

KITTY'S APPEAL FOR THE MISSIONARIES.

A COLLECTION RECITATION FOR MISSION
CIRCLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Dear friends, once more I meet you,
And as I raise my hand,
You'll see this little box again,
And then you'll understand

That I am still on duty,
And though I am quite small,
I'll do what little I can do
To spread the gospel's call.

We support a mission teacher,
And of course you won't refuse
To help to spread the Word of God,
Which you in wisdom choose.

And now I'm coming right down there,
With the little box in my hand;
Asking for cents and quarters and dimes
To send to the heathen land.

Don't think I'm a little beggar,
And please don't frown on me;
Just give one thought to your little ones,
Then the little ones over the sea.

Compare your pleasant, happy homes
With the ones in Hindu land:
Oh, pity them in their misery,
And lend a helping hand.

Perhaps you'll think the maxim good
To practice what I preach;
So in I'll drop a shining dime,
And I'll thank you for one from each.

(Collection taken.)

My red box now resounds once more
With the offerings from your hands;
Accept from me the many thanks,
In behalf of the Mission Band.

'Tis the little makes the many,
Let us work for the cause of right;
Now once again I thank you,
And to one and all, good night.

THE ELEPHANT RIDE.

Tom and Harry had gone with some other boys to the zoological gardens to see the wild animals that are kept there. After looking at all the cages they went to the yard where the elephant was.

"We must have a ride on the elephant," said Harry.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom; "I'd rather have a ride on the elephant than to have a sight of all the other beasts."

But there were many other boys who wanted a ride. Somebody must be disappointed, for it was just time to start back to the train.

"Never mind," said Harry; "the man promised us long ago, our turn will come next."

"Halloo!" cried the man, nodding his head: "now for it my boys!"

"Come Tom," cried Harry.

Tom wanted a ride just then more than he wanted anything else. But among them was Sam, a lame boy who wanted it, too.

"Cannot we take him, sir?" he asked.

But the man shook his head. "There is room for only four," he said.

What made Tom think of his "Golden Text" just then? What was the "Golden Text?"—"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

He nodded to the lame boy, whispered a word to the elephant's keeper and then off he ran. Before one could say a word the lame boy was in Tom's place on the elephant's back.

"O Tom, you foolish fellow! Tom don't know how splendid it is up here," cried Harry. Tom's mother, too, wondered why Tom had stayed down there. But the lame boy knew. He smiled and called "Thank you."

Tom brushed away some tears. "If I had waited a moment longer I don't believe that I could have done it, he said, 'I am glad, though, that I did. I promised teacher last Sunday that I would think about my "Golden Text" this week. What good does it do a fellow just to say his "Golden Text?" He'd better try to act it out."—Sunbeam