

OPENING AND CLOSING RECITATIONS FOR A MISSION-CIRCLE.

For all our mercies God be praised,
And for this pleasant place of meeting,
Kind friends and dear assembled here,
The "Little Pilgrims" give you greeting.

It is not much to do for Christ;
Our talents are not great or many.
Yet what *He gave* he bids *us bring*,
Nor left the weakest without any.

We are but young; yet we have learned
That nothing from this duty free us,—
To send the gospel-o'er the seas
To bring a heathen world to Jesus.

Perhaps I'd better not say more,
Nor of our plans make further mention.
But ask that what you see and hear
May now engage your kind attention.

CLOSING.

Kind friends, a moment yet remains
For me to bid you all good-by in.
What will *you* do for Jesus' cause!—
The *noblest* work to live and die in.

Say not, "So much to do at home!"
The willing heart shall soon discover,
If *we* give well, *God* giveth well,—
Good measure, pressed, and running
over.

God speed the day when all the world
Of small and great shall learn his story;
God bring us all to join the song
His ransomed people sing in glory.

—A. W. Alexander.

TAKE YOUR SOUNDINGS.

A sailor comes along, unfastens a brass screw, and lets down a lead with a long string tied to it. "What are you doing?" "I am taking the soundings, to see if there is any water in the hold. We have to do this every four hours. In this way we can find out if there is any leak." Well done!

The children of this world are surely wiser in their generations than the chil-

dren of light. Numbers never think of taking their soundings from one year's end to the other. They never seem to know that they have sprung leak, and that the water is gradually and silently filling the hold. If it had been some great wave of sin that had come sweeping over the decks, and washing the boats and putting out the fires in the engine-room, then they could not have helped seeing it. But it was *only a leak*, and that too *under the surface*, where nobody could see it. Yet at last the ship was lost. The beginnings are small, but the endings and consequences who can tell? A little temper, a little pride, a little vanity, a little self-indulgence in food, clothes, or sleep, a little bitterness in speaking or writing, a little joking and jesting, a little slander, a little murmuring and discontent. —*Good Words.*

TEMPERANCE.

TOUCH IT NEVER.

Children do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Do you know what causeth woe
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that self-same ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Never let it pass your lips,
Never even let the tips
Of your fingers touch the bowl;
Hate it from your inmost soul.
Truly hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Fight it! With God's help stand fast
Long as life or breath shall last,
Heart meet heart and hand join hand,
Hurl the demon from our land.
Oh, then hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.