

BOYS AND GIRLS

Port Said.

(‘Faithful Words.’)

The woman here represented is a type often seen in Port Said. Port Said is an important station for Bible distribution, whence the Scriptures reach not only the Moslems, but also people of various nationalities. In parts of Egypt the sale of the Scriptures amongst the Moslems is much less difficult than used to be the case a few years previously.

As regards Port Said, the people are now divided into two classes, as it were: those who show bitter opposition to the colporteur and his books, and those who seem

whole minds to the perusal of the volume. Watch their faces and the faces of those to whom they are reading. This would be the most eloquent, and, at the same time, the most persuasive answer to your question.”

‘The fact is,’ he adds, ‘that these thousands of people with whom we come in contact are enabled to read and to understand the simple truths of the Gospel.’

Bible distribution is simply supplying the world with the Word of God. God speaks to men in his word; and it is painful unbelief to suppose that God does not make his word plain and understandable.



A WOMAN OF PORT SAID.

eager to obtain them. Amongst the former class the religious leaders are prominent. Alas! this is too generally the case all the world over, for religion and truth are frequently as far apart as the Poles.

In Egypt and in Palestine the circulation of the Word of God is slowly making headway. Only a few years ago Islamism was all-supreme in those lands—now the Word of God is a living voice in them.

The earnest superintendent of the Bible Society's colportage work in Port Said, describes the abundant access that port presents for visiting ships of various nations, and selling the Scriptures to Turks, and to Russians, Romanists and Protestants. Necessarily there is opposition, but there is also immense encouragement.

‘The question, “Will the books be read?” says the superintendent, ‘calls to mind a very serious conversation I had with a clergyman some time since. He said, “What is the use of putting the Bible into the hands of illiterate and ignorant people? They cannot understand it.” My reply was, “Sir, I wish you could come with me some day on board one of the large Russian transports, and study the faces of men sitting about who have purchased a Bible or a Testament, and are now giving their

The truth is: ‘The entrance of God's Word giveth light: it giveth understanding to the simple.’

An Angel in the Way,

(Belle V. Chisholm, in ‘Christian Intelligencer.’)

Alan Voight's plans had come to grief. Gifted above his fellows, he had finished his university course with the highest honors, and after a year's travel in Europe was to settle down to the study of his profession, at the close of which he was to begin life's struggles in earnest. He had high aims, high ambitions and never having been thwarted in anything he undertook, it never occurred to him that anything he wished to possess might possibly be unattainable. Despite the double first attached to his diploma, he was a favorite in his class, admired and loved alike by rich and poor, idlers and ‘polers,’ and while being held up as an example of the studious scholar by his professors, he was the idol of the athletics, either in victory or defeat.

The summer, spent with his mother and sisters in a quiet mountain retreat, was one of the most busy, though restful, of his many happy vacations, and the few weeks

of family life together after the scattered members had returned, preparatory to his long absence abroad, were dreams of delight, from which, alas! there came a rude awakening.

Everything was in readiness, his trunk were packed, his passage secured on one of the finest steamers that ploughed the Atlantic, and even his ticket had been purchased, and in the hands of a friend who was to be his companion. To-morrow he was to bid ‘farewell’ to the dear home folks, and start on his long journey—the journey which to him was to be the fulfilment of many bright and happy dreams, to-morrow! But that to-morrow never came; instead in one short hour there came to this home in affluent circumstances the legacy of penury. As is so frequently the case, a trusted official, in an effort to rival his employer's style of living, had wasted his substance and brought ruin to his household. This misfortune, following so closely upon the heels of other disasters, made the retrieving of these losses an impossibility.

‘And is there no hope of the difficulty being bridged, of the disaster being tided over, so that your father can go on with his business until such time as he can regain his footing?’ asked Pastor Windom, a friend indeed, who had the best interest of his parishioners at heart. He was conversing with Alan, who, despite his effort to bear up bravely under the misfortune, was almost crushed by the sudden blow.

‘None, whatever,’ was the young man's reply. ‘Thank God there will be enough to satisfy the demands of the creditors, and if we realize anything like the worth of the home from its sale, there may possibly be enough from the wreck to keep a roof over the heads of mother and the children.’

‘Then you have given up all thoughts of your trip abroad?’ said Mr. Windom.

‘Certainly,’ replied Alan, the quivering of his lips proving what a trial the surrender of this cherished plan had been to him.

‘And have you any plans for the future?’ inquired the pastor.

‘Nothing, but to get into some kind of work,’ replied Alan. ‘Teaching’ presumably, since that or playing football is the only available craft open to me.’

He spoke with sarcasm pitiable in one so young, and wise Mr. Windom didn't press the subject further, though he could not help feeling how unprepared for grappling with the world this child of fortune really was, regardless of the fine education he possessed, and which ought to have been a real fortune to him. Before they separated, however, Alan made a confident of him so far as to inform him that the President of the University he had attended thought he would be able to secure him a good position in one of the small colleges in the neighborhood, where a professor of Greek was wanted. He failed to be elected, however, and the pastor heard nothing more about the young man's plans for a fortnight, just the week before Thanksgiving. Then he came to tell his friend that he was going out to a little country town to teach in a graded school where three teachers were employed. He was to take the place of the principal who had been driven off by the big boys, because he ‘wanted to be boss.’ He acknowledged that the prospects were not very flattering, but it was all that offered, and he was going, though with a very bad grace, the rebellion in his heart