

letter a few days ago of receiving a letter from bara Ramla, saying that to little Ramla had come the little pox, meaning small pox. He was mistaken; however.

Now my dear children, what we ask you to do is to pray for us, and for these little children here. As we look at them, so bright and happy, we long to take them on our knees and tell them of him who said, "suffer little children to come unto me, and for bid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

We are busy studying their language. Will not the little boys and girls who read the CHILDREN'S RECORD pray to God to help us learn, that we may be able, soon, to tell to India's millions the story of redeeming love.

MARY BUCHANAN.

WHAT SAVED HIM.

One Christmas morning, many years ago, a young reporter on a daily paper had occasion to call with a message at the office of one of the foremost editors and publishers in the country.

The young man was a sickly country lad, of keen sensibility and nervous temperament, who, finding himself homeless and friendless in a great city, had yielded to temptation, and had fallen into the habit of drinking and gambling. The publisher, as he listened to the message, noted the lines which dissipation had already left on the boy's face. He was a man who made it his work in the world to help others. No man touched his hand in passing, who did not gain from him new courage and hope in life.

He answered the message which the reporter brought, and then, holding out his hand cordially, said: "Let me wish you a Merry Christmas, my lad." He took from a shelf a book, containing sketches of the lives of the great English, French and German authors, with extracts from their works.

"Here," said he, "are some friends of the new year. When you spend an hour with them, you will have noble company."

The surprise of the gift and the unex-

pected kindness from the man whom he regarded with awe, had a powerful effect upon the lad. He spent all of his leisure time in pouring over the book. It kindled his latent scholarly taste. He saved his money to buy the complete works first of this author, and then of that; he worked harder to earn more money to buy them. After a few years he began to gather and study rare and curious books, and to write short papers upon obscure literary subjects.

Men of similar taste sought him out; he numbered some of the foremost scholars and thinkers of the country among his friends, but he never forgot the lonely, friendless lad who had been sinking into a gambler and a drunkard until a kind hand drew him back, and he, in his turn, sought out the lonely, friendless boys in the great city, and gave them a helpful hand out of the gulf.

So, year by year, his life widened and deepened into a strong current from which many drew comfort and help.

He died last winter. The sale of his library gathered all the collectors of rare books in the sea board cities. During his illness, the newspapers spoke of him with a sudden appreciation of the worth which had so long been hid in obscurity.

"A profound scholar, with the heart of a child;" "A journalist who never wrote a word to subserve a base end," they said. He reads these eulogies with a quiet smile. The actor who has left the stage forever cares little for the faint plaudits of the crowd in the distance.

One day he put into the hands of a friend an old, dingy volume. "When I am gone," he said, "take this to Mr. —, and tell him that whatever of good or usefulness there has been in my life, I owe to him and this Christmas gift of his thirty years ago."

The little story is absolutely true. We venture to tell it because there is no one living whom it can hurt, while there are many whom it may help to hold out friendly hands to their brothers who have stumbled into darker paths than they.—*Youth's Companion.*