


"I have called for your missionary money, and shall be very happy to receive it."

It is of little use for any one to refuse giving. Jowler never takes "no" for an answer. If any one ever refuses to give he sticks to his point, scratches the door, and barks until the stingy person "caves in," and makes "old natur squirm," as a covetous countryman once said, by putting money into his famous collecting basket. Jowler may not be very polite in thus "*investing*" the door-ways of slow givers, but he is certainly very persistent.

At the last anniversary of the Missionary Society to which Jowler belongs, the treasurer reported him thus: "Collected by Master Jowler, \$7 60." Pretty good for Jowler! Now, I don't ask you, my reader, to send your dog to do what Jowler does—I doubt if your dog is such a genius as Jowler—but I submit this problem for your solution: If Jowler, a persistent, good-natured dog, could collect \$7 60 per annum for the missionary cause, how much could you, a Christian child, collect if you were to try with all your might? Please work out this problem, and send your answer in money to your missionary treasurer.

IT STINGS.

OW pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilacs which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking out, "It stings! it stings!"

What made it sting? It was a very bright, beautiful, and sweet-smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A jolly little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms, and was sucking the nectar from it most heartily when Sammy's fat hand disturbed him; so, being vexed with the child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with hartshorn, and when the pain was gone she

said: "Sammy, my dear, let this teach you that many pretty things have very sharp stings."

Let every child take note of this: "Many pretty things have very sharp stings." It may save them from being stung if they keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty. A boy once went to a circus because the horses were pretty and their riders gay, but he learned to swear there, and thus that pretty thing—the circus—stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty thing; he drank it and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket and ate it.

"Have you eaten one?" asked her mother pleasantly.

Fearing she would not get another if she said "Yes," she replied "No," got another pear, and then felt so stung that she could not sleep.

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply too. It stings fatally. The Bible informs us that "The sting of death is sin."

If you let sin sting you nothing can heal the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting go to Jesus with it, and He will cure it. After that, never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things—*Young Reaper*.

CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

A CHRISTIAN mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in His arms, while the mothers were pushing their children toward Him.

"There, Carrie!" said her mother, "This is what I would have done with you if I had been there."

"I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus," said little Carrie, with beautiful and touching earnestness; "I'd go without pushing."