

Such Gifts and Givers as God Loves.

In the beautiful island of Ceylon, many years ago, the native Christians, who had long worshipped in bungalows and old Dutch chapels, decided that they must have a house built for themselves. Enthusiastic givers were eager to forward the new enterprise. But to the amazement of all, Maria Peabody, a lone orphan girl, who had been a beneficiary in the girls' schools at Oodooville, came forward and offered to give the land upon which to build, which was the best site in her native village.

Not only was it all she owned in this world, but far more, it was her marriage portion, and in making the gift, in the eyes of every native, she renounced all hopes of being married. As this alternative in the East was regarded an awful step, many thought her beside herself, and tried to dissuade her from such an act of renunciation. 'No,' said Maria; 'I have given it to Jesus, and as He accepted it, you must.' And so to-day the first Christian house of worship in Ceylon stands upon land given by a poor orphan girl.

The deed was noised abroad, and came to the knowledge of a young theological student, who was also a beneficiary of the mission, and it touched his heart. Neither could he rest until he had sought and won the rare and noble maiden who was willing to give up so much in her Master's cause.

Some one in the United States had been for many years contributing twenty dollars annually for the support of this young native girl, but the donor was unknown. Dr. Poor, a missionary in Ceylon, visiting America about that time, longed to ascertain who was the faithful sower, and report the wonderful harvest.

Finding himself in Hanover, N.H., preaching to the students of Dartmouth College, he happened in conversation to hear some one speak of Mrs. Peabody, and repeated, 'Peabody; what Peabody?' 'Mrs. Maria Peabody, who resides here—the widow of the former professor,' was the answer. 'Oh! I must see her before I leave,' said the earnest man, about to continue his journey.

The first words after an introduction at her house were: 'I have come to bring you a glad report, for I cannot but think it is to you we, in Ceylon, owe the opportunity of educating one who has proved as lovely and consistent a native convert as we have ever had. She is exceptionally interesting, devotedly pious, and bears your name.'

'Alas!' said the lady, 'although the girl bears my name, I wish I could claim the honor of educating her; it belongs not to me, but to Louisa Osborne, my poor colored cook. Some years ago, in Salem, Mass., she came to me, after an evening meeting, saying: 'I have just heard that if anybody would give twenty dollars a year they could support and educate a child in Ceylon, and I have decided to do it. They say that along with the money I can send a name, and I have come, mistress, to ask you if you would object to my sending yours. At that time,' continued the lady, 'a servant's wages ranged from a dollar and a half a week, yet my cook had for a long time been contributing half a dollar each month at the monthly concert for foreign missions. There were those who expostulated with her for giving away so much for one in her circumstances, as the time might come when she could not earn. "I have thought it all over," she would reply, "and concluded that I would rather give what I can while I am earning, and then if I lose my health, and cannot work, why, there

is the poor house, and I can go there. You see they have no poor house in heathen lands, for it is only Christians who care for the poor.'"

In telling this story, Dr. Poor used to pause at this point, and exclaim: "To the poor house. Do you believe God would ever let that good woman die in the poor house? Never!"

The missionary learned that the last known of Louisa Osborne, she was residing in Lowell, Mass. In due time his duties called him to that city. At the close of an evening service, before a crowded house, he related, among missionary incidents, as a crowning triumph, the story of Louisa Osborne and Maria Peabody. The disinterested devotion, self-sacrifice and implicit faith and zeal of the Christian giver in favored America, has been developed, matured and well nigh eclipsed by her faithful protégé in far-off, benighted India. His heart glowed with zeal, and deeply stirred by the fresh retrospect of triumphs of the Gospel over heathenism, he exclaimed: 'If there is any one present who knows anything of that good woman, Louisa Osborne, and will lead me to her, I shall be greatly obliged.' The benediction pronounced, and the crowd dispersing, Dr. Poor passed down one of the aisles chatting with the pastor, when he espied a quiet little figure apparently waiting for him. Could it be? Yes, it was a colored woman, and it must be Louisa Osborne. With quickened steps he reached her, exclaiming, in tones of suppressed emotion:

'I believe this is my sister in Christ, Louisa Osborne?'

