

sons, while the others continued studying, the most of them, after the fashion of their country, aloud. The girl who had been visiting the teacher of the mission school, leaned back in her chair and let her eyes wander over the group, and listened to the confused murmur of voices. Some of the pupils were young—scarcely grown—while others, with brown wrinkled visages, had evidently borne the burden of years till its weight was sapping their strength, yet all seemed intent upon learning, and studied with a patient perseverance which went far toward overcoming any natural slowness. Some of them were slowly groping their way through the short words and sentences of time-worn first readers, while others were reading more advanced books, and a few were studying Bibles or histories.

It was a picture not easily forgotten, the yellow faces, the loose Chinese garments, the long queues, the work-hardened hands that slowly turned the leaves, and the ghostly silhouettes on the wall.

The girl fell to wondering if the long years of faithful toil which the little lady had spent here had resulted in much good; the pupils seemed so ignorant and so incapable of sublime or holy thoughts. A boy near her was reading in a strong musical voice, and the words came to her clearly: 'To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.' Perhaps, after all, this sin-stained race had God-given souls that could be touched by divine love.

The little lady looked up from the copy she was writing for a gray-haired man, and said softly to the girl, 'Will you help Quan Lee a little? He is studying his Sunday-school lesson and cannot understand much of it alone.'

Taking up a Bible the girl sought the pupil indicated. He sat alone at the end of the table poring over a soiled lesson quarterly, while with one bony hand he shielded his eyes from the light. When she spoke he looked up quickly, but in answer to her question concerning the lesson, he shook his head and said, 'I no sabee.'

Her feeling of half scornful pity gave place to genuine sympathy when she saw his face, the sunken cheeks and brilliant eyes told all too plainly of consumption, and the girl forgot all else but the desire to feed a hungry soul as she opened the Bible at the fifth chapter of Luke.

Slowly and haltingly Quan Lee read of the paralytic who was brought to Jesus, and the girl patiently explained the story in such simple language as she thought he could comprehend. He seemed to understand it all until he read the words, 'And immediately he rose up before them—' Here he stopped and, looking up, asked:—'Did Jesus make him well, allee light?'

'Yes,' answered the girl.

A look of intense interest overspread his thin face as he questioned eagerly:

'When, next week?'

'No, right away,' she answered.

He did not seem to comprehend; he looked at the book and slowly read the words again, then asked:—'Jesus make him well, when—to-morrow?'

'No,' she said, 'Jesus said, stand up, and the man was all well, right off.'

The puzzled look left Quan Lee's face as he listened to her words; he leaned forward breathlessly and clasped his thin fingers together, while the light of divine truth illuminated his homely face.

'Oh,' he said, as if speaking to himself,

'Jesus say stand up, allee well, light off, light off.'

The evening's work was finished and there was a flutter of closing books. Quan Lee seemed scarcely conscious of what was going on; he was trying to grasp the thought of God's omnipotence, and as he rose with the others for the closing song he repeated softly, 'allee well, light off.'

Together in broken English the school sang a hymn, then followed the Lord's prayer in Chinese and the school was dismissed. After all the pupils had disappeared into the darkness, the girl told the little lady of the Sunday-school lesson and she replied, 'Quan Lee has long tried to grasp the truths of Christianity, but the thought of infinite power was so new to him that it seemed hard to comprehend. Let us pray that God may reveal himself clearly.'

The next night was rainy and only a few of the pupils ventured out through the storm, and Quan Lee was not among them.

Then the girl went away.

A few months later, in her eastern home, the girl read a letter which contained this paragraph:

'Do you remember Quan Lee? He went home on Christmas day. He died, as a Christian ought to die, triumphantly and with unflinching faith in Jesus's power to save.'

'It must be,' she mused reverently, 'that Christ can cure a sin-stained soul as well as a diseased body, and Quan Lee is "all well" now.'—'The Standard.'

### Famine Orphans In India

An appeal comes to the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' from the Victorian India Orphan Society, of Winnipeg. This society is undenominational and Lady Schultze is the president. Its orphanage, however, is under the care of the Canada Presbyterian Mission in Dhar, India. Mrs. Crichton, the secretary of the society, writes as follows, under date of May 30:—

142 Langside street, Winnipeg.

'We are exceedingly gratified to learn that the publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' have so kindly consented to make our work known through the columns of their widely read Sunday-school paper.

'We are exceedingly anxious to largely increase the income of the society, as, through last year's terrible famine, a much larger number of children were thrown upon the Orphanage than we have funds to support or buildings for them to occupy. A kind friend of the work has promised to put up additional buildings at his own expense to accommodate 50 more, if the society can guarantee their maintenance. About twenty of this number have been secured, so with the valuable help of the 'Northern Messenger' I hope we may very soon get the other thirty, and thus be in a position to claim the fulfilment of our friend's promise. This would be a decided step in advance, but would still leave a large number of little ones without promised support. As far as possible we are endeavoring to assign an individual child to each one who undertakes the maintenance of an orphan, and intend to let them have reports of the child's progress from time to time, thus making the work much more interesting to the subscribers. Seven years is about the average time required to train a child, but according to age when they enter; some require longer and a few less. Though the orphanage was only opened, or rather the

society organized, four years ago, some of the boys first taken in are now self-supporting. Quite a large number have been baptized and are leading consistent Christian lives, and many others at their own request are receiving special teaching to prepare them for baptism. During the last famine those taken in during the previous one in 1897 proved very valuable helpers to the missionaries, doing all in their power to help their suffering fellows, even offering to give up their own food that the starving ones might be supplied. We have thus every encouragement to push the work, and are most thankful for every opportunity of getting it more widely known.'

The publishers of the 'Messenger' will be glad to acknowledge and forward any sums sent for the society.

### The Wife's Vigil.

(Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.)

She sat at the cottage window,  
When the setting sun was low;  
And her babe within her weary arms  
Rocked softly to and fro.  
The night had fallen early,  
And she heard the sea-bird's cry;  
While by the gathering blackness  
She knew the storm was nigh.

Out on the heaving billows  
A little boat is tossed;  
Weary and faint the fisher crew,  
All hope seems nearly lost.  
But a woman's voice is pleading  
For a loved one far at sea:  
'O Father! keep my Jim,' she cries,  
'And bring him back to me!'

Wilder the storm is raging,  
The lightning cleaves the sky;  
A woman's heart is with anguish torn,  
As the long, sad hours creep by.  
She thinks of herself a widow,  
Of him who now may be  
Swept from his boat, a helpless prey,  
The sport of the cruel sea.

A step in the cottage garden!  
A face at the window-pane!  
A life given back by the angry waves—  
He has reached his home again.  
A short time since the bar they crossed,  
At the turn of the morning tide;  
Though battered sore is their little craft,  
She rests in the harbor wide.

A lesson, methinks, is hidden  
For each of God's children here;  
'The night is darkest before the dawn,'  
Then trust Him and do not fear.  
For His loving hand will guide us,  
'Till the storms of life shall cease;  
We shall reach at last the haven fair,  
And anchor there in peace.  
—Mabel Collier James, in 'Tollers of the Deep.'

### The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

June 30, Sun.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

July 1, Mon.—The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

July 2, Tues.—Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me.

July 3, Wed.—Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

July 4, Thur.—Thou hast put gladness in my heart.

July 5, Fri.—Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

July 6, Sat.—Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness.