

the missionaries sail away, they put on the paint again.

A school has been opened for the children, and in them lies the hope of raising this people. The government of Chili has granted Mr. Aspinwall the use of Grey Island and three small islands adjacent, and Cape West, the western point of Hermit Island. In return, Mr. Aspinwall is bound to maintain a life-saving station and care for the 'Light House' to be built at Cape West. This has long been the most dangerous part of the voyage between Europe and the west coast of South America. Now we may hope that this beacon light staring out over the water may guide many a gallant ship to her desired haven and God bless Mr. Aspinwall and his brave little band, and help them to tell Fuegians of that other Light that came down from heaven. *Children's Work for Children.*

### JIMMY HOWARD.

#### OR, REBUKED AND REPENTING.

Jimmy Howard was twelve years old, and away from home for the first time in his life. His mother was an invalid and his parents had sent him to a boarding school. He had expected it would be great fun, and he enjoyed his first day very much; but it was ended, and here he was in his room with four other boys, and he had promised his mother to read a few verses in his Testament and also pray every night.

"I can't," he said to himself, "I know these fellows never pray: how full of fun they are."

"But you promised," conscience whispered.

"Mother never half knew how hard it would be, or she would never have asked me. Why, I shouldn't wonder if they threw their shoes at me. There wouldn't be any comfort praying that way. I'll just jump into bed and say my prayers there, and I'll read my Testament to-morrow when they're not looking."

So he quieted the voice of conscience

and slipped into bed, pulling the clothing over his face to shut out the clatter, and tried to pray. But he was not happy, and the words would not come. Presently it grew quiet, and he heard one of the boys say, "John, it's your turn to read to-night."

And then he listened as John read aloud the fifth chapter of Ephesians. "This is my verse, boy," John said, as he finished. "Be not drunken with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit."

"That one about 'Redeeming the time' is mine," said one of the others.

"Seems that one about 'foolish talking and jesting' comes home to us pretty well. I never knew that was in the Bible, did you, John?"

"Yes, mother read it to me once, but it is an awful hard one to live up to."

"What is your verse?" he asked of a lazy-looking boy, who was lounging on the foot of the bed.

"I haven't any," he drawled out.

"Where's the new boy?" asked John. Then seeing where he was: "I say, Jimmy Howard, ain't you ashamed of yourself to get into bed without saying your prayers?"

"Yes, I am, sure as you're alive," the boy said, rolling out. "I am a regular little coward: I thought you'd all laugh at me, and I couldn't stand it."

And as he dropped upon his knees with the others, he remembered a Sundayschool lesson of several months before about the prophet Elijah, under the juniper tree, bewailing the fact that he was the only one who did not worship Baal, when there were thousands in Israel who had not bowed the knee to that false god.

The next day Jimmy Howard wrote to his mother a full confession of his wrong, not forgetting to tell how he had been comforted, while begging for forgiveness, in the thought that the great prophet Elijah had at one time been just as weak and cowardly as he.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.