'That is my name,' was the calm reply.

'Well, God bless you, Louisa; you have heard my report, and know all; but before we part, probably never to meet again in this world, I want you to answer me one question. What made you do it?'

With downcast eyes, and in a low, trembling voice, she replied:

'Well, I do not know, but I guess it was my Lord Jesus.'

They parted only to meet in the streets of the New Jerusalem; for the missionary returned to his adopted home, where, ere long, the loving hands of the faithful native brethren bore him to his honored grave. The humble handmaiden of the Lord labored meekly on awhile, and ended her failing days, not in a poor house, verily, but, through the efforts of those who knew her best, in a pleasant comfortable old ladies' home. 'Him that honoreth Me, I will honor.'—'Life and Light.'

Our Ways.

(By Kate S. Gates, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'You hurt Walter's feelings, speaking as you did,' I heard Helen say to Tom, reproachfully.

'I can't help that,' answered Tom, rather sharply. 'It's my way to say just what I think.'

'I am well aware of that,' answered Helen, 'but I have often thought that it was a poor way, and if I were you I would try to change it.'

'I cannot very well make myself over,' said Tom, stiffly.

'Then, I suppose, if it was a man's natural disposition to steal he must give up to it and take anything he happens to want?'

'That's different entirely, Helen. Why don't you girls talk sense?' and Tom walked off, as though anxious to end the conversation.

As for me, I wondered if we were not all

inclined to feel that we are excusable for many of our short-comings because they are 'our way?'

What if it is natural for us to say just what we think, is it not often unkind? Is it always best?

You remember the story of the contest between the wind and sun? The wind thought to blow off a traveller's cloak, but the more he blustered, the harder he blew, the closer the man wrapped his garment about him.

Then the sun shone upon him, and soon the man put off not only his cloak but his coat.

There are times, certainly, when we must speak the plain, unvarnished truth, or be false to our best and highest self, but there are more times when a truth spoken gracefully and tactfully is far more effective and helpful. And as for our 'ways,' as Helen says, when they are not good ways it is much better to change them; it is our solemn duty, indeed. When a man buys a farm he does not say it is the natural way of this land to produce weeds, does he? No; he ploughs and enriches it, and sows good seed. The stronger the tendency to produce weeds, the more labor and pains he bestows upon it to insure a good crop. Ought it not to be so with us? The more faulty our ways and dispositions the more earnestly should we strive to change them.

I remember reading that among Mrs. Livingstone's papers was found this prayer: 'Take me as I am, and make me what Thou wouldst have me to be.'

Have we not all need to offer that prayer?

We can only bring ourselves as we are, but he, in his infinite love and power can make us what he would have us to be, if we will let him.

A Clergyman's Appreciation.

(To the Editor of the 'World Wide.')

Dear Sir,—I like the paper 'World Wide' extremely. In a country where so much is spent on literature, there cannot surely be any stern necessity for charging only two cents for such a paper as yours. It would doubtless be better to raise the price, and give it a more attractive look. I venture to think that the change would be acceptable to many readers.

Such an amount of good matter as appears in 'World Wide' should scarcely be published under five cents or (\$2.50 per annum) at least, if not at a higher rate.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed), A. Anstey Dorrell.

St. Alban's Vicarage,
Ashcroft, B.C.

When the circulation of 'World Wide' has been largely increased and the advertising revenue becomes sufficiently large to warrant it, both the publishers and readers of 'World Wide' will have the pleasure of seeing it on better paper. The present paper, however, is better and the type larger than that used for the 'Witness.'—Editor.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PROVERBS.

Nov. 3, Sun.—Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

Nov. 4, Mon.—Whom the Lord loveth he correcteth.

Nov. 5, Tues.—Be not afraid.

Nov. 6, Wed.—The Lord shall be thy confidence.

Nov. 7, Thur.—Withhold not good from them to whom it is due.

Nov. 8, Fri.—Devise not evil.

Nov. 9, Sat.—Enter not into the path of the wicked.