

thought of having no excursion must have fallen as a keen disappointment upon many a heart, which giving expression to its feelings might have said, "A long year has passed since we had a ride in the cars, and now we must wait another long year." But they consented to stay at home, and made an offering which amounted to seventy-five dollars.

Shortly afterward, the pastor, in a sermon, referred to the self-denial. Among the worshippers were a gentleman and lady from Glasgow, Scotland. The spirit manifested by the children touched their hearts. They resolved, on returning home, to tell their friends about it. And not only did they tell them, but also asked them to show their appreciation by making an offering to help swell the children's gift. Having collected these expressions of interest, and added their own, they sent to Yarmouth a few weeks ago *thirty-two pounds sterling* (one hundred and fifty-five dollars,) accompanied by these words:

"Tell the children it was their self-denial that touched us—self-denial, Oh, how little there is of this blessed Christ like virtue!"

If the children in all our churches would begin self-denials making for Christ's sake in a few years there would be a great multitude of men and women, who would know the deep sweet meaning of the Saviour's words, lovingly treasured up by the apostle Paul, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Let us never forget that out of self-denial came the gift of redeeming love, "He loved us and gave himself for us."

A. ROGERS.

Yarmouth, Dec. 25th, 1889.

A NEW HEBRIDES STORY.

The following anecdote is in the life of John G. Paton, missionary to the Islands of Tanna, in the New Hebrides:

One morning the Tannese, rushing toward me in great excitement, cried: "Missi, Missi, there is a god, or ship on

fire, or something of fear, coming over the sea. We see no flames, but it smokes like a volcano. It is a spirit?"

One party after another followed in quick succession, shouting the same questions, to which I replied: "I cannot go at once. I must dress first in my best clothes. It is probably one of Queen Victoria's men-of-war, coming to ask me if your conduct is good or bad, if you are stealing my property, threatening my life, or how you are using me."

They pleaded with me to go and see it, but I would not. The two principal chiefs came running up, and asked, "Missi, will it be a ship of war?"

"I think it will, but I have no time to speak to you now; I must get on my best clothes."

"Missi, only tell us, will he ask you if we have been stealing your things?"

"I expect he will."

"And shall you tell him?"

"I must tell him the truth."

"Oh, Missi, tell him not! Every thing shall be brought back to you at once, and no one will be allowed to steal from you again."

"Be quick," I said. "Every thing must be returned before he comes. Away, away, and let me get ready to meet the great chief of the man-of-war."

Hitherto no thief could ever be found, and no chief had power to cause anything to be restored to me; but now, in an incredibly brief space of time one came running to the Mission House with a pot, another with a pan, another with a blanket, others with knives, forks, plates and all sorts of stolen property. The chief called me to receive these things, but I replied, "Lay them all down at the door; I have no time to speak with you."

I delayed my toilet, enjoying mischievously the magical effect of that approaching vessel. At last the chiefs running about in breathless haste, called out to me, "Missi, missi, do tell us, is the stolen property all here?"

Of course I could not tell, but, running out, I looked on the promiscuous heap of