

so?" asked Mike, as he slung his kit from his shoulder.

'Dat? Why, dat's wot de lady give me ter read—dat is, de lady 'round at de church. Beats anyt'ing I've read.'

'Open 'er up,' continued Mike; 'let a fellow see a good t'ing.'

'I will; but don't yer touch it—it's perty, an' 'taint mine,' and at that Sam began to unroll the cloth from Mrs. Miley's Bible.

'My!' said Mike, 'dat is perty! I'd have ter shine for a month ter get dat.'

'Say, Mike,' said Sam, confidentially, 'I'm readin' in it. Some fine t'ings in dis book, and at that he opened to some marked passage. I'm learnin' ter say dese off; wish you would see if I knows um,' and he carefully transferred the Bible to Mike. They sat down on a box.

'All right, let 'er go!' said Mike, and Sam began:

'An' he opened his mouth and taught dem, sayin'.'

'Dat's good, but who's dis "He?"' asked Mike.

'Why, dat's Jesus,' explained Sam. 'I found dat out 'round at de meetin'.'

'"Blessed are de poor in spirit, for—for deys is de kingdom of heaven."'

'W'at does dat mean?' asked Mike; 'I'm poor—wonder if it means me.'

'I just don't know 'bout dat,' admitted Sam.

'"Blessed are dey dat mourn for dey shall be comforted."'

'Dat means my mother,' said Mike.

'An' my mother, too,' said Sam.

'"Blessed are de meek for dey shall inherit de earth."'

'"Blessed are dey which hunger and thirst after righteousness, for dey shall be filled."'

'Dat means both of us, Sam, fer ain't we hungry most of de time?'

'But look, Mike, it says "hunger fer righteousness." Dat means hunger to be right, or to do de honest t'ing.'

'Den dat don't mean me,' said Mike quietly.

'"Blessed are de merciful fer dey shall obtain mercv."'

'"Blessed are de pure in heart fer dey shall—dey shall—dey—shall." W'at shall dey do, Mike?'

'Dey—shall—see—God,' Mike stumbled out.

'"Blessed are the peacemakers fer dey shall be called de children of God."'

'Dat mean you, Sam,' exclaimed Mike, 'fer don't yer know yesterday when dat tough jumped on Cripple Joe, how you rolled up yer sleeves an' knocked him out?'

And there those two street waifs sat under the shadow of the great building with the Word of God before them for the first time, looking into its truths so strange to them. Sam next turned to the Lord's prayer. He had not learned that yet, but he read it to wondering Mike, and after that the twenty-third psalm, and all the while they commented in their simple, serious fashion.

At last Mike spoke up: 'Say, Sam, you say yer goin' ter get dat picture next Saturday? Wonder if dey would let me set on de back seat, fer I'd like ter see you do dose fellers up?'

'Of course you can! Dey's queer people. Dey don't care how poor a feller is—you know, Mike, I'm 'bout as tough lookin' as dey make 'um, an' a feller dat was dressed fine took my hand an' almost drug me into de church.'

So when the hour for league arrived, Sam and Mike put in appearance, somewhat cleaner than they had ever been before—

Sam carrying Mrs. Miley's Bible wrapped in a newspaper.

'And who is this friend?' asked Mrs. Miley.

'Dis is Mike,' was Sam's introduction.

'Well, Mike, we are glad you are here.'

Sam did not say much. He was serious, and all the time kept his eye on a large colored picture of the cross with great radiating streams of light. He had thought of that picture all week, and had put in every spare moment between 'shines' committing verses for the contest.

One after another arose and repeated their verses, some running as high as twelve or fifteen. It was evident that there had been other eyes on the exceptionally beautiful chart picture for the week, and when Jennie Morrow repeated twenty verses all agreed that she would succeed.

But they must call on Sam. He was a member now, so the secretary called out: 'Samuel Kegan!'

Sam hardly recognized that version of his name, while Mike grinned; but Mrs. Miley nodded to him assuringly. He arose with the 'beatitudes,' and went through to the last 'blessed.' That made eleven verses. He then repeated the twenty-third psalm and made it seventeen. He kept to his feet and started out on the fourteenth chapter of John—'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid; ye believe in God, believe also in me'—and he went slowly and hesitatingly—eighteen, nineteen, twenty; and when twenty-one verses were repeated the whole league clapped their hands. But he did not stop, and went on until thirty-one verses were credited to him.

