

to the white girl who during her stay with them had shown herself so kind and helpful. They could not say much, for Indians are not much given to talking, but they looked at her with friendly eyes, and hoped she would return to the marsh for the next berry harvest.

Emily was much moved by their friendly demonstration, and, looking from the caboose window, as the freight train moved away, waved them a hearty good-bye.

'You have used much patience and tact with these poor Indians during your stay with them, Emily,' said her father. 'Like Absalom, you stole the hearts of the people by your kindly, helpful ways. You have done them much good.'

And Emily felt that, after all, her autumn had not been wasted. True, her corner of the world had of late been only a cranberry marsh, but she had made it brighter and better, and that is the best work any of us can do, no matter in what corner of the world we are set.

THE END.

A Chinese Convert Beaten.

(By Cheyne Brady in 'China's Millions.'

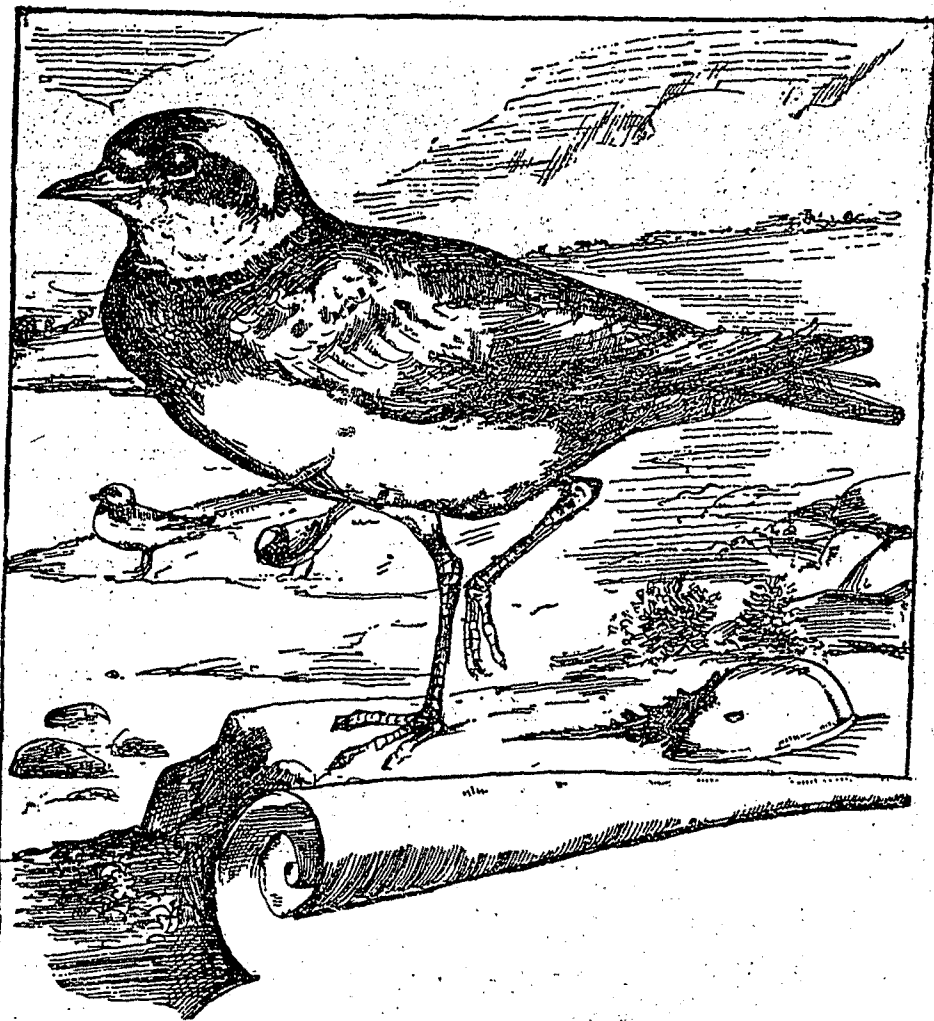
An ignorant Chinaman entered a little chapel at Ato, where he heard a missionary (the Rev. S. L. Binkley) preaching on the all-sufficiency of Christ to save. At the close of the service he said, 'This Jesus I never heard of until now, and I don't know who He is; but did you not say He can save me from all my sins?'

'Yes,' replied the missionary, 'I said exactly that.'

'But then you did not know me when you said so. I have been a liar, a gambler, and for 20 years an opium-smoker. Now, if you had known me, you would never have said what you did?'

Mr. Binkley could only repeat with emphasis his former declaration, about the power and willingness of Jesus to save from even such a multitude of sins.

The opium-smoker was struck dumb with amazement, for his mind had been in bondage to ancient superstition, the poison of lust was in his blood, and he was sold in hopeless slavery to the awful opium drug. He went away, but returned again to hear more of this wonderful Saviour. Weeks passed away, when one morning he rushed



THE RINGED PLOVER.

This pretty little bird is a permanent resident on the English coasts. 'cheep, cheep,' as if to keep each other within hearing. In summer all the year round, and may often be seen in small parties running quickly over the sands at low tide searching for small creatures left by the sea, constantly calling

other within hearing. In summer it is marked with black and white on the head, neck, and breast, as shown in the picture, the back is greyish brown, the legs orange color.—'Boys' and Girls' Companion.'

impetuously into the missionary's room, his radiant face proclaiming the good news, 'I have it now! Jesus can save me from all my sins, for He has done it.' Yes, faith in Christ had even destroyed the slavery of years, the desire for opium.

He went back to his native village to tell his fellow-sinners of the Lord Jesus. Though warned of his danger, he told the story of a great Saviour for the worst of sinners, and through the grace of the Holy Ghost testified of His saving power. He was pelted with clods, beaten, hunted from place to place, but he could not be silenced. At last his persecutors brought him before a cruel magistrate, and false witnesses proclaimed against him the vilest charges. The corrupt judge, glad to be revenged against this foreign sect, sentenced him to be beaten, and upon his bare back the cruel bamboo was mercilessly laid until the flesh lay in strips. Borne to the mission premises, almost dead, the doctor declared that such injuries he had never before seen inflicted by the bamboo.

Ere the missionary could find words to comfort him, the martyr said with a smile: 'Teacher, this

poor body be in great pain, but my inside heart be in great peace.' Then lifting himself up in his cot, he said: 'If I get up again from this, you will let me go back to How-chiang?'

His recovery was very slow. While but half healed he stole away, and suddenly appeared at his native village to preach again to his hateful persecutors. His words of victory, scored by such experiences of blood, brought some of his very foes to the Saviour.

For fourteen years he continued preaching, and was ordained in 1869. Numerous were the souls he was permitted to see converted to Christ through his instrumentality, and from them a score of native preachers were raised up to tell the old story of full salvation through a crucified Saviour. To the last he testified, and when too weak to stand he still gathered round him those to whom he could bear witness of the Saviour, and at last he passed away, singing in the joy of an unclouded hope.

This story speaks for itself, and shows that no one is too great a sinner for Christ to save; so let no one despair. Just take God at His word.—'Christian Herald.'