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WHEN THE CHILDREN FALL ASLEEP.

When the day is past and over,
 With its labor and its play,
 When the little feet grow weary,
 And the toys are put away ;
 Like an angel in the gloaming,
 As the shadows round her creep,
 There is one who keepeth vigil
 When the children fall asleep.

For the faintest cry she listens,
 On her lips a tender prayer,
 For a mother's love is nearest
 To the love the angels bear.
 Some in simple-hearted gladness,
 Some in bitter tears to weep—
 Watch the mothers in the shadow
 When the children fall asleep.

When life's little day is over,
 When on us the shadows fall,
 Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father,
 Keeping vigil over all.
 Guard us through the vale of shadows,
 While the night is dark and deep ;
 Grant us calm and peaceful slumber
 When Thy children fall asleep.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

WE would like to tell our young readers the remarkable story of an African youth, as related by the Rev. Stephen Merritt, of New York, a well-known preacher and undertaker, but as it is long we can only give a brief summary of it.

Samuel Morris was a Kru boy. He was an African of the Africans—a pure negro—when Mr. Merritt knew him, about twenty years old. He was a resident of Liberia, where he was employed among Eng-

lish speaking people as a house painter, and where he first found the Lord. A young lady from the far West had offered herself to Bishop Taylor as a Missionary to Africa. Mr. Merritt, who was Bishop Taylor's Secretary, talked with her. He told her that if she would open her heart to receive the blessing which came upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost, she would be a success in Africa ; that the Holy Spirit would be her strength, wisdom, and comfort, and that her life would be a continual Psalm of praise in that dark continent. She heard and accepted, and departed, filled with the Spirit. She reached her African station, and settled down to her work, contented, blessed, and happy. This Kru boy heard of her, and walked miles to see her and talk about Jesus. She talked of the Holy Spirit till he was determined to know the Comforter divine. Journey after journey was made, and hour after hour spent in conversation on the subject, till at last she said, "If you want to know any more you must go to Stephen Merritt, of New York ; he told me all I know." "I'm going," he said ; "where is he?" She laughingly answered, "In New York!" She missed him ; he had gone. Weary miles lay between him and the ocean. As he reached the shore, a sailing vessel dropped anchor, and a small boat put ashore. He stepped up and asked the captain to take him to New York, and was refused with kicks and curses. He slept all night on the sand, and in the morning again made his request, urging it, and only giving as a reason, that he wanted to see "Stephen Merritt," till the captain, thinking to get work out of him, said to the crew, "Take this boy on board."

His ignorance of a vessel and the sea, brought him at first much trouble, but presently the spirit that was