

sight of the islands, but unable to reach them. Morning and evening, during those peaceful days, the Bishop read the Bible with his scholars. They were going through the Acts of the Apostles, and had come to the seventh chapter. "And," says one of the boys, he had spoken admirably and very strongly indeed to us about the death of Stephen, and then he went ashore on that island Nukapa." As they drew near they were met by three or four canoes. The men in them seemed to be friendly, and as the tide was not high enough to let the boat get up to the island, the Bishop let himself be taken on shore in one of these canoes. By so completely trusting himself with the natives, he hoped to show them that they had nothing to fear from him. The canoe reached the shore, the Bishop landed and passed out of sight, while those in the boat remained quietly waiting for his return.

Suddenly, and without warning, the natives from the canoes drew their bows and began shooting upon the boat; it pulled away quickly, but already Mr. Aiken and two of the Melanesians were struck. They made their way back to the Southern Cross, and were at once taken on board and the terrible arrows removed. But the first thought of all the party was for their bishop; and as soon as his own wound had been attended to, Mr. Aiken reentered the boat, and set out with three others in search of the Bishop. As they drew near the island, a canoe drifted towards them; at first it seemed to be empty, but as it came closer, they could see that there was something lying in the bottom, and a moment more showed them that it was the body of the Bishop.—Miss Arnold Foster's Herald of the Cross.

LOOKING AFTER ONE SOUL.

"He first findeth his own brother Simon." Now I am sure that 't is a good plan to go looking after one soul. Every soul in the world belongs to our Lord. He made 'em, every one, and He bought 'em every one, with his precious blood. They are His every way, and the devil is a thief. I've often thought what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he came up to tempt our Mother Eve in Paradise, he hadn't got any bit o' a little thing to bribe her with, and all he could do was to steal her Master's apples. He hasn't got anything of his own. Andrew didn't say, "I'll try to do all the good I can," and then do nothing, because he couldn't find any to

do; but, he says, "There's Simon, I'll go and catch him." That's the way; pick out one soul, and set your heart 'pon it; begin to pray for that one, and go on tryin' till you've got it, and then try for another. We might do a good deal of good in the world if we didn't try to do so much. I've heard folk a singin', and meanin it, too,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small."

An' because realms o' Nature wasn't theirs, they didn't give anything at all!"
—Daniel Quorn.

SATAN AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

As a young lay worker, I was addressing a congregation in Connecticut urging an increase of effort in behalf of the unevangelized border districts of the country towns of the State. I told of the many children there who were yet outside of the Sunday School and in pressing the importance of reaching out after them, I said, If the Church of Christ doesn't looking after these children the devil will. When I had concluded my appeal, the pastor of the church, a quaint old preacher, rose and seconded my call to renewed and enlarged activity. But there's one thing more, he said, our young brother says that if the Church does not look after these children the devil will. I tell you that if the Church *does* look after the children the devil will. The devil doesn't let go of a child just because the church takes hold of it. The devil does not turn his back on Sunday-School children. If you think that the children are in no danger from the devil because you have got them in the Sunday School you are making a great mistake. The work of the church has not ended, it has just begun when they are fairly in the Sunday-School.

DR. H. C. TURNBULL.

THAT MIGHTY NAME.

Mr. William Reynolds, of Peoria, Illinois, the well-known Sunday school worker, tells the following touching story, which he had from the lips of the missionary himself.

The Rev. E. P. Scott, while laboring as a missionary in India, saw on the street one of the strangest looking heathen his eyes had ever lit upon. On inquiry, he found that he was a representative of one of the inland tribes that lived away in the mountain districts, and