

BOYS AND GIRLS

Seeds By the Wayside.

(By Julia H. Johnston.)

All was bustle in the Holman family one morning, as preparations for an interesting journey went on. Singular preparations they were, to be sure, for here were piles of bedding, and there a hamper of provisions, while there were no trunks at all, but very modest valises for carrying clothing, and boxes of books and tracts formed a large part of the baggage.

At the door the conveyances waited, and of these there was one apiece, if you will believe it, one apiece for Mr. and Mrs. Holman, and little Faith. As these were wheel-barrows, it is easy to see why three were needed for the family, besides a sort of cart for the luggage. Of course it is plain by this time that this journey was to be undertaken along the wretched roads of China, and this was a missionary family starting out upon

over the rough roads, at a small village where the only accommodations to be had under any circumstances proved to be a room lately vacated by a woman who had had measles in a most malignant form. If the room had been well aired, it was all that could be hoped for, if indeed that had taken place. Should they use the room and expose little Faith to the dread disease? There seemed, under the circumstances, no other possible plan, and after taking all precautions in their power they committed themselves to their Father's care—and slept in peace and awakened in safety.

The next stop was at a village never visited by the missionary before, and a curious crowd collected, caring only to hear some new thing. But by-and-bye, from one of the poor little homes, came an old man, almost blind, and almost deaf, bent with the weight of seventy-five years of poverty and toil. Oh! the strange eagerness with which

fully, all they learned, would not there be a wonderful difference in many a school—and many a life?

After being instructed during the missionary's stay, this old Chinaman desired to be baptized, and after the simple service was over, he bowed again and again in speechless joy, unable to express his feelings of gratitude.

The one who dropped that seed by the wayside and the one who gave the money to print the tract are unknown here, nor do they know how the seed was found again after twenty years, unless they have already gone to their reward; but God keeps the record safe, and in good time it shall be made known.

Would you not like to have been the one to give that tract, or to have paid for it? The way is open still to do these same things. You may give the message of life to someone near, or give money to send the good news far away. Who will do it, and do it now?

This true incident only proves again what never needs proving, that God will take care of the good seed sown.—'Child's Paper.'

'I Call That Religion.'

(The Presbyterian.)

'Yes, captain, religion; old time religion! I wish I had it; and mean to try for it; when is that man coming up the river?'

'I don't know, judge; I think he's taking his last trip on these rivers; his next sail will be right into the kingdom of heaven, I tell you, he's all ready, and his Captain's on board, waiting for him.'

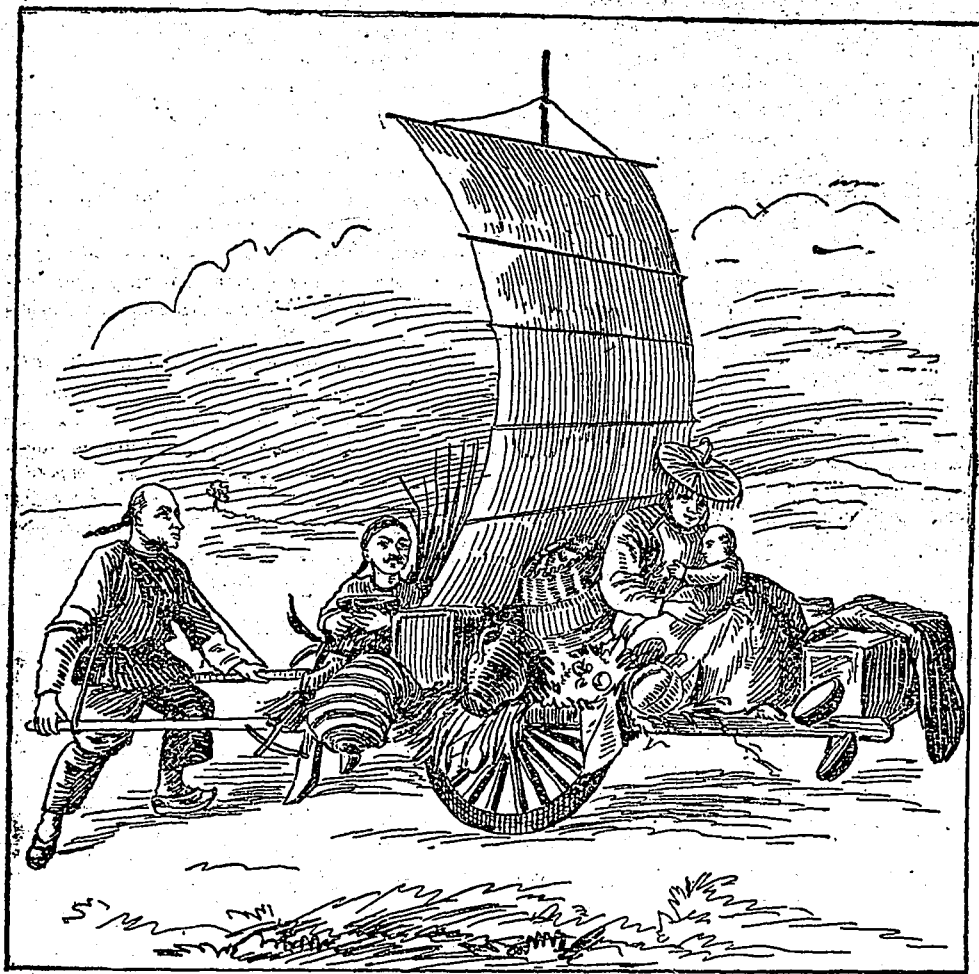
It was that dreadful summer when the cholera swept through cities and towns on the Illinois River, that the young pastor of a large church was suddenly stricken with hemorrhages of the lungs. The last Sabbath in August there had been the usual services, four funerals, and many visits to the sick and dying. His wife had entreated him to rest.

