



A BUDDHIST PRIEST.

In forwarding the photograph of which our picture is a copy to the Irish Presbyterian Missionary Society, the Rev. W. W. Shaw says:—"Amongst the crowd of beggars gathered round the chapel door, I noticed a Buddhist priest, and after a little spoke to him. I took his photograph, and found he was quite dumb, and had been so for years. His family had made a priest of him by way of his getting a livelihood, and he simply lived by begging. His clothes were in rags and he was altogether a pitiable sight. Such are the spiritual guides of China!"

THE STORY OF A YOUNG JAPANESE TEACHER.

Miss E. L. Linnard, in the *Church at Home and Abroad*, tells the following:—"In her lesson one day a young Japanese came to the word 'Creator,' but did not know its meaning. Turning to the dictionary, she read, 'Creator, one who creates,' but was still in the dark. She turned up a larger dictionary, and read, 'Creator, one who creates; a name given to God, who made all things.' A startling thought to her, for she had never heard of such a God; and it filled her mind by night and by day. She looked at the stars and said, 'That God must have made all these stars.' The sun, and even the trees, suggested the thought that God made them. She went to the temple and looked at the image of Buddha, and said to herself, 'It was not you, Buddha, for I never heard that you made anything.'

When she went to Tokio, an old woman in the same house said to her, 'Tasshee, I am going to a meeting; come with me.'

"What meeting?"

"A meeting to hear about God."

"Oh no," said Tasshee; "I do not want any of your gods. I have a God of my own, if I only knew where he is."

Tasshee, however, went to the meeting. The missionary opened the Bible and read, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Tasshee was startled. "Why," she said, "this is the God I am looking for;" and she became so agitated that she could hardly keep her seat, so eager was she to put the question, "Where is he?"

When the meeting was over, she rushed to the missionary, and said, "Tell me, where is this God that made the heavens and the earth?" Her desire was met by proper instruction. She came to the next meeting and heard, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Here again Tasshee was startled. A God of love! Her gods were gods of hate, of revenge, of anger. This God gave his son. All the gods she had ever heard of never

gave anything; the people had to give them offerings.

His thirsting soul received the water of life. Tasshee is now a Christian teacher dispensing the water of life to others, telling them of a God who spared not his own son, but gave him up for us all.

I TAKE IT BACK!

Mother, just see here, will you? It's most nine o'clock, and I can't find a single thing!"

I suppose Raymond did not include in the catalogue of "single thing" any of the articles which he was tossing about so vigorously from place to place.

Mother came, and found that all the confusion and trouble was occasioned by her son's book-strap having been mislaid.

"When did you have it last, Ray?"

"Why, last night, when I unstrapped my books; and I left it here on the table. Somebody's been meddling with it, I know! It was that tiresome Nora,

like as not!"

"Nora, have you seen Ray's book-strap?"

"No, ma'am," replied Nora, looking dolefully around the room which she had put "to rights" once this morning.

"Nonsense! you must have seen it, for you've been poking about in here ever since breakfast; I wish you'd stay out till I am gone to school, for you're just a bother and a meddling thing!"

"Ray!"

"Well, I'll be late, mother! There goes Tom Lake now! I never—"

"Here it is!" and mother reached the strap from the top of the bookcase, where it had lodged the night before when Ray threw it to knock a spider from the wall.

"And you needn't have called me a meddling thing, either!" said Nora, reproachfully, as he strapped his books and ran.

"I take it back!" called Ray, looking round from the doorway, and smiling, with all the good-nature again in his face—"I take it back!"

"Take it back!" Ah, but can you? Are there not some things that you can never, never take back? Could Raymond ever take back that hasty ungenerous speech he had made? No. He might be sorry; he might confess that it was unjust; but he could not take it back.

We can never take back our words:—words—little things are they, but oh! so mighty! How many words you have each said—even you, with your young lives—which you would be so glad to unsay! angry words, thoughtless words, unkind, cross, hasty words, dropped from your lips upon the hearts around you. And they are gone forever! You cannot recall them, though you have said, perhaps, as Raymond did, "I take it back!" Be careful of your words, dear children. If you would have a pleasant past to look back upon by-and-by, without heartaches and without regrets, be careful of your words!—*Friendly Greetings.*

THREE PINTS A DAY.

A doctor, walking one day near a country workhouse, saw one of the inmates seated by the roadside. He was an old but intelligent-looking man, so he addressed him thus: "Well, my good sir, what brought you to the workhouse?" "Because I had not enough to keep me," was the reply. "And what did you work at—what was your trade?" "I was a carpenter by trade, sir." "A carpenter. I thought a carpenter earned good wages." "Yes; very fair wages." "Then I infer that you were improvident. Perhaps you were rather intemperate?" "Oh, no," returned the man, somewhat indignantly; "I never took more than three pints a day." "Oh, you never took more than three pints a day," repeated the doctor. And he

took a piece of paper and a pencil out of his pocket. "For how long did you drink three pints a day as a regular thing?" "Well, let me see," mused the carpenter; "say I began when I was twenty." "And how old are you now?" "I'm eighty now." "That means you were taking three pints a day for sixty years." And the doctor worked out a sum with pencil and paper. "You need not have been here, my friend. If you had put by the money you spent in beer, and let it lie at compound interest, you would now have had over £3,000!"

STRIKER STOWE'S WAY.

