

lowed this band of native Christians on their perilous mission!

All the next day till near nine o'clock in the evening, they waited in supplication that God would now vindicate His honor among these heathen, and deliver these captives with power, that all, both Christians and heathen, might hear of His mighty works and be led to fear Him.

About eight o'clock in the evening two gunshots were heard on the mountain opposite. Directly torchlights came into view, and in about a half an hour the band marched up into the Assembly, two of the number bearing the captive children on their shoulders.

The scene following was indescribable. One gray-haired old pastor took one of the children and put him between his feet, and solemnly lifting his right hand to heaven, exclaimed: "We never saw it on this wise before. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob has answered our prayers. He has easily done what our might for wisdom could never do. He has put His fear upon our enemies, and delivered us from their snares. Praise be to His great name!" Then followed such a praise meeting as is seldom seen.

This, however, was the beginning of a most gracious answer to prayer. Much had been asked for, but a gracious God gives heaping measure when He bestows answers to the prayers of His children. So it proved in this case. The heathen, as they heard of this deliverance, wrought by the manifest power of Jehovah, the God of the Christians, were greatly moved, and came by villages to the missionary, asking for teachers to show them how to worship this great God. "This is the God we want," said they. "He takes care of His people." Teachers were supplied as fast as they could be procured.

Nor was the work confined to the heathen alone, but some of the old churches caught the missionary spirit, and assembled for prayer and contributions for this work. Young men came forward and offered themselves.

So great was the fear of God among the heathen that in several cases captives were surrendered on demand of native pastors, and in other cases, when chiefs holding captives heard that the Jesus Christ teacher was coming for them they were sent for to meet them in the way. Already some score of captives have been surrendered.

God is our refuge and refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear.

DO NOT HIDE THE BIBLE.

OH, don't do that, please!" said Mabel Coy to her chum Rose King, as they were arranging their room at the Oak Knoll Seminary at the beginning of the school year.

"Don't do what, pray?" asked Rose, opening her large black eyes very wide.

"Excuse me, please. I must seem very abrupt, but I thought you were about to put your Bible at the bottom of that pile of books."

"And what if I do? it is my own Bible."

"I did not think of that: it was simply that I have been brought up to never put anything on the top of a Bible."

"You look too sensible to indulge in such superstitions."

"It is not superstition; it is reverence."

"The Bible is only a book."

"The Bible is God's only book. It should never be hidden or put on a high shelf or wedged into a case. It should be in plain view, unobstructed, ready to be opened by any person at any time."

"I never heard of any such thing. Where did you get such ideas?"

"It is one of our most cherished family traditions. Papa is a minister and an editor. His study table may be piled high with papers, but the Bible will be free, on its own particular corner. The habit was taught him in his childhood. He says that early love and reverence for God's book made him anxious to read it, and resulted in making a minister of him."

"And I fancy it has helped to make a preacher or a lecturer out of you," said Rose laughing.

"Am I lecturing you? I beg your pardon. I was only attempting to excuse my seeming rudeness and to defend my position. Please allow me to say further that this thoughtfulness about the Bible has awakened a reverence and love for it that have stimulated me to read it, and I love God and his Son our Saviour better on account of knowing him better than I should had I not a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures."

Mabel spoke with such serious sweetness that Rose could not forget her words. Then, too, the sight of Mabel's Bible on a dainty little tripod stand in a corner was a constant reminder.

Hanging to one side of the stand was a small portfolio-shaped basket containing a Sabbath-school quarterly and a Christian endeavour topic card. "So that I may know just where to find them," said Mabel. "So much valuable time may be wasted in hunting for things."

Rose's Bible was on her study table with her other books, and was not often in requisition.