Then looking over to Mrs. Miley, he asked: 'Missis Miley, is de picture mine?'

'You dear boy, yes; here it is.'

He held the picture before him for a minute or two while Mrs. Miley told him what it meant—that Christ Jesus died there for him, that Christ loves him and would help him be a better boy.

'And did He die for Mike here?' asked Sam.

Why, Mike, of course. Children, how many of you would like to see Mike become a member of our league? And from every tongue came the cry: 'I do!' 'I do!'—Robb Zaring, in 'Junior Herald.'

The Sunday-School and the Citizen.

A merely prohibitive and preventive force, however salutary it may be, is not everything the community needs. It wants its sons and daughters imbued with positive principles of the highest sort—smitten with a hunger and thirst for the sublimest ideals. They must have a passion for civic and national righteousness and truth. And should not this be the outcome of the training given them Sunday after Sunday? The true teacher is not satisfied with acquainting his pupils with the letter of scripture; he desires to see them impregnated through and through with its spirit. It is not enough for him that they should be familiar with the Galilean Saviour of nineteen centuries ago; he travails in birth until Christ is formed within them, the Hope of future glory, and the Fountain of present holiness and wisdom and strength. If he be successful—and God is not unmindful of his work of faith and labor of love—the country owes to him some of its best citizens. He is creating a public opinion of the most wholesome kind. He is sending forth successive troops of young men and women whose voices will be raised,

whose influence will be cast, whose votes will be registered, on the side of the things which are honorable and just and lovely and of good report. It is a splendid task which he performs, and there are few patriots more worthy of our admiration and praise. Before the Scottish Covenanters, humble men and women for the most part, there floated the magnificent vision of a Christian state linked in unbreakable wedlock with Jesus Christ its King. It is the vision which thrills and inspires the lowliest Sunday-school teacher in the land, provided only he is in real sympathy with his calling.—'Sunday-school Chronicle.'

Who Will Go For Us?

BY A YOUNG BRAHMIN LADY.

(Written in English by herself.)

Listen, listen, English sisters,
Hear an Indian sister's plea,
Grievous wails, dark ills revealing,
Depths of human woe unsealing,
Borne across the deep blue sea.
'We are dying day by day,
With no bright, no cheering ray,
Naught to lighten up our gloom,
Cruel, cruel, is our doom.'

Listen, listen, Christian sisters,
Show ye have a Christ-like heart;
Hear us sadly, sadly moaning,
'Neath our load of sorrow groaning.
Writhing 'neath its bitter smart;
With no hope of rest above,
Knowing not a Father's love;
Your true sympathy we crave,
You can help us, you can save.

Listen, listen, Christian sisters,
Hark! they call, and call again;
Can ye pass them by unheeding
All their eager, earnest pleading?
Hear ye not their plaintive strain?
Let your tender hearts be moved,
Let your love for Christ be proved,
Not by idle tears alone,
But by noble actions shown.

This is no romantic story,
Not an idle, empty tale;
Not a vain, far-fetched ideal,
No, your sisters' woes are real.
Let their pleading tones prevail.
As ye prize a Father's love,
As ye hope for rest above,
As your sins are all forgiven,
As ye have a home in heaven.

Rise, and take the gospel message,
Bear its tidings far away;
Far away to India's daughters;
Tell them of the living waters,
Flowing, flowing, day by day.
That they too may drink and live,
Freely have ye, freely give;
Go, disperse the shades of night
With the Glorious gospel light.

Many jewels, rare and precious,
If ye sought them, ye should find,
Deep in heathen darkness hidden,
Ye are by the Master bidden,
If ye know that Master's mind;
Bidden, did I say? Ah, no!
Without bidding ye will go
Forth to seek the lone and lost;
Rise and go, whate'er the cost.

Would ye miss His welcome greeting
When he comes in glory down?
Rather would ye hear Him saying,—
As before Him ye are laying

Your bright trophies for His crown—
'I accept your gathered spoil,
I have seen your earnest toil,
Faithful ones, well done! well done!
Ye shall shine forth as the sun.'

—'Female Missionary Intelligencer.'