

## A LITTLE SAMARITAN.

## A TRUE INCIDENT.

On mighty London's crowded streets  
The rain was falling fast,  
And through each lane and thoroughfare  
Cold swept the wintry blast.

Slow omnibuses heavy rolled  
And crested carriage proud,  
While fast along the splashing street  
Hastened the busy crowd.

Too eager o'er their own affairs,  
That ever-changing throng,  
To see a ragged little boy,  
Who slowly crept along.

No coat the poor child's slender form  
Protected from the cold,  
While sad his youthful face its tale  
Of want and hunger told.

"'Tis strange," he muttered to himself,  
"Mong' all the folk I see,  
I have not met a single soul  
That seems to care for me."

As thus he sadly wandered on,  
With worn and weary feet,  
He saw an ill-clad little boy  
Run down the darkening street.

Who, stopping, said with pitying look,  
"The rain must wet you through;  
You have no coat, see mine is large,  
'Twill serve to shelter two!"

Glad to him came the shivering child.  
And round his shoulders bare  
Half of his little ragged coat  
He spread with anxious care.

Few, passing, on them turned to look,  
But few, the thought impressed,  
How noble was the heart that beat  
Within that ragged breast.

Small and unheeded here below.  
But angels far above  
Bent silent from their harps of gold  
To watch that act of love.

As in the Bible's page, that man  
Was blessed, who mercy showed  
To him whom others coldly left  
To perish by the road.

So God, who views our actions still,  
The evil and the good,  
Will bless the gentle deed of him  
Who hath done what he could.

*M. C. in Morning Rays.*

## SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS WHO HE WAS.

He was one of the very first foreign missionaries. He didn't have to go more than two hundred miles, nor did he have to sail. He did not go of his own accord. He was not ordained as missionaries are nowadays. He was not married when he started. Afterward he married one of the natives. She was a high-caste lady. Her name began with "A." He had two sons. Their names began with "M" and "E."

He never went back home—as missionaries nowadays do every ten years—but his father and his old friends and neighbors came to him to dine with him, and buy wheat of him.

If it had not been for him, it looks as if the whole world would have starved to death. The society that sent him out did not like him overmuch, and sent him on a mission to get rid of him. It was so strange; in a very few years every member of that society paid him a visit.

And now, who was this man?—*Pansy.*

## THE ROMAN SLAVE.

**B**LANDINA was a Roman slave girl; one of a down-trodden race, for whom life held little of love and less of pleasure. What marvel then when to her was made known the story of Jesus' love, that it filled her heart to overflowing with gratitude. Was it possible the Incarnate God Himself loved her? that He had stooped to a slave's death to redeem and bless the slave? Matchless grace! To her heart the name of Christ became exceedingly precious; but her fidelity was to be sorely tried. A fierce persecution of the Christians was then raging in Rome. Blandina was arrested. The delicate girl of sixteen was racked, scourged, and her flesh torn with iron hooks to induce her to deny her Redeemer. In vain. All that torture could wring from her was the repeated declaration: "I am a Christian!" "I am a Christian!" words which seemed to support her wonderfully. When exposed at last to be torn by wild beasts, a calm, sweet smile rested upon her face, and with the name of Christ upon her lips the poor slave passed home to the glory-land.

Dear young reader, the Bible speaks of all who are not God's children as being slaves to sin. What a dreadful fact! But the Lord Jesus died a slave's death to redeem the slave. Has he redeemed you? Are you one of the redeemed? Is His name precious to you as it was to this poor child, who could rejoice amid the bitterest suffering that she was "counted worthy to suffer shame for His name?" Are you ashamed of Jesus, or have you courage to confess His name by living a holy life to His honor and glory?—*Dayspring.*