

"'O yes,' he said, 'my precious Friend bears me up. I fear nothing, I am in his keeping. But O how foolish I was not to have been with him all these years! I have lost the joy and safety and blessedness of life, only to find it here on the border of Death. Go—go, dear sir, and tell all the children from me, to take Jesus Christ now for their Guide and Friend.'"

The little folks in their pews had listened in eager silence to the story of the traveller; the story was done now, the ten minutes were up, but the preacher had a last word to say:

"Dear children," he said, "this is not a fairy story; the old traveller who sent you this message was Mr. Robert Elliot, you knew him well: it was the Lord Jesus who came to him when he was a child, when he was a young man, in middle life, but he never took him for his Saviour until a few days before his death, and it was then, with tears running down his cheeks, that he sent you this message, which I now solemnly repeat, charging you by his dying breath to hear him say, 'I have lost the joy and safety and blessedness of life—O go and tell the children not to commit such a folly as I did, but to jump at the chance of having this blessed Saviour for a Friend!'"—*Early Dew.*

WHY CHILDREN SHOULD BE CHRISTIANS.

"Because it is easy for children to love, and therefore they may be taught to love Jesus.

Because it is easy for children to trust, and so they must be led to trust in Jesus.

Because those converted in early life make the most earnest and consistent Christians.

Because those who spend their youthful days in learning in Christ's school will become the wisest Christians.

Because, having life before them, they are likely to be the most useful Christians."—*Sunday School Times.*

"Poverty is uncomfortable as I can testify: but, nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim."—*President Garfield.*

A CHINESE SCHOOL.

It is not a bit like the school you go to. Each boy has a whole desk to himself. His seat is a stool without any back. The boys sit and shout out their lessons at the top of their voice, and when a roomful are all studying together the noise is dreadful. The teacher sits and looks on. He calls a boy up to recite a lesson. The boy lays his book on the teacher's desk, turns his back, and shouts off what he has learned. Then the teacher gives him another part to learn, and he returns to his place and joins again in the hubbub.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

We have received a very interesting letter from the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, for so many years missionary at Constantinople, from which we take the following incident:

A Turk was delivering wood at my house, brought on a pack saddle. A stick fell on his foot, and he immediately seized another stick, fully an inch in diameter, and commenced beating his poor horse, who could not escape.

Providentially there was another stick lying invitingly near, and before I knew it I was laying that stick on the back and legs of that Turk with considerable vigor. The Turk stopped beating, and told me the horse was his and that he had the right to beat him to death if he chose. I answered: "Not here. If you strike him another blow I'll strike you ten." "I am a Mussulman," said he, "and you shall go with me to the Cadi for this." "Very well," said I, "you take that stick and I'll take this. You shall state your case and I will state mine, and show from the *Koran* that you are a bad Mussulman, and you'll be lucky if you don't get the bastinado."

A Greek, who was present, said that it wasn't worth while for me to strike a Mussulman for only beating an old horse. I answered: "When I see any animal unable to defend himself from being tortured by any man, if he were ten Mussulmans, 'God do so unto me, and more, if I do not interfere in his behalf.'"—*Our Dumb Animals.*