

I wonder if many of our "four-year-old girls" in Canada can repeat the text every Sunday morning. Let them try it. And little Louisa is not the only little child who learns the text.

On Sunday afternoon we have a service in the church; all attend, both old and young. I hang up on the wall the "Bere. Leaf Cluster," like you have in your infant classes, though ours are old numbers that kind friends send us, and I wish you would tell your "Superintendent" not to forget us, for we are using our last "Cluster" now. I show the people the picture and talk to them about it, and explain the lesson. After the service we have our Sunday-school; a great many remain for the school. We give a ticket to all who know the morning's text. When they have ten small tickets we give them a large one; and when they have five large ones we give them a book. The old men and women like to get their tickets as well as the children.

But I promised to tell you about two little children. Well, the other is a little boy about five; his name is Alfred Amos. He cannot read yet, but knows all his A B C's, and he knows where to find several texts of Scripture. He will take his father's Bible, find a text, and point to the words; read it first in English, and then repeat in his own language. Little Alfred is very sick now, I fear he will die. I go to see him very often; he says he wants to see me every day. I said to him, "Alfred, do you pray to Jesus to make you well?" He answered, "Yes, I pray every day." He loves to look at pictures; his father says it makes him forget his pain.

I fancy I can hear some of you saying, "When I am a man," or "When I am a woman I will be a missionary." My dear little one, do not wait until you are men or women. God wants every little Christian boy and girl to be a missionary. Of course, you cannot leave papa and mamma, and go away off to some strange land to tell the heathen about Jesus. But you can be little missionaries at home. Do you never see any poor little children on the street? Perhaps they have no kind mamma to take care of them, as you have. Many times, no doubt, they go to bed hungry and cold; no one to teach them to pray, no one to kiss them "good-night." They want some little missionary to carry them part of their nice warm dinner, some one to take them by the hand and lead them to Sunday-school, and to give them a seat, not off in some corner but close beside themselves (the little missionary I mean). Jesus wants some one to speak kind, loving words to the sorrowful, to visit the sick, to take them a little bunch of flowers, to sing for them, or to repeat a little verse or text. He wants the little children to go to the poor drunkards, and to tell them that Jesus loves them, and to ask them not to drink any more.

And Jesus wants little missionaries to help papa and mamma. Sometimes they are very tired, and how glad they would be to have some little feet to run messages for them. And then there are grandmamas and grandpapas; they are old now and need some kind hand to help them along, some one to find their glasses or slippers. And that makes me think of an old Indian grandma I saw the

other day. I had been to visit some sick persons, and was on my way home when a woman who was with me said, pointing to a house, "I want to go in here to see an old woman." There was a large stone rolled up against the door, and I supposed all the family were away. I followed the woman into the house, and there lay an old blind woman, some sticks of wood near her, and a few dried fish hanging over her head. Her friends had gone away to stay two or three weeks and left her alone.

I wonder, dear children, how you would feel if you thought your dear grandmama was shut up alone in an old house, with no one to care for her.

And now, my dear young friends, I must close my letter. I think it is a very long one instead of the short one I promised. Do not forget to pray for the missionaries; sometimes they are very lonely, for they have left all their friends and loved ones. Ask God to send them the "Holy Ghost the Comforter." And pray to God to give you new hearts that you may be able to work for Him.

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

"DON'T like Grandma at all," said Fred—

I don't like Grandma at all;
And he drew his face in a queer grimace,
The tears were ready to fall,
As he gave his kitten a loving hug,
And disturbed her nap on the soft warm rug.

"Why, what has your Grandma done," I asked,

"To trouble the little boy?
Oh, what has she done, the cruel one,
To scatter the smiles of joy!"
Through quivering lips the answer came,
"She-called-my-kitty-a-horrid-name."

"She did? are you sure?" and I kissed the tears

Away from the eyelids wet.
I can scarce believe that Grandma would grieve

The feelings of either pet.
"What did she say?" "Boo-hoo!" cried Fred,

"She-called-my-kitty-a-'Quadruped!'"
—Harper's Young People.

AVALANCHES.

HARDLY a season passes in Switzerland that lives are not lost and property destroyed by avalanches. Avalanches fall more or less all the year round, but the Grundlawinen of winter and early spring are the most fatal and destructive. The records of such disasters go far back. On the 24th of January, 1458, the church of St. Plaisida, at Dissentis, and the manor-house of Gastion were destroyed and sixteen persons killed. A few days thereafter, two avalanches broke simultaneous above Tirus (between Dissentis and Chur). Coming together in the Puntaiglasthal, they formed one lawine, and flew over wood and wild, leaving death and destruction in their wake, as far as the valley of the Voder Rhein.

