

he said, 'No, that isn't enough, Lord; you ought to get more than that; you've been very good to me.' So he put the plate down; and taking out an old leather wallet, counted out some bills on the plate, and said: 'I am sorry, Lord, I didn't know you wanted me to go; and Jim will keep mother and me on the farm now we're getting old, but I won't keep Jack back any longer; and Mary's been wanting to go, too, only I wouldn't let her. Take them both, Lord.'

Then, while the old man sat down and buried his face in his hands, Deacon Wise jumped up, and said with a lump in his throat: 'Dear pastor, we haven't done our duty. Let's take up this collection again next Sunday.' And a chorus of 'Amen's' came from all over the church. And the pastor got up with tears in his eyes, and said: 'My friends, I haven't done all I could, either. I want to give more next Sunday, and I'll give my boy, too.'

Then we sang a hymn as we closed, but it sounded different to what it ever had before,—

'Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all;'

and the organist said she believed it went clear through the roof, and I guess God thought so, too.

I think the old deacon felt pretty bad when he found out how his day-dreaming had been done aloud, and one or two felt pretty hard at first; but they knew it was true. So that was what started us as a missionary church, and we've kept on ever since. There have been fourteen members of our Christian Endeavor society go out as missionaries in the last five years, six of our best young men and eight of our brightest girls.

Jack Bright? He married the organist, and they are out on the borders of Thibet, where his medical skill is winning a way for Christ. Mary Bright married the minister's son, and they went to Africa. The old deacon has gone to his rest now. I wish we had more like him. Jim keeps his mother on the farm yet, but she's getting pretty feeble.

You're much obliged? Oh, that's nothing. I'm glad to tell you. You see I have two of my own boys that are in the work now, one in India and another in China, and another is getting ready to go. My name? John Donald. You're laughing? Yes, I was the one that gave only five cents that day; what the old man said about putting it in the Lord's hand stuck to me. But I hope to give the Lord a boy or a girl for every one of those five cents. Even my two youngest are talking about going already. You see the Lord said, 'Go ye'; so we're all going. Good-by.

### The Swearing Parrot.

Bad company is a dangerous thing. A lady had a parrot that learned to swear by hearing a bad boy swear. Its owner took it over to a neighbor's house, where there was a parrot that had learned to pray by hearing some one pray about the house. She thought her parrot would quit swearing and learn to pray; but the swearing parrot could outtalk the praying one, and taught it to swear. It was an unfortunate thing that this praying parrot fell into bad company. Well, the swearing bird would not have learned to swear if it had not had the company of some one who swore. So keep out of bad company. Two thirds of the young men who are in prison, are there because of bad company.—Bright Jewels.

### Gordon Roberts: A Student Volunteer.

(By E. Ryerson Young, Jr., in 'Onward.')

I saddled my horse and took the ride about forty miles, to see my friend. Ere evening closed, I rode into the hamlet where Gordon, now Doctor Gordon Roberts, was practicing. With the heartiness of a college boy, for it was not more than two years since his graduation, he received me and took me to the hotel, which was his lodging-house and in which he had his consultation office. After tea he was called upon to attend a young lumberman who had been brought in by his comrades with a broken leg. The man was out chopping, and as a tree fell it was caught by the limb of a neighboring tree, which swung it on the laborer ere he could get out of its way. With care the limb was set. Then a message came of sickness in a log home, two miles out of that backwoods hamlet. Gordon thought that I had better rest after my ride, but I persisted and accompanied him to see his patient. The house was found, the patient was ministered to, and we started on the homeward journey.

It was a glorious night. The moon rode the sky in silvery splendor and the stars seemed to twinkle and sing of her triumphant march. The tinted trees, the shining lakes and rippling streams played in her beams and sent back their thanks from glistening dew-covered leaves and laughing wavelets.

I was drinking in this beautiful vision when Gordon abruptly said:

'I'm filled with despair. Let us sit down here on this stone. I want to tell you something. You are the only one around here that loves me. Well, now, what's the use of telling you? You, too, may hate me.'

'I hate no one. And why should I hate you, Gordon?'

