



HENRY WARD BEECHER,
Main figure in Brooklyn Statue.

A MEDICAL MISSIONARY SPARED
IN WAR.

A medical missionary in the Province of North Persia (Dr. Cochrane) had been working there for some years when the Koords, that wild and fierce people, never subdued, who live in the mountainous regions bordering on North Persia, came down in great force with artillery, and laid siege to the town in which he was carrying on his work. So sudden was the irruption that he and his family were completely surrounded in their large compound, which was outside the city, and had no opportunity of escape. Not knowing what might befall them, they could only leave the issue in God's hands, with earnest prayer. Before long their anxiety was relieved in an extraordinary manner. The commanding sheikh, Abderrallah, sent a message to Dr. Cochrane bidding him fear not, because not a hair of his head or of his friends' should suffer. It appears that in a former year the sheikh had sought help in sickness at the medical dispensary, and had been cured, as had also many of his people. Hence the message of kindness in gratitude for past blessings. And not only so: he sent another message, saying that he would hold safe all Christians whom Dr. Cochrane would take into his compound; and no less than 500 men, women, and children, with flocks and herds, were thus sheltered and protected by the missionary during a siege which lasted several weeks. Amidst the continued fire of cannon, and repeated sallies and assaults, they and their people were safe beneath the wings of the Almighty in whom they trusted.

HEATHEN PRAYERS.

B. C. ATTERBURY, M.D., PEKING.

The Chinese are strong believers in the power of their idols to answer prayer. The emperor especially, being "Heaven's son," is supposed to have great influence with the various divinities, so that when his prayers are not responded to it is supposed that he himself is at fault and not the gods. Some months ago, when the weather was very dry, the emperor went, according to custom, to several of the large temples in the neighborhood of Peking to pray for rain. It was not long before rain came, and in tremendous showers. Walls and houses everywhere tumbled down, crops were destroyed and roads washed away. But, worse than all, the rivers burst their banks and covered the country far and near. Where once were fertile fields, now nothing but a waste of waters can be seen. It is estimated that three millions of people are without food and homes. Of course these sufferers look forward to the coming winter with great dread. They have, alas! too good reason for their dread, since, unless help shall come, many of them must die from ex-

posure and starvation. Loud now are their complaints against their emperor. They blame him for having gone to too many temples, instead of to one only, when he prayed for rain. His zeal was excessive, they say, and when all the deities whom he invoked combined in their response to his supplications, naturally the answer was overwhelming. — *Church at Home and Abroad.*

WOULD YOU LEARN HOW?

A pastor tells the following story about one of his parishioners, a poor woman who lived in one small room and made her living by the needle. He says: "She put three dollars into my hand and said, 'There is my contribution to the church fund.' 'But you are not able to give so much.' 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'I have learned how to give now.' 'How is that?'

I asked. 'Do you remember,' she answered, 'that sermon of three months ago, when you told us that you did not believe one of your people was so poor that if he loved Christ, he could not find some way of showing that love by his gifts?' 'I do.' 'Well, I went home and had a good cry over that sermon. I said to myself, 'My minister don't know how poor I am, or he never could have said that,' but from crying, I at last got to praying, and when I told Jesus all about it, I seemed to get an answer in my heart that dried up all tears.' 'What was the answer?' I asked, deeply moved by her recital. Only this, 'If you can not give as other people do, give like a little child,' and I have been doing it ever since. When I have a penny over from a loaf of bread, I lay it aside for Jesus, and so I have gathered it all in pennies. Since I began to give to the Lord I have always had money in the house

for myself, and it is wonderful how the work comes pouring in; so many are coming to see me that I never knew before. It used to be I could not pay my rent without borrowing something, but it is so no more. The dear Lord is so kind." He concludes by saying that this poor woman in five months brought fifteen dollars, all saved in a nice little box he had given her, and in twelve months twenty-one dollars. He says: "I need hardly add that she apparently grew more in Christian character in that one year than in all the previous years of her connection with the church."

CONVERTED BY BEING ASKED TO
PRAY FOR HIS WIFE.

A poor woman lay apparently dying, her husband, devoted to her, was bending over her bed, but was powerless to help. At last she moaned, "Oh, Ted, do pray for me!" Poor Ted, how could he pray? How could he ask the Saviour for anything when he had refused to even listen when he had so often pleaded with him. "I can't pray," said Ted. A short silence, then again he heard the pleading voice of his wife, "Ted, do pray for me, I'm so ill." Then in that sick room commenced a great struggle in that man's breast; he thought to himself, "If I do pray I must first of all give myself to Jesus," and then he simply yielded himself to the Lord who had bought him with his own blood, and then he prayed, oh, how he prayed for his dear wife's restoration to health, and God in his wondrous kindness answered the prayer. To-day his wife is alive and well, and she as well as her husband is on the Lord's side. Ted himself is an out-and-out Christian, rising at five each morning to read the Bible and pray to him whom he bravely confesses as Lord and Master, and to learn what is his will for his servant during the day.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of the light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.
The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean,
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it go o'er you.
The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whim to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wisest man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into the vessel.

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