



'HIS LIKENESS YOU SHALL SEE.'

and seen him with their own ears and eyes then, how soon his desire would have been fulfilled!

At length we went to the boat; and he said—

'When you come with missionary?'

I said, 'We cannot for a year.'

'Oh,' he pleaded, 'not say twelve months. Me want missionary; me die for missionary. Not say year.'

Three weary years have passed, and we have not one for them yet.

Such is the desire on many islands. Oh, to enter with the gospel and see its blessed effects!

#### THE BLACK BOTTLE.

The *Macon (Ga.) Telegraph* tells the following true story, which it says, 'would fitly adorn a temperance lecture.'

Happening into a millinery store, the reporter noticed a lady buying a hat for her little girl. The child made herself sociable with him, and remarked, prattling artlessly.

'We dots lot o' money now.'

'When did you get it, my little girl?'

'Papa broke de bottle.'

This called for some explanation on the mother's part, and she finally related how her intemperate husband had been reformed five years before, at the time their oldest boy died. This is the tale she told, beginning—as the story of many a reformed life has begun—at a loved one's death bed.

The little fellow slowly turned his eyes towards his father and said: 'I'm going to die, papa, for the angels are calling for me. This is Christmas morning, papa; please let me see what Santa Claus put in my stocking.'

My husband went to the mantel and took down the little stocking. It was empty. He stood still and stared at it for a minute, and God only knows the agony of his heart in that short time. He turned to speak, but our boy would not have heard him had the poor man's heart allowed him utterance. Our boy was dead!

The day before New Year's day my husband called for the whiskey bottle. May God forgive my feelings at that minute, for I wished that he, too, were dead. I obeyed him mechanically.

To my surprise, he took the bottle in his hands, and pouring the whiskey on the ground said, 'I will drink no more; and the money I would spend for whiskey we will put into this bottle, and all enjoy its contents.'

You can imagine how happy I was! He had sworn off many a time before, but I knew he was in earnest this time. We made a calculation and estimated that whiskey cost him five dollars a week.

Well, it was decided to put a five dollar bill a week in the bottle for five years, come what would. The time was out last New Year's day, and the big black bottle was broken and it contained thirteen hundred dollars. But this was not all. We saved enough in that time, outside of the bottle, to buy a little home.

'But are you not afraid, in breaking the bottle your husband will break his resolution?'

'No; because we have started another bottle-bank,' said the lady with a happy smile.

The husband is a Macon mechanic, well known and enjoys the respect and esteem of all. He says he never knew how much genuine pleasure there was at home with his loved ones until he got sober enough to appreciate it, and fill instead of empty the fat black bottle.

#### AFTER DARK, THE STARS.

A tired child, restless, as the night came on, Wond'ring at twilight where the day had gone, Watched at the window with a weary sigh, Till heaven should hang its star-lamps in the sky. 'Why don't they come, mamma?' she question- ing said:

Then looking up, 'Come, pretty stars,' she pled, Deeper the shades of night around her grew, While patiently she peered the darkness through.

At last, with shout of joy, a star she spied, 'I see one now! Why not before?' she cried. The mother kissed her eager lips and smiled: 'Because it was not dark enough, my child.'

So shine the eternal stars in sorrow's night: The deepest gloom but serves to show their light, Take courage then, O heart that most hath bled, God's stars of hope are shining overhead.

ANNA C. GORDON.

#### 'HIS LIKENESS YOU MAY SEE.'

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

My boy, do you know the boy I love?  
I fancy I see him now;  
His forehead bare in the sweet spring air  
With the wind of hope in his waving hair,  
With sunrise on his brow.

He is something near your height, may be,  
And just about your years:  
Timid as you; but his will is strong,  
And his love of right and his hate of wrong  
Are mightier than his fears.

He has the courage of simple truth:  
The trial that he must bear,  
The peril, the ghost that frights him most,  
He faces boldly—and like a ghost,  
It vanishes in air.

Fond of his sports? No merrier lad's  
Sweet laughter ever rang!  
But he is so generous and so frank,  
His wildest wit or his maddest prank  
Can never cause a pang.

Where does he dwell? I cannot tell;  
Nor do I know his name,  
Or poor or rich? I don't mind which;  
Or learning Latin, or digging ditch,  
I love him all the same.

With high, brave heart, perform your part,  
Be noble and kind as he:  
Then, some fair morning, when you pass,  
Fresh from glad dreams before your glass,  
His likeness you may see.

You are puzzled? What, you think there is not  
A boy like him—surmise  
That he is only a bright ideal?—  
But you have the power to make him real,  
And clothe him to our eyes!

#### 'ME DIE FOR MISSIONARY.'

BY REV. DR. JOHN G. PATON.

When I went to Ambrym three years ago (1890)—at that side of the island where there is no missionary—we saw the people on the shore all lying under arms. We hesitated to go near, and whenever we approached them, they would rush to the shore and draw up their canoes. For hours they continued doing this. At last two lads came off in canoes, with shaking and trembling limbs, and one called out—  
'You missionary?'

'Yes, I am a missionary.'

'You true missionary?'

'Yes.'

'You no got revolver?'

I bared my body and showed that I had none.

'You no come steal boys or women?'

'No, we have come to tell you about God.'

Therefore he shouted—

'Yes, Me savvy (know) you! You true missionary. You bring Missi Gordon who come here long, long ago.'

I said 'yes,' and with one rush the two lads came in their canoes, and leaped into our boat, calling ashore—

'Missi! Missi! Missi!' and somethng else that we did not understand. The cry was taken up and echoed throughout the whole island—you heard it everywhere—  
'Missionary! Missionary!'

The people laid aside their weapons and we soon landed—the natives rushing into the surf and taking the boat up on the bench.

As soon as I got out I saw a painted, forbidding looking savage making towards me. I kept my eye on him, for I did not know what he was after.

He seized me by the arm, exclaiming in burning, broken accents—

'Me die for missionary. Me want a missionary. Me no got a missionary. Me die for missionary.'

Oh, how the iron entered into my soul, as I felt the grip of that poor savage, and heard his pleading cry—for, alas! we had no means of helping him.

I said, 'We cannot give you a mission- ary.'

'Do, do, do! he said looking appealingly at the young men with us.' I said they were for another island.

'No. You stop long o' ma. Me die; me die; me want a missionary to teach me.'

If God's dear people could have heard