'Why, I hate myself. I've no peace, no rest, no love, no hope.'

'Poor boy, you're lonely out here. Melancholia is affecting you. Come, let's have a race down the road. How lovely the moonlight glistens.'

'No, let me tell you all. It may drive you from me, but it will ease my conscience to tell it to some one. I was once as happy in the love and favor of God as any one; but since I have come here my heart has been hard against Him, and I could almost curse him; but he was my kind Father once, and He was my mother's God; and I couldn't. I loved Him once, and my heart and life were filled with love and joy. I was then at college, attending the medical school. One day a missionary meeting was held at the college. A noble man, right from the foreign field, was there. His earnest words sank deeply into my heart and bore home the conviction that I should be a foreign missionary, and if I did not, I should have no peace or rest. So I volunteered. When the consecration was made, a new life, full of unutterable glory, filled my soul.'

'In my studies I made extraordinary progress, and when I graduated I was the gold medallist of my class, and—and I had found a friend who was dearer to me than all the world beside. Then came the struggle. Friends helped it on. Why should I the gold medallist of my class, go to the foreign field? A grand career was opening up for me at home. Let commoner fellows go. Then why should I leave my love? Stay, build up a great practice, and take her to myself. The struggle was terrible. My conscience and my honor pleaded for my vow. Self, world and friends pleaded for ease, fame and love; I yielded

to the temptation, for I thought my love would not leave her happy home and go with me to the foreign field, and my heart said that I could not leave her behind. Then, oh, like a cloud my mind was darkened. My heart was midnight, and all my peace was gone. I lost relish for study; I became careless in life; my friends grew cold and my sweetheart found greater pleasure in another's company. I became truly reckless and tried to drown my feelings in carousals. When I received my license papers I came out here to hide myself, to banish all thoughts of the past and drown my love in work and drink. The liquor that is sold here is so bad that I could not drink it. There has not been much to do. My conscience has been pricking and goading me, and I am almost driven to madness.'

'Come back to Christ. He will not cast you out.'

'But I cannot go back after the life I have lived. His people here have cast me out and will not associate with me. Oh, don't say Christ to me!'

'But Christ means love and light, and you are sadly in need of both.'

'Well, I have told you about my feelings. Don't you hate me?'

'Why, no, you're only a rebellious son. I don't like your wilfulness nor the cruel way you speak of Christ and his readiness to forgive the penitent. If you desire peace of conscience and God's favor, go to Him and tell him how you feel. Plead Christ's dying love in your behalf. He never turns a deaf ear to that.'

'The moon is setting,' said Gordon abruptly. 'We'll have to hurry to get home by its light.'

So we returned to the hotel. On the way he was quite bright, seemingly much relieved by his confession. I was heavy with prayerful thought. Ere I left that hamlet, I met the preacher in charge and gave him some ideas about neglecting 'God's little ones'; but, like the cry of Ananias of Damascus, he said:

'He is one of the scoffers, one of the persecutors, and moreover, his associates are of the hotel, and you cannot expect me to associate with such as he.'

'Well, if you cannot meet him where he is, I shall try to send him to you; but do not miss an opportunity to help him.'

Gordon promised me to attend the services in the little church, and not to give up to despair. True to his promise, he attended the next church service, which was the prayer-meeting. After an earnest discourse, in which Christ's forgiving love and the necessity of our completely laying ourselves at his feet were emphasized, the preacher said:

'Let us pray. Dr. Roberts will lead us in prayer.'

A sensation passed through the audience. Some of the men smiled, others scowled; some of the girls giggled, and the sanctimonious sneered; but Gordon heeded them not, and surprised them all by kneeling down upon the rough, unpainted floor and pouring out his soul to God. His prayer was the cry of one in the wilderness for a straight path, the bleat of a lamb in the thicket longing to be set free, the wail of a captive that he might escape the house of bondage. In a fervor that quieted all, he ended:

'Lord, thou knowest, thou knowest; but make me good. For Jesus' sake. Amen.'

That prayer was the talk of the place for the next few days. The young preacher had often to defend his action for calling on 'such an one' to pray in the prayer-meeting. He would answer: