

an urgent appeal for a missionary to the New Hebrides he offered himself, and in 1858 took his station on Tanna, an island peopled with cannibals. The years spent there were filled with grief and peril. His wife and fellow-workers died or were killed, his life was in constant danger, and the results of his labors were discouraging, until at last he was obliged sorrowfully to abandon the island. After making appeals in behalf of the work to churches in Australia and Scotland he settled on another island, and was at length rewarded by seeing many conversions. The effects of his labors spread to other islands of the group, so that they were won for Christ more thoroughly than many a community in Christian lands. Indeed, the last year was spent by Dr. Paton in Great Britain and the United States, pleading that Christian nations would keep out from the islands the debasing influence of the slave trade and the liquor traffic. The greatest enthusiasm was awakened by the sight of this hero, now in his seventieth year; and his untiring zeal, deep devotion to his Lord, great love for men, simple trust, and modest, unassuming manner, made his presence a benediction to all that had the privilege of hearing him.

Dr. Paton tells a story of a visit to a neglected island in the Pacific, where he found, to his great surprise, though no missionary was there, there was a sort of observance of the Lord's day. Two old men, who had a very little knowledge of the truths of the Gospel, were keeping track of the days, and on the first day of each week they laid ordinary work aside, put on a calico shirt kept for the purpose, and sat down to talk to those whom they could call about them, and in a simple way recited the outlines of a wonderful story they had once heard about one Jesus. Dr. Paton enquired where they had learned this truth, and they answered that, long before, a missionary had visited the island for a week or two, and had given them each a shirt, and told them something of this story of Jesus. He asked if they could remember the name, and they said, "Yes, it was Paton." Thirty-three years before he had in his evangelistic tours stopped at this island for a few days; and here, so long after, was the fruit. The calico shirts had been worn but once a week, carefully preserved for the Lord's day, and the only way to keep the day which they knew was to meet others and tell what they could remember of the wonderful story! What shall Christian disciples say at the great day with regard to the shameful neglect of perishing millions?

In the Malays, or Malaysia, there is a population of sixty millions, mostly Mohammedan Malays. The British and Foreign Bible Society has several European colporteurs at work and twenty-five who are natives.

A FREE PRESCRIPTION.

THOUGH I am no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions and shall charge nothing for them, so that you cannot grumble at the price.

We are, most of us, subject to fits. I am visited with them myself, and I dare say you are also. Now, then, for my prescriptions:

For a fit of Passion, take a walk in the open air; you may then speak to the wind without hurting any person or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of Idleness, count the ticking of a clock; do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next time and go to work like a man.

For a fit of Extravagance or Folly, go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged or wretched inmates of a gaol, and you will be convinced that

"Whoso maketh his bed of briar and thorn
Must be content to lie forlorn."

For a fit of Ambition, go into a cemetery and read the inscriptions upon the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your chamber bed, the earth your pillow, corruption your father and the worm your mother and sister.

For a fit of Repining, look about you for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, the afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of your lighter afflictions.

Are not these as good prescriptions as the most enlightened M.D. could give a person? I think so, and if any of my charming friends follow the directions they will think so, too.
Selected.

DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

A PATHETIC little incident is related of a Hindu lady who heard for the first time the words: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," when she suddenly exclaimed:

"Do you believe it, Mem Sahib, do you believe it?"

"Yes, Mohini, of course I believe it. It is God's own message to us all. I am reading it to you from His Word."

"Ah, I know; but, Mem Sahib, do you believe He gave His Son to die for us miserable Hindu women, as well as for you English ladies—do you believe that, and do your people at home believe it?"

"Mohini, yes; we all believe it. It is God's glad tidings to us all—to you and to us all alike. Yes, we believe it."

"Then why, oh! why did you not come sooner, and bring more with you, to tell all of us this good news?" sobbed poor Mohini.