



"SO SEND I YOU."

BY R. WRIGHT HAY.

The night lies dark upon the earth, and we have light ;
So many have to grope their way, and we have sight ;
One path is theirs and ours—of toil and care,
But we are borne along, and they their burdens bear.
Foot-sore, heart-weary, faint they on their way,
Mute in their sorrow, while we kneel and pray ;
Glad are they of a stone on which to rest,
While we lie pillowed on the Father's breast.

Father, why is it that these children roam,
And I with thee, so glad, at rest, at home ?
Is it enough to keep the door ajar,
In hope that some may see the gleam afar
And guess that that is home, and urge their way
To reach it, haply, somehow and some day ?
May not I go and lend them of my light ?
May not mine eyes be unto them for sight ?
May not the brother-love Thy love portray ?
And news of home make home less far away ?

Yea, Christ hath said that as from thee He came
To seek and save, so hath he, in his name,
Sent us to these; and Father, we would go,
Glad in thy love that thou hast willed it so
That we should be partakers in the joy
Which even on earth knows naught of earth's alloy—
The joy which grows as others' griefs grow less,
And could not live but for its power to bless.

—Gospel in all Lands.

QUALIFYING FOR OFFICE.

It was early in the New Year, but the girls of the Mission Circle in G——, had decided that it would be well to begin in time to work for their Easter sale. So, here, on this bright, winter afternoon, they had assembled in one of the classrooms of the church to sew for that purpose. Modes of work had been discussed, plans arranged, patterns selected and garments cut out—fingers and tongues keeping pace with each other in busy rivalry, when

suddenly there came a lull in the conversation that must have lasted, at least, a minute. The silence was as suddenly broken by Belle Bowman, with an announcement which nearly made the other girls tumble off their seats. It was this—"Girls, I am going to qualify for President!"

"What do you mean?" they all exclaimed
"Just what I say," she replied, "I am going to qualify for President."

"What kind of a President?" asked one, "A United States President!" and they all laughed.

"No, indeed, nothing so wonderful—only the President of the G—— Mission Circle."

"Oh!" said all the girls and they laughed again.
"What put that idea into your head?"

"I'll tell you later," said Belle.

"I thought you were a modest girl," said one.

"So I am, deny it if you dare," said Belle.

"I didn't know you were so ambitious," said another.

"Yes, indeed, I am very ambitious, I want to see everything done in the best possible manner,"

"I like that—there's no conceit in it," said one of the girls and they laughed merrily.

"Look here, Belle," said Amy Jones, "supposing you do spend the year qualifying for President, and then at the beginning of next year we fail to elect you—it will be a terrible disappointment, won't it?"

"Now Amy, that shows you don't know me," said Belle—"I assure you that I shall be perfectly satisfied to know that I am fitted for that important office, even if I never attain to it."

"Good!" said the girls, but Amy added, "Belle you will have to take me for a rival, I'm afraid—I too feel the stirrings of a new ambition! (placing her hand on her heart) You will not like it I know, but I