

few miles of their home, the sun went down and a dark stormy night closed about them. They lost the path, and Hilga's father was in despair. He had never learnt to trust in God. About a year before, a Swedish minister had visited them, and talked to the little girl about Christ, and given her a Bible. Hilga had learned to love her Bible and the Saviour of whom she read. And now, down in the bottom of the sledge, muffled in furs and skins, the little Lapland girl prayed to God to bring light out of darkness. And God heard her prayer, for the storm soon ceased, and suddenly there streamed up the sky the brilliant Aurora. Her father shouted with joy, the reindeer bounded forward, and little Hilga's eyes were full of happy tears as she thanked God for hearing her prayer. An hour more brought them safely home, to the great joy of Hilga's mother, who had given them up for lost. Hilga grew up to be a teacher of her poor ignorant people, though the Bible was almost the only book she ever studied. But it had made her wise unto salvation. When you see the Northern Lights again, I hope they will remind you of the faith of the little Laplander.—*Standard Bearer.*

THE GOAD.

A MISSIONARY traveller (Mr. Porter) saw, in the land of Bashan, ploughmen with yokes of oxen drawing their simple ploughs. Each ploughman carried a goad; and this goad was a long spear-like stick, made of the strong oak-tree of Bashan, upwards of ten feet in length. Its point was of iron, sharpened so that it could give the lazy ox a severe touch, if needful.

Was not this a fit weapon for Shamgar to use, Judges iii. 31? He could wield it like a spear. Would it not be hard to "kick against such goads" or pricks, Acts ix. 5? If the Lord would fain yoke you in his plough, will you be so foolish as to resist? And is not that passage in Eccles. xii. 11, "The words of the wise are as goads," one that seems to say to you, "Your teachers' words, and the words of those who say or write anything to stir you up to duty, are meant to be to you what goads are to lazy oxen?"

Are you on the Missionary plough? Do you profess to care for Jew and Gentile? What do you give? *What do you put into the Missionary box?* Would you lose by giving more? Your Father seeth in secret and can reward you openly. Remember this, and remember, "The words of the wise are as goads."—*Free Church Juvenile Record.*