

again. Mother tell'd me there was a lot more about him in that book. I'd like you to tell me it, please, Miss."

Jim's face wore a most earnest, interested expression as he spoke; and it was very hard to make him really understand a correct account of our blessed Saviour's life and death; but by degrees he came to learn the truth of the Saviour's works; and although he liked all Bible stories, his favourites were those of David and of Jesus.

One day, when telling Jim of Joseph's coat of many colours, he laughed, and said he wondered Joseph's brothers minded not having a coat with a lot of patches in it: he knew he was "fine and glad to have one all of a piece."

Time passed on until Jim was twelve years old. He could now read, spell, write, and work sums very well. Then a Canadian friend of ours, who had been over to Liverpool, took Jim back with him, and Jim began to learn farming in earnest. He is now, though only nineteen, in possession of about twelve pounds, besides twenty acres of land, which he has begun to cultivate, and bids fair to get on. As soon as he is able to, he is going to send out for another poor lad whom my father took in hand when Jim left. My home is now in Canada, and Jim is one of the hands on my husband's estate, though I believe it will not be long before he leaves us to work for himself entirely.

Often when I look at him and see what a good, conscientious young man he has become, and how much good his example does, I think of the afternoon when I first saw him in Liverpool. It certainly was hard work for the boy to settle down to regular habits just at first; but the half school and half work suited him well, and the out-door life out here in Ontario has given vigour, and, in fact, made a man of him. Jim is a strong advocate of the Band of Hope. He is a sincere Christian; and when we think of what he might have become had he not been rescued from his life of trial, we feel thankful and take courage. Already he has taught several boys to read, and his Sunday-afternoon class is a very popular one. Jim not only teaches them reading and Scripture history, but for half-an-hour has a writing-class for four poor lads who come some miles every Sunday. These lads are older than Jim, but had never learnt anything but how to till the land; and I do not think many men would have the patience to continue "urging on" as Jim has.

If only each reader of this paper would try to rescue and help some poor girl or boy from a street life, this account will not have been written in vain. A kind word, a look of sympathy, are sometimes the only helps needed; and surely all can give such.

M. E. A.

HOW MONGOLIANS PRAY.

REV. JAMES GILMOUR, an English missionary who has laboured much in Mongolia, gives the following account of how the people pray:

"Almost nine out of every ten Mongols you meet will have rosaries in their hands, and be rapidly repeating prayers, keeping count of them by passing the beads through their fingers.

"They Don't Know the Meaning of their Prayers.—One of the prayers most commonly used consists of six syllables. Ask one man what these six syllables mean, and he will tell you one thing; ask another, and he will have another version of the meaning; ask a third, and he will most likely give an answer which all will agree in—namely, that it does not matter what they mean; the efficacy depends, not on the meaning, but on the repetition of the prayer. Acting on this belief, the

Mongols rattle away at their prayers, hoping thereby to make merit which will, among other things, cancel their sins.

"*The Hand Praying Wheel.*—But mouth repetition is a slow process, and to expedite matters, a praying wheel has been invented, into which are put a large number of printed prayers; the wheel is turned round, and by this simple act, all the prayers contained in the machine are supposed to be repeated.

"*The Family Praying Wheel.*—In some tents there is a stand on which is placed a large wheel, bearing about the same relation to the hand-wheel as a family Bible bears to a pocket Bible. A thong is fixed to a crank; the inmates take their turn in pulling it; but the aged grandmother, as having most leisure, usually spends most time over it; and the grandchildren keep a sharp look-out, and raise an outcry when, from inadvertence, a wrongly timed pull sends the cylinder turning backward, and, according to the Mongol idea, makes sin in place of merit.

"*The Roasting-jack Praying Wheel.*—In one house I saw a wheel placed over the fire, and driven by the upward current of hot air, after the manner of a roasting-jack!

"*The Water Praying Wheel.*—In Western Mongolia, a wheel containing prayers is put up in a little stream, and the water made to turn it, and the person desiring to pray can look at it as it prays for him.

