

Missionary Readings.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

SHE wears no jewel upon hand or brow,
No sign by which she may be known of men;
But though she walk in plainest raiment now,
She is the daughter of a King, and when
Her Father calls her at His throne to wait,
She will be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her Father sends her in His land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done;
And since the King loves all His subjects well,
Therefore, she, too, cares for them, every one,
And when she stoops to lift from guilt and sin,
The brighter shines her loyalty therein.

She walks erect thro' dangers manifold,
While many sink and fall on either hand;
She heeds not Summer's heat or Winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command;
She need not be afraid of anything,
Because she is the daughter of a King.

Then, when the Angel comes that we call Death
And name with terror, it appals not her;
She turns to look on him with quickened breath,
Thinking—"It is the royal messenger;"
Her heart rejoices that her Father calls
Her back, to live within His palace walls.

For tho' the land she lives in is most fair,
Set round with streams—a picture in its frame—
Yet in her heart, deep, secret longings are
For that mysterious country whence she came;
Not perfect, quite, seems any earthly thing,
Because she is the daughter of a King.

—*Christian Worker.*

"NOBODY'S CHILD."

A LADY visiting an asylum for Friendless Orphan Children lately, watched the little ones go through their daily drill, superintended by the matron, a firm, honest woman, to whom her duty had evidently become a mechanical task. One little toddler hurt her foot, and the visitor, who had children of her own, took her on her knee, petted her, made her laugh, and kissed her before she put her down. The other children stared in wonder.

"What is the matter? Does nobody ever kiss you?" asked the astonished visitor.

"No. That isn't in the rules, ma'am," was the answer.

A gentleman in the same city who one morning stopped to buy a newspaper from a wizened, shrieking newsboy at the station, found the boy following him every day thereafter, with a wistful face, brushing the spots from his clothes, calling a cab for him, etc.

"Do you know me?" he asked him at last.

The wretched little Arab laughed. "No. But you called me 'my child' one day. I'd like to do something for you, sir. I thought before that I was nobody's child."

Christian men and women are too apt to feel, when they subscribe to organized charities, that they have done their duty to the great army of homeless, friendless waifs around them. A touch, a kiss, a kind word, may do much towards saving the neglected little one who feels it is "nobody's child," teaching it as no money can do, that we are all children of one Father.

When Christ would heal or help the poor outcast, He did not send him money; but He came close and touched him.

THE ABUNDANCE OF THE SEA.

THE prophet Isaiah, in one of his visions of the future, comforts the Church with promises of enlargement and great prosperity. Among other predictions he gives the Church this assurance: "The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee." Not only are all the nations and tribes of the earth to hear "the joyful sound" of the Gospel, and to be won to "the truth as it is in Jesus," but "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," are to "see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Three-fifths of the earth's surface are covered with water, and on these waters modern commerce has been carrying on its trade. It is now a vast power. Its history is to a great extent a history of crime and shame, for it has carried war, and slavery, and robbery, and intemperance, and disease into every quarter of the earth. There has been in late years a great change for the better in the aims and spirit of commerce, but it cannot be said that it is converted and consecrated to Christ. That event, however, is sure to come to pass, for "the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee." Already something has been done in that direction, and on the sea Christ is winning his way into many hearts. The Church is going about through lands and on the seas doing good. Here is an account which we condense from a London newspaper of a Christian work among a class of seafaring men much in need of Christian sympathy and help.

On the waters of the North Sea there are about fifteen thousand fishermen. They are English and Dutch, and their life is full of hardships and dangers, and they seldom go to shore except for a very brief visit. Strange to say, but it is nevertheless true, that the grog-shop has followed them, for with every fleet of their ships there is a "coper," that is, a floating saloon, where the men can buy intoxicating drink.

A Mr. Mather, seeing those floating grog-shops, determined that since "the devil had his mission vessel at sea there should be one of another kind," one that should carry for those neglected men material comforts and spiritual blessings. Having formed and made known his plans and purposes he soon received aid and was able to begin his work. There are now six mission ships in the work and a seventh is being built. The owners of the fishing fleets and the public, seeing the great good that was done, have come forward and in a very generous manner have contributed toward the support of the human work, while the men themselves have testified their gratitude and appreciation of what is done in their behalf. Clergymen go out for a short time in the summer and preach to