

taken up and carried around again. After church, more than one hand was laid on her head, and Master Tom said she had preached the best missionary sermon he had ever heard.—*Selected.*

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO ?

WHEN I ply my daily task,
And the round of toil pursue,
Let me often brightly ask,
"What, my soul, would Jesus do?"

Would the foe my heart beguile,
Whispering thoughts and words untrue;
Let me to his subtlest wile
Answer, "What would Jesus do?"

—*Selected.*

THE MAGIC HAMMOCK.

SUCH a queer hammock it was. Sometimes it was large enough to hold Bess and Benny and Bert, with plenty of room to spare for dollies and kitties and even Bert's little pug dog Popsey.

Then the very next day it would be so small that there was just barely room for one little child, with only one dolly or kitty. This is the way I found out about it.

One day Bert and Popsey were having a nice swing in the hammock, and I sat on the porch watching them. Pretty soon Bess came out with Kitty Grey in her arms and said:

"Let us get in too, Bert."

"No," said Bert, crossly; "there isn't room enough only just for Popsey and me."

"Why, Bert," I said, "that is very strange. Is not this the same hammock that held all of you this morning?"

"Yes'm," said Bert, hanging his head.

"I will tell you how it is," said grandma, who sat by the window with her knitting: "It is a magic hammock with a puckering string. Two fairies take care of the string. One fairy always lets out the string as far as she can and takes all the children in. She is a good fairy and her name is Love. The other is a bad fairy called Selfishness. She always draws up the string so tight that only one little boy or girl with his own pet dog or kitty can possibly squeeze in. Either one of these fairies will come at the children's call. I think Bert made a mistake just now and called the wrong one."

Bert looked so red and ashamed that I said, "Shall we call the other fairy, Bert?"

He nodded his head and I called softly:

"Come, Love; come, Love."

And if you will believe it, the moment I spoke the words, the hammock flew wide open, and Bess and Kitty Grey sprang in. Bert's face was all smiles, and the hammock swung so gaily that I feared the children would be tossed out. Did I see the fairy? Oh, no! Fairies are too small to be seen with our eyes. But I saw her good work, and that was enough.—*Our Little Ones.*

NOT YET.

"Not yet," said a little boy, "when I grow older I will think about my soul." "Not yet," said the young man, "I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now." Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business, "My children must have my care. When they are settled in life I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lives to be a grey-headed old man. "Not yet," still he cried, "I shall soon retire from business and then I shall have nothing else to do but read and pray." And so he died. He put it off to another time what he should have done when a child. He lived without God and died without hope.—*The Herald of Salvation.*

GIVING.

WHAT will you give up, children?

For Jesus Christ's dear sake?

What offering from your young lives

Will each one gladly make?

He gave up heaven, and came to you!

Then what, for Him, can you not do?

What will you give up, children?

Something you love quite well?

Some pleasure, or some precious thing,

Which none but you can tell?

He gave His life that you might live!

Then what, for Him, can you not give?

What will you give up, children?

Yourselves, and all your own?

Just to belong to Jesus Christ,

His children, His alone?

He gave Himself, your Saviour true,

Now give yourselves—ah, will not you?

—*Jennie Harrison.*

A BLACK BOY'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE negro boy, a Sunday school scholar, called once upon a missionary and told him he had been very ill, and had often, during the sickness, wished he had come to pray with him. "But,

Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself?" "Oh, yes sir." "Did you repeat the prayer I taught you?" "No, sir; I prayed." "Well, but how did you pray?" "I just begged, sir." Our young readers "say their prayers" every morning and evening. How many of them know what it is to beg from God?—*Selected*

TRUST.

STRENGTH for the day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will be but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and of sorrow.
Then why be forecasting the trials of life,
With so sad and so grievous persistence?
Why anxiously wait for the coming of ill
That never may have an existence?
Far better to trust to the wisdom and love
Of the Providence ever beside us,
With no anxious thought what the future may
bring,
For He guides all events that betide us.

—*Word and Work.*

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