

the weakest of us need not fear to undertake work in His name. And again declining for myself would again repeat the nomination for Mrs. Wilfred for the Presidency." A painful pause for a second or so, then the nomination was seconded by Mrs. Mattin, and Mrs. Wilfred was elected President of the newly-formed Auxiliary, by a small majority vote.

(Concluded next month.)

Missionary Readings.

"I'D GIVE THEM TO THE MONKEY MAN!"

ONE of our good Methodist brethren in Calcutta has a little boy that, although Indian born, has a good deal of young America in him. A man with a performing monkey often passes his house, and he has become very much interested in the performances of the monkey.

One day he was out driving with his mother when they came across a man with both his legs missing. He seemed to be a good deal touched by the man's sad condition, and his mother, wishing to teach him to give place to his generous impulses, asked, "If you had three pice what would you do with them?" Quick as flash came the answer, "I'd give them to the monkey-man."

What a revelation of the self-love that is in the human heart! What a picture of the relation of the great majority of the Christians of this world to its evangelization! It is estimated that nine-tenths of the money given for benevolent purposes is given by one-tenth of the Christians; and, so far as my experience goes, I think that the estimate is not far out of the way. Nearly two-thirds of the population of the world are grovelling in sin and misery that the *monkey-man*, i.e., those who minister to the sensual, may roll in fatness by the money of those for whom Christ died and to whom he has said, "Go ye into all the world." The Church pities the heathen, but pays the monkey-man. Our Home Mission, our educational work, etc., cry for help, but the monkey-man takes the ready money of the Church; while these good causes may go to the promise of something by *will*, if there is anything left when the lawyers get through with the estate.—*Rev. E. B. Stiles in Morning Star.*

"LOOK AT ME AND SEE HOW CHANGED I AM."

A FEW weeks ago in a crowded meeting in the central station of Boulevard de Sebastopol (which is attended every night by 260 people, chiefly poor men), a neatly dressed man took his seat behind the platform. Mr. Brown, who was conducting the meeting, supposed him to be some humble visitor from the country. He remained until the after-meeting of the Fraternal Society, composed of one hundred or more persons, exclusively men (there is a large woman's meeting on Wednesday afternoon). He was observed to rise twice, as if he intended to speak, but his courage failed him.

Then Mr. Brown encouraged him, saying it was a kind of family gathering, and that he need not feel afraid to speak.

In a tremulous voice he said: "*Messieurs*, you do not know me; you think me a stranger. But I used to attend here. Not one of you is so wretched as I then was. I came here ragged, shoeless, and sunk as low as it is possible. Here I was kindly received, a Bible was put into my hands, and the words I heard brought courage and hope to me. *Now look at me, Messieurs, and see what God wrought.* I have obtained a good place. I am well dressed (he held up his arms to show his good coat). I am so happy that my

heart overflows with joy and gratitude. I knocked at many a door in vain before I came here. I went to the Romish Church, to the Jews' Synagogue. At last I came here and heard words whereby I am saved. I now live far from Paris, but I felt that I must come once and tell you what the Gospel has done for me."

A powerful sensation passed through the assembly at these affecting words. "Come forward! come forward!" they cried. "Let us all see you. Such words do us good."—*McAll Mission Monthly.*

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND ON MISSIONARIES.

IN his first Sunday evening for the season with the Edinburgh students, Prof. Drummond, after an address from Mr. Wilder, of the American Volunteer Movement in Missions, gave what he called his personal testimony as regards Foreign Missions. In concluding he "addressed himself to those who thought that they were too great 'swells' to become foreign missionaries, and to those who thought that they were not orthodox enough. As regards the former, he quoted what a native of Japan had said to him, 'Send us out one ten-thousand dollar man, rather than ten one-thousand dollar men.' They wanted the prize men, the brilliant men, of their universities, to become foreign missionaries. The missionary was no longer a man who stood under an umbrella, with a Bible under his arm, and preached the Gospel all day long. Half his day must be given to the study of philology. He must be able to translate the Scriptures; he must contribute to the science of ethnology; he must be a man of culture. As regards those who thought they were not orthodox enough, Prof. Drummond declared that the missionary needed but little theology—no more than a servant girl would teach to her Sunday School class, down in the Cowgate; or a father would tell to his children gathered round him at the fireside on a Sunday evening. At the same time, Prof. Drummond added significantly, that the time was coming when the missionaries in some fields, for example in China and Japan, would have to be theologians."

Our Young Folk.

A BIT OF LOGIC.

RUFUS lay at full length on the sofa, and puffed a cigar, back parlor though it was; when Mr. Parker reminded him of it, he said there were no ladies present, and puffed away. Between the puffs he talked:—

"There is one argument against Foreign Mission work which is unanswerable; the country cannot afford it. Two millions and a half of money taken out this year, and sent to the cannibals or somewhere else. No country can stand such a drain as that upon it, with everything else it has to do. Foreign Missions are ruinously expensive."

The two young sisters of Rufus, Kate and Nannie, stood on the piazza and laughed.

"O Rufus!" said Kate, "you won't take a prize in college for logic, I'm sure."

"What do you mean, little monkey? And what do you know about logic?"

"More than you do, I should think. Just imagine the country not being able to afford two millions and a half for missions, when just a few years ago it paid over four millions for Havana cigars. Have you thought of that, Rufus?"

"And I wonder how much champagne is a bottle!" chimed in Nannie. "How much is it, Rufus? You know about ten million bottles are used every year. And O! why, Rufus, don't you know that we spend about six mil-