

for his boyish friends—little boxes and ornaments.

Afterwards he learnt to work in metal, studying the different processes of softening, annealing and soldering, thus in his early days showing that earnestness in study and directness of purpose which afterwards enabled him to gain so eminent a position amongst the famous engineers of his country.

Why Did You Not Tell me Sooner?

(By Belle V. Chisholm.)

Robert Fulton lay on his death bed. All the years of his young manhood had been devoted to business and pleasure. He had served the world well, but now in this supreme hour of his existence it could bring him no comfort, no ease from racking pain.

'He has but one chance in a hundred—scarcely one. He may live two or three days—a week—but is liable to drop off at any moment. If he has any business to attend to, he had better settle it at once.'

This information the doctor imparted to the sick man's brother Walter, after leaving his patient's bedside.

'Any business to be settled,' replied Walter sadly, after the doctor's departure. 'Poor Bob! I am afraid he has the most important business of his life to transact yet—a business, too, that should not be crowded into a few hours or days for settlement.'

Tarrying a moment at the sick chamber door to gain control of his feelings, Walter went in to break the sad tidings to his waiting brother.

'Well!' exclaimed Robert inquiringly, as he gave his brother a searching look.

'Poor brother! I fear your case is really desperate,' Walter began, making an effort to keep the quiver out of his voice. 'The doctor says you have only one chance in a hundred; that your time may be very short, perhaps only a few hours or days.'

Receiving only a startled look for answer, he resumed.

'You have a very important work to perform now, Robert. Are you prepared for death?'

'No, I am not,' answered Robert in a frightened voice. 'No, no, I was certain I should recover. No, I am not prepared to die; but if there is really no hope, if I must go, I want to get ready, I am prepared for living, for almost any other emergency, but oh! not for death! not for death!'

Pausing a moment for breath, he went on eagerly:

'If I must die, Walter, tell me in the plainest words you can command, just what I must do to be saved. Make it plain, brother—plain enough for a child to understand. Remember I am dying, and unprepared—unprepared for an eternity of living. Oh, brother, I have forgotten the way—forgotten the lessons we learned together at our mother's knees.'

Fastening his eyes on his brother's face, Robert listened with intense interest to the old, but ever new, sweet story of redeeming love, and his pressing duty of immediate acceptance of the salvation so freely offered. Then, in a voice trembling with emotion, he asked:

'Why did you never talk this way to me before? Why did you, a Christian brother, allow me to come to this hour—this dying hour—unwarned, unprepared?'

'Oh, Robert, I have often longed to plead with you to come to Jesus, but a cowardly fear kept me from the performance of my duty,' answered Walter. 'I cannot tell you how much I now regret my cowardice. If I only had my life to live over again, one year of it, or even a single month of the past, I would not neglect you or others dear to me as I have done.'

'I wish you had come to me with this

message months ago, in the days before my weakness made a child of me for the second time,' said Robert.

'Perhaps I would have resented it; perhaps then, as now, I would have insisted upon waiting until I was sure of having to leave my earthly business before making preparations for the long, long journey heavenward. But, Walter, never let another friend come to this hour without having sounded the note of warning. A death-bed is no place to bring the work of a lifetime. Tell the boys, everywhere, from me, not to allow the business and pleasures of life to crowd out the more important work of preparing for eternity. I must leave all behind now, and go out alone into the great beyond.'

'Not alone, brother, if Jesus goes with you,' said Walter, tenderly.

'I hope he will, Walter; but, oh! I am not sure—I am not sure. It seems that I know so little of his love; I am a stranger to him.'

'Cling, cling to him with all your strength,' pleaded Walter. 'Remember that he is able to keep you—able to save to the uttermost.'

'Oh, yes; but the weakness is mine, and the time is so short,' returned Robert. 'Tell others—tell them in time. I hope, but, oh! how can I know I am in earnest? I am not sure, and a whole eternity hangs on my sincerity. Tell the boys—Christ first; afterwards, business, pleasure—Christ first.'—*The Lutheran Observer.*

Gave up his Place for Christ's Sake.

A bright, open-faced boy, whom we know, applied for a place in a business house some two or three years ago. He looked so good and so true that, although there was no pressing need for him in the store, the proprietor decided to try to make a place for him. With that end in view he began to enquire into his past.

'Where did you last work?' was the question asked. The boy gave the name of a prominent business house, and when asked why he left, said, 'I would prefer not to answer, but I left for what I think was a good reason.'

'Well,' said the merchant, 'I do not see that I can take you, as you have no references.'

'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'I have references; I have one in my pocket now, from the firm I have been with.' It read something like this: 'To whom it may concern; We heartily recommend the bearer, —, as a young man of high ability, good habits, and as being thoroughly industrious and competent. He leaves of his own accord, foolishly, we think, although we have nothing whatever, to say against him, and have allowed him to give our name as reference.'