For years Striker Stowe, a tall, powerful Scotchman, had held the position of "boss striker" at the steel works. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule.

But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had become religious; and, sure enough, when pressed to take a drink, he said:

"I shall never drink mair, lads. No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God."

The knowing ones smiled, and said: "Wait a bit. Wait until hot weather—until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel-pit, he will give in. He can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring off in streams; yet he seemed never be tempted to drink.

Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening, I stopped and spoke to him. "Stowe," said I, "you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," said he, emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Weel, just this way. It's now ten o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Weel, to-day is the twentieth o' the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar, right near the twenty. From eight till nine He kep' me, and I put down another dot. From nine till ten he's kep' me, an' noo I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these, I pray, 'O Lord, help me—help me to fight it for another hour.'"

"How long shall you keep this up?" I inquired.

"All o' my life," was the earnest reply. "It keeps me sae full o' peace an' happiness that I wouldn't gie it up for anything. It is as if he took me by the hand, and said, 'Wark awa, Striker Stowe, I'm wi' ye. Dinna be fearfu'. You teek care o' yeer regular wark, and I'll see to the de'il an' the thirst, and they shallna trouble ye.'"—*H. C. Pearson, in the Contributor.*

REWARD FOR A SON'S DEATH.

Mr. Zwemer, of the Arabian mission at Aden, writes in *The Mission Field* of certain facts which show that the Gospel is reaching Moslems in various parts of the world and bringing them to Christ. One incident which he gives is so striking that we present it entire:

"Some time ago there was a young Mohammedan, the son of a great Mohammedan saint and doctor, who had great anxiety of soul because of sin. He read the Koran through and through without finding light, when he found in it an expression referring to the Old Testament and the New Testament. The thought came into this young man's heart, 'If I can only get possession of a Bible, I might get what I need.' Most wonderfully, two ladies happened to be in the district, and he got what he wanted. He began with the Gospel of St. John, and by the time he got to the third chapter he was a free man and desirous of throwing off Mohammedanism. When his father heard of it, he offered a reward of 500 rupees to any one who would kill his son, and 200 to any one who would bring him the good news. For two years I had to watch over that young man, and then his father found him, and with much difficulty we managed to keep him safe. At last the old man went back with a New Testament. A year after he came and said that he had brought together other mullahs and read it to them. He also said: 'We have noticed that this is the New Testament; that shows me there must be

an Old Testament, and they have sent me to get the Old Testament.' I had the pleasure of giving him one, and just before I left he came with his son and said: 'The God of my son, whom I wished to murder, is now my God; baptize me, too, into the faith of Christ.'

THE RESTFUL YOKE.

Mark Guy Pearse tells us of an incident which occurred in connection with a sermon of his on Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy laden:

"I had finished my sermon, when a good man came to me and said, 'I wish I had known what you were going to preach about; I could have told you something.'

"Well, my friend," I said, "it is very good of you. May I have it still?"

"Do you know why his yoke is light, sir? If not, I think I can tell you."

"Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose."

"No, sir," he explained, shaking his head; "I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home I used to drive the oxen in my father's yoke, and the yoke was never made to balance, sir, as you said. (I had referred to the Greek word. But how much better it was to know the real thing.)"

"He went on triumphantly: 'Father's yokes were always made heavier on the one side than the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock in along side of a strong bullock, and the light end would come on the weak bullock, because the stronger one had the heavy part of it on his shoulder.'

"Then his face lit up as he said, 'That is why the yoke is easy and the burden is light—because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon his shoulder.'

"So shall ye find rest to your soul."

DOING AND PLANNING.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

A useful man to Stonewall Jackson was old Miles, the Virginia bridge-builder. One day the Union troops had retreated, and burned a bridge across the Shenandoah. Jackson, determined to follow them, summoned Miles.

"You must put all your men on that bridge," said he; "they must work all night, and the bridge must be completed by daylight. My engineer shall furnish you with the plan, and you can go right ahead."

Early next morning Jackson met the old bridge-builder.

"Well," said the general, "did the engineer give you a plan for the bridge?"

"General," returned Miles slowly, "the bridge is done. I don't know whether the picture is or not!"

We want a few more men of the Miles order. They do not plan, but work. In the name of all the humanities, let us have fewer plans and more bridges, shorter red-tape and longer bits of flannel; and, if possible, less bitter cry and more wool on poor people's backs. Measureless oceans of talk are not equal to a single cup of cold water really given in Christ's name.

A THIEF IN A BAG.

The late Earl of Shaftesbury, well known for his kindness to the poor, once lost his watch while walking in Whitechapel, a low neighborhood in London. He advertised his loss, as he valued his watch because of certain associations.

Within 23 hours his household was aroused by a violent ring and knock at the street door, and the noise of a vehicle was heard hurrying away in the distance. On opening the front door, a bag was found filled with something that moved. On examining the bag, a boy of the Artful Dodger class was found, tied hand and foot and gagged. Round his neck was the missing watch, and underneath was a placard with the words:

"Lock him up, mi Lord; he's a disgrace to our profession; he orter know as how yer Lordship was free of the ward; giv' 'im five years' ard.—Yer Friends."

The boy had been captured and sent back by the thieves of Whitechapel.

The Earl did not take the advice of his "friends." He reformed the Artful Dodger, and the boy finally became a light of the London Shoeblack Brigade.