

tinual prayer. When nearing his home a man told him, 'Your tormentor is dead.' He did not believe this, but after a half-hour's walk another man met him and said, 'Your enemy was drowned one day when returning from his home, as he was crossing a river.' It was still difficult to believe that it was true, but he was bound to believe it when, on going to a shop in the city he heard the same story. He praised God for such a plain deliverance, and was encouraged more than ever to trust in him.

Later he was appointed to Hoh-cheo, where he helped in the opium refuge work. He heard of a region where foreigners were not wanted, and desired that he might go and preach the Gospel to the poor dark souls in that part of the country. God has answered his prayer, and he is now on his way to take up this new work, depending entirely on the Lord to supply his needs. Please pray that God will give him an open door, and that he may be greatly used in winning souls.—'China's Millions.'

A Little Comforter.

By Harriette E. Burch.

The sun was sinking fast, and little Madeleine kept glancing at the glowing sky as she crept noiselessly about dusting the table, the chairs, the deep window seat, and all the ledges, wondering when her uncle would come back.

Jacques Bonheur and his good wife had lost all their sturdy lads in the war between Germany and France; and when poor Pierre, Jacques' younger brother, had been killed fighting the Prussians, they had taken his orphaned girl and infant boy to their own home, far away from the children's loved blue mountains of Alsace.

The war was over at last, and little Jean was just learning to walk when fever broke out in the village. Jean sickened first, then little Madeleine; and, after nursing them safely through it, their good aunt herself was struck down.

Not one of the neighbors would come near the house; Jacques had his work to do; Madeleine was too young; so poor Madame Bonheur had to go to the charity hospital.

She had been away nearly a week, and the house seemed very empty without her. The lark that used to sing so cheerily in the great wicker cage when Madeleine and the baby first came had pined and died, and the ticking of the old clock in the corner sounded very hollow and dreary.

Jacques Bonheur was late; he had gone to see how his poor wife was; and Madeleine wanted to get the room tidied up and the tea ready for she knew he would be tired and faint. But tiny Jean had been so peevish that she had not been able to put him down for a minute.

She had danced him up to the empty cage till her arms ached. Then she tried trotting round the room and bo-peeping at him from behind the wooden cradle; and at last when she grew so tired that she felt as if she would drop him, she had sat down on her uncle's chair and let him play with the handle of the table-drawer.

However, at last he went to sleep, and she had just opened the cupboard to get out the tea things when her uncle opened the door.

'I thought you would soon be back, uncle,' she said, running to meet him.

Jacques Bonheur seemed quite overwhelmed; without even hearing what she said, he walked to his chair, sat down, and resting both hands on the knob of his stick,

stared before him like one in a stupid dream.

'Is she worse, uncle?' asked the little girl, in a trembling voice.

'She's mortal bad, child,' groaned poor Jacques. 'The doctor says: if she gets through to-night maybe they'll be able to save her. To think that I've served God all these years, and now he's turned his back on me!'

'Don't say that, uncle,' said Madeleine, gently. 'God never turns his back on those who put their trust in him. God is a present help in time of trouble.'

Then, going to the chest of drawers, she reached down the old family bible, sat down with it on her knee, and turned over the pages till she came to the one hundred and second psalm.

'Hear my prayer, oh, Lord, and let my cry come unto thee.'

'Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble: incline thy ear unto me; in the day when I call answer me speedily.'

As he listened to the words from her clear young voice, the despair seemed passing out of his face.

'Read where Peter's wife's mother was sick,' he said, when she came to the end of the psalm. So Madeleine turned to the place in St. Matthew's gospel:

'And he touched her hand and the fever left her,' he replied after Madeleine. 'Maybe our prayers will reach the great white throne.'

Then, kneeling down with uplifted hands, he implored the divine blessing for his poor wife.

That night was the crisis; and when he went in the morning to inquire, the nurse spoke very hopefully. It was nearly a week before Madame Bonheur was out of danger, and more than a month before she was able to come home. It was a red-letter day for them all when she took her old place for the first time at the tea-table.

