

treated kindly. He was taught to be a Christian, and was baptized in 1825, under the name of Samuel Crowther, a clergyman living then in London, England. He was educated by the Church Missionary Society, ordained in 1843, and sent to do missionary work in Africa. Here he proved himself so successful that, in 1864, he was appointed and consecrated bishop of the Niger Territory.

While travelling about in his diocese, preaching the words of Jesus, he unexpectedly found his mother and sister, from whom twenty-five years before, he had been sold into slavery. This was a happy meeting for those two poor African women! Their poor little slave boy had become a bishop in the Church of God.

Many people will feel great regret at the death of Bishop Crowther, for he had a great many friends in England. Whenever he visited there the people, some of the highest in the land, made a great deal of him; but the bishop was always modest and retiring, showing to all that wherever he might be his heart was in Africa among his benighted countrymen. In his work he was always brave, and would meet savage kings and chiefs like a true Apostle. More than once he was seized, and his life placed in great danger, but God preserved him through it all, till at last, on the 31st of December last, it pleased Him in His infinite wisdom to call him to Himself.

THE SLED THAT WON THE GOLDEN ARROW.

ON a cold day recently a lady looked from a window down to the sidewalk and she saw a little girl and a little boy. The girl had a broken sled, and on the sled a board that fell off unless it was held.

Well, the little girl held the board just right, and made a quick jump and got on it, so that the board stayed in its place; then she got off and told the little boy to jump on.

He jumped. The board tipped and the little boy fell on the sidewalk. The little girl picked him up, and brushed off the snow. Then the lady at the window heard the girl say: "Try again, Joe! That was too bad. Sister is sorry. She will hold the board this time." So the board was again put on the broken sled, and held until Joe was safely on it.

"Now, sit still, Joe, and I'll give you a nice sleigh ride," said the little girl. And then she picked up the rope and pulled. Up flew Joe's feet and he fell backward; but he was not hurt much, and, after another brushing, the girl said, "Now sit with your feet to the back; you can't tumble off that way."

But he did. Only that time he fell on his face. Next he sat sideways, with his feet hanging over part of the runner. In this way he

went safely a little distance and then board and boy again upset.

The good sister tried a dozen times to give Joe a ride, but every time the broken sled threw him off. Still the little girl was patient and kind, and spoke gently, and took good care of her little brother. When they went away the lady opened the window and sent a big boy to follow them, and told him to come back and tell her where they lived.

That same day she went out and bought a strong and pretty sled. Its name was "Golden Arrow." Then she went to the house where the little girl lived and asked for the little girl who had been trying to give her little brother a ride that morning.

"Julia! Julia!" called her mother, "here is a lady asking for you."

Julia ran to the gate.

"You were trying to draw a little boy on the sidewalk in front of my house this morning," said the lady.

"I watched you, and you were so sweet and patient that I wanted to make you a present. And I have at my house a new sled for you, if you will come and get it."

Julia was soon at the lady's house with Joe and three other little brothers, and the "Golden Arrow" made five children happy many days.

SHARPENING HIS PENCILS.

IN the story of his life Mr. Sydney Cooper, R.A., says that when a little lad though he had got his pencils he had no means of getting them sharpened, for he did not possess a knife. So he was forced to ask strangers to cut his pencils for him.

One day a very serious-looking man sauntered by with his hands clasped behind his back. I said to myself, "That's a priest." In those days the boys called all the parsons priests, and I could see that he was a clergyman of some sort. When he had got a few yards away I gained courage and ran after him, calling out, "Sir, sir!"

He turned round and said, "What, my boy?" "Please, sir, have you a knife?" "Yes, my little man," said he, "What do you want?"

I told him and he cut all my pencils—twelve—and then coming up to the coping where I was established, he looked at my drawing. "Very good, my boy," he said and passed on.

Immediately a door opened near me, and out came a little man with powdered hair, and attired in nankeen breeches and a blue velvet coat with metal buttons; and poking his little nose through the railing, asked me what that gentleman had said to me. "Nothing," I answered.