

Neil and Duncan and Nicol were sorely disinclined to part with Rob; but yet they saw clearly enough that he was getting too old to remain at the cuddy-fishing; and they knew they could now work that line of business quite well by themselves.

Of course, there was a dream of the future, for a herring-skip costs a great deal of money and so do nets. But in the meantime they were all agreed that what Rob counselled was wise; and a share in Coll MacDougall's boat was accordingly purchased, after a great deal of bargaining.

A proud lad was Rob MacNicol the afternoon he came along to the wharf to take his place in the boat that was now partly his own. His brothers and cousin were there to see him—envious a little, perhaps, but proud also; for part of their money had gone to buy the share. He had likewise purchased secondhand a huge pair of boots, that were as soft and pliable as grease could make them; and he carried a brand-new yellow oilskin in his hand that crackled as he walked.

Neil, Duncan, and Nicol watched him throw his oilskin into the boat, and go forward to the bow, and take his place there at the oar; and they knew very well that if there was any one who could pull an oar better than Rob, it was not in Errisair that person was to be found.

Then the big herring-skip passed away out of the point in the red glow of the evening, and Rob had achieved the first great ambition of his life.

(To be Continued.)

AN HOUR WITH MISS STREATOR.

By Pansy, author of "Christie's Christmas."

"When every one in the room is perfectly still," said Miss Streator, the spots on her cheeks burning like coals, "it will be time to go home." In a very few minutes every one was still; they seemed to know their teacher well enough to infer that it would not be time to go home until they were still. They went out, however, in a subdued murmur of sound, which broke into many lines when they reached the street, prominent among them being the roar of the ocean, and the barking of dogs.

The visitors tarried to discuss the scene. "It's a perfect circus!" said the church officer, briskly.

"I should think as much!" assented his wife. "What queer ideas. Candles and oranges, and sand and water in a Sunday-school! Who ever heard the like?"

"It is no wonder the children behave as they do," said the minister. "There is nothing in all these proceedings to teach them reverence."

"Nor anything else," declared the church officer. "What can the woman think she has taught them to-day?"

"She means well," said the minister, "but the trouble is she is burdened with so many new and strange ideas; she wants to do impossible things. You can't make saints, or theologians or philosophers out of little children. I think I must give her a hint."

She came toward them now, her cheeks still very red, her lips trying to smile and not quiver. "They do not behave so badly often," she said, speaking in a deprecating and apologetic way. "Just before Christmas is such a trying time for children. They seem less responsible than at almost any other time."

"They need to be helped to have such a sense of reverence for the house of God that they will not feel it possible to transgress His laws here!" said the minister. He omitted to say how this wholesome feeling was to be secured. None of the talk helped Miss Streator in the least. Even the young gentleman, her special friend, had only a sort of half savage whisper for her, "Clara, I wish you were out of it all, and out of this town." Poor Miss Streator. She turned her back upon them, wishing almost that she were out of it all—out of the world! She had tried so hard! Had meant so much by that lesson, and had failed so utterly! She wondered, while a stray tear or two fell on her glove, what her peculiar power in prayer over this very lesson could have meant. Certainly there was no fruit, and yet she had felt as though it were the thing to do. She wondered if she ought not to let Johnnie Lewis stay in the class; only sometimes he did try a little to do right, and she felt so sorry for him, and nobody else would take him. I don't quite

know what she would have done, poor thing, had not a little crumb of comfort reached her just then. Johnnie was standing at the corner, in the cold, northeast wind waiting for her. "I didn't mean to be bad," he told her, his stout little lip actually quivering a trifle. "It's just as you said; Satan, he got a hold of me."

"O, Johnnie! How long are you going to let Satan hold you fast in the dark?" It was every word she said.

What do you think! This was positively the last Sabbath that she ever met her class. A curious and most unexpected chain of providential events led her here, led her there, led her finally far away from the old home, and with the exception of the young man, her special friend, shut her as completely off from the old class and old associations as though she had indeed gone out of the world.

She is working to-day; she is teaching a class in Sunday-school; she is the joyful

brother Burns, who, from his early boyhood had been a light in this church, was about to sail for China to carry the light there. What more natural and beautiful than that he should take with him as a helper one from our own fold; a scholar in our Sabbath-school, and of late years a valued teacher there. So Miss Annie Smith has become Mrs. James Burns, and is going to China. What! little Annie Smith, with her wise eyes, and earnest face! And married to Jimmie Burns, he of the dirty hands and kicking heels? The very same. Another delightful feature of that farewell missionary meeting. It was announced with great flourish of trumpets that the missionary society had that day received a gift of one thousand dollars from that prince of givers, John Lewis, Jr., to be expended according to the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Burns, for the promotion of the work in the special field to which they were going. The pastor said that Brother John Lewis's

