

many blessings. I must go to that Berachah Home." I came, and I have found it indeed a valley of blessing.—MRS. BARAKAT, OF SYRIA, IN *Christian Alliance*.

Our Young Folk.

A GOOD MINISTER.

"OH wasn't that a good minister we had to-day?" said Johnny. "Yes, very good." "Which sermon did you like better?" said the mother. "Oh, I don't know. It wasn't the sermons altogether that I mean." "What then?" "Why, he prayed for Sunday-schools and boys so good; I never heard any one pray so much for boys. Most of them do not. That is why I liked him." "Do you like to be prayed for?" "Why, yes, of course, I do." "The minister prayed to-day that all the boys might be Christ's boys. Did you like that?" "Yes, and I prayed as hard as I could that I might be. When we hear people praying for us it makes us think it is about time to be praying for ourselves. If children don't like to say much about good things, I guess they all like to have the minister remember them. I always watch and see if they pray for young folks; if they don't, I think they won't have much in the sermon either. Then, of course, I don't listen as well as I should if I thought there was something for me."

THE GOD'S SWING.

I WANT to tell you about a festival the natives have which celebrates the Ram's birth. When he was a babe he was swung in a cradle, so for a month every good Hindoo has a swing put up, and all his children swing and sing the Sativan songs. They fairly howl just across the road from us, and swing in a neem-tree from noon until midnight. In the zenanas the women have a little image of Ram in a swing, and keep it going all the time, as this is supposed to bring them good fortune.

We once went to a great festival by the river in Allahabad, riding on an elephant, which was loaned us for the day. Now you wonder what we would need an elephant on the Mela for. Well, when I tell you that a space a half mile square "is one sea of humanity," you will see the necessity of the elephant for seeing where we were to go amid the crowds. There were several hundred thousand people on that plain to-day, and every road was a stream of pilgrims going to and coming from the river. We saw many sad sights and disgusting. Fancy cows with an extra leg growing out of the neck, covered with an embroidered cloth, and fairly loaded with silver jewellery, being worshipped and begged for. They distort these poor animals frightfully to make them more sacred. We missionaries give tracts and Gospels to the people, and I gave about 2,000. A dozen missionaries were all as busy as myself doing our best to sow the good seed.—*Missionary Link*.

THE HILLSIDE.

AT a dinner party in New York a Californian happened to mention the annual yield of some of the richest gold and silver mines in the Pacific State, when a quiet old man beside him said:—

"When I was a lad, I accompanied my father, who was sent by the Government to treat with a tribe of Indians in California. On the way we encamped for a week in what is now the State of Nevada upon a certain bleak hillside. I might have bought the whole hill for ten dollars, but I slept and ate and amused myself, and paid no attention to the sterile ground beneath.

"My barren hill was the site of the famous Comstock lode, which has yielded hundreds of millions in silver and gold. To think that it all might have been mine if I had dug but a little way below the surface, as other men coming after me had the luck to do!"

Every boy in the world encamps on a certain hillside; he sleeps, eats, and amuses himself thereon. Long after, when he grows old, and his lot in life is fixed, he is apt to look back upon the hillside of youth, and see how full it was of golden nuggets. Other men found them while he played away his time.

This one dug for knowledge, which brought him fortune; that one gained the material there for a high and enduring fame; still another found ties and friendships which made all his after-life sweet and beautiful. But the boy who was satisfied to live on the surface, to care only for the next meal or the next game, left youth behind, a barren tract, whose gold had all been hidden from his eyes.

You—the boy who reads these words—still stand on the hillside. Beneath you is not a barren soil, but measureless wealth. You may take away with you out of this mine of youth, the trade, the profession, the acuteness, which, if you have adequate natural gifts, may make you many times a millionaire; or you may take the simple tastes and habits which will command for you a healthy, happy life. You may find affections which will endure unto death; or you may acquire vices which will taint your body and soul for all time.

More than all, it is on that height of youth that God speaks to each man the words which, if he takes them with him, will give him victory and peace not only in this life, but also in the life hereafter.

What will you carry away? Now is the time to choose.

TESTED.

A DONIRAM JUDSON, the apostle of Burmah, graduated from Brown University an avowed infidel; his most intimate friend, a brilliant student, was also a sceptic. The two friends often talked over the question—momentous to one on the eve of graduation—"What shall we do to make for ourselves a career?" Both were fond of the drama and delighted in the presentation of plays, each wrote with ease and skill, and so, after many discussions, they almost determined to become dramatists.

Judson graduated in 1807 with the highest honors. A few weeks later he went to New York to study the "business" of the stage, so that he might be familiar