'A child whose heart is given to God is verily a ministering angel,' said Jacques Bonheur, stroking Madeleine's glossy hair. 'What I should have done without our little girl, I do not know. God spoke to me through her lips that night.'—'Everybody's Magazine.'

In the Tules.

(By Mary E. Bamford, in the 'Standard'.)

'Seen any gopher holes yet, Sammy?'

'Not yet, pa.'

'Look sharp, son.'

'I'm a-looking, pa.'

The levee was fourteen feet high. Gophers start breaks in California levees by digging holes. People must keep watch. Mr. Bush was walking on one sloping side of the levee, and Sammy was on the other. On Mr. Bush's side there stretched from the levee out toward the river a 'tule swamp.' 'Tules,' are the reeds that grow in many California waters. On Sammy's side there stretched from the levee a forest of tules, too, but these did not stand in water. The levee kept the water out. The levee extended for twelve miles. Different men had land inside the levee.

'Pa,' called Sammy.

'What, son?'

'How're they going to get rid of the tules this side?'

Mr. Bush stepped on top of the levee and looked over at the 'reclaimed land.'

'We'll mow down the tules, Sammy, or burn them. We'll run furrows through the tule roots and burn them. When rain comes we'll put in seed. Next year there'll be barley here instead of useless tules.'

'We'll have to watch the gophers on the levee, sharp, then, too, pa!'

'Yes, son. Folks take great pains to reclaim this land, Sammy. It's worth it. It's rich land. But one thing makes me feel bad. There are men who'd fight all night to keep out a stream of water, if it threatened to break through this levee and spoil our reclaimed land, and, yet, some of those men do not think of such a thing as reclaimed lives! They don't fight at all to keep a stream of strong drink from entering their lips sometimes. No reclaimed lives as long as that stream flows, Sammy. Oh, how some of the men round here need the Lord for their bulwark. There's Vane coming now. He's one of those that I'm sorriest about.'

Vane was a pleasant-faced young man. He came along the levee with a hoe and shovel over his shoulder. His little brown dog was with him. Vane was going away down the levee to the section next to Mr. Bush's. There Vane would cut down weeds and look for gophers. Weeds must not be allowed to grow on the levee. Weeds might conceal the beginning of breaks, or might hide some gopher hole.

'Good morning,' said Vane, pleasantly, 'Helping your pa, are you, Sammy? It's pleasant to work in company. I'm always glad when I get down to the end of my section and meet the other fellows on theirs.'

Mr. Bush looked sober as Vane went on. It was Vane's friendship with some of the 'other fellows,' that worried Mr. Bush. Everybody liked Vane. Vane never used to touch a drop of liquor before this big levee began building. It had taken a number of months for about a hundred men, with over twice as many horses, to make this great levee. Vane, whose home was on one of the upland farms, had not before been thrown with such a company. One noon, when they were resting their horses, a young man offered Vane a drink of liquor; Vane refused. Some other young men laughed. Vane turned very red.

'Oh — well,' said Vane.

One of the young men handed Vane the bottle. Vane took it and drank a little.

'Now, that's friendly,' said the other young man.

After that, once in a while, some of the men offered Vane a drink, and Vane took it.

'I won't do so any more after the levee is done,' Vane promised himself. 'I don't touch it when I'm by myself. They offer it to show they're friendly. That's their way.'

Now that the levee was made, several of the young men were still working, caring for the levee, and they still met Vane often.

After leaving Mr. Bush and Sammy, Vane went on to the part of the levee where he must work. He worked alone all the afternoon. The small brown dog looked for gophers. Towards sunset, Vane heard a whistle. One of the young men of the next section was coming. They talked a good while. The other young man had a bottle in his pocket. He offered the bottle to Vane.

'I don't care for any,' said Vane.

'Oh, nonsense! Take some!' said the other.

Vane took it. Twice the other young man offered it. It was not any easier for Vane to say 'No,' now, when the levee was built than before.

By and by, the other young man started off towards his section. Vane started towards home in the opposite direction. Vane walked till he was in the section attended to by Mr. Bush. Mr. Bush and Sammy were not there. Toward the end of Mr. Bush's section the levee turned and was built toward the uplands. Mr. Bush and Sammy had gone home.

Vane felt dizzy. He found himself wander-