even sweeter to give it. While our dear friends are still with us, while they can look into our eyes, and hear our words of love, let us speak them freely. Some day mother, sister, brother, all will be gone beyond our reach. Let us speak the tender, thoughtful, loving word while we have them with us. -- *Little Missionary*.

A PERSIAN proverb says: "Do the little things now; so shall big things come to thee by and by, asking to be done." So often we lose the opportunities of doing little things, and little acts of kindness, because we are waiting for the opportunities to do great or grand things; or while wishing to do what So-and-So does, we forget to do what it really lies in our power to do.

A pretty parable from nature tells us that a puddle by the roadside said to a little raindrop as it splashed into it one morning, "What an insignificant little thing you are!"

"Perhaps so," answered the rain-drop, cheerfully, "but I reflect as much of the sky as I have room for, and the bosom of the largest lake can say no more."

That is just the point. As an old man said to a fellow-workman, "God never asks us to do what we can't do—only what we can."