

of greatness, for William and Germany. Gladstone's old age was beautiful and serene. As long as his strength would allow, after his eightieth year, he was the people's leader and voice. Then he retired to his loved books, his studies of literature, philosophy and religion, lifting a clear voice now and then to tell England her duty for the oppressed. Such an old age is a benediction of glory. So sinks the daystar in the ocean bed, but to rise again in the eastern morning.

The lesson of Gladstone's life is for those to whom God has given the power of leadership. It is the lesson of talents faithfully employed for the noblest ends, sold for no handful of silver, exchanged for no ribbon to put in one's coat. It is the lesson that nothing is so worth while as character, and that no character is really noble or will win devotion that is satisfied with bare integrity, when it might spend itself in service.

'He passes to be king among the dead.'—
'The Independent.'

Boys in Towns and Cities.

The following plan has been adopted with success in Connecticut:

To open rooms in the cities and towns throughout the country, supply them with instructive and interesting books and games, and invite in the boys who are accustomed to spend their evenings in the streets. Each room will be in charge of a young man as superintendent, and will be open during the colder months of the year, every evening except Sunday, from seven to nine or half-past nine o'clock, and at such other times as may be found desirable. The superintendent will devote his time during the day to visiting among the boys, becoming acquainted with them, learning their home surroundings, attending the police courts and judiciously helping as far as possible, those whom he may find there, and keeping in other ways a friendly and careful oversight over the boys, especially those who are most likely, if left to themselves, to grow up to lives of evil and prove an expense as well as a menace to society. By means of occasional lectures, judicious suggestions as to cleanliness, behavior and the like, and by the practical instruction which is conveyed through the books and games, these rooms are night kindergartens for the boys of the streets. They may be made, we believe, the means of successfully resisting the almost overwhelming influence for evil that surrounds many a boy on the streets at night, and lifting him into a life both honorable to himself and useful to the nation.

Is there any light here for Halifax, St. John, Frederickton, Moncton, Charlottetown, or our smaller towns? It is stated that in Connecticut 3,000 boys were reached last year. The poorer and more neglected boys from eight to seventeen years of age, have gladly taken advantage of the opportunity of having a place to spend their evenings. They have thronged the rooms whenever they have been opened, and have responded readily to their good influences. The change in many of them, in habits, desires and speech, has been noticeable and most gratifying. The system is not difficult to operate. The Rev. John C. Collins, of New Haven, Conn., who has had many years of experience in similar work among boys, and who has perfected, under the advice of the Committee, most of the details of the system, will have general charge of the work. The Committee ask for \$100,000 to organize and open rooms for boys throughout the country. They believe that with this sum the work can be put in operation in many hundreds of our cities and towns and over half a million boys brought under its bene-

ficent and life-giving influences. When once begun it can safely be intrusted, under the oversight of the Committee, to local benevolence. This general fund is most essential to carry properly out the plan of the Committee. It is estimated that about one hundred dollars will open a room, making provision for four hundred to eight hundred boys, provide for the annual expense by local contribution, and fully organize the work in a locality where, without this expenditure, it would doubtless not be put in operation.

Can anything be more attractive to a street boy than the corner grocery, or the lamp post, or the fence, or the gate? It is worth while trying.—Presbyterian Witness.

An Eager Scholar.

A missionary in India, who is spending his life doing Zenana work, writes that one day as she was teaching a dull and uninterested woman to read, a shadow fell across the page. Looking up, she saw a stately Hindoo woman, who had once been beautiful, but whose face was now marred with smallpox.

'I wonder,' said this stranger to the Zenana pupil, 'that you can be so dull and careless; what would I have given for your chance! I would have thought myself a queen, to have a white lady sit by me so patiently.'

'You can read, then?' asked the missionary.

'I can,' was the answer, 'but what did it cost me to learn! While my father taught my three brothers, I would steal up behind, snatch the form and sound of a single letter and fly to conceal myself, and to practice this letter over and over, with bits of charcoal, on scraps of waste paper.'

