

Mr. Hardy learned that the youth had come to this country as an inquirer after Christian truth, he became father to him, and sent him to Phillips Andover Academy and to Amherst College. The young man professed Christianity, and his progress as a student was wonderful. On the arrival of the Japanese Embassy in this country he said, "I will go to Washington to preach the truth to them."

His name was Neesima. He took the name of Joseph Hardy Neesima. He died in 1890, at Oiso, Japan, and was mourned by all classes as a prophetic soul, and one of the foremost and most enlightened men of the kingdom.

Japan is a country of schools, but Neesima founded there one of the most remarkable universities of the age, the Doshisha of Kyoto. It comprises twenty buildings, with accommodations for seven hundred students. It has become one of the most powerful Christian institutions of the East.

The story of Neesima seems almost like the star-led journey of the Magi. It shows the mysterious leadings of a soul bent upon a high purpose. Multitudes of men and women have been led by an inward conviction of duty to go to heathen lands as Christian teachers, but in Neesima we have the singular case of a heathen who was led by a conviction of duty to seek instruction in Christian lands on this side of the sea.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### THE POWER OF GOD'S WORD.

**I** HAVE a friend, said the speaker, who was converted under very peculiar circumstances. He was a soldier in the late war. His arm was shot off in a battle, he was taken prisoner and placed in the officers' hospital in Richmond. In his knapsack was a New Testament placed there by his mother. It had been with him through all his campaigns, but, alas, unopened. Now, as he lay on his comfortable cot, with his arm gone, and the painful wound troubling him, he thought of his little book. He took it out and read it. He read it through, and then began and read it over. He had nothing else. He was shut up to God's Word. The truth made its appeal to him, and not in vain. He decided that he would be a Christian, but had not arrived at the point of surrendering himself to God, when one night an attendant in the hospital came to his couch and said, "I wish you would get up at once and come to a young man who is dying; he wants some one to pray for him."

"You are mistaken," was the reply, "I am not a praying man."

"Why, I saw you reading your Testament all the time, I thought you were. But come anyway," begged the attendant, "I am a wicked man myself, and the nurses are not used to this kind of thing; do come, for I

I can't stand the pleading of that poor boy. For God's sake come and say something to him."

Thus importuned the officer arose and followed the man to a cot in a corner of the hospital. There, stretched out on his dying bed, he saw a blue-eyed, fair-haired young lad of seventeen. He looked up as they approached, and said, "I have a good mother, I had good training and instruction at home and Sunday-school, but when I joined the army I fell into bad company; I learned to swear, drink, gamble, and do what the worst did. Now I am dying. I am not fit to die and meet God. Won't you pray for me?" The officer hesitated but a moment, and then the voice of God seemed to say, "You must give up some day, why not now? Get down on your knees and pray for forgiveness for yourself, and then pray for this poor boy." He obeyed. He pleaded the merits of the Crucified in his own behalf and then for the dying lad. When he rose from his knees, he clasped the hand of the dead. The spirit had fled. "But," said the officer, "I know God answered one part of my prayer, and I believe, when I get to heaven, I shall find he answered the other."—*Sel.*

#### A MORNING'S OUTING IN GUATEMALA.

**A** BRIGHT morning in early November, the most charming time imaginable for a little journey in Guatemala, finds us ready to start, and what is very remarkable, at the hour appointed, the coach or diligencia is at the door. We stow ourselves away in one little corner, for there is always sure to be one more than the vehicle can well carry. With a shout from the driver, a grand flourish of a long whip, our team of two horses and three mules finally move the great lumbering, old-fashioned coach, and we are off. The air is exhilarating, and once outside the city, we speed along, all too fast to see one-half of the interesting sights.

At this early hour we meet groups of Indians and *Ladinos* from the little villages, going to the city market. They carry fruit, corn, vegetables, charcoal and the like, on mule-back, put up in *redes* or twine-bags made something like fish-nets. One wonders why the coal and smaller fruits do not fall through the meshes, but the secret lies in the packing just right, and every Indian understands that. Those who do business on a smaller scale, carry their loads on their backs. When this load is a great bundle of hay, completely hiding the Indian, as often happens, one seems to see the hay walking all by itself!

The women are not exempt from carrying heavy loads, but they carry them on their heads in large, flat baskets. Perhaps this is because there is generally a baby to be carried