

'Unknown, Yet Well Known.'

A gentleman was one day visiting some destitute families in one of the poorest parts of London. After climbing a number of stairs, which led to the top of one of the houses, he saw a ladder leading to a door, close up to the slates of the roof. He hardly thought anybody could be living up there; but he concluded to go up and see. On reaching the door, he found it so low that he was obliged to stoop before he could enter. It was so dark that he could not see distinctly, so he called out:

'Is there anyone here?'

'Come in,' answered a feeble voice.

He entered, and found a little boy, all by himself, in that dark, wretched home. There was no bed, no furniture of any kind. Some straw and shavings, in one corner, formed the poor fellow's seat by day and his bed by night.

'Why are you here alone?' asked the kind visitor. 'Have you a father?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you a mother?'

'No, sir; mother's in the grave.'

'Where is your father?' Don't you want him to be with you in this dark, lonely place?'

'No, sir,' said the boy, sorrowfully. 'My father gets drunk. He used to send me out to steal, and whatever I stole he spent in drinking.'

'Does he make you do so still?'

'You see,' said the boy, 'I went to the ragged school, and I was there taught the words, "Thou shalt not steal." I was told about heaven and hell; that Jesus Christ came to save sinners; that God punishes the bad and loves the good; and then I resolved that I wouldn't steal any more. And now,' continued the little fellow, 'my father himself gets drunk; and then he gets angry at me, and is cruel to me, and beats me because I won't steal any longer.'

'Poor little boy!' said the gentleman, feeling very sorry to hear the boy's sad history. 'I pity you very much. You must feel very lonely here, all by yourself in this dark room?'

'No,' said the little fellow with a sweet smile on his face; 'I am not alone; Jesus is with me here. I don't feel lonely.'

The gentleman took out his purse and gave him some money, and promised that he would come and see him again to-morrow.

'Stop, sir,' said the little fellow, as his kind visitor was preparing to go down the ladder; 'I can sing.' And then he began, in a sweet, simple strain, to sing the beautiful hymn with which he loved to cheer his solitude:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious God, forbid it not!
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.'

The gentleman was so touched with the little boy's sad tale and destitute condition, that the next day he spoke about it to a kind Christian lady. She was very much interested in the case, and asked him to go with her to the place. This he at once agreed to do. Taking along a bundle of clothes which might be useful to him, they made their way together up the dark stairs of the house till they reached the ladder. Going up the steps and coming to the door, they knocked, but there was no reply. They knocked again and again, but no reply came; no voice as before, calling, 'Come in.' The gentleman opened the door and went in. There was the bed, the straw, the shavings, just as he had left them the day before. And there lay the little boy on the bed of straw—but he

was dead! The body lay there, but the spirit had returned to God who gave it!—'Christian Globe.'

A Mission Girl Marries a Rajah

Dr. Watson, in his work, 'The American Mission in Egypt,' remarks: 'Again and again, when we knew not how the teachers' salaries were to be met, rents paid, and the daily bread of the mission staff secured, the Lord in his mercy raised up friends who acted as stewards in the distribution of the Lord's money committed to them. Most remarkably was this the case in connection with the marriage of Bamba, a young Egyptian girl from the Cairo Mission School, to his Highness the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, son of the renowned Runjit Singh of the Punjab. The young prince, who had been brought up in England, where he had ranked next to the Royal Family, and had been a particular favorite with our late beloved Queen, was returning to India via Egypt, when she visited the Mission School at Cairo, and first saw Bamba among the other girls. The result of that apparently chance meeting (and of his previous prayers for a Christian wife) was a happy wedding one June not long after, and the result to the mission itself was a gift of £1,000 presented by the Maharajah "as a thank-offering to the Lord," and a yearly donation of £500 continued as long as his wife lived. She died the same loving, faithful Christian as she had lived.'

The Broom-Corn Brothers.

Can't get an education, did you say, my boy? Can't go to college because you have no money? Money is not the essential thing in getting an education. Energy counts more than money, and thousands of boys have proved it. In the State university in Kansas, nearly one-half the students are self-supporting.

An incident in the lives of three brothers, Kansas boys, who had no money and wanted an education, is related in the 'Young People's Weekly.' Their struggle began twelve years ago, when the eldest, Frank Mahin, went to the State normal school from a south-west Kansas farm, determined to win a diploma. He was equipped with a few books, some broom-corn, and a broom-making machine, but very little money.

When he went out to hunt a boarding place, his prospective landlady asked: 'What about payment—will your father meet the bills?'

'No, ma'am,' said the country boy. 'I will, if you will take chickens, eggs and butter.'

She looked at him in astonishment. 'You do not live here—where will you get them?'

'Trade brooms for them.'

'Brooms? Where will you get brooms?'

'Make them—in the barn, if you will let me.'

It took considerable explaining before the landlady was made to understand his plan, but she did at last.

He set up his machine in the barn, and he made brooms. These he traded to the farmers for produce, and this went to his landlady for board. Week after week went by, and he met all his expenses. He did this until he completed the normal school course. He wanted to go to a medical college, but the money was needed at home, so he returned to the farm and kept his brothers in the country schools.

Those were the hard times on the prairie, and though the family raised a good crop of broom-corn the next year, it would not sell for enough to pay rent, and the landlord took it. The other boys left the public school, and all three worked hard for a year paying off a \$1,200

mortgage. They studied nights and kept up with their classes.

Then the boys went back to the normal school town, and made brooms while continuing their studies. The Sante Fe railway heard of them, and gave them a large order for special-made brooms to be used by the car sweepers.

The last of the 'broom corn brothers' to make his way through school was the youngest, Melvin, who fitted up a factory in the carriage-shed at the place where he roomed, and, with another student, made brooms, working an hour or two each day. Soon after the Christmas holidays he was offered the principalship of a ward school in a growing town, and left his studies to accept it. Charles also had a good principalship, and the eldest brother is completing his work in a Southern medical college.

During the dozen years these three boys have been working their way through school, they have assisted their parents and have added eighty acres to the eighteen-acre home farm. They also rent three hundred acres more, and have established a permanent broom factory, which is earning a good return each year. They are prosperous and have the esteem of their fellows—even if sometimes their schoolmates did smile at the young broom-peddlers.

Can't go to college because you have no money? You need grit, not money. Perhaps you can't make brooms, but there are plenty of other ways in which you can earn the necessary funds. A willingness to struggle a little, to undergo hardship, to endure—that's what will make educated men and boys who have no one to pay their way through college. Perhaps it is better that they do it this way—they keep their knowledge, and use it because they earned it.—'The Sunday-school Messenger.'

Well-deserved Rebuke.

Lord Orford was once invited to become President of the Norwich Bible Society—an application from which he thought his well-known character should have exempted him. He replied:

'I have long been addicted to the gaming-table. I have lately taken to the Turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and your society, notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your president. God forgive your hypocrisy.'

The rebuke was well deserved.—'Christian Herald.'

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