

DINNA YE HEAR IT.

When the garrison at Lucknow was beleaguered in that awful enclosure, with famine threatening them within, and the Sepoys waiting without, for carnage and outrage, the last hope of the garrison was the coming of Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell with reinforcements. And yet they came not. As the days and the weeks went by, the supplies diminished, the heat increased, the cannonade grew fiercer, and the rebels more defiant, until at last, it seemed that they must surrender.

One morning, a Scotch lassie listening with her well-trained ear, thought she heard in the distance the sound of the Highland pipes. She cried out: 'They're coming! They're coming! Dinna ye hear it? It's the pibroch and the slogan! No-body else could hear it, but her ear was not mistaken, and ere long they knew that the Highlanders were marching on Lucknow, and that help at last had come.

It was a thrilling sight to look at those old Residency walls, a few months ago and read once more the story of those heroic days, and think how that message of help had power to save the beautiful city of Lucknow, and the lives of those women and children from horrors worse than death.

But there is a better message of help for sinking souls. Over the waste of life's wreck-strewn sea, over the years that have been lost and cursed, there comes the sweet-voiced message not only of forgiveness for the past, but of power to save to the uttermost, and keep from sin and Satan, the most crushed and hopeless lives. Oh, can't you hear it?

Like the music of heaven, to some of you, like the memory of cradle songs and childhood hymns, 'He is able to save to the uttermost.' 'I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My judgments and do them.' He is able to keep us from stumbling, and to present us faultless before His presence with exceeding joy. It is glad tidings for helpless hearts, for ruined lives, for wills that have lost their strength, and lives that have been bound by the chains of habit in the bondage of Satan and despair. Yes, even if your body be wrecked with disease and sin, the power that saved Augustine from the effects of a dissolute youth and gave him both holiness and health, with sixty years of glorious service, can rescue you, restore you, and enable you to recover all the years that the locusts have eaten.—Rev. A. B. Simpson.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

There is never a road in Morocco in any place whatsoever. There are goat-tracks that have been widened and deepened by the caravans, and one is at liberty to ford the rivers where he likes. . . . You scarcely ever see a tree; but, as if to atone for this, there are the grand tranquil lines of the virgin landscape, unbroken by roads, houses, or fences. . . . We are about to change from one territory to another, and all the men of the tribe we are approaching are under arms, their chief at their head, to receive us. Perched on their lean little horses, on their high-peaked saddles that are almost like easy chairs, they look like so many old women shrouded in long white veils, or like old black-faced dolls, or mummies. . . . We draw near, and quickly, at a word of command given in hoarse tones, the whole army scatters like a swarm of bees, horses curveting, arms jingling, men shouting. Under the spur, their steeds rear, leap, gallop like fright-

ened gazelles, mane and tail flying in the wind, clearing rocks and great stones at a bound. The old dolls have been restored to life; they, too, have become superb; they are metamorphosed into tall, active men, with keen faces, standing erect in their great silver-plated stirrups. The white bournouses fly open, and stream behind them in the wind with the most exquisite grace, revealing beneath robes of red, orange, and green cloth, and saddles with housings of pink, yellow, and blue silk embroidered with gold. And the fine symmetrical arms of the men, of the color

down on us abreast—and such handsome fellows as they are! They are his twelve sons.—'Into Morocco.'—From the French of Pierre Loti.

HOW THE CHINESE GIVE.

At one time the English mail brought to a North China Mission Station the news that the succeeding week was to be observed as self-denial week in England by the churches connected with the London Missionary Society. The missionaries decided to keep it themselves, but were somewhat doubtful as to whether they ought to ask the Chinese Christians to unite with them. As in our Lord's time, the majority of the converts belong to the poorest of the people. At that time also they were in specially straitened circumstances, since a year of flood had destroyed their crops, and in many cases their

poor family had been doing extra sewing after her weary day's work was over in order that she might bring fifty 'cash.'

One poor old widow with tears in her eyes because it was not more, laid down a single 'cash.' Another Christian widow, who was often in need of daily bread, had been in great distress because she had nothing to give. She made it a matter of special prayer. On the very day on which the special offerings were to be made, her son, from a long distance, came to visit her, and gave her a present of five hundred 'cash.' It was a very large sum in her eyes, but she brought it all wrapped up in a handkerchief, saying, 'I am so glad to have it to offer to the Lord as my thanksgiving gift for all his goodness to me, so that others may hear of his love as well.' Surely these offerings were accepted by the Lord, who sits as of old by the treasury. He looks not so much to what we give as to what we have left when the offering has been made.

LEISURE HOURS.

The world is full of illustrations of those who by a right use of their leisure have come to high positions in the church and the world. There are thousands of real heroes known only to God, whose lives are written imperishably above. Let me speak of one such. He is a young man whom I know intimately. He lives in a home of poverty. His father is an intense sufferer, and has been helpless and blind for years. The mother is also a partial invalid; and the son oft-times has to be the nurse for both. He has had little chance for an education, and physically is far from strong. Without a murmur he cares for the duties of home, and earns the family bread. But he is always at one prayer meeting a week, is always in the Sunday-school class with a lesson that has been faithfully studied, and is pursuing a broad course of reading. Against tremendous odds he is making a magnificent struggle at every point towards the best things, and puts to shame the tens of thousands of young men who are trifling with life. We sometimes hear the young thoughtlessly tell of 'killing time,' as though it were an enemy. Time an enemy! Next to God's love as revealed in Christ and the Holy Spirit, and the divine Word, time is his greatest gift. The great risk is not that we shall misuse the hours that we spend at our regular labor, for custom and necessity will prevent that. Success or failure will be determined by the use we make of our leisure hours. Consecrate them to God, recognizing that they are a trust, till it shall become a habit never to waste golden moments.—S. B. Copen, in Golden Rule.

THE DEAR OLD GRAND-MOTHER.

Doesn't she look nice as she sits so quietly by the fire knitting? I daresay she is making a pair of warm mittens or socks for some dear little grandchild. It would be just like her to do it, for grandmothers are always

doing some kind thing for somebody! You have a grandmother, I dare say; are you always kind to her, I wonder, or are you cross and impatient, now that she is old, her face thin and wrinkled, and her eyes grown dim?

I am quite sure you wouldn't say, as I heard a boy once, 'O grandma, I wish you would hear. I'd rather be whipped than ask you a question!' Do you think that was kind when she could not help it? She would rather hear than not, and when she was young she could. Now if that boy lives to be 'old,' he too may be deaf, and then he will remember how unkind he was, and be sorry when it is too late!



of light bronze, emerge from the wide sleeves, brandishing in the air in their headlong course the heavy bronze muskets, which in their hands seem no heavier than reeds. It is a first welcoming fantasia (exhibition of Arab hard-riding) given in our honor. . . . Men pass us with the speed of a flash, standing erect upon their saddles, or standing on their heads with their legs waving in the air; two horsemen make for each other on a mad gallop, and, as they meet, without drawing rein or coming into collision, exchange muskets, and give each other a kiss. An old grey-bearded chief proudly calls our attention to a squad of twelve horsemen who charge

homes. Nevertheless the news leaked out, and the idea was taken up by the Chinese Christians with enthusiasm.

On the Sunday succeeding self-denial week, the offerings were brought with glad faces. There was hardly a single person who did not bring something, many had taken hot water instead of tea throughout the week; some had dispensed with tobacco, which a Chinaman considers almost a necessary of life. The little pig-tailed boys and the bright-eyed girls with great delight brought their small piles of copper 'cash,' of which it requires more than twenty to make a penny of English money. One young girl belonging to a