

ed to the young girl that keeping quiet was the most difficult thing in the world. Every one loved Bessie, and everything possible was done for her. But the one thing she longed for was to escape from her bondage, and that had to be denied her.

Bessie was a Christian girl, and she prayed for patience. The answer came, as it always does to those who ask earnestly for the best gifts. When at length the time of imprisonment had expired, and James, thoughtful James, was for the first time helping her down to supper, he whispered in her ear: 'Bessie, you're a brick. You've shown me what a good thing it is to be a Christian. I mean to try to be one, too.'

Tears of thankfulness came to Bessie's eyes; but she brushed them away, for it would not do to make her first appearance at the table in tears. Yet the thankfulness stayed in her heart, for the long, tedious summer had brought forth precious fruit.

The Operation.

(The Rev. J. G. Stevenson, in the 'Christian World'.)

What do you know about George Grenfell? He was a great missionary in Africa, and much about him can be read in a splendid book just published and written by the Rev. George Hawker. In far away countries missionaries have to act as doctors, and when he was in the Cameroons Mr. Grenfell found that some of the black people pretended to be ill just because they liked medicine. But one day there came to him a man called Ewangi, who was not pretending and who really needed a doctor. Ewangi had got a big splinter in his foot. It was nearly three inches long. It was broken, and it hurt him very much. Poor Ewangi! Still, he did not cry. I know some children who when they get a little splinter in their finger make enough noise for—Never mind! Ewangi asked Mr. Grenfell to remove the splinter. The missionary got out part of it without much trouble, but the rest was very far in.

Mr. Grenfell at once realised that all he could do was to cut the rest of the splinter out with his knife. This did not seem likely to be very nice; and I expect Ewangi made a face when he was told about it. But he did not run away. He and Mr. Grenfell went into an old schoolroom. It was not a very nice room, and the floor was not very strong. But it was the only suitable place near, for Mr. Grenfell had no hospital. Once inside, the next thing the missionary did was to tie Ewangi's leg to a bench so that he should not jump too much when the knife hurt. Soon everything was ready; and in went Mr. Grenfell's knife. The noise Ewangi made sounded like three hoarse boys trying to sing Christmas carols backwards. But the missionary cut the splinter out; and just as he was feeling pleased with the success of the operation the floor gave way under him. Had Mr. Grenfell's foot not been resting on a beam he would have been very much hurt. As it was he was all right, and Ewangi soon felt better, and went home again to the distant place in which he lived.

Three months later Mr. Grenfell had forgotten all about Ewangi and his splinter. But one day he was in a place called Dido's town: and to his surprise a black man came up, very pleased, white teeth showing and smiling all over. He was both pleased and excited; and shaking Mr. Grenfell very hard by the hand he called out. 'You do him good! You do him well!' And he danced round to show how happy he really was. The missionary was glad the black man was happy but he was puzzled to know why; and especially was he surprised to be greeted so warmly. The negro noticed his bewilderment; and to explain he pointed to his foot. 'You do him good! You do him well!' he repeated. Then Mr. Grenfell understood. The black man was Ewangi; and this was his way of showing he appreciated kindness.

Jesus Christ is always pleased when we show real appreciation of those who have been kind to us. What about you? Do you take everything people do for you as a matter of course, or do you say, 'Thank you!' And talking about missionaries, what about the missionary box? Some of the money that goes into

them helps to provide hospitals so that unfortunate negroes like Ewangi are able to have real doctors to look after them; and some of those who understand that it is your pennies that helps keep missionary hospitals going, are very grateful. You have often put a shell to your ear and heard the sound of waves, have you not? Try dropping money into the missionary box and putting your ear to the crack and shaking and listening to try whether you cannot hear someone say, 'You do him good! You do him well!'

One Stone.

A Story of the Alps

More than forty years ago, there worked among the neglected and heathenish peasantry of the high Alps, near the French river Durance, a noble-minded and heroic pastor named Felix Neff. His was no easy missionary work; and while he preached to the people the Gospel of Christ with an ardor and amongst difficulties which brought him to an early grave, he showed them with his own

ed, and then fresh heaps appeared; and when all was ready, the foundations were laid deep, and the walls were made strong, and the school-church at last crowned at once the labors and hopes of the builders, and the steep ascent overlooking the valley of Dormilleuse.

Now you may already have guessed why I have told you this; you will have said, 'I see what it is. Clergymen, missionaries, school teachers, and other good people are trying to build up churches, and to work for God in all sorts of ways, and there are all sorts of difficulties and dangers. There are snow-falls of indifference or coldness—that must be it—which require that the foundations be laid very deep, even in the love of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. And there are winds and torrents sometimes of persecution and opposition. But at last these who are really in earnest overcome every difficulty, and the Church is built up, and the laborers are rewarded.'

Very well indeed, so far as it goes! But you have left out something. 'Who are to



hands how to make roads, build churches, cultivate their plots of ground, and live as orderly and civilized men and women.

In a wild and elevated village called Dormilleuse, which was one of the principal scenes of his labors—a village so bleak and exposed that the snows of the month of June sometimes lie long and thick—he saw it necessary to erect a building in which the religion of Christ might be taught, and worship conducted.

'Impossible!' was the exclamation; 'the snow-fall will sweep it away.'

'Then we must lay the foundations deep.'

'The torrents of winter will overthrow it.'

'Then we must make the walls strong and firm.'

'It is useless to think of building when there are no materials at hand. Where will you get the stone?'

'Let every family give a man for the building, and let each man take one stone on his shoulder, and follow me,' was the answer of Felix Neff, the pastor. 'And whoever from the valley passes up the mountain side, be he old or young, let him take one stone and add it to the heap ere he go on his way, and there will be enough.'

With which words the pastor placed one of the heaviest stones on his own shoulders, the others did the same, and away they went with their burdens up the steep mountain side, until the bleak spot was reached, to which in time, from many Alpine villages, the children and their parents would wend their way for instruction in the religion of Jesus.

And for a long time every traveller who went that way—the father with his little son, and the young Alpine girls following their cows to pasture—remembered to carry up, sometimes, perhaps, with some difficulty, the 'one stone.' And the heap grew and increas-

furnish the stones?' The missionary-builders, like Neff and his men, have gone before, and are doing the hardest part of the business, but you and I mustn't travel on our way through the world, and forget that we may give our hands to the work as well. They may not be very strong hands, and they may not be able to take hold of very large or heavy stones; but we may each cast 'one stone' on the heap, as yet sadly too small a one, of help in loving Christian effort, and so feel that we 'have a share in the concern.'

Some very nice histories are told of the manner in which a number of such 'one stones' (this may be bad grammar, but it makes very good sense, all the same) have been piled up for the general buildings, of how tiny hands have brought tiny penny and halfpenny stones, and have done little bits of work which have made a good heap altogether.

I hope that boys as well as girls who read this story will become more earnest than ever in 'putting the stone,' in doing their best by daily efforts, daily prayers, daily little self-denials, to add something to the materials with which the head workers must be supplied who want to build up churches and do God's biddings at home and afar off.

Every family may not, like those of Dormilleuse, be able to furnish a man to go forth, and, as a Missionary himself, help in the building; but at all events we may each determine to contribute 'one stone.'—From 'Stories for Workers.'—Seeley, Jackson and Halliday, London.

The mind that is truly cheerful to-day will have no solicitude for to-morrow, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life as they come, with a smile.