

mother had taught him. And away back, when he was a little boy, a minister had said to him once, "My boy, you must be sure and find the fountain and get washed." He never had. He was almost an old man, and it was years since he had thought about it; but Mandy's song brought it all back. Was that the end of it? Oh, no! The organ-grinder kept thinking and thinking, until by-and-by he resolved to act. He sought the fountain, and found it; and now, if he knew the tune, he could sing, "I've been redeemed!" Many times he says the words over and over. Is that the end? Oh, dear, no! It will never end. When Mandy and the organ-grinder stand up yonder, and she hears all about the song she sung as she picked over the rags, it will not, even, be the end.—*The Dayspring.*

A LITTLE IMMIGRANT'S PRAYER.

THE institutions founded and managed by Dr. Barnardo in London, which now contain two thousand children rescued from the London streets, and which cost \$6,500 a week, are sending out continually the children, as they are prepared, to homes in Canada and other countries where they can be assured of kind treatment. The kindness is not, it appears, all on one side. Dr. Barnardo says: "Our children in many instances carry a blessing with them. I sent a little girl out, some time ago, to Canada, from our Village Home, a little thing eight years of age. You may say, what good was she? The Canadians will tell you. The eight-year-old mites get into the hearts quicker than the fifteen-year-olds do. Well, when I sent this little girl out she was met by a farmer at the nearest station—a big fellow, about six feet two inches in his stockings. The child, timorous but trustful, went away with him, and when they arrived at the house they were about to have their mid-day meal. There sat the wife, as big as the father almost, and there were the sons also, all young giants; they all sat round the table.

"The meal was just being brought in, and my little Jessie was put in a chair. Presently the dinner was on the table. One son helped himself to a piece, and another son took his share and began to eat, but the little girl sat still and covered her face with her hands, while with bowed head she said her simple grace. The farmer rose up (he told me this himself, and wiping away his tears, said: 'Wife, we have never had anything like that in our house before.'

"While he was speaking, the wife, as much and as deeply moved herself, had gone round and taken the child in her arms and embraced her. 'God bless you, my dear!' she said.

"And what do you think followed? They

said to my little maid; 'Say your prayer out loud, my dear, and we shall say it with you,' "Yes, 'a little child was leading them.' There was a little London child saying aloud her simple prayer, inviting the Lord Jesus to be at their meal to bless them, while the others, with bowed heads and closed eyes, were repeating it after her, the tears meanwhile coursing down their faces."—*Set.*

A NOBLE CONFESSION.

A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

When J. Coleridge Patteson (usually called "Coley,") afterwards the martyr bishop of Melanesia, was a boy at Eton, like many other boys, he was enthusiastically fond of cricket, and not only was he fond of it, but he was also an unusually good player. At the cricket suppers at Eton it was customary to give toasts, followed by songs, and these songs oftentimes were of a very questionable sort. Before one of these suppers Coley told the captain that he should protest against the introduction of anything that was immoral or indecent. His protest, apparently, had no effect, for during the evening one of the boys got up and began to sing a song which Coley thought was not fit for decent boys to hear. Whereupon, rising from his seat, he said, "If this sort of thing continues, I shall leave the room." It was continued, and he left the table. The next day he wrote to the captain of the eleven, saying that unless he received apology he should withdraw from the club. The apology was sent, and Patteson remained; but those who knew how passionately fond of cricket he was, knew what a sacrifice it must have been to have risked the chance of a withdrawal. Now that Eton boy, by his conduct, confessed Christ. It was a great temptation to him, doubtless, to be silent, and to allow the evil, ribald thing to pass unnoticed. But silence in such circumstances would have been disloyalty to the Master whom he served; for him, at least, it would have been to deny Christ.—*Set.*

Ten years ago capable authorities estimated the Gaelic speakers of Scotland to number 300,000, but the census returns for this year show that only 231,602 profess to "have the Gaelic."

The tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself is, "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it with all its affections and powers lean toward God, or away from him?"—*Gurney.*