



BOARDING SCHOOL.

moisten. Mrs. Davis wept for joy, and her husband's frame shook with emotion. Tom Arnold had refused to be at any of the services which Mr. Mission used to hold in the house, but curiosity brought him to the church, and soon the familiar words of the Prayer Book made him think of old days, days of father-love and mother-love, and the thoughtless man was that day made to feel the power of the Gospel. The bishop explained how their church came to be built. He said that a kind-hearted gentleman sent him a cheque for \$500 to build a church in Logwood, the place he had preached about, and that he sent it because his little daughter had opened his eyes to the fact that he, and probably many others, were cruelly selfish, and did not realize it; that they sometimes were like the man in the Gospel, who simply spent his money on pulling down barns in order to build new ones. The bishop then went on to say that while this little church was being built, the dear child who had been the means of its building was attacked with diphtheria, and that God had taken her to Himself. Here the strange gentleman that had come with the bishop sobbed aloud. It was Helen's father, Mr. Redford. The bishop, continuing, said that the same gentleman, on the death of the dear child, had sent a bell for the little church and also a memorial font, which would now be set in its place. Workmen then opened the heavy box that had come with the bell, and carried into the church a handsome font. It bore the inscription: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise," and at the base was the simple word, "Helen."

Annie Davis gazed at this font many a day afterwards, and her mother at her confirmation, which took place in a few years from that time,

gently reminded her of her question: "Mother, what is a church?"

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GIRLS' boarding school! What a busy place it is! And what a noisy place it is, with a dozen or more pianos going, all the time! And what nice rooms the girls have, and what comfortable little beds to sleep on! But in India little girls are quite content to sleep on a little mat spread out on the floor. They sleep quite well this way, for, of course, the weather is hot. This has one advantage, for they cannot fall out of bed.

They might roll over on the floor, that is all. In the morning they don't have to make their bed. They simply roll it up and put it away. Then they sweep the floor and the room is "tidied up."

They often have this kind of bed in the East. You remember the Saviour used to say: "Take up thy bed and walk." That would be a very funny thing for us to do; but in the East it would be very easy. In the picture you see a little lady that has taken up her bed, and she is walking. These boarding schools in India are kept by missionaries, who are trying to teach the little girls to be Christians. This is the best way for missionaries to teach, for people are Christians in Canada because they were brought up that way.

THE ROBBERS' AUCTION.



WE have all heard instances of the power of the Bible over the hearts of men. But a gang of robbers! Who would have thought that in such a soil there was any chance of the seed of the Word springing up into life.

In the Black Forest of Germany—even now a wild and little-frequented region, there dwelt in its dark recesses, a hundred years ago, a band of lawless men who lived by plundering travellers. One night a strange scene took place in the den to which the robbers resorted. The flames of torches shed a lurid glare over a circle of fierce and almost savage faces, gathered together.

A man who seemed to be their leader stood in the middle holding article after article up before them, and then, after hoarse cries and shouts, tossing it to one and another of the