

World of Missions

The Missionary Cat.

"Of one thing I am just truly glad," she said to the cat playing on the floor by her side. "Nobody wants you, my dear old puss. They are giving away their things and selling them, and making money with them for the missionaries, but nobody will buy my cat. Flora has sold every one of her chickens. I don't see how she can do it. And Trudie Burns won't eat a single egg, because she wants to sell them for missionary money; and her brother Tom sold his strawberries, and Fannie raises little bits of cucumbers and sells them; and it seems as if there wasn't anything to keep and have a good time with, only my dear cat. I don't know how I am going to make my missionary money; I must find some way; but I am just as glad as I can be that there is nothing that can possibly be done with you only just to play with you."

Alas, for poor little Sarah! The very next day she went with mamma to call on Mrs. Colonel Bates; and while she sat in the front parlor in an elegant chair that was high and slippery, and waited for Mrs. Colonel to come, who should come puffing into the back parlor, where a man was waiting to see him, but the old Colonel himself, and what should be the first words he said but these tremendous ones: "I declare, I would give five dollars for a good mouser! Such times as we have with mice around these premises! That's the way with an old place! Old family residences are humbugs!"

"Five dollars for a good mouser!" Mrs. Colonel came soon, and she and mamma talked and talked on a number of subjects which at another time would have pleased little Sarah. Just then her heart was too full of that one sentence to attend to anything else. "Five dollars for a good mouser!" And there was no hope of Colonel Bates giving that five dollars or any other to the missionary cause of his own account.

There was not in all the town a better mouser than Tabby, and little Sarah knew it. And five whole dollars! It made her heart beat fast and tears come in her eyes. It took her two days to decide the matter, during which time she had so little appetite and moped around so sadly that her mother feared she was going to get down with the measles.

One morning little Sarah knew by the way her heart was beating while she was dressing that she had decided. Tabby was to be put in the willow basket and taken to Colonel Bates by her own sad little self. She hurried now; she

wanted not to change her mind. Tabby was easily coaxed from her perch in the grape arbor, and swiftly little Sarah's feet flew over the ground, and she was at the Colonel's just as that gentleman was going through the hall on his way to breakfast. He opened the door for her himself.

"If you please, sir," said little Sarah, holding up the basket and speaking fast. "I have brought Tabby; she is a good mouser, and I know the missionaries ought to have the five dollars; but I love her very much, and would you please hurry and give it to me, so I won't hear her mew again?"

"What? what? what?" sputtered Colonel Bates. "What have we here? Who are you, little one, and what am I to give you?"

"The five dollars, if you please; you said you would, you know, for a good mouser; and Tabby is the best one that ever was, and mamma says so; and the missionaries need the money—the heathen people do, you know—and I mustn't be selfish and keep Tabby. Will you be very good to her?" and a great tear, hot from little Sarah's blue eyes, splashed on the Colonel's hand.

"Bless my body!" he said, and stood dazed for a moment; then he threw back his great head and laughed so loud that little Sarah was amazed; then he took out his pocket-book.

"So I promised five dollars for a mouser, did I? Who told you?"

"Nobody did, sir; I heard you say it the day when you talked with a man."

"Just so; my tongue is always getting me into scrapes. Well, here goes! Colonel Bates is a man who always keeps his word. Here's your five dollars and if it doesn't do the heathen good, it ought to, for your sake."

Now, as this only happened last week, of course I can't tell how Tabby behaved, nor what the effect of her society was on Colonel Bates, nor what the children of the mission band said when little Sarah brought her five dollars.—The Pansy.

All's Well.

Lie still in the darkness,
Sleep safe in the night.
The Lord is a Watchman.
The Lamb is a Light.
Jehovah, He holdeth
The sea and the land—
The earth in the hollow
Of His mighty hand.
All's well in the darkness,
All's well in the light.
The Lamb is a Watchman,
The Lamb is a Light.

The gulf between the masses and the church is growing deeper, wider, and darker every hour.—Dwight L. Moody.

A Strange Harvest.

It is related that a Bible colporteur in Spain one day entered the village of Montalborejo in Toledo province and offered his Bible for sale. Among others, he sold a large Bible intended for family use. The village priest heard of his presence and ran to the colporteur. He tore the Book out of the buyer's hand, and angrily exclaimed: "These Books . . . shall never enter my parish." He roused the people, and especially the pious women, to anger, and they took up stones and cast them at the offensive man.

Six weeks later the colporteur was again on the road leading to the self-same village. Gladly would he have avoided it had he been able to find a roundabout way. Approaching the village at dusk he hoped the inhabitants would fail to recognize him. To his astonishment, the very first man he met at the city gate detained him with the question:

"Are you not the man who sold the Bible?"

"Yes, I am the man."

"Then welcome to our village; everyone of us desires to purchase your Book," was the amazing reply. In his utmost astonishment the man inquired:

"Are you not the self-same people who only a few weeks ago cast stones at me?"

"Most certainly," answered the man, "but a great change has come over us, so that each and every one desires one of your Books."

A merchant of the village had picked up the Book in the market place, concluding that the paper might be used.

Accordingly, leaf after leaf was torn out to serve as wrappers for salt, sugar, rice, or other groceries, thus entering every hut in the village.

There is a lowering of tone in reference to the Sabbath, and I am afraid that in our commercial life there is a larger infusion of the gambling element making it more exciting and trying to the consciences of men. There is a race to get rich at all hazards. There is an increase in social extravagance, an aping of things in Europe. . . . Our old American stock is diminishing every year, and we must stand more and more for our old ideas against the influx of foreign ideas.—Rev. Dr. Cuyler.

Our age has a form of godliness. But where is the power to maintain purity in the churches, or rigateousness in the laws of Christendom? Where is the power to arrest war and bloodshed, rapine and slaughter? Where is the power to subject the counsels of nations to the law and will of God. . . . The religion of these last days has well been called a baptized heathenism—Christian in creed, heathen in practice.—Sir J. William Dawson, LL.D.