

One old man with tears in his eyes asked if it was not to late for him too repent and turn to God. Another wanted to know how it came that the white people knew so much more of God and of Jesus Christ than the Indians.

When the sachems and pawaws, away in the dense forest wilderness, would threaten him with all sorts of terrors if he would not stop teaching this new religion to the red men, they could not make him afraid. He would answer them : " I am about the work of the great God, and my God is with me, so that I neither fear you nor all the sachems in the country. I will go on, do you touch me if you dare.

He marched through the densest forests, and in and out amongst the wild and usually cruel Indians, trusting God to take care of him, and He always did. He did not mind if he was tired, for was he not a soldier? " I have considered the word of God," he said, " Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Though his income was never large, he loved to live very plainly and to give liberally whenever he saw need.

One day the parish treasurer was paying him part of his salary which was due. Now this good man knew that very likely Elliot would give away a large part of it before he got home. He had an idea that he would like to hinder this, and fix things so that the money should all get safe into Mrs. Elliot's hands. So he took the handkerchief in which the missionary was going to carry it, and tied the corners so very tight that he thought in his own mind as he saw Mr. Elliot going away, that it would not be easy for him to get any out of it this time.

On his way home he called to see a sick and poor family, and told them to cheer up, for God had sent them help. Being welcomed with tears of gratitude, he began to untie the knots. After trying and trying again to no purpose, he gave it up in happy despair, and handed the whole parcel over to the poor mother, saying : " Here my dear, take it, I believe the Lord means it all for

you." Perhaps the next time the church treasurer would not tie it up quite so tight.

When he got quite too spent to go after his beloved Indians, he got the settlers to send him some of their negro slaves, that he might still be telling the good news that made his own heart glad, to those who needed joy and peace as much as he. He lived till he was 86, and fell asleep at last with the words upon his lips : " Welcome joy."

A STORY OF FRENCH WORK.

Many years ago a fine young Frenchman, a Roman Catholic, was in the employ of a farmer from whom he got a New Testament. When the time of his engagement came to a close the good old man took him into the barn, and said " Anthony, before we part would it not be well to kneel down and ask God's blessing. The young man readily assented. Both knelt and prayer was offered. On rising there was a warm shaking of hands and farewell.

Years rolled on. The young man married and settled. The prayer in the barn was never forgotten. The book of God was consulted. The heart was touched. The young Roman Catholic became a bold witness for Christ, and now, among his children and grandchildren, sixty nine in all, there are missionaries, medical men, lawyers, teachers, and manufacturers, all wielding an influence for good and many of them the means of bringing souls to Christ.

The starting point of all was a barn, a prayer, a Testament given. How much of good a little act may do. What are you doing young readers for Christ?

SOMEBODY.

Somebody did a golden deed ;
Somebody proved a friend in need ;
Somebody sang a beautiful song ;
Somebody smiled the whole day long ;
Somebody thought, " 'Tis sweet to live ;"
Somebody says, " I'm glad to give ;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight ;
Somebody lived to shield the right.

—Sel.