

"the dull, good man, John Howard." Is there a grander, nobler enterprise than missions? The mission of England to India was started by a humble, itinerant shoemaker—William Carey. These men brought to Christ their humble efforts, their barley loaves, and in His hand, and under His blessing, they multiplied exceedingly.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

Our Young Folk.

LITTLE HELPERS.

LITTLE Helpers,
Young disciples
Of the Lord once crucified.
By your giving
Are securing
Life for those for whom He died.

Homes of gladness,
Homes of darkness,
You can picture side by side;
Thus love binds them,
So faith links them,
Into one, though severed wide.

Your seed-sowing,
Which is growing
Into harvests for the Lord,
Will be gathered,
And be garnered,
Such the promise of His word.

Little Helpers!
One day leaders
In this work of Christ abroad,
Heaven bless you,
Guide and keep you,
Help you win the world to God!

—*From Little Helpers.*

VALUE OF PUNCTUALITY.

ONE cannot begin too early in life to discipline himself to habits of the most exacting punctuality in keeping every engagement and the performance of every service, be it little or great. Great men in all ages have been noted for punctuality. They believed an act to be well done must be done promptly. Napoleon used to insist on absolute promptness with his marshals, saying: "You must ask anything of me but time."

Washington was punctilious in exacting promptness from all his officers. On one occasion, when visiting Boston, the column was ordered to move at six o'clock in the morning. Washington was present before the time, but the marshal of the day, supposing that the hour was too early to start, was tardy in appearing. Washington looked at his watch nervously, waited a moment or two after six, and then ordered the column to move. Some time after, the marshal rode furiously to the front, making many apologies for the delay.

Washington replied, pleasantly, "It is our custom to ask, not if the leader, but if the hour has come."

John Quincy Adams, in his long service in Congress, was never known to be late. One day the clock struck, and a member said to the Speaker: "It is time to call the House to order."

"No," said the Speaker, "Mr. Adams is not in his seat yet."

At this moment Mr. Adams appeared. He was punctual, but the clock was three minutes fast.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS AMONG THE CHINESE.

WHEN boys fall sick there are two very curious customs. Sometimes the little fellow is made a priest, and dressed in priest's clothes. His parents think the gods will not make him die when he is dedicated to their service. But they may not want him to be a priest, as he would have to change his name and leave his family. After a time they take him to a temple and get the priest to burn incense to the idols and chant prayers. When he has finished, he takes a besom and chases the boy out of the temple, who comes home and puts on ordinary clothes. Others try to cheat the gods. They put a silver wire round the boy's neck, and leave off mentioning his name, calling him a pig or dog. They imagine the god, who is looking for a boy, will not search their house for one when he hears them speaking only to a dog. All the children have old coins and charms tied to their clothes to keep off the evil eye and drive away wicked spirits.—*Church of Scotland Mission Record.*

THE FABLE OF THE RAIN-DROP.

THERE was once a poor farmer who owned a small field of corn. He had planted and cultivated it with great care, for it was all he could depend upon for the support of his large family. The little blades of corn had come up, but the ground was parched and dry for the want of rain. One day as he was out in his field looking anxiously for a shower, two little rain-drops up in the sky saw him, and one said to the other, "Look at that poor farmer, he looks so sad and discouraged, I do wish I could help him." "What would you do?" said the other, "you are only one little rain-drop, you could not even wet one hill of corn." "True," said the other, "but then I could go and cheer him a little. I believe I'll try. So here I go," and down went the little rain-drop and fell on the farmer's nose. "Dear me!" said the farmer, "I do believe we are going to have a shower, I'm so glad!"

No sooner had the first rain-drop left than the other said, "Well, if you go, I believe I'll go too." So down came the second little rain-drop and fell on a hill of corn by the farmer's feet.

By this time another rain-drop said to his companions, as they came together, "What is this I hear about going to cheer some poor farmer—that is a good errand, I believe I'll go too." "And I, and I, and I," said the others. So they all went—faster and faster they came, till the whole field was watered and the corn grew and ripened, all because one little rain-drop did what it could, which encouraged many others to do the same.—*Juvenile Missionary.*