

the young woman handed her a dollar and gave another to the sick man. In a few days she returned with material for a dress, and recommended the dressmaker to friends. In two months' time the dressmaker had so much work to do that she hired two assistants, and the sick man's wife had a position as housekeeper until his recovery.

And how about the "blues"? Does the young woman have them any more? No; for the love of God came into her heart while she was reading of it to others, the sick man's mind was relieved, and the poor woman on the point of despair was delivered out of all her troubles.



A Cruel Taunt.

A REBUKE that was richly deserved was administered on one occasion by the late Benjamin H. Brewster, who was once Attorney-General in President Arthur's Cabinet. His face was terribly disfigured by scars, and when engaged on a case as attorney for the Pennsylvania Railroad, the opposing counsel made a brutal attack on him. "The dealings of the railroad," he said, "are as tortuous and twisted as the features of the man who represents it." Mr. Brewster held his peace until his turn came. Then he said: "For the first time in my life the personal defect from which I suffer has been the subject of public remark. I will tell you how I came by it. When I was five years of age, I was one day playing with a younger sister when she fell into an open grate where a fire was burning. I sprang to her assistance, dragged her from danger, and in doing so I fell myself with my face upon the burning coals. When I was picked up my face was as black"—and his finger transfixed his antagonist—"as that man's heart."



MASTER, to do great work for Thee my hand
Is far too weak. Thou givest what may suit,—
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or time, or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the grand design
Which Thou hast traced; or, many-skilled, combine
To build vast temples gloriously planned,
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought
Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,
Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought.
Let each stone by the Master hand of grace
Form the Mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
And in Thy temple pavement give it place.

—*Frances R. Havergal.*



A Japanese Convert.

A JAPANESE divinity student in Cambridge, Mass., was once asked to speak. He said he would tell how he was converted. He desired to enter the Imperial University of Japan that he might study philosophy in order to counteract the influence of foreign missionaries in his

native land. He was unable to secure admission there, but was able to enter a school carried on by the American Episcopal Church, where he had a Christian room-mate. One day these two young men went to Bishop Williams, the head of the school, as the representatives of the students, to complain of the defects of the building in which they roomed. It was cold, especially on the north side, where the speakers had their room. The venerable Bishop listened attentively, and expressed his regret that the Mission Board had not been able to send them sufficient money to keep the building in good repair. Then he turned to the Christian student and said:

"But this matter can be settled as far as you are concerned. You are young, and I am old. My work is nearly ended. Yours is just beginning. Your health and comfort must be considered. I have a sunny room on the south side; you shall take that room, and I will take your cold room on the north side." In vain the young man protested; but the Bishop was persistent. His life was of little value. The young man might injure his usefulness by impairing his health. The Christian student burst into tears, and soon the heathen student did the same, for around the brow of the self-sacrificing man of God he seemed to see a light divine. He had never seen such a spirit of sacrifice among heathen people or heathen teachers, and he said, "If that is what Christianity does for a man, I want to be a Christian."



Governor Andrew at the Old Bethel.

HIGH up upon the roll of honor emblazoned with the names and deeds of noble American citizens, is found that of John Albion Andrew, the famous governor of Massachusetts. Governor Andrew knew that the supreme tonic of life is on its spiritual side. To find religious exercise, if not religious expression, for his thoughts and feelings was his frequent practice, and it never failed to rest and restore him. At the time of the Civil War his labors were incessant, and repeatedly he spent whole nights at the Statehouse in Boston. This was the case especially, as Chaplain Barnes tells in *Zion's Herald*, through the closing days of 1862.

On the last night of that year—the third night of a sleepless strain of official duty—he suddenly threw aside his work, and said to his private secretary, "We are driving this too hard. Let's turn the key in the door and go down to watch-meeting at the Old Bethel."

A crowd of sailors, longshoremen, riggers, and stevedores nearly filled the Bethel that night, but he found a seat among them, and took his silent part in the devotions. Near midnight a sign from Father Taylor called up the hard-worked chief magistrate to address the men. He had already forgotten his fatigue. Governor Andrew was an eloquent man, and more familiar with the Bible than most great lawyers; and its words, uttered in his clear, resistless manner,