'I was not allowed a seat among my brothers; I was not allowed a slate; I was not allowed a question; I was not even tolerated, until one fortunate day, when my brothers having all failed in pronouncing two or three English words, I—no longer able to keep silence—burst out with, "His Excellency the Governor," and my father, to my astonishment, cried "Bravo!"'

'After that I was allowed to sit with his sons, but I was by no means to speak in their presence. So I learned.'

The stranger did not belong to that city in which our missionary worked, but she went to her distant home rich in leaves from the Hindoo translation of God's Word, and followed by many prayers that God would reveal himself by their light, to one who so longed for knowledge; that so eager a learner might know the truth, and the truth might make her free from the superstition and degradation of her race.—Baptist.

A Child Shall Lead Them.

Some time ago a missionary from Madras was travelling through crowded villages, and received an invitation to go to one never before visited. On his arrival, the people collected around him, and begged him to send them a missionary and a school-master to teach them the 'sacred book.' The missionary asked them, 'What do you know about my sacred book?' And an old man sitting near him answered, 'I know a little of it,' and began to repeat in Tamil the first two or three chapters of St. John's Gospel. To his surprise, also, he found that the man was totally blind. He asked how he possibly could have learned so much, when the man answered that a lad from some distance, who had been taught in a mission school, had for months been working in this village, and had brought with him a portion of the New Testament. He had read this aloud

so often that the blind man had learned it by heart, and although the boy had left the village some time before, not a word of these precious truths had been forgotten.—Missionary Link.

A Bright Example.

Charity from a bootblack to a blind beggar:

'Have your shoes shined?' sang out a small boy near the Union Station, among the throng of rural passengers just from the train.

A young man who heard the cry stayed his steps, hesitated, for he had not much more money in his pocket than blacking on his shoes. But to hesitate was to fall into the shoeblack's hands, and the brushes were soon wrestling with splashes of rural clay. When the shine was complete the young man handed the boy a dime, and felt that he had marked his way into the great city with an act of charity; for at heart he did not care how his boots looked. But as he was pulling himself together for a new start, he saw the boy who had cleaned his shoes approach the blind beggar who sits behind the railroad fence and drop a dime into his cap.

'What did you do that for?' asked the young man.

'Yer see,' said the boy, 'that wus me tenth dime terday—an' me teacher at Sabbath-school, she told me I oughter give a tenth of all I makes ter the Lord. An' I guess that ol' blind man wants a dime more than the Lord, so I give it to him.'—New York Paper.

Surgery Under Difficulties.

(By Mr. Hearn, Medical Missionary of the Bethel Santal Mission in India.)

One day I was removing a big piece of rock with eight men. The man working alongside me let go his pole, the rock tilting back, threw it up. The pole struck me under my left arm, and broke it in two places. I then worked my pole with my right hand till the rock was removed.

There is really more strength and skill in most Europeans' right arms than in any two natives. Afterwards I went into the house and put my arm in splints.

Six weeks more and I took the splints off, and I felt again comfortable. Then a girl of sixteen fell from a tree and dislocated her ankle. If not set she would be a cripple for life. But, oh! I shrank from endangering my broken arm; it felt so nice, and it was such a boon to be out of splints. I have bandaged a few hundred broken arms; dislocated shoulders are common; but I had never seen a dislocated ankle, and was wondering and doubting whether I could reduce it.

While a lady held the leg I began to reduce the dislocation. In pulling I re-broke my arm in one place, and with my broken arm, and set teeth, I went on till there was a click, and the foot was set! Praise ye the Lord! I felt as proud as a peacock, and as happy as a general who has conquered his foe and saved his country from shame and invasion. But the intense pain in my arm soon cooled my joy. While my colleague held the splints I bandaged again my broken arm. Three days I bore the splints; the skin being tender through the first bandage began to inflame, and the pain became unbearable. It was the hot season, and after three days' suffering I took off the splints. I knew that I was endangering my arm, but I simply could not bear it any longer. Then I put on arnica and water, which cooled and healed it; the inflammation subsided, and in due time my arm became again strong, so that I resumed my work.—Christian Herald.