

fare, he was hailed by a man whom he knew, and asked to go with him to help in removing some furniture. Amongst other articles to be carried out of the house was a chest of drawers, and as they turned it over to pack it on the trolley a sovereign rolled out of one of the chinks.

The man winked at James.

'I say, that's a lucky find! We'll go shares, Jim; it'll be particular useful just now.'

How much ten shillings at that time represented to the poor, half-starved man, he himself only knew, but he took the temptation by the throat and strangled it before it had time to spring upon him.

'Nay, lad,' he said, 'it's not ours, and—what's more—we know who it belongs to. I'll not touch it, and you're far too honest a chap for such a bit of dirty work as that. Let's take it back at once.'

'Well, you can take it, if that's your will,' the other said sulkily; and James made haste to restore what might have been a danger to both of them.

The lady of the house noted the man's hunger-bitten face, and when her husband came in soon afterwards, she told him the incident, enlarging on it with a good deal of warm-hearted eloquence.

They were just removing to another large town, where Mr. Austin was opening a new branch of an old-established business, and as his wife spoke a bright thought presented itself to him. May we not believe that it was sent by the Answerer of prayer?

'Kate, could you find time to make inquiries about this man? At any rate, get to know his name and address, and I will ask the town missionary about him. This sounds splendid, and if the information is satisfactory, I might be able to help him. I want another man in the warehouse at H——, and a caretaker for the new offices, and so I could perhaps give employment both to him and his wife; but we must not be too sanguine, such paragons are very rare.'

And so it came to pass that as Mary and her father were sitting by a very tiny fire that evening, and trying to warm themselves by dwelling gratefully on even the small bit of work for James that day, a knock at the door heralded the entrance of their good friend the town missionary, with a message from Mr. Austin, asking James to call at his office in the morning. And when the kind-hearted man saw on the faces both of father and daughter such pitiful traces of the straits through which they were passing, he forgot to be judicious, and ventured to hint at the possibility of employment for them both. And that night the dreams that had been troubled by the gnawings of hunger were radiant with visions of returning prosperity.

The interview with Mr. Austin was in every respect satisfactory. He liked James Lee's quiet, straightforward manner, and found that his previous employment quite fitted him for the vacant post, and though his wife had been dead for some years, he spoke with much more steadiness than when his own character was under discussion in describing with fatherly pride Mary's superior excellence and cleverness.

'You'd never meet with a handier lass, though I say it as shouldn't, and she'd just take a pride in keeping them offices like—like a new pin.'

So the engagement was made, and Mr.

Austin never had reason to regret the step he took that day in befriending James and Mary Lee. He was a man who, when he showed kindness, did it without stint, and so he paid the expenses of their removal to H——, and saw to their comfortable settlement in two snug rooms, even buying Mary a sewing-machine, that she might add to their earnings by its use, and repay him gradually; and if such goodness could be recompensed, his was made up to him in tenfold measure by the rare devotion with which he was served.

Years passed away, in which the old dark days at L—— seemed like a bad dream to James Lee, in contrast to the peace and prosperity of his present life, and then another keen trial befell him in the death, after a brief illness, of his good daughter Mary. He had the great comfort of knowing that for her it was well, for she had been as loving and loyal to her Heavenly Father as to her earthly one; but the sadness of the home without her became almost unbearable.

'I'm main sorry to trouble you, sir,' he said to Mr. Austin one day, 'but I'm thinking of going back to L—— to end my days. I have friends there who would look after me, and it's terrible lonesome without Mary.'

And he told his kind master that he had saved enough in his employ to keep him in comfort for the rest of his life, adding, with a dry humor mingled with emotion, 'And so, sir, all things considered, I think it was just as well that I wasn't permitted to take that half-sovereign!'

Post Office Crusade.

The following paragraph appeared recently in a Toronto paper:—

A very wise and patriotic work of which very little seems to be known is the Canadian post-office crusade for India. The post-office crusade is international, having been started by a missionary of Cocanada, India, to counteract the influence of literature of an undesirable character with which the ancient peninsula is being flooded, but Canada has a special branch of her own, with aims not only religious but patriotic and imperial. This new turn was given to the work by Mrs. Edwin Cole, of Montreal, who felt that there was a great want in India for more 'British Christian sentiment, rather than the republican ideas of the United States,' and who was particularly stirred by the wrong views regarding South Africa, which are being disseminated among educated Hindus by certain American religious papers. Not satisfied with agitating the matter in Canada, Mrs. Cole wrote to the editor of the London 'Times,' who prepared an article on the subject which was afterwards copied into the leading British newspaper of India and was thus instrumental in calling the attention not only of English people at home but of British residents in India to this great need of our Indian fellow-subjects. The matter has also been brought to the attention of Australia through a letter from a lady in India to a leading editor and it is believed that the appeal will meet with a prompt response from all patriotic British subjects. The seriousness of the situation may perhaps be realized from the fact that India has practically no public libraries and is neither

blessed nor cursed with the flood of cheap magazines and other publications which are continually pouring from the press in western countries and that the influence of such literature as does come into the hands of those natives who have learned to read English is proportionately greater. Any one who wants more information about this work may obtain it from Mrs. Edwin Cole, 112 Irvine Avenue, Westmount, Que.

Robinson Crusoe's Text.

(C. H. Spurgeon.)

One book charmed us all in the days of our youth. Is there a boy alive who has not read it? 'Robinson Crusoe' was a wealth of wonders to me; I could have read it over a score of times and never have wearied. I am not ashamed to confess that I read it even now with ever fresh delight. Robinson and his man Friday, though mere inventions of fiction, are wonderfully real to the most of us. But why am I running on in this way on a Sabbath evening? Is not this talk altogether out of order? I hope not. A passage in that book comes vividly before my recollection to-night as I read my text; and in it I find something more than an excuse. Robinson Crusoe has been wrecked. He is left in a desert island all alone. His case is a very pitiable one. He goes to his bed, and he is smitten with fever. This fever lasts upon him long and he has no one to wait upon him—none even to bring him a drink of cold water. He is ready to perish. He had been accustomed to sin, and had all the vices of a sailor; but his hard case brought him to think. He opens a Bible which he finds in his chest, and he lights upon this passage: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' That night he prayed for the first time in his life, and ever after there was in him a hope in God, which marked the birth of the heavenly life.

Defoe, who composed the story, was, as you know, a Presbyterian minister; and though not overdone with spirituality, he knew enough of religion to be able to describe very vividly the experience of a man who is in despair, and who finds peace by casting himself upon his God. As a novelist, he had a keen eye for the probable, and he could think of no passage more likely to impress a poor broken spirit than this. Instinctively he perceived the mine of comfort which lies within these words.

Now I have everybody's attention, and this is one reason why I thus commenced my discourse. But I have a further purpose; for although Robinson Crusoe is not here, nor his man Friday either, yet there may be somebody here very like him—a person who has suffered shipwreck in life, and who has now become a drifting, solitary creature. He remembers better days, but by his sins he has become a castaway, whom no man seeks after. He is here to-night, washed up on shore without a friend, suffering in body, broken in estate, and crushed in spirit. In the midst of a city full of people, he has not a friend, nor one who would wish to own that he has ever known him.

Thus saith the Lord unto thee, my friend, this night: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'