

## THE ANGELS LADDER.

If there were a ladder, Mother,  
Between the earth and sky,  
As in the days of the Bible,  
I would bid you all good-bye,  
And go through every country,  
And search from town to town,  
Till I had found the ladder  
With angels coming down.

Then I would wait quite softly  
Beside the lowest round,  
Till the sweetest-looking angel  
Had stepped upon the ground ;  
I would pull his dazzling garment,  
And speak out very plain :  
'Will you take me please to heaven,  
When you go back again'

"Ah, darling," said the mother,  
"You need not wander so  
To find the golden ladder  
Where angels come and go :  
Wherever gentle kindness  
Or pitying love abounds,  
There is the wondrous ladder,  
With angels on the rounds."

—Wide Awake.

A. B. C. F. M.

That looks like a lesson in A. B. C.  
What do these letters stand for? American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Eighty years ago when the oldest people now living were little boys and girls. A boy in the United States sat by his mother's knee listening as she told him of the perishing heathen. He grew up loving and pitying them. The boys name was Samuel. (Samuel J. Mills.) When a young man he with some others joined together and prayed for the heathen. One day they had a strange place for a prayer-meeting under the shelter of a hay-stack.

A little afterward, just seventy-five years ago. They got a number to join together and form a society for sending the gospel to distant lands. At the first meeting of that society, there were only six people present, and for a year or two they could not raise money enough to send out one missionary.

But how fast it has grown. A few

weeks ago the yearly meeting of the Society was held in Boston. Many thousands were present. It raises more than half a million of dollars every year and has over four hundred missionaries, men and women, away in almost every quarter of the world. In the schools in its different mission fields there are thirty-five thousand children learning the way of life.

## WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy was admitted into a missionary school in China, his mother being dead. He remained several years, and not only learned the truth but received it into his heart. When only fourteen years old he went to his friends during what we call the Christmas holidays. One afternoon he went into a village temple. As he looked at the idols, an old man (sixty-five years of age) came in with tottering steps, and laying a few incense sticks before an idol, knelt down and began to pray. Then he passed to the next idol, and so on the whole round of them.

The little boy thought to himself, "Here's an old man who has not long to live, and he does not know the way to heaven. But I'm only a little boy, I can't tell him." The young people in China are taught to treat the aged with very great respect, and it would have been very impertinent for the little-boy to attempt to teach the old man.

"What is to be done? He has no one to teach him," thought the boy, as he saw him pass from idol to idol, and as he thought, the tears ran down his cheeks. These tears were eloquent, as the boy felt forced to go to the aged man and say:

"Would you mind a boy speaking to you? I am young; you are very old."

"What are you crying for?" said the old man. "Can I help you?"

"Sir, I am crying because I am so sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! What about?"

"Because you are aged and cannot live long, and you don't know the way to heaven."

"What! Do you know the way to heaven?"

"I know that Jesus has saved me, and he will save you."

"Who is Jesus?" asked the old man.

The boy told him the story of God's love, and the man's heart melted as he listened.

"Boy," he said, "I am over sixty years