

requiring infinite patience on the part of the missionary; but both teacher and pupil persevered day after day for months and months, until Mrs. Woo could read the Gospel of Mark and the familiar hymns. Then the lessons ceased.

Soon after this, the missionary noticed that Mrs. Woo was no longer braiding at her door when he passed, and when an assistant told him that Mrs. Woo was not working he decided to inquire into the matter.

"Have you much work now, Mrs. Woo?" he asked.

"I'm not working any more; I'm preaching all the time."

"Preaching all the time! But how do you live?"

"It's this way. You remember the red handkerchief you gave me last Christmas?"

"Yes."

"Well, I fold my Bible and hymn book in that and start out in the morning. I go to several houses, and in each the people say: 'That is a very pretty handkerchief you have.' And I say, 'Yes, would you like to see it?' Then I open it and take out the Bible, and read and preach, and then I take out the hymn book and read hymns. Then I go on, and by and by I reach a house when it is time to have rice, and the people ask me to have some, and I eat, and then I show them my handkerchief. In the afternoon I go on preaching, and I reach another house in time to have rice; and so I live."

Rejoiced as the missionary was to learn of the work Mrs. Woo was doing, he could not approve of her manner of living.

"The people will call you a 'rice Christian,'" he said, after trying in vain to show her that she could not keep on in that way. "They will say that you are making money out of your religion; that you became a Christian so that you need not work any more."

Finally they agreed upon a compromise. Mrs. Woo was to work in the morning and to go about preaching in the afternoon.

In time the missionary and his wife went home on a furlough. "There will be no interest among the women when we return," said the wife sadly. "There are good workers for the men, but there is no one to look after the women."

The furlough ended and the missionary returned to China. It was the first Sunday, and he went to church to meet his people again. The men came in and took their seats. Then women began to come. Presently all the seats were filled and women stood in the aisles. Last of all came Mrs. Woo, leading two of her friends, and pushing her way through the crowd to a place as near the front as she could go.

The next day the missionary called on Mrs. Woo.

"How have you done it, Mrs. Woo? How did you get so many women to come to church yesterday?"

"Oh, I just went on preaching. I would go from house to house with my red handkerchief, and I would read the Gospel to the people, and then I would sing hymns to them. On Saturday I say, 'To-morrow is worship day; you must go to church.' When they make an excuse, I say, 'I will come for you if you will go.' Then on Sunday I go to the houses for the women. Last Saturday I said, 'You must go to-morrow; the missionary will be there.' And I stopped for those who did not like to go alone, and so they went to church."

The missionary thought that Mrs. Woo's faithfulness should be rewarded. At his request she was enrolled among the regular workers, and paid from the missionary fund,

that she might devote her whole time to teaching.

In tead of the woman with the demon, the terror and hatred of the neighborhood, Mrs. Woo became the best colporteur in the field, distributing more literature and reaching more people than any other assistant.

The recent outbreak in China brought death to all the foreigners in that station except to the missionary from whom I heard this story. "But the work has not stopped," he added in closing, "for faithful Mrs. Woo is left to tell the story of Christ."—F. G. Bagert, in the Christian Intelligencer.

An "Average Man"

An old writer tells a story of a man who prided himself on his great morality, and expected to be saved by it, who was constantly saying: "I am doing pretty well, on the whole: I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am strictly honest; I work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and I was never drunk in my life." This man once hired a canny Scotchman to build a fence around his lot, and give him very particular directions as to his work. In the evening, when the Scotchman came in from his labor, the man said:

"Well, Jack, is the fence built, and is it tight and strong?"

"I cannot say that it is all tight and strong," replied Jack; "but it's a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I don't know but I may have left a gap here and there, a yard wide or so; but then I made up for it by doubling the number of rails on each side of the gap. I dare say that the cattle will find it a very good fence, on the whole, and will like it, though I cannot just say that it's perfect."

"What!" cried the man, not seeing the point: "do you tell me that you have built a fence around my lot with weak places in it, and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will all go through. Don't you know, man, that a fence must be perfect or it is worthless?"

"I used to think so," said the dry Scotchman; "but I hear you talk so much about averaging matters with the Lord, seems to me that we might try it with the cattle. If an average fence won't do for them, I am afraid that an average character won't do in the day of judgment. When I was on ship-board, and a storm was driving us on the rocks, the captain cried, 'Let go the anchor!' But the mate shouted back: 'There is a broken link in the cable.' Did the captain say when he heard that, 'No matter, it's only one link; the rest of the chain is good; ninety-nine of the hundred links are strong; its average is high; it only lacks 1 per cent of being perfect; surely the anchor ought to respect so excellent a chain, and not break away from it?' No indeed. He shouted: 'Get another chain!'"

"He knew that the chain with one broken link was no chain at all. That he might as well throw the anchor overboard without any cable as with a defective one. So with the anchor of our souls. If there is the least flaw in the cable it is not safe."—Boston Advertiser.

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Take it to Heart.

Sturdy Adam was busy in his workshop, and heedless of the clatter of his fellow-craftsmen. Suddenly the clock strikes six and immediately tools are thrown down and there is a general scramble to bed off. Adam alone had gone on with his work, as if nothing had happened. But, observing the cessation of the tools, he looked up and said, in a tone of indignation: "Look here, now! I can't abide to see men throw away their tools that way the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure in their work, and were afraid o' doing a stroke too much." Seth looked a little self-conscious, and began to be slow in his preparation for going, but Mum Sift broke the silence, and said: "Ay, ay, lad, ye talk like a young man. When y'are six an' forty like me insid' o' six an' twenty, ye wonna be as flush o' workin' for nought." "Non-ense," said Adam, still wroth. "What's age got to do with it, I wonder. Ye arena getting stiff yet. I reckon I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot before the clocks fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in 's work. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it." There is some healthy morality in this that we should do well to take to heart. "The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit."

The Rainy Day.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.