Annie Smith, his present wife, and she said she meant to go, too. The lesson for that day, he ought to remark, had been about missions; about carrying the light to dark portions of the earth; he himself was present, and remembered the afternoon well; and it certainly seemed a remarkable coincidence that these two lambs of the flock should have chosen their path in life thus early, and been led, in the wisdom of God, to adhere to it. During this address, of which there was much more, it was observable that Brother Lewis sat restlessly, with shining eyes and brimful face. Had he been twenty years younger, he might have kicked his heels, or roared like the ocean; as it was, he sprang to his feet directly the minister sat down. "Brethren," he said, "perhaps it isn't in order for a layman to say anything here; and you all know that I don't pretend to be much of a speaker; but I remember that afternoon so well; the sand and the water, and the orange and the candles all, that I feel as though I must speak. Why, I could almost sing this minute:

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,

only I can't sing any better than I could then, when I had to hum, or growl, or whistle an accompaniment, while the others sang. But I was impressed, that very afternoon, not only with the power of little things, but with the desire to do big things. I got hold of the worth of a penny in the mission cause that day, and I resolved then to gather up all the pennies I could and send the light with them. I hadn't any experimental knowledge of the light then, but I thank the Lord He has since shined into my heart, and enabled me to keep my resolution. My interest in missions began that day and has been growing ever since. I want to reach round the world with my prayers and my pennies, and I'm trying for it."

When he sat down, do you wonder that the young-old minister took off his spectacles and wiped them? And that he rose again, and said he wished there was one other person in this joyous gathering, and that was the old infant-class teacher, Miss Streator. He had reason to believe she was, in some respects, one of the most remarkable teachers of little children that the church had ever known. She had had advanced ideas. Had been not only abreast of the times, but away ahead of them. The fact was, the times were just beginning to catch up with her. And for his part he felt just like writing her a letter, and telling her about this glorious meeting and the glorious fruit in which she had so prominent a share. But he never wrote it. Instead, he went home and wrote a sermon on the freedom of the will—or something! People never write half the letters that they feel like in moments of enthusiasm. They never speak one-third of the encouraging and helpful words that they think, either. More's the pity! I don't believe anybody has told Miss Streator to this day. There are great joys awaiting her. Let me tell you of something else which did not appear in that missionary meeting.

There was, that day, twenty years ago, a little girl in her class, a new scholar, one who came from among the poor families which Miss Streator, in her mission zeal, had hunted out and drawn in. She sat still through the hour, so absorbed, so silent, that amid the turmoil she was unobserved, even by Miss Streator. It was less than four weeks afterwards that the messenger Death came to a little back room of a little dark house, in a little narrow street, and carried the soul of Katie Briggs with him. But just before she went, she murmured: "You tell teacher that I lighted my candle that day; I lighted it right away; and he is shining down now, the Great Light, I'm going to Him." And she went. No one "told teacher." No one knew just how, so they neglected it. But the "Lamb, who is the light thereof," will tell her some day.

BIBLES FOR SCHOLARS.—The matter of getting Bibles into the hands of all the scholars is worthy of the best attention. In many schools Bibles are regularly supplied to the scholars for use during the school session. This is an excellent plan. It is well to induce every scholar, where it is at all possible, to become the personal owner of a Bible. The book will then be studied better at home, and in every way the result will be better.—Bible Teacher.

"None of self and all of Thee."

"But Christ is all and in all."—COL. 3: 11.

REV. THEO. MONROE, arr.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn, including a treble clef, key signature, and four numbered verses of lyrics.

Musical notation for the second system of the hymn, including a treble clef, key signature, and lyrics.

Musical notation for the third system of the hymn, including a treble clef, key signature, and lyrics.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the hymn, including a treble clef, key signature, and lyrics.

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possessor of a blackboard, and a set of colored maps, and of everything else which the march of events has brought within her reach. But, so far as I know, she hasn't a correspondent in the old home away in the east, for she is away in the west, on what is known as home mission ground.

A few weeks ago in the Third Street Church there was a great meeting. The platform was extended for the occasion, and was crowded with ministers. Among them was the spectacled young man. Spectacled still, not so young by twenty years, and, strange to say, not so wise by the same number of years as he was then! Former pastors of the prosperous church were present. The great occasion was that of a farewell meeting; it followed swiftly a marriage ceremony and an ordination. Our dear

unparalleled generosity in every good work and especially in the line of missions, was well known to them; but for so young a man to give freely and constantly, and to be apparently so absorbed in the cause of missions, was certainly a matter of rejoicing to any church which was so fortunate as to call him one of its members.

By and by, the young-old minister in spectacles had a word to say. He had a curious and delightful story to tell them. He had learned, recently, through Brother Burns, that he actually made up his mind one Sabbath afternoon, twenty years ago, when he was a very little boy attending the infant class in this Sunday-school, that when he got to be a man, he would become a missionary and go to China. And, strange to say, he communicated the fact that day to little