

**Learning Christ.**

A Sunday-school teacher writes to us from a manufacturing town in Massachusetts: "Our superintendent told us that he had been invited to open a school at the S. Factory, and if two others would go with him he would do so. The school was opened and I was one of the teachers.

"Among the children was a lame boy named Oliver. He had no use of his feet, and moved about on his hands and knees. His sisters, who were in my class, told me Oliver could not learn anything, but it amused him to come. At first he came only within the door, but gradually he came near my class.

"One day as I entered and took my place, Oliver said to me: 'Oh, tell me about Jesus.' My class had no lesson that day, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, and my own, I told him all I could of Christ.

"A few days after, Oliver was taken sick of fever. He was not disposed to talk much, but he kept saying to himself; 'He died for me, she said so; he died for me, she said so,' and Oliver died saying these words. It may be that the boy who, it was said, could not learn anything, was the only one in that school of thirty to forty scholars who learned to take Christ as a personal Saviour, I cannot say, but he was the only one who acknowledged Him."—*Sel.*

**Progress in the North West.**

Within the bounds of the one Synod of Manitoba during the past year services were held at 308 points, with an average Sabbath attendance of nearly 14,000. The additions to the communion roll were over 1,000, largely from the young people. There were about 100 Sabbath schools, with an average attendance of nearly 3,000. Ten wholly new fields are occupied this summer. Several neglected last year, through want of men and means are now supplied. Settlers are anxious for a preached gospel, and God has blessed His Word to the edification of His people and the conversion of sinners. The presence of a minister in a settlement is a moral force that cannot be represented by figures. Forty per cent. of the settlers are Presbyterians. The Superintendent of Missions testifies—"The Indian and Half-breed uprising has scarcely interfered with our work, not three per cent. of our fields being affected. Manitoba was not disturbed at all. Our Mission Indians were all loyal."—*Report.*

**The Missionary and the Indian.**

I remember, says the Bishop of Saskatchewan, many years ago listening with great delight to a story I heard from a missionary in North Canada. He said that some years before then an humble missionary was travelling through the Canadian backwoods. He lost his way, but presently was rejoiced at the sight of a glimmering light. Soon reaching it, to his surprise he found a large congregation of settlers gathered round a fire listening to an able discourse. To the horror of the missionary he found the man was trying to prove that there was no God, no heaven, no hell, no eternity. A murmur of applause went through the audience as the orator ceased.

The Missionary stood up and said: "My friends, I am not going to make a long speech to you, for I am tired and weary; but I will tell you a little story. A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of the river not far from here. I heard a cry of distress, and to my horror, I saw a canoe drifting down the stream and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat. In a short time he would near the water-fall and be gone. He saw his danger and I heard him scream—'O God, if I must lose my life, have mercy on my soul!' I plunged into the water and reached the canoe. I dragged it to land and saved him. That man whom I heard, when he thought no one was near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul, is the man who has just addressed you, and has told you he believes there is neither God nor heaven, nor hell."—*Sel.*

**Heathen at Home.**

A gentleman who had been at a missionary collection was met the next day by a man of opposite habits, who began to chaff him with the folly of sending out such sums abroad, when there was so much to be done at home. The gentleman calmly replied: "I will give you five pounds for our poor at home if you will give the same." "Oh, I didn't mean that," said the objector; "but if you must go from home, why so far? Think of the poor in Ireland." "I will give you five pounds for the poor in Ireland," said the gentleman, "if you will give the same." "No, I don't mean that either," said the man.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many.