

Seals' meat and blubber take up one corner, and now and then some child will take up a piece and smack his lips at the juicy morsel. All this time the teaching is going on, and some at least are drinking in the Word. Thus we pass on from tent to tent, and spread the good news. It is not ours to tabulate results, but, having sown the seed, to rest in faith.

Some of them have received the truth, and are carrying the gospel into the far north, where there are still many who have never heard the name of Jesus, and are dying without God and without hope in the world.

Two hundred miles south of Churchill, at York Factory, many of our Indians show their devotion to Christ in various ways. It is a very common thing for them to walk fifteen or twenty miles to church on Sunday in the most bitter weather. Women will bring their children on their backs sixty or one hundred miles to have them baptized. A few years ago our catechist walked fully six hundred miles to kneel at the Lord's table. Family prayer is regularly carried on amongst them. They are not without their faults and failings, and need constant supervision and upbuilding. Earnestly would I ask the Christian men and women of favored England to remember them before the Throne of Grace.

### The Minister and the Indian Boy.

It was a dark and stormy night in the beginning of the rainy season, when no man willingly left the shelter of his house. I was two hundred miles away from our little mission station (writes a missionary in an English paper)—three days' journey by the fastest mode of travel procurable in the hills—heavy-hearted with apprehensions of what would happen at home if the enemy stormed the mission as they had threatened to do.

Tales of recent barbarities on the frontier filled me with deadly fear for the safety of my loved ones, who had taken up the cross to follow Him in a strange and lonely land.

After eating my frugal meal, I went out to walk, I knew not where nor why, only to be rid of the haunting fear of disaster. Having earnestly striven to surrender all my care to God, I tried to reason myself into cheerfulness, but nothing availed to quell the agony of fear within my inmost heart. I doubted the promises—not for myself, God knows, but for the dear ones whose safety was nearest my heart.

I could see nothing distinctly. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind lashed the tree-tops wildly; as I neared the river's brink, I made out the graceful outlines of an old Mogue muezzin tower—prayer tower—remnant of the inglorious past when that fair land was wholly given over to the idolator.

As I turned into the open space below the village edge, a muffled figure swerved up against the darkling sky-line, and approached swiftly, yet cautiously. By his flowing gown and turban, I knew him to be a native.

He halted as I drew near, and cried out presently: 'Who goes there? Friend or foe?'

'Friend,' I answered, in very imperfect Tamil.

'Then I pray you to help me. The wind and storm has misled me; turn me face about toward the muezzin tower.'

I pointed toward the fretted pile uprising

darkly against the eastern horizon. 'Yonder it stands, to your right.'

'I cannot see, I am blind,' he answered, gently. 'Lead me, friend.'

I took his hand and found it very small and soft, and cold as snow. A child's hand it was, noting which I took courage to ask what errand had brought him out alone on such a wild night.

'I am Abdul Knann. My father, the marabout, died this day between dusk and dark, and there be none in this ungodly village to take his place. Therefore, I must call the evening muezzin.'

'You are but a child,' I said in open wonder.

'True. To-morrow my father's kinsman comes to fill the holy office.'

I waited till his footfall died away on the stone steps of the tower, then a sweet, clear young voice rang out tunefully across the stormy waste:

'Oh, ye who are about to sleep, commend your soul to him who never sleeps!'

Three-times the fearless young voice called the drowsy villagers to prayer, then answering lights twinkled from window to window of the poor huts. His mission was fulfilled, and he passed out into the darkness of the stormy night towards his desolate home.

To him who never sleeps! Had God put those words into the mouth of this heathen child for my comfort?

I believed it; and with that assurance came peace such as I had never known before. Doubt and fear fled before that deathless voice of far-away Galilee. 'Tis I, be not afraid.'

When morning dawned, a messenger brought blessed news from the mission. 'The Afridi have declared a truce, and we are safe.'

'Praise be to him who never sleeps!'

### For Every Need.

The Latin legend on the seal of the United States translated, means, 'One out of many.' Christian worship exalts him who is many in one.

Polytheism grew largely out of the diversity and multitude of human wants. Men needed a divinity for every situation, and they created one; and the god was named and appealed to according to the condition, class or trade that he was supposed to preside over and assist. But there is no polytheism in the Bible. The attributes and function of one Deity cover all cases.

A London exchange tells us of the twelve statues near an Austrian city, on the parapets of its entrance bridge. They are figures of Christ, each representing a different aspect of his divine value to the world; and the country folk, crossing the bridge to the city in the morning, worship them as they pass.

The stock men pray to the image of Christ the Shepherd, the artisans to Christ the Carpenter, the market-gardeners to Christ the Sower, the ailing and infirm to Christ the Physician, the fishermen to Christ the Pilot—and others by the same rule of choice, to the end of the twelve.

What we call superstition in this simple-hearted custom, pictures a beautiful reality.

Enlightened minds will never forget that there is but one Christ, and yet to each follower the thought of him that is born of a special need will always be the one that makes his image in the soul. He withholds nothing of himself from the faith of all, but to each he is best known on his nearest side.

### God's Powers.

The author of 'The Cry of the Children' says that, last summer, a little girl, ten years old, who for the past two years had helped her mother to supply a large warehouse with artificial roses, was taken into the country for a short holiday by one of those admirable societies which are giving the East-end children glimpses of rural life and a few days of fresh air, both of which are too often unknown to the little toilers.

On the morning of her arrival, the child was taken round the garden of the cottage where she was to stay. She had never seen growing flowers before, and although her wonder was excited by the petals of the pansies—she thought they were 'real velvet'—and the scent of the pinks and the sweet peas, her eyes continually wandered toward a large rose-bush that grew against the side of the house.

It was one mass of blossoms, and her interest at last overcoming her shyness, she suddenly darted away from the lady who was showing her the garden, and ran to the rose-tree.

'These are much better than even mother can make,' she said, rubbing the petals of an over-blown flower critically between her thumb and forefinger; 'an' I don't believe my Aunt Sal, who is the best rose-and at —'s factory, could touch 'em. My! ain't they lovely?' Then she sighed regretfully, 'I shan't ever be able to make roses like these 'ere. We ain't got no time to stick 'em together like this.'

She was silent for a little time, still rubbing the petals gently, and the lady took the opportunity to say something about the perfection of Nature's handiwork.

'Do you think as God is riled with us for making them these roses so bad?' the child asked, in a tone of anxiety.

Young as she was, the brand of the Yorker who fights hourly with starvation had entered into her soul, and during the whole of her visit she could not overcome her awe and wonder at the beauty of the roses 'as God made.'

### Riding Outside.

When men travel in stage coaches in grand mountain countries, some ride in the inside with the curtains fastened down. They see nothing of the beauty of the scenes through which they pass. Others ride outside, and see every grand thing by the way. This illustrates the way different persons go through God's world. Many pass through shut up inside a dark, dismal coach, with all the curtains drawn tight, themselves shut in, and all of God's joy and beauty shut out; others ride outside, and catch a glimpse of every fair and lovely thing by the way. They breathe the fresh air, hear the joyous songs of the birds, see the fields, brooks, rivers, mountains, and skies, and quaff delight everywhere.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

### The Find-the-Place Almanac.

#### TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Sept. 30, Sun.—Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.

Oct. 1, Mon.—God, the judge of all.

Oct. 2, Tues.—Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant.

Oct. 3, Wed.—Refuse not him that speaketh.

Oct. 4, Thurs.—Serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear.

Oct. 5, Fri.—Our God is a consuming fire.

Oct. 6, Sat.—Let brotherly love continue.