

of Jesus in the sermon, the Friend to whom Florence had been taken in baptism in her infancy, and whom she had been taught to love. This suggestion changed everything. Florence became alert and wakeful, listened intently, smiling at her mother whenever the name was spoken, and gradually learned there was something in the sermon that even a little girl could understand. Soon after this their minister was called to enter into the rest prepared for the people of God, and the church was soon full of excitement and anxiety over the selection of another one to fill his place. To all the sermons now preached Florence applied her test with varying success, announcing to her parents after church the different results.

One Sunday the pulpit was occupied by a clergyman, not young, not handsome, with no remarkable grace of voice or gesture, but with an effect that was most remarkable. Mrs. Smith, in the front pew, felt, for once, that she was a sinner, not Mr. Brown in the next pew, or the poor people who sat in the gallery, and who annoyed her greatly by their coughing, and the loud, boisterous manner in which they joined in the hymns. Mrs. Brown, bowed down by the loss of a baby boy, her only child, felt her heart grow lighter as he told of the joys of that happy home, where her darling was waiting. Old Betty, the apple woman, who sat in the gallery, had much ado to keep from clapping her hands, when she heard of the glories prepared for all of God's children, rich and poor, alike; no more cold, no more hunger, no going out dreary mornings to the stall. She did murmur, 'Praise his name,' under her breath, and smiled at the poor consumptive girl who sat beside her. Near them sat a man with the crimson light from a memorial window falling upon him, disclosing the rags and dirt of his miserable clothes. But as the sermon proceeded, a new idea penetrated his clouded brain; a new sensation stirred his chilled heart. This world, then, was not all; in the other home there was a place for every one, even for him, if he would but believe on the Son of God. Tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and he resolved to see that minister after church; he must find out if all this was true; there was life or death for him in the answer.

After the blessing, the congregation quietly dispersed, there was less talking, less commenting upon clothes, less arranging for church meetings and work.

Florence walked along, holding her father's hand, not saying anything herself, only listening to a gentleman who had joined them.

'He certainly touched many tender spots; made me wince, I can tell you. Mrs. Smith would scarcely speak to me, because she thinks I incline to calling him. But I am afraid it would never do. The man has no presence, is lacking in manner, and too simple in his thought and language to meet the taste of our congregation. He will not have the ghost of a chance.'

Then he turned off, down another street, and Florence's father asked, with a smile, 'What did my little girl think of the sermon?'

'Oh, papa!' she answered eagerly, with bright eyes, and flushed cheeks, 'it was beautiful! All that part about heaven was lovely, and I know Mrs. Brown was thinking of little Walter. And, mamma, I could not count all the times he said Jesus, it was again, and again, and again. It was all Jesus. Mamma, don't you think he is

the kind of man the Japanese call a Jesus-preacher?'

The next Sunday found Florence in her seat, full of expectation, and longing to hear once more the Jesus-preacher, for with a child's quick intuition, she had recognized a friend under the plain, homely exterior.

To her disappointment, he was not there. The pulpit was filled by another stranger, a tall, handsome man, with a charmingly regulated voice, and graceful gestures.

The sermon was brilliant, at times eloquent; but Florence's face was puzzled, and her eyes were fixed steadily, almost pityingly, upon the preacher.

Nor was it upon Florence alone that the change had fallen.

Mrs. Smith, indeed, smiled approvingly, and was relieved of the little feeling of anxiety which had pursued her through the week; but Mrs. Brown felt, with a shiver, that the atmosphere was colder, and her sorrow more crushing, while in the gallery the expressions of bewildered awe were deeper even than that upon the brow of Florence.

Poor old Betty! in vain she tried to grapple with the long words, and brilliant periods; they had quite the effect of a mental shower-bath, and at times she fairly gasped for breath.

Coming out, the same gentleman who had been with them before joined Florence and her parents, and again they discussed the sermon.

'What did you think of it?' the friend asked, with a lurking dissatisfaction in his voice, 'an eloquent effort, was it not?'

'Very,' responded Florence's father, shortly. 'Nothing to disturb sinners in that, eh?' 'Not in the least, nor to comfort the mourner, nor cheer the poor. I wonder what Betty Gray thought of it.'

'Poor old Betty, she must have been quite overwhelmed. Nevertheless, I am afraid they will call him. What do you think?' 'Let us ask Florence what she thinks. She has a rule by which she tries all sermons, let her apply it to this. Florence, my child, tell Mr. Harding what you thought of the sermon.'

'Oh, papa, I can't talk about it. I was listening, listening for the Name, and it was not in the sermon at all. If he comes what will a poor little girl like me do, for if he will not speak about Jesus, how can I listen,' and her voice was very sorrowful.

'Florence was taught this rule by her mother, and it is very simple. She is to listen in every sermon for the name of Jesus, counting how many times she hears it, and trying to understand, as much as possible, of what is said about him. Last week her approval was unqualified. It was all Jesus.'

'Mr. Harding,' Florence said, slipping her other hand into his, and looking up with pleading eagerness into his face, 'won't you ask them to take the Jesus-preacher, and not the other gentleman. We little children like to understand something, and Jesus is our friend. If they take his name out of the sermons there won't be anything left. Please ask them to take the other, won't you?'

'I will indeed, Florence,' the friend said, looking down in to her earnest eyes. 'I promise faithfully to do all that I can to get you the Jesus-preacher.'

And he kept that promise, telling the story of little Florence's measure, giving her appeal in her own touching words, and, in spite of some opposition, was successful.

So the vacant pulpit was filled at last, and to Florence's joy, it was filled by the 'Jesus-preacher.'

The Persecutor's Fate.

(H. L. Hastings.)

Dr. Eugenio Kincaid, the Burman missionary, states that, among the first converts in Ava, were two men who had held respectable offices about the palace. Some time after they had been baptized, a neighbor determined to report them to government, and drew up a paper setting forth that these two men had forsaken the customs and religion of their fathers, were worshipping the foreigner's God, and went every Sunday to the teacher's house; with other similar charges. He presented the paper to the neighbors of the two disciples, taking their names as witnesses, and saying that he should go and present the accusation on the next day.

The two Christians heard of it, and went to Mr. Kincaid in great alarm, to consult as to what they should do. They said if they were accused to government, the mildest sentence they could expect would be imprisonment for life at hard labor, and perhaps they would be killed. Kincaid told them that they could not flee from Ava, if they would; that he saw nothing he could do for them, and all that they could do was to trust in God. He then knelt with them, and besought God to protect them, and deliver them from the power of their enemies. They also prayed, and soon left Mr. Kincaid, saying they felt more calm, and could leave the matter with God.

That night the persecutor was attacked by a dreadful disease in the bowels, which so distressed him that he roared like a madman; and his friends, which is too often the case with the heathen, left him to suffer and die alone. The two Christians whom he would have ruined then went and took care of him till he died, two or three days after his attack. The whole affair was well-known in the neighborhood, and from that time not a dog dared move his tongue against the Christians of Ava.

Is there no evidence in this of a special providence, and that God listens to the prayers of his persecuted and distressed children?

The Helpful Man.

(The 'Presbyterian'.)

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