

astounding every word that fell from the teacher's lips.

At the close of school the well-known hymn was sung,—

"There is a happy land, far, far, away," &c.

At the conclusion of it she said,—  
"Tell me where that happy land is; I've seen it, and I want to go there, only I don't know the way, and I ain't fit yet."

The teacher was surprised to hear her speak in this manner. Who could have told this ignorant child she was not fit for heaven? He asked her after the rest were gone, and then she told him her dream, and asked him to tell her what she must do before she could go to the "happy land;" and for nearly an hour after the others had gone did he sit and tell her of the way of salvation provided by God to make us fit to live with Him.

"And will He make me fit if I ask Him?" said Maggie, as he concluded.

"Yes; He has said, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.'"

"And, of course, He can give me everything I want if He's so great and rich?" said Maggie. "But where does He live? How shall I go to Him? I can't go," she added, sorrowfully, looking down at her dirty rags. "They'd turn me off the steps."

Then prayer had to be explained, and that it could be offered acceptably everywhere, and by every one, if they only ask for what they wanted in the name of Jesus.

"Then can I ask God this minute to wash away my sins and make me fit to live in heaven?"

"Yes; we will both kneel down now and do so."

Maggie did as she was told, and listened attentively to every word, for she wanted to know what to say when she was by herself.

But there was only one sentence she could remember, "Wash all our sins away, for Christ's sake;" and this she repeated to herself over and over again as she walked towards her miserable home.

For the next few months she was very regular in her attendance at the school, and learned rapidly all that was taught her. But although she listened with eager attention to all she was told of Bible truth, she rarely asked a question. This rather disappointed her teacher, for he was anxious to know whether the work of God was going on in her heart still; but she seemed to avoid being questioned on the subject.

At length she discontinued coming, and upon inquiry he found that she had been taken to the workhouse. He went at once to see her, and found her dangerously ill. The doctor had said that she could not live many weeks.

"Well, Maggie," he said, sitting down beside the bed. "I am sorry to see you so ill."

"I ain't a bit sorry," said the child, with a cheerful smile. "I've got into the field at last, and the garden ain't far off."

"What do you mean?" asked her teacher, for he did not know how closely she had blended her ideas of heaven with the dream she had had that night she was first taken to the school.

"Why, I've only got a little while to wait for somebody to fetch me. I'm all ready to go to the happy land, the beautiful garden I dreamt about."

"And do you think you are quite fit to go to heaven?" asked her teacher.

"Oh yes! Jesus has made me quite clean," said the child, confidently.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"Because I can feel it here," and she laid her hand upon her heart. "I've only felt it since I've been in the workhouse. I used to say every night, and a good many times in the day, 'Wash my sins away, for Christ's sake'; but I seemed to get worse and more wicked; but now it's all gone, and I'm just waiting for 'em to open the garden gate and let me in. The 'happy land' ain't 'far, far away'; now I'm quite close to it."

This had been said in broken sentences, and the effort of saying so much had quite exhausted her, and she lay back upon her pillow panting for breath.

"Do you love Jesus?" asked the teacher in a few minutes. Her pale cheek flushed at the question, and her eye brightened as she answered,—

"Oh yes; I ever so much. He made me fit! He's done it all!"

Several visits were paid by the teacher before Maggie went to the "happy land," and he became more and more convinced each time he saw her of the reality of the work of grace in her heart, and that she was really one of those to whom Jesus had given the "white robe" of His righteousness, and that she would, before long, have the "palm in her hand."

The last time he saw her alive she whispered,—

"My dream has come true; I'm going into the beautiful garden now. Good-bye, they'll come for me very soon." And that very night the angel messengers arrived and carried up little Maggie from the workhouse bed to that "happy land" where—

"Around the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand;  
Whose eyes are all through Christ forgiven,  
A holy, happy land,  
Singing, glory, glory, glory."

Union Magazine.

#### "THE WUST BOY."

All the old women for blocks up and down Sixth street called him "the wust boy," and Jim did much to win the title and keep it. He fought everything and everybody, harassed cats and abused dogs, and several attempts have been made during the past year to get him settled in the Reform School. The "wust boy" has made a new departure, and though it may not be lasting, as it is for the better, it will probably furnish opportunity for some other boy to come in and claim the unenviable title.

"The wust boy" cared nothing for the sight of crape on the door, and a funeral procession was as good as a parade to him. Surprise was therefore manifested on every countenance when he softly knocked at the door the other week and said:

"I hain't got no good clothes to go to the funeral, but I'd like to see the old lady's face again after she's covered up in the ground."

A motherly old lady in his neighborhood had passed away. So far as the public knew he hated her, as he seemed to hate all the rest, but the public didn't know. If Jim had condescended he would have said:

"Well, yar see, one night when that big

Tom Skipp laid for me, and had me as good as mashed, this 'ere woman rushed out and slammed him agin the fence till his elbows ached. Then again, she let me play with the children, and axed me in to dinner, and more'n once she took up fur me, and said the neighbors didn't give me a fair show."

They let him in to see her dead face, half expecting to see some ghastly trick on his part, and never dreaming that he would lean over and kiss the cold cheek, and that tears would come to his eyes.

"Where's the children?" he asked, as he turned from the coffin.

"Up stairs, poor things."

"Its going to be tuff on 'em, isn't it?"

"Yes, they will see hard times, poor darlings."

"There's a bit of a feller 'mong 'em what's named Pete," continued "the wust boy"; "what'll it cost a week to pay his way?"

The woman smiled at the idea, but seeing how earnest Jim was, one of the women replied:

"Oh, about fifty cents, I guess."

The boy went out without another word, and in the course of half an hour another lad handed in a piece of wrapping paper in which was inclosed a silver quarter. On the paper was scrawled the words:

"I hoap's she's gone to hevins, an' I'll talk car' of little peter at fifty cents a week. Hear's the fust stalmint." GIM.

The next day he secured a balance, and last week the "instalment" was promptly forthcoming. Jim has a bootblack's kit and has gone to work, and the old women who called him "the wust boy" now look after him and exclaim:

"Well, now, but who'd a thought that boy had a soul!"—Exchange.

The statistical returns of Methodism for 1879 show that the number of Methodist communicants in the world is 4,489,877, with 104,175 local and travelling preachers. The Methodist Episcopal Church reports 1,688,783 members, 12,560 local, and 11,308 itinerant preachers. The gain of members is about 17,000 for the year.

The Wesleyan Methodist Mission in Ceylon is meeting with marked success. Ten years ago they had only 29 chapels and 137 members; now they have 100 chapels, with 708 members. They have also a well-organized system of schools. There are 52 girls' schools, and in all 7,000 scholars. Fourteen missionaries constitute the staff of workers.

The Expedition sent out by the London Missionary Society to found a mission at Lake Tanganyika, Central Africa, reached its destination Aug. 23. The letter announcing the fact reached London in 78 days from Ajiji, the quickest male communication ever made with Central Africa. The members of the company were in excellent health, and had lost none of their goods.

Missions have done a great deal for Samoa; thirty-six years ago, when Christianity began to be preached in that island, the population numbered about 34,000, and all were idolaters. The population, under the sway of Christian institutions, has increased to 80,000, and all are nominal, but the greater part professed Christians. A theological seminary graduates 60 students a year, and 20 missionaries have been sent out to neighboring islands.