

house for each missionary's family. Going out from that fortress, this mission-force proposed to commence an assault on cannibalism and heathenism, though not a single gun was mounted on the walls and not a single soldier appeared to carry a weapon. There was the old gospel, though, mightier than cannon or an army on the march. In a few months results began to declare themselves in public. Some of the natives were baptized. Persecution had set in, but this could not stop the gospel-chariot; it had started out, and was destined to make progress. Other islands of the Fiji group were visited by the heralds of the word of God, and haughty wills began to bow. Not until almost twenty years had passed did the chief king of the island submit; after that the work of the missionaries was easier. The religion of Jesus is now in the ascendancy. The prosperity of the islands has wonderfully advanced. White settlers have come. There are sugar-planters and cotton-planters. Ovalau is a thrifty little town with its business-quarters.

Has Fiji been reclaimed for God? There are other islands waiting to be subdued by the simple power of the truth. Who will confront these with the truth, both announced and lived? We must have both—the missionary's message and the missionary's life.

TWO BOYS AND A HORSE.

WHEN Jim first made acquaintance with Sam Wood, he had a very bad opinion of stable boys in general, and Bob Hawkins in particular. Bob had been stable boy before Sam, and before him had been three or four others, all bad boys, who had given the horse a dislike to the sight of a boy, and soured his temper entirely.

Bob used to think it delightful to pinch Jim's ears and under lip, or to tickle him, which annoyed Jim exceedingly, and taught him to snap at people's fingers. Bob used to put pepper in Jim's salt and oats. He knew of a certain little sound, something like a very young puppy whining, that made Jim almost wild with anger and fear. Why he was so afraid no one could find out, but Bob used to hide behind the hay, and just as Jim reached up to take a bite from the rack, Bob would make this sound. Then Jim would start and snort, and would not touch the hay again.

These, and a hundred other mean and cruel tricks, Bob played off against Jim. His master knew nothing of it, but wondered how the horse's temper came to be so bad of late.

But one day Bob's master found him out, and he was turned away in disgrace.

You can imagine how cross this daily worry had made Jim; so when Sam Wood came he looked on him only as another tormentor, whom he had best bite and kick as often as there was a chance.

The first time Sam came to the stable he brought a nice piece of bread in his hand; but when he held it out to Jim, the horse laid back his ears and showed his teeth, as if to say, "Look out, I'll bite you." Sam stood quite still, with his hand stretched out, till Jim thought he might as well look at the thing, whatever it was. He was careful about sniffing at it, poor fellow, for he had burned his nose with pepper from Bob's hand; but his curiosity was great, and at last he touched the bread with his lips.

"Good fellow," said Sam, in a kind, friendly voice. Jim hardly believed his ears. He looked carefully at this strange boy, and then, making up his mind to risk a peppering, he took the bread in his mouth. It tasted very good, and presently Jim found Sam smoothing his neck, and gently rubbing the back of his ear in a way the horse particular-

liked, but which no one but his master ever treated him to.

From that time a firm friendship grew up between the boy and horse.

At first, Jim could not help being distrustful; but by-and-by he ceased to lay back his ears and curl his lip whenever a hand was laid on him. He no longer started at any strange sound in the barn, and he whinnied with delight when he heard Sam's voice. Sam never came to harness him for work without bringing a bit of bread or sugar, or an apple, or salt, to make him welcome, and Jim tried to show his grateful feeling in every way a horse could.—*Selected.*

TELL MOTHER IT'S BROTHER WILL.

At a meeting in Chicago, Major Hilton related the following incident which occurred on the Scottish coast:

Just at break of day of a chilly morning, the people of a little hamlet on the coast were awakened by the booming of a cannon over the stormy waves. They knew what it meant, for frequently they had heard before the same signal of distress. Some poor souls were out beyond the breakers, perishing or a wrecked vessel, and in their last extremity calling wildly for human help. The people hastened from their houses to the shore. Yes, out there in the distance was a dismantled vessel pounding itself to pieces, with perishing fellow beings clinging to the rigging, every now and then some one of them swept off by the furious waves into the sea. The life-saving crew was soon gathered.

"Man the life-boat!" cried the men.

"Where is Hardy?"