In 1695, two goatherds of Churwalden, going home after milking their goats, with their milk tins on their backs, were struck down by an avalanche. The tins of one of them broke, and running over his head and down his neck, melted the snow from his mouth and nostrils, so that he could breathe. When disinterred, a few hours later, he was alive, while his companion, whose tin had not broken, was dead. In 1695, a peasant

of Soglio (Graubunde), hearing the roar of a coming avalanche, threw himself under the lee of a wall. The wall saved him from being suffocated or crushed, and he succeeded in freeing himself; but in the struggle his garments got filled with snow, and the snow outside freezing that inside, he was encased in a panoply of ice, and had the greatest difficulty in getting home. Before undressing he had to be thawed.

In 1709, when Leukorbad was swept by an avalanche, whereby fifty-five of its inhabitants lost their lives, a youth by the name of Stephen Roth took refuge in a cellar and remained there eight days without food or drink. He had quite given himself up for lost, when he thought he heard a sound as of spades shovelling away snow. At this Roth struck up a psalm, and went on singing until he attracted the attention of the rescue party, who thereupon dug down to the cellar and set him free.

Avalanches play strange pranks sometimes. In 1806, an avalanche at Calancathal, in the Grisons, carried a wood bodily from one side of the valley to the other, and left it standing there; a pine tree was planted on the roof of the parsonage; and the villagers were provided with firewood for many a year without the trouble of fetching it.

In 1824, fifty-two sledges, while journeying through the Scaletta Pass to Davos, were buried under a schneeschild, and the wind of it sent the drivers and passengers spinning through the air as if they had been shot from a mortar. The snow being fortunately loose and powdery, and the alighting soft, nobody was much hurt.

Cattle drovers, in their journeys over the Alps, often fall victims to avalanches. At certain times of the year they literally carry their lives in their hands.

A TALK TO BUSINESS BOYS.

A BOY'S first position in a commercial house is usually at the foot of the ladder; his duties are plain, his place is insignificant and his salary is small. He is expected to familiarize himself with the business, and as he becomes more intelligent in regard to it he is advanced to a more responsible place. His first duty, then, is to work. He must cultivate day by day habits of fidelity, accuracy neatness, and despatch, and these qualities will tell in his favor as surely as the world revolves. Though he may work unnoticed and uncommended for months, such conduct always meets its reward.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house which employed as entry clerks, shipping clerks, buyers, book-keepers, and salesmen, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers, and truckmen; and this boy of seventeen felt that amid such a crowd he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded. Nevertheless, he did his duty; every morning at 8 o'clock he was promptly in his place, and every power that he possessed was brought to bear upon his work. After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask a week's leave of absence during the busy season. "That" was the response, "is an unusual request, and one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant;

but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask." "I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they know a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them." They had, indeed, watched him, and had selected him for advancement, for shortly after he was promoted to a position of trust with appropriate increase of salary. It must be so, sooner or later, for there is always a demand for excellent work. A boy who intends to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind, but he who thinks to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race.

NEW YORK FIRE-ENGINES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Herald thus describes the movements of men and horses connected with the fire-engines of New York when an alarm of fire has been struck:

"The engine stands ready for the road. So does the tender. The horses are in their stalls. The men are lounging about or sleeping. The alarm strikes. In a moment all are at their post. By a curious contrivance the hammer that strikes the warning gong sets in operation a system of cords and levers that unfasten the horses. The men come down from their sleeping or sitting rooms, not by stairways, but by a pole, to the lower floor. They are all ready in a twinkling. And what of the horses? They generally outstrip the bipeds in responding to the call. The hammer which releases them and strikes the gong sends them an alarm they at once interpret.

"Standing or lying, they are out at once and beside the engine pole. There is no harnessing, no adjusting of belly-bands and squeezing of collars and fastening of reins. The new "swing" harness used in the department is a complete caparison, which is suspended by an ingenious apparatus above the spot where the horses take their places. Close the open collar with a snap, pull a rope which lifts the suspending apparatus, and they are equipped and ready for the road. The door swings open, every man is in his place, and away goes the engine."

A GENTLE REMINDER.

A N old man and a young man were riding in a stage coach. The old man was grave but sprightly, short of stature, spare, with a smooth forehead, a fresh complexion, and a bright and piercing eye. The young man swore a great deal until once, when they stopped to change horses, the old man said to him, "I perceive by the registry books that you and I are going to travel together a long distance in this coach. I have a favour to ask of you. I am getting to be an old man, and if I should so far forget myself as to swear, you will oblige me if you will caution me about it." The young man instantly apologized, and there was no more swearing heard from him during that journey. The old man was John Wesley.