

tune moments the unbidden and unwelcome stranger comes; and what is a ten million dollar palace worth when sickness creeps in at its windows, when death crowds in through its carved doors, strides across its costly carpets, invades its inner sanctuary, and drags away the one man for whose comfort and pleasure all this expenditure has been incurred, and makes him food for worms. Oh, how little is wealth worth in a dying hour. It cannot purchase ease, it cannot heal disease, it cannot bribe death.

The Saviour has said, "Woe unto you that are rich! for you have received your consolation;" and the apostle has said, "Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

A great railway king was on his dying bed, and when the stock markets of the land were trembling in the balance, and prices were rising or falling, with every rumor that came from the sick man's bed, he was saying to those around him, "Sing to me; sing,

'Come ye sinners, poor and needy.'"

Oh, how poor is the man who, in the dying hour, leaves millions behind and takes nothing with him. Blessed are they who lay up a good foundation against the time to come, who send on their wealth before them, and who make ready to be received into eternal habitations when earth's vain glories pass away like dreams.—*Presbyterian Record*.

Giving Willingly.

AT a missionary meeting held among the negroes of the West Indies three things were agreed upon: (1.) We will give something. (2.) We will give as the Lord has enabled us. (3.) We will all give willingly. As soon as the meeting was over a leading negro took his seat at the table with pen and ink to put down, as secretary and treasurer, what each came to give. Many came forward and gave—some more and some less. Among those who came was a comparatively rich old negro, almost as wealthy as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin.

"Take dat back again," said the secretary; "dat may be according to de first resolution, but it's not according to de second."

The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back again to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than he, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dar, take dat."

It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly that the sable secretary answered again, "No; dat won't do yet. It may be according to de first and second resolution, but it's not according to de last;" and he was obliged to take up the coin again.

Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table with a smile on his face and very willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer. "Very well," said the courteous but dignified official; "dat will do; dat's according to all de resolutions." —*The Missionary World*.

Answered Prayer.

THE Master said, "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" One would think not from the way we carry burdens, and worry over the affairs of the kingdom. Yet what infinite resources are at our command if we believe the words of Jesus: "If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it." Take this pertinent illustration. For months a lady has been needed to take the musical department of the Girl's High School at Aoyama, Japan. Missionaries were offering, but this want was not supplied. The branch secretary of one of the trans-Mississippi branches wrote the president: "This is a very pressing need; we must pray over it. No doubt there

are a hundred young ladies in our State who could fill the place, but unless God calls them they will not offer."

So they "took it to the Lord in prayer." While on her knees praying, one of them kept thinking of a young lady who belonged to her church, and was known as an unusually talented musician. Though she lived right across the street from her, they never had much acquaintance. The impression was so persistent that she sent for the young lady. On entering the parlor, she said: Miss D—, do you believe the Lord wants you to go to Japan as a missionary?" She gave a startled reply: "Did you know that I had answered the advertisement in the *Message*?" It seems in her anxiety to have this need filled Miss Rebecca Watson, of Japan, had sent a notice of it to the *Message*, the Chicago Training School paper. A friend sent it to Miss D—, and she had answered, saying, "Here am I, send me."

God had been calling her for a year, and her response was ready when the opening came. So while these women prayed and looked around God was answering, and the answer was nearer than they dared believe. All who love the Lord Jesus, and labor for him, have many such answers to prayer. Let us read again John xiv. 14, and go on to seek more earnestly than before, the things of that kingdom that shall have no end!—*World-Wide Missions*.

Thunderhawk.

BY MISS M. C. COLLINS, FORT YATES, N.D.

THUNDERHAWK says: "Your people are growing wiser all the time, and you teach the Bible so that when your men meet together they have something to talk about that makes them strong and *like men*." He said: "I want my people to learn to pray. I ask one thing, that is that you will not try to make me join the Church. I will attend the meetings, and will have all my people attend meeting, but I am an old man, and I have three wives, and I cannot marry either one. I tell you this so that no one can say that I deceived you.

"My first wife I took when she was fifteen and I eighteen. We are nearly sixty now. I loved her and she loved me—our hearts and minds are one. She never made my heart sad once in all these years, and I never spoke a harsh word to her. It would be like taking my own heart out to send her off. The other one was my brother's wife, and when he died he gave her to me. She is old, and helpless, and blind, and I feel that it would be unmanly to cast her off. There would be no one to take care of her. The last one has a high temper, always is disagreeable, hard to please, and causes me a great deal of trouble. I do not love her; but her husband was as fine a man as I ever knew. *He was my friend*. He was killed. He loved his wife, and his dying request was that I should take her and care for her. Because he loved her I have been kind to her, and I gave him my word, and so I do not want to break it. Now, this is something that I do not like to talk about, but I want to pray to God and to learn the Bible; and I want my children brought up in the light. Perhaps God will be merciful to me. I knew no better when I took these wives, and now I cannot sacrifice them for my own sake. Will you send us a Christian Bible teacher?" I answered him. He called me "niece"; so I said: "Uncle, I can see your side of the question. I will never try to force you to unite with the Church, but I shall try to teach you God's Word. I shall pray for you and shall do all I can to send some one to you to teach your people. I shall endeavor to teach my aunts, and we will ask God to show you what is right, and to give you strength to do the right thing. God's mercy is great. He knows all that is in your heart, and He pities you; but He wants to save your children from the same experience. I will see if our good friends can send us help, and I know God can help us." He arose and came forward, took my hand, and said: "You make my heart glad. I am an old man, and I shall not ask much more of the people; but I am not ignorant from choice, but because *no man has taught me God's laws*. I grew up without the Bible. Although many people had the light they left us in the dark, and I pray you to help us to learn to pray. My niece, I thank you. I shake hands with the people of your Church."—*A.M.A. Magazine*.