

"That is the important thing, certainly; but I do want you to promise me something. Will you do it?"

He nodded and waited for her to continue.

"I want you to promise that you will not go away with any feeling of bitterness; but that you will try and remember all the good things that were taught you at the Blue Coat. Remember all those lovely services—all the prayers and hymns and anthems. Promise to try and grow up a brave, religious man; promise to say your prayers and read your Bible and think about God."

He still looked at her; his eyes were full, and he hesitated to speak.

"Won't you promise?" she whispered softly.

"I don't like to promise what, perhaps, I will not be able to perform; but there is one thing I can promise, for sure."

"And that is?"

"That I will never forget this night, and the way you have spoken to me, Miss Withers. I may go wrong, but I will never forget; I'll do my best, and—and I'll ask God to help me through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen." Then throwing himself into a chair, he hid his face and sobbed aloud.

Ida went and stood over him for a minute or two. Then she bent down, kissed him on the forehead, and taking one hand between both of hers, she said: "Now, good-bye, Arthur; be a brave boy and keep your promise, and then I can feel sure that God will be always with you, and will bring you safe to us again."

Arthur Hopley stumbled out into the hall he scarce knew how; there he encountered Esther.

"Good-bye, Arthur!" she cried. "I am going to bed now, and you'll be gone before I am up in the morning. Mind you bring us back lots of nice things from abroad, and I'll take good care of Maggie while you are away. Some day, I know, you will have a ship of your own, and then you can take us for a jolly sail. Good-bye, good-bye!" And so he saw the last of her, as she went upstairs, kissing her hand to him and looking back over the balusters.

(To be continued.)

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

"When we were with Him in the Holy Mount."

BY THE REV. J. M. PROCTER, M.A.,

Rector of Thorley; Hon. Canon of St. Albans.



TILL at the hour of prayer,
When dies the voice of day,
The Christian leaves the world,
By Jesus' side to pray.

Still up the Holy Mount
His willing steps ascend,
To meet the Saviour there,
And speak as friend to Friend.

Still, as he humbly pleads
With heart and voice outpoured,
Before his inward eye
Transfigured is his Lord.

At times, too, from that cloud,
That veils the Home of Rest,
A voice, like Peter's, comes
From loved ones with the Blest.

"Dear friends, 'tis good for us
To be by Jesus' side:
Nay, more—'tis better far
To see Him glorified.

"Trials and pain are past,
Sin can no more assail;
Our ransomed souls have gone
To rest beyond the veil.

"The smile of God Himself
Has gently calmed our fears:
His own most loving Hand
Has wiped away our tears.

"Wish us not back again
In paths which once we trod;
But seek to meet us here,
Upon the Mount of God.

"The Mount where Jesus dwells,
That bright and glorious Place,
Where His disciples true
Shall see Him face to face."

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

A Good Motto.



LADY, in sending a gift for the East Africa Famine Fund, adds the following remark, trite at all times, but especially applicable to the present need of Missions: "Giving follows on praying."

Bi-centenary of the S.P.G.



PREPARATIONS for the Bi-centenary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel are beginning. The commemoration period will occupy the twelve months between June 16th, 1920, and June 16th, 1921. It was on June 16th, 1701, that the Society was founded, and thus the year of commemoration will be the two hundredth year of its existence, its fourth jubilee year.

A Welsh Example.



THE Rev. W. M. Roberts, the C.M.S. Secretary for North Wales, writes:—"A box held by a young girl who serves a humble Christian woman keeping a tiny village shop in a remote mountain district of North Wales has just realized £5 7s. 3d. for the year. The girl's mistress is an elderly single woman almost crippled, but still attends Sunday school. For some years these two humble folk, speaking nothing but the Welsh tongue, have been stirring up their friends in missionary zeal and interest, until now the little Sunday school in this poor Welsh parish sends up a larger box contribution than many a wealthy town parish. "It is not a difference of wealth, but of work," and let me add to Mr. Stock's epigram—"of faith and prayer."