

Then Mrs. Stevens' sitting room looked like a dry goods store. There was the warm overcoat, and Mr. Bates had been so generous that a cap and gloves were added.

Howard had brought a ball and "Tom Brown at Rugby;" Fred, a half-dozen pairs of stockings; Sandy, a game and box of candy; Leslie, Carleton's "Boys of '76;" Erle, two neckties; and there were also shirts, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, a pocket book with a bright gold piece in it, and to the whole Mrs. Stevens had added a beautiful Bible.

"Just like the good, motherly soul!" said Henry, for he knew what a valuable present the book was. Then the funny letter written by one of the members! Oh, it was capital!

How your eyes would have sparkled to see that barrel unpacked in the Nebraska home! Many prayers went up for that company of boys with the "willing hands."—*Missionary Journal*.

THE STORY OF A BULGARIAN BOY.

WHILE up in the Volcan Mountains, caring for his sheep, a poor Bulgarian boy in some way heard of Robert College and the education that was given there, and he resolved to go and ask for admittance.

He travelled alone on foot all the distance, and at last appeared before the gates of that institution. He stated what he had come for, but was refused admittance, as the college was already full.

He could not have presented a very encouraging appearance as he stood there, that ignorant boy of fifteen. His dress consisted of trousers and vest of sheepskin, with a large garment of the same material which was worn over the head, forming a peaked cap, which also came down over the shoulders and served as a cloak. He looked very much like an Esquimaux. Do you think their refusal to admit him satisfied him? By no means. He said he must come to the college, and he would work for them.

They told him they had no place for him to sleep, but as that did not discourage him, the faculty came together to consider the case.

Finally it was decided to give him the care of the thirty-two stoves in the building, saying this would soon test him, believing that some morning they would wake to find the boy gone to his mountains and his sheep. They led him into the basement, where was a perfectly cold room, with no furniture in it; this, they told him, was the best they could do for him.

He appeared delighted, and said that it was better than he had been accustomed to at home. Even the prospect of the thirty-two stoves did not discourage him, and he set to work at once to fit up his quarters. He dragged into his

room a large empty box. This he filled with sawdust, of which he found an abundance near the woodpile over which he was to preside; this furnished him his bed.

As he went about his work he attracted the attention and sympathy of the young men of the college, and one gave him a pair of shoes, another a coat, and so on, until he began to look more like a human being, and, best of all, the students between them found time to teach him his letters; and it was a curious sight to see this poor boy, every evening after his work was finished, sitting in his box of sawdust to avoid the dampness of the stone floor, his little piece of candle fastened to a nail on another box, poring over his book.

At last it was decided that his fidelity to his work deserved wages, and he was regularly hired, and told that if he could find time to fit himself for the "preparatory course," he might enter college the following year. This was much doubted. However, with the assistance of the young men, he so fitted himself that the question was not, Can he keep up with his class? but, Can his class keep up with him?

A benevolent lady in Massachusetts furnished a scholarship for him, and he finished the course with credit, and is now a Christian worker among his own people.

Now, one word to any boy who reads this account. We are often discouraged with boys and girls in this country. Is it because they know so little? By no means that alone, but they seem to lack proper determination ever to know any more; they have so little energy and enthusiasm, and are so easily discouraged.

Can we not all learn a lesson from this poor Bulgarian boy, who carried a brave heart and determined will, and who came out triumphant?

AN idol temple had stood in India for many centuries, sound and uninjured by the changes and ravages of time. But birds flew over it, and seeds were dropped amid the dust on the stone roof. These seeds germinating, pushed their rootlets down into the crevices of the masonry, and grew, and while the temple was draped with their foliage, the little rootlets were disintegrating the structure, until its ruin seemed imminent. So the truth of God sown in the hearts of men takes root downward, and not only brings forth fruit upward, but disintegrates and subverts wrongs and errors which had seemed almost beyond remedy.

SOME people say "Japan has too many missionaries." One who is there says he and his wife between them have 88,000 *heathen* to reach with the Gospel. Some people then are evidently mistaken.