'Well,' said the merchant, 'are you willing I should go and inquire about you of your former employer?' The boy looked him steadily in the eye and said, 'Yes, sir.' 'All right,' said the merchant, 'you can call on me the day after to-morrow.' As soon as the boy was out of the office this man decided to at once find out the reason why such a bright, honest-looking boy should be out of work after having been connected with such a large and prosperous concern and being able to command so high a recommendation from them. On going to this place of business he showed the letter the boy had given him and asked for an explanation. The reply was, 'We meant just what we said in that letter. He is the best boy we ever had, and is well qualified for almost any position in the store.'

'Then why did you let him go?' was asked.

'Simply because we at certain times want our clerks to work on Sunday; we had no thought that he would not be willing to do so, and told him among the rest that he would be required to work at least half the day last Sunday. All the rest cheerfully acquiesced, as we supposed they would, but this boy said he could not do it. When asked why he could not do it, he said it was because he did not think Christ would want him to. We urged him, but to no purpose. He was well liked all through the store, and one after another talked with him and even coaxed him to promise to come, but nothing could change his mind. For the sake of the discipline and the effect on the others we then had to tell him at once that he was discharged. We wrote a line to his mother who we knew was entirely dependent on what he earned. We received a very courteous letter from her, full of appreciation of our kindness to the boy while he was here, but she positively declined to have the boy

work on Sunday. Although he was worth any two boys in the store we had to let him go. You see we are sometimes obliged to work on Sunday in order to keep up with the work. But if you want a good boy, that's the boy to get; for you can't find a better.'

This was enough for the merchant who made the inquiry. When the boy came the following morning he was promptly given a position, and he has steadily grown in the estimation of his employer ever since. Not only that, but his Christian life has grown. He is growing up a strong, earnest, active Christian. God has honored his loyalty to the Sabbath day and to the Christ whom he has chosen as his Master.—*Union Gospel News.*

Correspondence

Dear Children,—Your editor is wondering where you all are this summer, and why you don't write more letters. Surely some of you are having jolly times in your holidays, and would like to tell us all about it. Don't be afraid of making your letter too long if you have something interesting to say. We have to-day a letter from a little girl in India. Her father is a missionary, and writes to us to thank somebody, he doesn't know who it is, who sends him a package of 'Messengers' every week. He says they are enjoyed by the W. C. T. U. in Ootacamund, and also given to people in the Hospital and Workhouse. Isn't it nice to hear that Christian women in India have temperance unions just as they have in this country? You will notice that Elsie's letter is written like a little story, and tells how people go up the Niligiri Ghauts, mountains in the south of India, to Ootacamund, which is seven thousand feet above the plains. She does not tell us what kind of a cart a tonga is; but she seems to have enjoyed her long ride very much.

A JOURNEY TO THE NILIGIRI GHAUTS.
'Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air.'

—Tennyson.

'My, how hot it is!' Yes, that is generally the greeting Mettupalaym gets in the hot weather. But the question is, shall we go up the Ghauts, to Ootacamund, by tonga or bullock-cart? If by bullock-cart we start at half-past three or four o'clock this evening and jog along till we reach Ooty at a time varying between eight and eleven o'clock in the morning, and some do not like sleeping in a cart. On the other hand, if we go by tonga, we are carried up the thirty miles in three or four hours, with rattle and bang enough. The sooner we get to Ooty, the better; the sun is roasting me, is all you can say. 'Then we go by tonga; ah, here is our man!' 'See, for how much can you take us up the Ghauts by tonga?' Then ensues a lot of bargaining. At last all is settled. Then comes the question, 'What time do you start?' 'In about half an hour,' says the stout, business-like native you have been addressing, pulling out a huge silver watch. 'When it gets hot enough,' you mutter to yourself in a disgusted undertone. But it is not so bad after all, you can at least have breakfast and a rest before you start. How refreshing the breakfast-room is after the glare and the heat of the platform. You order breakfast and a glass of iced lemonade and prepare to enjoy yourself. When you have almost finished the 'tonga-man' puts his head in at the door and announces that the tonga is ready to start. You jump up and in a minute are ready to be off. Off the horses go at a half-trot, half-gallop, up the sloping road that twists and winds to Cornoor and thence to Ooty, farther and farther behind we leave the bamboos and palm trees. A sort of freshness steals into the air and the horses stop. This is the first changing-place of horses. Gradually the scenery grows grander. Hills rise up grandly, their tops and sides encased in mist. Water-falls, like silver threads in the distance, fall down rocky precipices; streams trickle refreshingly through banks of ferns and moss, and you are chiefly engaged in watching the scenery and strings of carts and men till you reach Cornoor. Now you are looking out for Kaiti valley. The tonga driver does not share your interest in Kaiti. He drives just as fast as ever, but still you have just as long a time as you need; although, not as you want. So the talk is generally about Kaiti till you arrive in Ooty, where you are as cool as you want. Now you have had your journey up the Ghauts, and you are likely to remember it for many a day.

ELSIE R. McL., age ten.