

the officials called upon him with the contract—thirteen long articles written in Japanese, Chinese, and English. His salary was to be a liberal one, and the government was to furnish him with horses, guards, interpreters, attendants, philosophical apparatus, and a large temple in which to live. But, craftily inserted in the articles was a clause forbidding him to teach Christianity, and binding him to keep silence on all religious subjects for a space of three years.

'Sign the promise,' said the interpreter, 'but when you get off in the country you can break it and teach what you please.'

'Sign it,' said some expedient American friends, 'or you will lose three hundred dollars a month, and all your good chances besides. Some mere adventurer will get the position, and will do the people more harm than good.'

But the professor would listen to neither of these suggestions of 'policy.' He had spent all his money in getting to Japan, and if he should lose the situation he would be in an impoverished condition. Yet he was a Christian, and he could not live among these unenlightened people and keep his mouth closed upon the most vital subject in earth and Heaven. Nor could he sign the pledge and afterward break it; such a suggestion was not to be for a moment considered.

So he determined not to sign the contract, and wrote to the government that unless the objectionable clause was withdrawn, he could not accept the professorship. 'It is impossible,' he added, 'for a Christian to dwell three years in the midst of a pagan people and keep silence upon the subject nearest his heart.'

Much to his delight—and to the utter astonishment of his 'political' advisers—he received within three days an answer, saying that the clause against Christianity should be stricken out. Instead of thinking less of the professor, or being vexed at his obstinacy the Japanese officials respected him for his conscientious honesty, and became more friendly than ever.

The professor took charge of the school, which was several hundred miles from Yokohama, and had a thousand students and fifty Japanese teachers. When he made out the programme of the studies he said nothing about the Sabbath, but left the space for that day blank. There is no Sabbath in the Japanese religion, but the officials inferred the professor's wishes, and inserted the word 'rest' in the blank space. An order was also issued closing the school on Sunday.—W. Bert Foster, in Epworth 'Herald.'

Mrs. Mott's Surprise.

Ever since Mrs. Mott had heard that the Rev. Stephen Stephenson was to preach on the following Sunday she had been looking forward to the day with almost childlike eagerness.

'It must be the same, it's such a queer name,' she said to herself as she walked to church. 'It's over thirty years since I saw his bonny face, and then he was only eight. What pranks he used to play! And now to think of his being a parson! I am glad.'

The sermon preached in the village church that day was gratefully remembered by many who heard it.

After proving clearly from God's own Word that sinners are freely invited to come to the loving Saviour, 'who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree,' the preacher urged those who already loved the Lord, to try and win others to Him by lip and life.

'I was but a little lad,' he said in conclusion, 'when I was told of the Saviour's love by my nurse, who was a true Christian. Years after, during an illness, the recollection of her simple, earnest words, the texts she taught me, and her own bright example, came to me with vivid clearness, and I decided to devote my life to the dear Lord who had given His for me.'

Mrs. Mott was on her way home when Mr. Stephenson, who was going in the same direction, overtook her.

'You were of great use to me this morning,' he said with a smile: 'such an attentive listener is a wonderful help to a preacher. But I fear you are in trouble,' he added,

ed, for tears were rolling slowly down the aged face.

'I was nurse to a young gentleman of your name, sir, and I hoped that it might have been you till you said that about your nurse, and then I know it couldn't be; and I can't help feeling sadly when I think of what I might have done for dear Master Stevie boy.'

'Nurse Player used to call me that,' exclaimed Mr. Stephenson.

Mrs. Mott's face beamed with joy as she said,

'My name was Player before I married, but—oh, Master Stevie, it can't be true—you don't really mean that I—!'

'I mean that I can never be grateful enough to my good nurse,' interrupted Mr. Stephenson, as he took the old woman's hand kindly in his; and 'depend upon it, dear friend, those who try lovingly to lead others to Christ have many glad surprises in store for them; if not on earth, in heaven.'—'People's Own Paper.'

George Herbert on 'Worship.'

By all means use sometimes to be alone,
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear,

Dare to look in thy chest, for it's thy own:
And tumble up and down what thou findest there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out-of-door his mind.

When once thy foot enters the church, beware:

God is more there than thou, for thou art there

Only by His permission; then beware
And make thyself all reverence and fear,
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit thy state;

All equal are within the church's gate.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither,

Christ purged His temple; so must thou thy heart,

All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together

To cozen thee. Look to thy acting well,
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

Witnessing in Society.

