

THE CORAL WORKERS.

In the Pacific Ocean long ago there were many empty spaces without any land. This ocean was blue and beautiful, but there was no eye to see it. The sun shone brightly, but no flowers or trees could grow beneath its rays. The seeds that fell from the other countries into the water floated by, but there was no soil where they could stop to rest. The Master saw that if there were only some islands there might be lovely homes for men and animals. "My little builders can do this," said He.

So He called for the coral insects and told them to build three islands in one place, five in another, seven in another, and so on. The little workers were so taken by surprise, that they popped their heads out of their windows and looked at each other in astonishment.

"We!" they exclaimed. "We are no bigger than pin heads. We never could build one island, to say nothing of a whole oceanful!"

"If the whales could only try it! A whale's work could amount to something," said the Astra.

"But the whales have their own work to do," said the Master Builder; "and if they come down here to make islands, who will keep the North Pacific free from sea weeds? I do not ask one of you alone to build an island. Think how many of you there are."

"But we do not know how to shape the islands; they will all be wrong!" cried the Madrepora.

"I will take care of that," said the Master, "only see that each one builds one little cell."

So the corals divided the work among themselves. Some began to build the middle and some the outer edge. Very basily and patiently they wrought. The islands grew higher and higher, until they came to the top of the water. Then the waves and the wind did their part by bringing sand and weeds and leaves to make soil. The nuts and seeds that had fallen into the water and were so tired by bobbling up and down all the way from India and South America, found a nice bed to sleep in for a few days. When they felt rested, they got up and grew into thorn trees and bushes and cocoa trees. Long vines began to creep across the sand, and sweet flowers blossomed; men and animals came to live there, and little children ran about and played beside the ocean. The islands were called the Friendly Islands, the Caroline Islands, and so on.

"Who would have believed we could have done it!" said the little corals, as they saw the result of their efforts. "The whales could have done no better! And to think it was all done by us making one cell apiece!" They felt so proud of their islands, that they put a lovely fringe of red and white and pink coral round the edge.

Shall we not learn a lesson from the

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smallest of God's creatures, and each one work in our place carrying forward the Master Builder's great missionary work? If every scholar in our Sunday-schools would help, what an army it would be for the Lord's work.

"HEAPING COALS."

"Mamma," said Willie, "Harry has stolen my marbles, and the next time I see him won't I give him a pounding?"

"Willie, in the bible we read: 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

"What is an enemy, mamma?" "A little boy who steals your marbles."

"And what is heaping coals on his head?"

"That is being as kind as possible to him the very first chance you get."

"I believe I'll do it, mamma."

Not many days after Willie came running into his mother, and exclaimed: "Get me a penny out of my box! Harry's mother gave him two pennies to buy a kite, and he's lost one, and he's crying; and I want to heap coals."

His mother gave him the penny, and he ran to Harry with it.

Then Harry and Willie were friends again.

Don't you think heaping coals was much better than for Willie to pound Harry?

Diseases often lurk in the blood before they openly manifest themselves. Therefore keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Abundance of grace is a thing to be coveted. It would be well to know much, but better to love much. It would be delightful to have abundance of skill to serve God, but better still to have abundance of faith to trust in the Lord for skill and everything.

READY FOR THE HARVEST.

A farmer went with his son into the wheat-field, to see if it was ready for the harvest.

"See, father," said the boy, "how straight those stems hold up their heads! They must be the best ones. Those that hang down their heads as if they were ashamed, can't be good for much, I'm sure."

The farmer plucked a stalk of each kind, and said, "look here, my child. This stalk that stood up so straight is light headed, and almost good for nothing; while this that hung its head so modestly is full of the most beautiful grain."

—Good is self-knowledge, but Christ-knowledge is the best.

—As the best light in the world is the warm light of the sun, so the best illumination of life is not from the moon-like beams of human speculation, but from the love of God. That love, like the sun, opens the universe, turns even clouds into glory, and lifts death itself to a mount of transfiguration.

—Those who have felt the weight of personal adversity become steadier thereby. The heart is strengthened by carrying the private burden, so that it has immunity from the swarm of lesser evils. At the same time, they are strong enough and ready to give a hand to others. As a novelist says of a Sister of Charity he describes, "She was ordained to her work by the world's heavy hand."

—He is a nobleman in God's peerage who goes out every morning, it may be from the humblest of homes, to his work and labour until the evening, with a determination, as working for a heavenly Master, to do his best; and on titles which this world can bestow, on money which was ever coined, can bring a man who does no work within the sunshine of God's love.

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