'John,' she said, 'the Master does not call upon you to do all this; you are killing yourself.'

'No, dear, I'm not, but I will stop soon; every house has sick and dying and many are without Christ; we must help them. Let us pray together for more strength.'

Before daylight Mary Weston was awakened by strange gurgling sounds, and her husband's life seemed to be flowing away. For days he lay between life and death. In a month he could walk about the house. Physicians consulted and decided that he must go to the great pine tar works in Baton Rouge for the winter.

For four years this western church with their beloved pastor had labored and struggled together. God had wonderfully blessed them in granting conversions, and in almost miraculous ways had given them success. A new building was finished and dedicated, and of the earnest, consecrated pastor it was enthusiastically said, 'And the common people heard him gladly.' His work and people were unspeakably precious to his heart. It seemed God's chosen place for his life's best work. There had been great opposition by 'slavery men,' of wealth and influence to this 'abolition church.' It had, with its fearless pastor been violently mobbed, but God had saved them, and public opposition had slowly died out. These same wealthy men gave money to help build the new church and to help a man who was not



A CHINESE WHEELBARROW WITH SAIL.

an interesting tour, to teach and to preach in some villages where no regular services could be held.

It was not an easy and convenient way to travel, certainly, but it was the only available way, and the comfort of the travellers did not weigh against the needs of the work; so all that was needful to keep them in health along the way was provided and packed, bulky as it made the baggage, and off they started. Sometimes Chinese food could be eaten, but oftener it could not, if they were to keep health and strength, and when they wanted meat it would be necessary to 'kill a tin,' as the merry saying goes among missionaries, who must depend upon canned goods extensively.

The first stop that day was at a comparatively comfortable place, where a Chinese helper had arranged for a meeting. Little Faith, as she always did, opened the way for Mrs. Holman to speak to the women.

The next night found the travellers, tired enough after a jolting ride in their barrows

he came, and oh, the sweet surprise when he begged earnestly to be told more about the 'Jesus,' from which it was evident that he already knew something of the truth! Instantly he had the attention of the missionary and of the Chinese helper, who could more easily make things clear to the old man in his own dialect, and they soon heard his wonderful story. Twenty years before he had in some way, gotten hold of a tract entitled, 'The Two Friends,' and had read it with deep interest. It gave him a definite idea of the true God, and ever since then he had tried to live according to the teaching of the precious pages, using faithfully this one gleam of light that had fallen upon his darkness.

Old and poor, ignorant, blind, deaf, did he not set a shining example which many would do well to follow? How many, in this land of light, use all their knowledge as well as this man used his little portion, picked up along the way? How about the Sunday-school scholars? If they practised as faith-