But the foreman of the crew was not there, and the danger was imminent. Aid must be immediate, or all was lost. The next to command sprang into the frail boat, followed by the rest, all taking their lives in their hands in the hope of saving others. Oh! how those on shore watched their brave, loved ones as they dashed on, now over, now almost under the waves! they reached the wreck. Like angels of deliverance, they filled their craft with almost dying men—men lost but for them. Back again they toiled, pulling for the shore, bearing their precious freight. The first man to help them land was Hardy, whose words rang above the roar of the breakers: "Are they all here? Did you save them all?"

With saddened faces the reply came: "All but one. He couldn't help himself. We had all we could carry. We couldn't save the last one."

"Man the life-boat again!" shouted Hardy. "I will go. What! leave one there to die alone! A fellow-creature there, and we on shore! Man the life-boat now! We'll save him yet."

But who was this aged woman with worn garments and dishevelled hair, who with agonizing entreaty fell upon her knees beside this brave, strong man? It was his mother!

"O my son! Your father was drowned in a storm like this. Your brother Will left me eight years ago, and I've never seen his face since the day he sailed. You will be lost, and I am old and poor. Oh stay with me!"

"Mother," cried the man, "where one is in peril, there's my place. If I am lost God will surely care for you."

The plea of earnest faith prevailed. With a "God bless you, my boy!" she released him, and speeded him on his way.

Once more they watched and prayed and waited—those on the shore—while every muscle was strained toward the fast-sinking ship, by those in the life-saving boat. It reached the vessel. The clinging figure was lifted and helped to its place where

strong hands took it in charge. Back came the boat. How eagerly they looked and called in encouragement, then cheered as it came nearer.

"Did you get him?" was the cry from the shore.

Lifting his hands to his mouth to trumpet the words on in advance of the landing, Hardy called back: "Tell mother it's Brother Will!"

Prohibition Battle Song.

I HAVE heard Truth's silver clarion
In the watches of the night;
I can see her purple summits
Flush with morning's golden light.
I have seen the bow of promise
Over human doubts and fears,
And I hear the trump of Progress
Sound the battle-march of years.

Of a nation's wakened conscience
I have caught the accents sweet,
Thrilling through the din of traffic
And the clamour of the street.
I have heard the clang of armour
Being burnished for the fight,
And have read the startling challenge
Of the champions of right.

I have heard the ringing avails
Where the Master's will is wrought,
And the harvest-song of reapers
In the higher fields of thought.
I can see dark storm-clouds gather
Over Error's devious path,
And have caught the low, deep warning
Of the thunder of God's wrath.

Let no man henceforth hold poison
To his brother's lips for gold,
Or a nation's shameless sanction
Of iniquity be sold.
Never more let want and famine
All the land with mourning fill,
While the blessings of the harvest
Turn to curses in the still.

Never woman's wail of anguish,
And childhood's cry of pain
Hush to silence in the tumult
Of the strife of greed for gain.
For the olden voice is crying
In the wilderness of wrong,
"Make ye straight Jehovah's pathway,
Vengeance waits not over long."

—W. H. Miller, in the Voice.

A BOY'S NOBLE NATURE.

A GENEROUS soul hates the doing of a wrong or mean thing, more than he fears being punished for it. An instance of frank magnanimity, that any boy might emulate, is here given.

A lad was once called before the police court in one of our large cities for throwing a stone which struck a girl in the eye. The respectability of the parties excited considerable interest, and drew many persons to hear the examination.

The boy was bound over to appear at the municipal court, and Colonel M— was engaged as his counsel. Soon after the examination, another boy about twelve years of age called upon the colonel, and asked—

"Sir, are you engaged to defend —?"

"Yes, I am; why do you ask?"

The little fellow replied, "Because, sir, I threw the stone, and cannot suffer a comrade to be punished for a crime of my own commission."

"Well done—you are a fine boy; what is your name?"

"My name is —."

"Well," said the counsellor, admiring the noble-heartedness of the lad, "will you tell the county attorney you committed this act?"

"Yes, sir," said he, and immediately went to the attorney's office for that purpose.

The friends of the injured girl, on hearing these particulars, declined taking any further steps in the matter.