

of the sail against the rigging). He asked me, "What would be the good of that?" I told him we had been asking a wind from God, that it was coming immediately, and we were so near the reefs by this time that there was not a minute to lose.

With a look of incredulity and contempt he said with an oath that he would rather see a wind than hear of it! But while he was speaking I watched his eye and followed it up the royal (topmast) sail, and there, sure enough, the corner of the sail was beginning to tremble in the coming breeze. I said to him, "Don't you see the wind is coming? Look at the royal!" "No, it is only a cat's paw," he replied (that is, a mere puff of wind). "Cat's paw or not," I rejoined, "pray let down the mainsail and let us have the benefit of it." This he was not slow to do. In another minute the heavy tread of the men on deck brought up the captain from the cabin to see what was the matter, and, sure enough, the breeze had come. In a very few minutes we were ploughing our way at six or seven knots an hour through the water, and the multitude of naked savages whom we had seen on the beach had no wreckage that night. We did not altogether lose that wind until we passed the Pelew Islands.—*China's Millions*.

THE POWER OF THE TRUTH.

A striking illustration of the power of divine truth, is seen in the following narrative related by Pastor Fleidner, Spain:

One of our Spanish colporteurs sold a Bible some time since, and the priest rushed up to the man who had bought it and, exclaiming, "These heretical books shall not come into the village," snatched it out of his hand, tore it and threw it on the ground. the colporteur was stoned and driven out of the village. Some weeks after, being obliged to pass through the village again, he hoped to do so unobserved, but almost immediately was recognized. "Are you not the man that sells Bibles?" he was asked, and on replying "Yes," instead of an angry outburst he received the invitation, "Well, then, come into our village, we want your books." The explanation of this changed manner was that the village grocer having wrapped up his books in the pages of the torn bible, which had come into his hands, the people read those beautiful histories which they had never read before, and then had asked God to send the man back to them. Not only did he sell all the Bibles he had with him, but they made him stay with them two or three days to give them instruction.

DAY DAWN.

Whichever way we turn our eyes to scan the harvest field, the signs of the times betoken the immediate duty of putting in the sickle. There are sure signs of a day-dawn. We have passed the dull gray that is the first advance herald of the morning, and even the purple and crimson tints that tell of the glory hastening on; the East shows something more than dark clouds edged with gold—the Sun of Righteousness is rising on the world! Christlike, completing his survey, breaks forth in radiance; "Yes, the present is, thank God, the century of Missions, such as has never been. In it the world-wide Missions have begun. More than all the generations on whose dust we tread can we to-day take up the Psalm, 'All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God! Let us take to ourselves the great consolation that to-day, as never before, the work is advancing. The long and laborious process of undermining the chief stronghold of heathenism will one day be followed by a great crash.'—*Crisis of Missions*."

WORKING FOR ETERNITY.

The builder builds for a century; we for eternity. The painter paints for a generation; we forever. The sculptor cuts out the marble that soon perishes; let us try to cut out the likeness of Christ, to endure forever and ever. A hundred thousand men were employed in Egypt to construct a pyramidal tomb for a dead king; let us feel that we are engaged in a far nobler work in constructing temples for the living God.

A member of a church was prostrated by illness, and complained bitterly to his pastor that only one or two persons had come to see him. "My friend," said the minister, "you have been a professing Christian for thirty years. During this time how many sick have you visited?" "Oh," he replied, "it never struck me in that light. I thought only of the relation of others to me, and not of my relation to them."—*Sol*.

There are 40,000 scholars in the "Ragged Sunday Schools" of London. The late Lord Shaftesbury was President of the Association, and he is succeeded by his son.