

### NEVER SAW A BIBLE.

Where did that child live? In Canada. One day a Home Missionary in the North West visited a family, and after talking with them for some time, he asked if he might read and pray with them, "No sir," said the husband, "we do not believe in religion here." The wife then said to her husband. "This man has been kind enough to visit us, and surely we can let him read."

"All right," was the reply, "just as you say."

The Missionary then asked one of the children to fetch him a book. The child handed him a novel off the table.

"I did not mean that, my child," said the Missionary. "I meant a Bible."

"What is that?" said the child.

There is no Bible in the house," said the father, "we don't believe in the book."

The Missionary had a small Bible in his pocket, and taking it out, he read some verses, and knelt in prayer.

The wife knelt also, while the husband sat with his hat on, smoking, and the children scarce knew what to do. The younger ran to their mother, while the elder ones stood stock still on the floor.

After prayer, the Missionary sat down, when a child with whom he had made friends, asked him, "Why did you go down on your knees? To whom were you speaking? I did not see any body."

There is as much need of Missionaries in such places as in heathen lands, and while you are giving to send the Gospel to other lands, do not forget the young people in our own land who are growing up without it.

### SAVED BY A HORSESHOE.

Many years ago there lived in Scotland a man whose name was Ormeston. He was a lover of the Lord Jesus, and belonged to the people of God who were called Covenanters. There were a great many of them; but they were not allowed to meet together for the worship of God; if they did, they were in danger of having their service broken up by

troops of horsemen, who hunted them upon the mountains.

I wonder how many of us would want to go to Sunday School next Sunday if we were likely to be thus treated. How thankful we ought to be that no soldiers are likely to disturb our happy meetings.

One day Ormeston had been to a little gathering of Christians; and as he was returning across a field near a place called Eckford Moss, Roxburghshire. he saw a horseshoe, and, as it was nearly new, he picked it up. A simple thing to do, and yet great things depended upon that small bit of iron.

For a time he carried it in his hand, then he put it in his pocket, then he changed it over to another pocket; but it seemed to get heavier and heavier. He would throw it away

At last Ormeston thought of his Scotch cap or bonnet, the horseshoe would lie in it quite comfortably; so in that upper storey he tucked it away.

He had hardly done so when some troopers rode up.

"Have you been to hear a sermon?" said the leader.

"Yes," replied the Covenanter.

Without waiting for anything more, the soldier raised his sword, and, striking the man upon the head, felled him to the earth. Then, thinking he was dead, they rode off.

Coming to his senses, the Christian found he was not hurt; a deep dent was seen in the horseshoe, but it had saved his head. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence" (I Cor. 1: 27).

In Eph. 6: 17, we are told to take the helmet of salvation." Have you done so? Then you may say, "O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle" (Psalms 140: 7).—Sel.