

what about the size of a small egg, and he thereupon proceeded with wonderful accurate aim, to mark us down with these projectiles. He generally contrived to throw one into a mouth, if it happened to be open, or, failing that, just between the two eyes! Of course we did not see each other's danger or our own, for we kept our eyes devoutly closed, and so the marksman was able to take us one after the other. Me he took nearly last of all. With my hat in my hands, I had just opened my mouth in prayer, when, lo and behold, it was neatly and tightly plugged, so forcibly distended with the mass of stuff that had been skillfully thrown that I could neither shut my mouth nor eject the missile! Of course I instantly opened my eyes and found everyone around me convulsed with laughter! The boy was gone. 'Who did it?' At last I heard a voice say, 'It was Charlie Jackson,' but he had gone home. I confess that if I had had Charlie Jackson at that moment in a quiet corner, I felt I could have given him a bit of my mind.

Suffice it to say that I forthwith hurried home, as did also the others. We could not go on for every face of those who accompanied me bore some mark of Charlie Jackson's successful bombardment. Someone fetched me a glass of water, but it was only after a lot of rinsing that I at length got my mouth quite clear and could articulate distinctly again.

Oh, how delicious a cup of tea was that evening! How tired we all were, and how gloomily we asked each other, Was there any use in holding these open-air meetings? But I had not time for discouragement. In an hour I had to meet my great class of rough lads, many of them costermongers. I duly met my class and held my meeting. Some of the older lads told me how sorry they were that they could not have been by my side to help me in the afternoon. The class was dismissed, when I noticed lingering behind a lad somewhat smaller than the rest and rather more raggedly dressed. In a sheep-faced kind of way he sidled up to where I stood. He was a stranger to me, and evidently quite a new-comer, but before I could have asked him a question he blurted out, 'I wouldn't have done it, sir, if I had know'd it was you.' 'What have you done?' I asked. 'Well, sir, it was a fine lark; but I'm glad you ain't hurt.' It dawned upon me that perhaps this was the young hero of the afternoon's discomfiture. 'What!' I said, sternly, 'are you Charlie Jackson?' 'My, sir!' and he started back, 'How did yer know it was me?' This was the beginning of a more intimate acquaintance. It was continued for many months, until at length I got to know all the circumstances of Charlie's life. They were, spite of his merriment and mischief, sad enough. However, it all ended in this, that my old assailant finally became an inmate of the Home, then in its infancy, at Stepney Causeway. Time falls me to tell all his history there, which, though uneventful in outward incident, was full of fruitful years. Suffice it to say that Charlie, when about sixteen years of age, became a true-hearted and earnest follower of Christ. He became possessed, too, of a consuming zeal for the conversion of others. His enthusiasm was simply contagious; it could not be resisted. He became a leading evangelist among his fellows. I think I had at one time in the Home as many as fifty boys, every one of whom, I venture to say, was a truly converted lad, who knew the power of the regenerating Spirit, and all of whom had been brought to a knowledge of Christ through the influence of Charlie Jackson's life and work among them.

It was his constant desire to go abroad

as a missionary. How to accomplish this end I knew not, for at that time there was much less facility than there is at the present time for placing out comparatively uneducated men in the mission field. But at last I succeeded in getting Charlie a situation as personal servant to a Christian officer, who took him to India. That officer was not on ordinary regimental duty, and lived almost wholly in the Madras Presidency. There he, being himself a very sincere Christian and a large-spirited man, lost no opportunity of bringing the Gospel before all whom he met, whether they were natives or English people of his own rank in life.

Under such a master and such auspices Charlie Jackson's usefulness increased more and more. I am sorry to say, however, that poor Charlie Jackson's usefulness was cut short, after about five years' residence in India, through typhoid fever. I was not surprised to find that his master mourned for him as for a brother in Christ and a fellow-laborer.

Power of the Word.

Mr. Spurgeon once told a story in connection with his friend, Mr. Brownlow North, the pleasure of whose friendship had been great to him in years past:

'Before conversion he was a thorough man of the world, and, I suppose, about as frivolous and dissipated as men of his station and character often are. After his conversion he began to preach the gospel with great fervor, and certain of his old companions were full of spite against him, probably considering him to be a hypocrite.

'One day when he was about to address a large congregation, a stranger passed him a letter, saying, 'Read that before you preach.' This letter contained a statement of certain irregularities of conduct committed by Brownlow North, and it ended with words to this effect, 'How dare you, being conscious of the truth of all the above, pray and speak to the people this evening when you are such a vile sinner?'

'The preacher put the letter into his pocket, entered the pulpit, and after prayer and praise, commenced his address to a very crowded congregation; but before speaking on his text, he produced the letter, and informed the people of its contents, and then added: "All that is here said is true, and it is a correct picture of the degraded sinner that I once was; and oh, how wonderful must be the grace that could quicken and raise me up from such a death in trespass and sins, and make me what I appear before you to-night, a vessel of mercy, one who knows that all his past sins have been cleansed away through the atoning blood of the lamb of God! It is of his redeeming love that I have now to tell you, and to entreat any here who are not yet reconciled to God to come this night in faith to Jesus, that he may take their sins away and heal them."

'Thus instead of closing the preacher's mouth by this letter, the enemy's attempt only opened the hearts of the people; and the Word was with power.'—'Pacific Ensign.'

What to Teach Boys.

A philosopher has said that true education to boys is to 'teach them what they ought to know when they become men.'

1. To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true, genuine in intention and in action—rather than be learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things teach boys

that truth is more than riches, more than earthly power or possessions.

2. To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however poor or however rich—he has learned the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.—'Parish Visitor.'

A Text for Every Day.

At Christodora House, No. 147 Avenue B, New York, it is the custom on Sabbath afternoons to give each girl and each child a little brown envelope in which are seven type-written texts and promises of God; one for every day in the week. These little packages of heavenly manna are carried through the week by girls whose parents would not allow a Bible to enter their doors. Indeed, one girl who has learned to love these texts, not long ago asked for a Bible and carried it home. It was promptly put into the fire by her mother, who refused to have the volume in the house. Small cash girls in the great stores; young women working in the factories; others going about their housework, live by these dear and beautiful fragments of God's Word. Every settlement worker has her little package of promises, too, and they are mailed to all our helpers in the different colleges, so that there are a great many people in different ranks of life and different occupations who day by day have the same text to cheer and help them.

It happened during the Christmas holidays that one little girl employed in a large Sixth avenue shop had the misfortune to break a glass. She said: 'When that glass fell and broke I knew that its cost was a dollar and a half, and I was so frightened that everything around me grew dark for a moment; I was faint. I said, "I can never afford to pay for that, and how shall I dare tell my mother?" Then my little text for the day came into my mind, "I will trust and not be afraid," and I remembered that God would take care of me and that he was able to do everything I needed. So I kept saying that over and over to myself, and by-and-by they sent for me to come to the desk, and they did not charge it. They said, "This is a very busy time, and the store is crowded, and you are generally careful, so we will not charge it against you." Then I knew that God had taken care of me.'

What are we to do unless we live always resting on the divine care, always leaning on the divine hand? Do not let us begin any day without a little love feast with the Word of God; do not let us go to sleep any night without a promise for our pillow.—Aunt Marjorie in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Aug. 25, Sun.—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

Aug. 26, Mon.—Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Aug. 27, Tues.—The Lord is nigh unto them that are broken in heart.

Aug. 28, Wed.—The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants.

Aug. 29, Thur.—Trust in the Lord and do good.

Aug. 30, Fri.—Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him.

Aug. 31, Sat.—The meek shall inherit the earth and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.