

would have to make your own way, just as you did now."

"But I don't go to Mrs. Root's very often. Perhaps I shan't go there again for a great while and perhaps the gate will be fixed then."

"I mean, my boy, that I was thinking of the times which will come to you as you go on in life, when they will seem hard for you, and you will have to work it out alone. Now God has given you your strong active body and your bright mind, and expects you to use them. When you cannot do a thing one way by the powers of your body, you call on the powers of your mind to tell you of some other way, just as you did in getting into Mrs. Root's yard when you could not open the gate."

"Yes, I had to think it out," said Johnny, brightly.

"I was much pleased at seeing that you did not give it up when you met with a difficulty. A boy who brings his best thought and power to the overcoming of an obstacle will be sure to make his way.

SEVEN LITTLE CHRISTIANS.

Many years ago, in one of the villages of Turkey, a missionary sold a Bible, which fell into the hands of a little boy, a pupil in one of the large native schools, but when his teacher learned of it, he took it from him and tore it to pieces. The little fellow had already become so interested in the sweet Bible stories, that he was eager to learn more about David and Samuel and Joseph, and could not be satisfied until he had another copy of the book. He used to go off into some quiet place in the field or the vineyard to read, all by himself at first, but the secret was too good to keep, and he whispered it to one and another of his friends among the boys, until the little circle of readers numbered seven.

In some way the teacher again found out the secret, and calling the school together he angrily demanded that all the boys who

had been reading "the leper Bible," as he called it, should stand up.

Trembling, the little readers hesitated a moment, but their book had told them "Whosoever will confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven," and one after another they rose to their feet.

"What shall we do with them?" cried the angry teacher. "The bastinado is too good for them."

Do you American boys know what that meant? One way in which the boys in that school was punished was to lay them bound on the floor, with their feet turned upward, and to beat them with sharp blows on the soles of their feet until they were so sore and blistered that the little fellows could only crawl home on their hands and knees. That was the punishment that the teacher thought too good for the boys who would read the Bible that is so dear to us.

"What shall we do with them?" he asked again, and at last some one suggested, "Let us spit in their faces!" "That is just the thing," said the teacher; and so the seven little boys were made to stand in a row and their two hundred school-mates, with their teacher at their head, passed in front of them, spitting in their faces as they passed.

The poor boys hung their heads with mortification, and when, as the last one of the procession had passed by, the teacher cried out, "Now sing one of our national songs," they could not join. "Why don't you sing?" asked the teacher. "Oh, we will, if you will let us sing one of our own songs," they replied, and their fine young voices sang out the sweet words which they had heard as they listened at the door of the mission chapel:

"Must Jesus bear His cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me."

To those who would not deny the truth the Lord Jesus had given strength to bear the cross.—"Over Land and Sea."