"*The Clock-work Praying Wheel.*—Sitting in a tent once, I heard behind me a curious clicking noise, and looking round, found a praying wheel going by machinery. The master of the house, being a mechanical genius, had bought an old clock in a Chinese town, taken out and re-arranged the spring and wheels, and made them drive a cylinder filled with prayers. When he got up in the morning he simply took the key, wound up the clock-work, and then the thing made prayers for the whole establishment.

"*The Praying Flag.*—He that is too poor to buy a hand-wheel gets a prayer flag—a piece of common Chinese cotton printed over with Thibetan characters—fastens it to a pole and sets it up near his tent, believing that every time it flutters in the wind all the prayers on it are repeated.

"The whole thing would be laughable were it not too serious a matter by far for laughter. The deluded worshippers really believe that this charm-repeating and wheel-turning and flag-fluttering makes merit which cancels sin."

CHRIST CAME TO SAVE SINNERS.

A MISSIONARY just arrived in India could not speak to the people, for he had not learned their language. "What am I to do?" he sadly thought. "It will take me months to learn Hindi; and, meanwhile, the poor people are living and dying in heathen darkness."

Then God put a beautiful plan into his head. "I cannot speak to the natives," he said to himself, "but I can write."

So he got down his Bible, and carefully copied out a number of texts, such as "God is love," "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," etc., each on a separate bit of paper, and then went out into the high road, and gave one to each person he met. And he went on giving away the wonderful words of life, though he saw no result.

At last, one day, when he was in a different town, a Hindu came to him to ask him to come and see a dying man, in a village some way off. The missionary went at once, and found the man very ill, but when he saw the missionary a look of joy came over his face. "Tell me more words of

Jesus," he exclaimed, "for I am going to be with him in heaven; and I want to know more about him first."

"Are you a Christian?" asked the missionary, in surprise.

"Yes," said the dying man. "Thank God, I am not afraid to die, for 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'"

"What missionary taught you this?" asked his visitor.

"No missionary ever taught me," was the reply; "I never saw a missionary till I saw you just now."

"How, then, did you learn our faith?" asked the missionary.

"I learned it thus," answered the dying Christian: "There was an English missionary in a place a long way off; and he used every day to write verses from the Bible, and give them to the passers-by. Some of the people of our village used to pass the missionary's house, and from time to time got these texts—a different one each time—and gave them to me, because I had learned to read, and most of our people could not do so." Here the poor man drew from under his pillow a number of worn and faded pieces of paper with texts written on them. "I read them again and again," he said, "and saw how much better Christ's religion is than ours, and at last I became a Christian."

This was one result of that missionary's work. Do you think after that he ever felt he had laboured in vain?—*Sunrise for India.*

Where Shall I Build?

(Matt. vii. 24-27; 1 Cor. iii. 10-12.)

THE Master has given me wood and stone,
And I am trying, as best I may,
To build me a home that shall be my own,
Where I may dwell forever and aye.
He has given me iron to make it strong,
And tools to work with, a chest well filled.
I hope to begin the work ere long,
But I wonder on what shall I build?

He has given me gold and silver too;
Not much, but enough if I use it aright
To adorn my home when the work is through,
And make the rooms look warm and bright.
Besides there's a jewel or two in my store,
A precious pearl that I call my own;
I shall put that in and perhaps some more,
But, tell me, what shall I build upon?

I have a frame-work that will do
If I build on the sand lying smooth and flat;
But if on the rock it must all be new,
For I made it before I thought of that.
If I build on the rock I shall need some help,
For it's steep and uneven and far away,
But if on the sand my foundation is laid,
The work will grow rapidly day by day.

But the rain may beat on the house on the sands,
And flood may come and sweep it away,
While a house on the rock forever stands,
Even though wind and flood hold sway.
And if my house falls, my treasures are gone,
My gold and silver, my jewels, my all—
Gone past recovery, forever gone—
No, I dare not risk so dreadful a fall.

I must build on the rock, that is, Christ the Lord,
He will help if the task be too great.
I must build on his promise, trust in his word,
Ere the storm comes, and it is too late.

USE now all the grace you have—this is certainly right; but also now expect all the grace you want. This is the secret of heart religion: at the present moment to work and to believe.

THE religious observance of the Sabbath is the best preservative of virtue and religion, and the neglect and profanation of it is the greatest inlet to vice and wickedness.