

give something, and they have brought two shillings." The Missionary was surprised and delighted to receive from this poor African and his children what was a large sum to them—twelve shillings.

Let this spirit, dear readers, be yours. Act, in giving, from principle, as these converted heathens acted. Put the question often to your heart, "How much owest thou unto the Lord?" and think it one of your highest privileges that God requires, and that He will accept your offerings.—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

CHRIST IN THE STORM.

One dark stormy night we were tossing in a rude little native boat, near the coast of Ceylon. As I lay on my low bed in the bottom of the boat, and saw the red flashes of lightning through the thatched covering and heard the rapid peals of thunder, while the rain was pouring in on all sides, and our boat tossing like a bubble on the angry waves, I could not but think of our danger, for I knew that the native boatmen were timid and ignorant, and that many such little barques go down every year on that coast.

Trembling and afraid, I raised my head to catch the words of my companion as he inquired for the master of the boat. "He is in the hinder part of the ship asleep," was the reply.

Little did the rude heathen who uttered these simple words know how they made my soul thrill. In a moment I was carried back to that night when Jesus, perhaps in just such a rude little boat as ours, lay tossing on the stormy lake of Gennesareth. Never did I so realize that our blessed Saviour was once a man, a suffering mortal, and one with us in nature.

Far from home and kindred, weak, helpless, and full of fear, for a moment I had forgotten that Jesus was just as near to us as He was to those fearing disciples, and that He could as easily say to the foaming billows "Peace be still," as He did on that night when they cried, "Master, carest thou not what we perish?"

My fears were gone. I felt that Jesus was near, that I could almost put my hand in His, and hear his voice, "It is I, be not afraid." Often since then, in hours of darkness and trial, have I lived over that night, and been comforted by the same sweet thoughts.

Afflicted, sorrowing child of God, forget not him who