

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

Thirteen years ago, in one of the villages of Cambridgeshire, lived a young man, working as a blacksmith. Clever at his trade, and a favourite among his companions, he was yet a stranger to the grace of God. Fond of the social glass, and the necessary accompanying pleasures, he might soon have been as thousands of others on the highroad to ruin, had not God in much mercy answered special continued prayer for him, and William Rudlands passed from death unto life. Then came the decided stand for Christ, and the consequent ridicule from young companions. A fortnight after, standing on a heap of stones by the roadside, he preached that faith he had by his life denied, and was soon employed in active home mission work. Then being invited by his faithful friend, Miss Annie Macpherson (whose name is now so well known in this country), he joined her in London in 1866, having resolved to dedicate himself to the foreign field.

Going with her one Sunday afternoon to a Bible reading for young men, he laid his hand on the shoulder of a passing youth and invited him to join

them. He did so with some reluctance, and then merely for the fun of upsetting the class with his ready wit. But God had other intentions for the careless one. The seed was sown it seemed on the wayside, and William Rudlands sailed for China accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Jaylon, in the *Lammermuir*, June 1866.

The record of his nine years' labour may be told in a future number—but broken down in health he landed on our shores for rest last autumn, there to find the good seed had taken root, and George Clarke having become an earnest Christian and worker, had also resolved to dedicate himself for the Lord's work among "China's millions." He sailed last July for Szechuen, a province containing twenty-seven millions, with no Protestant missionary!

Some of your readers may know him personally, as for two years he attended Woodstock College, and otherwise helped in our mission work. Will you plead for him and for his early friend, that great grace may be upon them, and many believe and turn unto the Lord through their word.

E. A. B.

Children's Treasury.

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GIVE."

There's a funny tale of a stingy man

Who was none too good, but might have been worse,

Who went to his church on a Sunday night,

And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging plate,

The church was but dim with the candle's light;

The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,

And chose a coin by touch and not sight.