

Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next—poor, old, clumsy Jerry—but as he hobbled up the steps, the angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him and led him to the rod. And behold! Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others. The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear, that we all heard it saying: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

And then, oh my name came next! I trembled so that I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm around me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it, I felt myself growing shorter and shorter, and though I stretched and stretched and strained every nerve to be as tall as possible, I could only reach Lilian's mark—Lilian's, the lowest of all. I grew crimson with shame, and whispered to the angel: "Oh, give me another chance before you mark me in the book so low as this! Tell me how to grow! I will do it all so gladly only do not put this mark down!"

The angel shook his head sadly: "The record must go down as it is my child. May it be higher when I next come! This rule will help thee: 'Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily as to the Lord, in singleness of heart as unto Christ.' The same earnestness which thou throwest into other things, will, with Christ's help, make thee grow in grace."

And with that I burst into tears, and I suddenly awoke and found myself crying. But, Oh! I shall never forget that dream! I was so ashamed of my mark.—*Farmers' Advocate.*

EXTRACTS FROM A MISSIONARY'S LETTER.

In one of the Christmas boxes sent to India were some dried Nova Scotia beans. The extract tells the rest of the story. "Saturday night and Sunday morning we had baked beans, and how good they were! But we had a great struggle to get them baked. The first time, we gave them to the cook with careful orders what to do. They came on the table at breakfast white as wax and hard as bullets, but the skin carefully taken off of each one. He had not soaked them at all, just boiled them about as long as he did the potatoes and peeled them carefully. When we remonstrated, he informed us with a superior smile that they would not be good our way. That is one of the times when special grace is needed. Then I decided to cook them myself.

You could not think of using pork in this country, but we told the cook to corn a piece of beef and explained why we wanted it. I picked out a nice piece and gave it to him, which he put away without a bit of salt. When I got this soaked and parboiled and called for the beef, he brought it along half rotten. He admitted that he understood my order, but still smiling informed me that if he had salted it, it would have made the beans too salt. I suppose his real reason was he planned to have it for his curry. Well, there was nothing for me to do but put in a piece of fresh beef. Then we had the pans of fire brought to the verandah where we could watch them bake. It took more charcoal than we would have used in three days for ordinary cooking and constant fighting with the servants to have them left alone. The butler really thought by the time they were done that I was hopelessly insane. He never heard of cooking anything so long before and did his best to rescue them by taking them off as soon as my back was turned. I finally told him we would discharge him if he dared touch the pan again. Talk about servants!!! But the beans were quite like home beans and more than paid for the trouble. I am going to bake some more and invite all the missionaries to dinner."

"We went to Ramachandrapuram and had a great day. Left here at sunset; it was lovely on the boat and we stayed on the roof till too sleepy to keep up. Got in at 5.30 in the morning and walked two miles to the mission house. After chotah we went to the leper asylum and saw all the work there. It is a remarkable sight. Some of the cases of course, are very bad. One woman's hands and feet were gone. A bright boy is there who has no ulcers yet, but his face is covered with the white spots. There are nearly a hundred there, men, women and children. A great number have been converted since entering the home, and fifteen are waiting for baptism now. Only one or two can read or write, but they have learned a lot of hymns and sing well, also recite a good many bible verses. After breakfast the Raja (which means king) sent his carriage for us to visit his palace. It was well worth seeing. The house is two stories with two turrets from which there is a lovely view of the country for miles around. The grounds are beautifully laid out in gardens with walls and gateways etc. The whole is enclosed by high mud walls that appear from outside like an old fort. The rooms were furnished with English furniture and some good pictures. Upstairs was