

A CHILD'S INTERCESSION.

A TRUE MISSIONARY STORY.

Labrador is a large peninsula belonging to British America and lying on the north-eastern coast of North America, between Hudson Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. It is a rocky, inhospitable country, but rich in many valuable furs, and is inhabited chiefly by Esquimaux and Indians.

Not many years ago a missionary from Labrador was the guest of a prominent family in London. As they were seated at the family table, enjoying the bounties spread for them, they were often entertained by the interesting accounts the stranger gave them, not only of his labors, but also of the far-off northern land in which his lot was cast. The children, too, enjoyed hearing of the curious ways and doings of the people among whom he worked, and were filled with wonder as he related some of his personal adventures. In one little boy, particularly, he found a very attentive hearer.

After a pleasant visit, as he was about taking leave of this happy family circle and returning to his chosen field of labor, he asked each and all to pray that he might have a pleasant and safe voyage. This dear boy of whom we have spoken heard the request, and concluded at once that he, at least, would never forget his new friend, but daily ask his Heavenly Father to keep him in peace and safety. He had often heard the stranger tell of the dangers to which they were exposed in Labrador from wild animals, and it seemed to make a lasting impression on his youthful mind. That evening, after he had asked his usual prayer by his mother's knee, he added, "Lord Jesus, bless the dear missionary and keep the Polar bears from hurting him."

He never seemed to grow weary of repeating the same words, and day after day, to the joy, and perhaps also to the mortification of his parents, sent up his humble petition.

A year passed away; the father wrote to his friend in Labrador of the never-ceasing intercessions of his boy on his behalf, asked for some account of his life since he had

visited them, and inquired if in the course of the year he had had any further adventures with Polar bears. A few months later came the reply. The missionary thanked him for telling him of the love and prayers of his dear son, gave a short account of his work and added that, although so far he had been mercifully protected from the attacks of the ferocious bears, he earnestly hoped his little friend would continue to ask for him the protection of the Saviour.

Not long after this the missionary was appointed to preach to a Christian family who lived in a lonely country place many miles away. He embarked in a small skiff, such as are generally used in that country, and placed himself under the guidance of two natives who were to row him in the right direction. Suddenly they swept around a rocky corner, and were just about steering through a narrow arm of the sea when they saw on a steep precipice, overhanging the water, one of these powerful animals, which seemed waiting to spring at them.

"Master," said the rowers, "shall we not turn back? The sea here is so narrow that the monster can reach us in one bound, upset our boat and plunge us into the greatest danger." For one moment he paused to consider, then added cheerfully, "No, we will go on. There is a little boy in England who has been praying for the last year that God would protect me from these very creatures. He will do it. In His name I go, to offer the Bread of Life to the hungry."

They rowed carefully on, as far from the dangerous coast as possible, but the threatening bear had selected his prey. With one mighty effort he sprang into the water and came swimming towards the little ship. Quick as thought one of the men fired his pistol at the foe. The ball must have wounded him severely, for instantly the water was dyed with his blood, and one could see that it was with the greatest difficulty he reached the shore. A second ball ended the victory, and after a few minutes the animal lay dead on the shore.