

how we should pray, yet this teaches us that while we may call God our Father, and ask Him for what we want—even for our daily bread—yet we should also seek for the advancement for God's kingdom and glory. We should not think so much of the gratification of our own selfish hearts that we entirely forget to seek that God's will may be done, His kingdom advanced, and his name glorified,

### A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

A few years ago a young man, fashionably dressed, took his seat at the table of the Girard House, in Philadelphia. There was an air of self-conscious superiority in the youth which attracted general attention. He read the *mens* with smothered disgust, gave his order with a tone of lofty condescension, and when his neighbour civilly handed him the pepper box, stared at him for his presumption as though he had tendered him an insult. In short, a person of the blood could not have regarded a mob of serfs with more arrogant hauteur than did this lad the respectable travellers about him.

Presently a tall, powerfully built old man entered the room, and seated himself at one of the larger tables. He was plainly dressed, his language was markedly simple, he entered into conversation with his neighbour, who happened to be a poor tradesman, and occasionally during the dinner exchanged ideas with a little lady of five summers who sat beside him. The coloured servants spoke to him as an old friend. "How is your rheumatism, John?" he said to one, and remembering that another had lately lost his son.

"Who is that old fashioned gentleman?" asked a curious traveller of the steward.

"Oh, that is Judge Jere Black, the greatest jurist in the country!" was the enthusiastic reply.

"And the young aristocrat? He surely is somebody of note."

"He is a drummer who sells fancy soaps."

Judge Jeremiah Black, who has recently died, was noted in public life for his massive force of intellect. "Every blow kills!" said a listener to one of his arguments. On the other side, an old farmer and neighbor wrote of him, "We shall never have another man as pure, kindly and simple among us."

The boys who will make up our next generation could find much to study in the massive nature of this old man with his powerful brain, his simple, direct manner, and his unfaltering, childlike faith in God. With his last breath he took his aged wife by the hand, and saying, "Lord, take care of Mary," and so died.

### LETTER FROM A PASTOR.

Dear Children:—

Every month the Maritime Presbyterian comes into your homes. As you turn over its leaves the first reading sought for by many of you will be the missionaries' letters. You take great delight in reading them and rejoice to hear good news from the islands of the sea. Other branches of the Presbyterian family you know have their agents working with ours seeking to bring the heathen to Christ. I have lately been reading some of the letters of these agents and thought I would gather two or three interesting facts from them. Progress is being made and amid much darkness we have reason to thank God and take courage for the future.

On the island of Nguna where Rev. P. Milne labours nine teachers were sent out last year to neighboring islands. One of these teachers was settled at Sake, on the island of Pele. What has been the result? The whole village has given up heathenism. In this same village the life of Mr. Milne was once threatened but God has touched the hearts of the people. They have just made their first contribution to his cause. Three hundred pounds of arrowroot.

On the island of Futuna the medical missionary, Dr. Gunn lives. He says a large part of the population on that island is still heathen. Eighty-three adults attend church, but though they come to the House of God they are not all true converts. Some of them still practice in secret, heathen ceremonies. One district on that island which was the residence of the first teacher 43 years ago has but one man attending church. Heathenism still prevails to a large extent, but with God's help much will yet be done to change dark hearts.

Let me tell you of a remarkable man who visited Mr. Lawrie last summer. Mr. Lawrie labours on this Island of Aneiteum with Mr. Annand. This man was thought by the heathen to be a rain mak-