(Mrs. Harvey-Jellie, in the 'Christian.')

Carriages were driving to and from the richly ornamented portico of Grasley Hall, whose new inmates were holding a grand reception. Each visitor mentally exclaimed, 'How superb!' for nothing that artistic taste and money could supply had been forgotten in planning the interior of that well-situated mansion.

Alfred Carlence had been prosperous beyond all telling in foreign trading, his fair young wife, several years his junior, crowned his possessions with grace and cultured brightness, and, as far as this world's riches can satisfy, they were happy.

Titled people came and went, men and women of coveted homes. Sparkling with smiles and in elegant attire, Helena Carlence welcomed her guests. Strangers they were with the exception of one, and she was clad in a widow's garb. During the fragmentary conversations, Helena was hearing words once spoken to her by that one. It was when they had lived near and been girls together. The widow, then a young and ardent Christian, had spoken about the claims of Christ, only to be rejected by her friend.

'You will believe me some day, and I will prove to you I mean it,' she had said as they parted to take different ways in life.

Why had she come uninvited on that afternoon? Yet, as an old acquaintance, she was welcomed, and asked to stay, until, after music, laughter and cheery talk, one by one the company took their leave.

'Yes, I am a widow,' said Marie Somers, as she alone sat with the merry bride, 'and but for the all-sufficiency of Christ, I would be in sheer despair. Helena, once more as of old, I address you—Oh, make sure of life in Christ.'

She had kept her promise to 'prove she

meant it.' She felt God had laid it on her conscience to go that day and speak, although it cost her much, and she was sadly tempted to leave her message for another time. 'Out of place, to speak about such things on a day like this, but I know you mean well,' was the only response, and Marie Somers trembled as the page closed the door behind her.

A round of parties, morning drives, and concerts filled up the weeks. Helena would have said we have two selves, for she knew there was an inner self struggling to be free, and to correct the outer self.

It happened on a spring afternoon that Mrs. Somers sat alone on her garden seat arranging some early blossoms to carry to the sacred spot where lay the earthly part of him she had loved. She started at the touch of a hand. Helena Carlence had left her carriage and quietly walked along the garden to where she saw the widow sitting. Without delay, as one burdened with a message, she spoke in haste. 'Maria, I want that life in Christ of which you spoke at my reception; there is an empty place everywhere, and within my soul. Tell me the first steps. Oh! how ignorant I am!'

The flowers were laid aside, and the widow gently assured her friend, speaking of repentance, and cleansing, of full surrender, and of the incoming of God's spirit. She spoke as one who understands, and knows the importance of such experience; and when the carriage returned, Helena was reluctant to go.

'Have you returned all your calls?' asked her husband, as she alighted at the door.

Taking his arm, and walking into the library, she answered, 'I have been to see that brave visitor of whom I told you; some of the others must wait.'

'I can't say I believe in that sort of people; there is a time for everything; fancy religion at a reception!' he said, anxious not to seem to reproach his wife.

'Yes, I know there is a time for everything, and the only time for the soul is the present,' she replied earnestly. 'What blessing she brought to Grasley Hall that afternoon! An angel might covet such a mission, to be used of God to move in and out among the spiritually ignorant rich people, and remind them that they have a soul!'

Always welcome, Marie Somers was frequently a guest at the Hall; often the carriage was seen also, waiting outside her home and many profitable hours were thus spent.

Late in the summer the widow lay dying. Summoned to her side, Helena Carlence sat listening to her parting words:

'My joy has been to seek the unsought ones of society, and to know nothing among them but Christ. I want you now to take up the work I lay down.'

'Marie, how dare I? it is the hardest work of all to speak in such society. What will they say?'

'If it can help you, think of me. I ventured to risk offending you. Above all, think of him, who suffered the loss of all to reach ruined souls and save them. Say you will live and speak only for eternity.' And the feeble hand was held out as she spoke.

The fair mistress of Grasley Hall never had looked so beautiful as when, with upturned face and tearful eyes, she said, 'For Christ's sake and yours I will.'

Years are passing, but not without joy among the angels over sinners brought to repentance from the rich homes of earth, and often the story is told of 'that brave visitor.'

God give us zeal and faith and fervour,
Make us winning, make us wise,
Single-hearted, strong and fearless,
Thou hast called us; we will rise!
Let the might of Thy Good Spirit
Go with every loving word;
And by hearts prepared and opened
Be our message always heard.

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