

But this was only the bony framework. It had not to be indued with the flesh and skin, so to speak. Everybody who was skilled in carpentry—and in the bush almost everybody learns to be so skilled—gave one, two, or more weeks' work, and before winter the church was covered in, and by spring it was nearly finished. Although not of very elaborate architecture, it was an object of great complacency to the entire community, and especially to those who had wrought upon it. Among these were several who had never previously shown any interest in Church matters, but who now became quite zealous in its secular concerns. They soon became more interested, also, in its religious worship, and were brought at last more immediately under the influence of the Gospel. Get a man to give or work for any object, and you have quickened his interest in that object forever.

(To be continued.)

"I AM JESUS CHRIST'S MAN."

THE beginning of Christian life is that a man should submit his whole heart and his whole being to the rule of Jesus Christ. When I was living in Africa, I had a very dear missionary friend, an American missionary. He was a very beautiful speaker of the language, so that when you heard his talk, you would feel that he really knew how. On one occasion he was speaking in a large crowd, in a great town of 60,000 people, a town which war has swept away; but when it was in full prosperity our American friends had a strong mission there, and Phillips was preaching in the market, and among the listeners stood a Mohammedan, who was conspicuous among the rest by wearing a turban. While my friend was speaking, this Mohammedan said,

"White man, stop."

Sometimes services in this country are monotonous; it is a one man ministry right through; it is not half so interesting as when a man or woman asks you a question. So my friend stopped, and the man said,

"My friend, write it down in your book that I am Jesus Christ's man."

That was his way of saying that he meant to be a Christian from that day. And years after, when the war had destroyed the town, and my friend was separated from his church, and there was no chance of getting up to see them, there came a spy to the coast, and he brought these words from that Mohammedan: "Try and find out Phillips, and when you find him, tell him I'm Jesus Christ's man yet."—*Thomas Champness.*

THE GENTLE SOUTH WIND.

"Now, Walter Harrison Ames, you get right out of that chair this minute, for that's my seat, and I want to sit there," and little Miss Rose, who looked like a snapdragon just then, tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat us calmly looking out of the window as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading at the other window, but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called the little snapdragon—though he did not use that name—to come to him, as he had a story to tell her.

A story was always a delight; and so the little changeable flower—almost a rose again—went instantly, and seated herself on a little bench at his feet.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going down town," he began, "I met a disagreeable north

wind, and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees, and break off the branches, but the branches were too strong for it, and wouldn't give way. Then it rushed at me, and blew my coat as hard as it could; and said in a gruff tone, as plain as wind can talk, 'Take off your coat quick; I won't wait.' But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and so just buttoned my coat up as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

"In the afternoon, as I came home, the south wind met me; and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first; and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, 'Open your coat, please; open your coat.' I opened it right away—every single button, for I was glad to get all the south wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which is my little girl—the stormy north wind, or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa," answered little Rose cheerily, as she went up to brother Walter, and kissed and patted him, and said, "Please let me have that chair, Walter dear!"

Brother Walter didn't say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught the little south wind up, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses, and scampered off to play.

A BOY'S BIBLE.

It is a good plan to begin the day by reading a few verses of God's word and by learning at least one verse by heart. Then we should go on our knees and ask him to lead and guide us all the day. In the reign of James II. a night watchman of the city of London came to a linen-draper who had a shop in Smithfield, and told him that he had frequently noticed of late, in looking through the keyhole, the light of a candle burning in his shop all the night through. He wanted to put him on his guard lest thieves might be making free with his goods while he was asleep. It turned out that the shopkeeper's apprentice—a boy called Newman, had been sitting up three nights a week trying to write out the whole Bible in shorthand. He was afraid, seeing that the power of popery was growing so fast, that soon no one would be permitted to have a printed copy of the Word of God, and he was determined to prepare a copy of his own which no one would be likely to take from him. The secret of happy days and of a good and useful life lies within those sacred pages, and any one may find it who searches for it earnestly and prays for the teaching of the Holy Spirit. It is reconciliation with God through faith in Jesus Christ as our Mediator and Advocate, "in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins," followed by a life of loving and faithful service.—*Rev. W. Park.*

GOUGH'S TOMBSTONE.

JOHN B. GOUGH requested that on his monument the following sentiment should be cut as part of the inscription: "I can desire nothing better for this great country than that a barrier high as heaven should be raised between the unpolluted lips of the children and the intoxicating cup; that everywhere men and women should raise strong and determined hands against whatever will defile the body, pollute the mind, or harden the heart against God and his truth." The sentence has been duly added to the stone.

It is a remarkable peculiarity with debts that their expanding power continues to increase as one contracts them.

A Banker's Eventful Journey—A True Incident.

BY MISS ELIZABETH G. DANIELLY.

ONCE in a western forest,
Where the thicket densely grew,
Where the golden light of heaven
Scarcely dared to struggle through,
There groped a weary traveller
Who had blindly lost his way
As the shade of night grew darker
And dispelled the light of day
Foul murders had polluted oft
This dismal, lone retreat,
And here had robbers banded
With their hidden, stealthy feet.
A thrill of horror darted
Through his wild and frenzied mind
As, in despair, no beaten road,
Or pathway could he find
At last a distant ray of light
His anxious eye discerned,
And, gladdened by this gleam of hope,
His faithful steed he turned.
He reached a wretched cabin,
Scarcely a fit abode for man,
Perhaps the den of robbers—
Oh, imagine, if you can,
His awe and strange emotion
As he neared the creaking door,
Where none, perhaps, but ruffians
Had ever knocked before.
'Twas opened by a woman
Who beheld him with surprise,
As the cause of his intrusion
She endeavoured to surmise.
She told him that her husband,
Who would presently return,
Had been out all day hunting
That a living he might earn;
But thought she'd give him shelter
From the wintry, chilling air,
She told him to unhitch his horse,
And offered him a chair.
He sat and mused in silence,
His alarm was very great,
He expected an encounter
And was doubtful of his fate;
For, hidden in his pockets,
There were bank-bills by the score,
Concealed about his person
Precious gems and valued ore.
At length the man, in deer-skin shirt,
And bear-skin cap attired,
The hunter came with weary tread,
For many a shot he'd fired.
As hours passed he silent sat,
Was in no talking mood,
And this, the anxious traveller thought,
Betokened naught of good.
He took his loaded pistols out
And placed them by his side,
Determined to sell dear his life,
Where braver men had died.
At last the old man drowsy grew,
And asked him to retire;
But no, he said he'd rather sit
All night before the fire.
"Well, stranger," then the old man said,
"I'll let you have your way;
But always, ere I go to bed,
I read God's Word and pray."
Then, stepping to a wooden shelf,
He reverently took down
A bible, dingy, old and worn,
And soon a chapter found.
The traveller was an infidel,
He scorned the Holy Book,
Its sacred counsel oft contemned,
Its paths of right forsook;
But what a change came o'er his mind!
How very calm he grew!
There was no reason for alarm
Now, this full well he knew;
That night he slept as still and sound
As 'neath his father's roof.
The sceptic was convinced at last,
Of this he soon gave proof;
For, from that long-remembered night,
He ne'er reviled again
The Holy Word, the "Book of Books,"
That none shall read in vain.
A Christian he at last became,
And often told the story
Of how his wayward steps were turned
From sin to God and glory.