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9 of whom are qualified medical practitioners; and 2,372 other female workers, 12 of whom are qualified medical practitioners. During the year under review the native Christian adherents numbered 345,044 and the communicants 97,489. The total baptisms for the year were 23,081. The Society maintained 2,465 schools and seminaries, and the native scholars and seminaries numbered 146,038. The number of in-patients in the hospitals supported by the Society was 26,228, and 1,080,311 out-patients were attended to by the Society's workers.

Children's Department.

DO NOT JUDGE BY CLOTHING.

Boys, do not judge a man by his clothing. A little incident occurred on one of the lines of street cars of this city a few days since which is worthy of notice. A poorly clad woman entered the car carrying an infant in her arms. As she sat opposite I observed she seemed troubled about something. When the conductor passed through the car for the fares; she said, in a very low voice, "Please, sir, I have no money; let me ride this time and some other time I will pay you." "I can hear that story every day," said the conductor, in a loud, rough voice, "You can pay or get off." "Two fares, please," said a pleasant voice, as a toil-worn and sun-browned hand passed the conductor ten cents. "Heaven bless you, sir," said the woman, and long and silently she wept; the language of the heart so eloquent to express our hidden thoughts. This man in worn and soiled garments was one of God's noblemen. He possessed a heart to feel for the woes of others, and although the act was but a trifle, it proves that we cannot, with safety, judge a man by his clothing—"For many a true heart beats beneath a ragged jacket."—Our Dumb Animals.

SETTING THE RIVER ON FIRE.

Sometimes when a person wants to make an unpleasant remark in a pleasant sort of way about a dull boy, he will say, "That boy will never set the river on fire." Now, that is all very true; for even the smartest man in the world could never set a stream of water on fire, and so perhaps many of you who have never heard this expression have wondered what is meant by setting the river on fire. In England, many, many years ago, before the millers had machinery for sifting flour, each family was obliged to sift its own flour. For doing this, it was necessary to use a sieve, called a temse, which was so fixed that it could be turned round and round in the top of a barrel. If it was turned too fast the friction would sometimes cause it to catch fire; and as it was only the smart, hard-working boys who could make it go fast as that, people got into the way of pointing out a lazy boy by saying that he would never set the sieves on fire. After a while these sieves went out of use, but, as there were still plenty of stupid boys in the world, people

kept on saying that they would never set the temse on fire. Now, the name of the river Thames is pronounced exactly like the word "temse"; and so, after many years, those persons who had never seen or heard of the old-fashioned sieve thought that "setting the temse on fire" meant setting the river Thames on fire. This expression became very popular and travelled far and wide, until the people living near other streams did not see why it was any harder for a slothful boy to set the Thames on fire than any other river, and so the name of the river was dropped, and everybody after that simply said "the river," meaning the river of his particular city or town; and that is how it is that people to-day talk of setting the river on fire—St. Nicholas.

A DUTY FACED.

John Morland and his friend Richard Lancey were seated in the garden, outside the dining-room window of the house of the former's uncle. They were in partnership as doctors, and their conversation, which had been very intimate, ceased for a few minutes. In the pause John Morland, the elder, a stout, comfortable-looking man—a retired barrister with a large private fortune—crossed the lawn at some little distance from the younger men. They both followed his broad figure with their eyes, and Richard remarked, "Your uncle always seems to me the personification of matter-of-factness. I cannot imagine that he could have ever been young and sentimental—and yet they say a poet has died in every one of us." "Yes, and Uncle Jack is no exception to the rule. Did I ever tell you of his love-story? It was almost tragic. He was young once, you see, and sentimental, too. He was a country boy, who had drudged early and late on a farm to work his way through college and the study of law. With his load of learning he set out to go to York to seek his fortune. In a little town on the way he chanced to spend a day or two with a college chum, who took him to spend an evening at a friend's, and introduced him to two sisters, one dark and beautiful, the other fair as the morning star. He was overpowered by the fair one's grace and beauty and the music of her voice. He longed to be with her and hear her talk, but his shyness held him back, and he could only watch her with a feeling of emotion in his heart. He did not remember much of the evening. He was vaguely conscious afterwards of wandering in the garden with the dark-eyed sister, who chatted and asked him questions and of wishing vainly that he were with the fair woman who had so appealed to him. He said a shy good-night to them and passed out under the stars, his soul as big as the night. He listened while his companion talked about the sisters—the dark-haired Maude and the fair Elsie—and my uncle cast a halo about the head of the golden-haired Elsie and thought nothing more of her dark sister. He never lost his feeling for her, and kept her enshrined in his memory. Some day he meant to tell

her, to kneel at her feet and let her know that the best he had done had been wrought through thoughts of her. He was young, eager, and clever, and before long the path to fortune widened before him. "One day he wrote to her a formal little letter (he knew nothing at all of women) which began 'Dear Madam,' and begged that if she remembered one so unworthy of her regard she would vouchsafe a word of recognition to her most loyal and humble servant. "A week or two passed before he received a reply. It assured him of her remembrance and of a desire to hear of his progress in the distant city. And so the correspondence prospered, and without meeting again they became engaged." "What a romance! Where is the tragedy?" "It seems a pity to tell it. When the world was all June for him he went to claim his bride. And the girl who awaited him, who stood all tender and blushing to meet him was—the dark-haired sister. His friend had introduced him to the sisters as they stood together, and the mistake had arisen in that way. There was a moment of faintness and incoherence. He went to his room, fought out his battle alone, and faced his duty. He married her, and she died a few years ago after a married life, as she used to say, of perfect happiness. And the golden-haired sister? She was bridesmaid to her sister, and was married not very long after her."

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