

silence. The sun was just setting, and the evening air was cool and refreshing after the heated atmosphere they had just left. "Oh! when will our father come for us?" sighed Edgar at last. "That confusion and uproar, how unlike it was to the pleasures of his house! Why does he delay so long?" His sad questioning was answered by a cry of joy from Hereward. Far off, in the dusk, at the further end of the cloister, the boy caught sight of his father's well-remembered form. He had come at last to close his poor children's time of waiting and watching, and to carry them with him to their beloved home.

MY DARLING.

THESE words in bright letters stood out in bold relief on the dashboard of a huge four-horse truck in a Broadway blockade. The driver looked as unsentimental as possible, but he was not profane or brutal toward his horses. Patiently he waited the loosening of the jam, while his neighbours filled the air with curses. Finally, his horses becoming restive, he climbed down from his box and soothed them with gentle words and caresses. Then a bystander asked why he called his truck "My Darling."

"Why," he said, "because it keeps the memory of my daughter, little Nellie. She's dead now, but before she died she clasped her hands around my neck and said:—

"Papa, I'm going to die, and I want you to promise me one thing, because it will make me so happy, Will you promise?"

"Yes," I said; "I'll promise anything. What is it?"

"Then, fixing her eyes on mine, she said, 'Oh, papa, don't be angry, but promise me you'll never swear any more, nor whip your horses hard, and be kind to mamma.'

"That's all there is about it, mister, but I promised my little girl and I've kept my word."

When the blockade was lifted, the big truckman resumed his seat, and was soon lost in the tide of travel.

THE AFRICAN AND HIS DOG.

ONE day," said an African missionary, "as I was passing by the hut of one of the most important but least attentive of my congregation, this exclamation, 'Oh, what a misfortune!' pronounced by a man's voice, struck my ear.

Quite concerned, I pushed open the door and went in.

"What is the matter, Tamra," I said. "What misfortune has happened to you? Neither your wife nor your son ill, I hope? 'No,' he replied, 'there's no one ill in the hut.'

"Well, what trouble are you lamenting?"

"The man scratched his woolly head with an embarrassed air. 'Why, the boy has just come to tell me that my dog has eaten a leaf of the Bible you gave us.' 'Perhaps,' said I, 'the loss is not irreparable; I may be able to replace the leaf.'

"Ah, but," said the man 'my dog is spoiled. He will never more fetch me the smallest bit of game, nor will he fly at the throat of my enemy when I bid him. He will become as gentle as a lamb, as all our warriors do now who read that book. I tell you what, missionary, my good dog is

ruined, and it is all your fault."

I CANNOT believe that we can have earnest piety amongst ourselves unless we feel that these blessings which we ourselves possess we must share with others; and unless they are like fire which does not burn itself out but that set others alight with the same blessed fire—that fire which Christ came to kindle upon earth. When a Church renounces missionary work, or is not expanding in missionary work, there is something fatally wrong in the heart.—*Archbishop Trench.*



HOW TO WELCOME A MISSIONARY.—(See page 229).