

ment, for the sake of Christ, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name."

There is a strange little postscript to this wonderful story. An American traveller, who knew Dr. Goodell and was in sympathy with his work, published some sketches on his return, in which he deplored the mistake of expending time and money on such translations as "The Dairyman's Daughter," which he said was about as intelligible to a Greek or Turk as the novel 'Pelham' would be to Black Hawk!"

Before this criticism was penned that single tract had inaugurated a religious revival and reformation in the interior of Turkey.

SOWING AND REAPING.

TWO young women many years ago were working together in a cotton factory in New England. As earnest Christians they felt deeply concerned for the salvation of the heathen. The younger was willing to consecrate her life to mission work; but, with her slender means, saw no prospect of obtaining an education which would qualify her for such a life. Her companion felt equal interest in foreign missions, but realized that she was not endowed for such responsible work. If she could not go, she could aid in preparing her young friend for the mission field. She reserved from her earnings barely sufficient for food and clothing, often exercising the severest self-denial, and devoted all the rest to the education of her companion. She lived long enough to complete her task. Her friend, equipped for her mission, was ready with her husband to sail for Siam, and then the young cotton-spinner was laid in her grave. "She had done what she could." For fifteen years her friend shared her husband's toil in Siam and China. She helped him to give the New Testament to millions in their own tongue. She rejoiced with him as she saw the sheaves gathered from the harvest-field. When they rested in their grave, their son took up the mantle, and is now in the mission field gathering the ripening grain.

"He that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." One must go and preach the Gospel to the nations; another must send out and sustain the messenger. Both in the great day of the harvest shall receive their reward. That simple-hearted cotton spinner will share the joy of her sister who gathered in the sheaves.

You cannot go, but you can send. Men and women are saying, "Here am I; send me." Will you send, and share with the reaper the joy of the harvest?—*Miss. Reporter.*

A RETURNED missionary says:—"The rum trade is the great curse of West Africa, a far greater obstacle to the success of our missionaries than anything we find in heathenism. They have few native intoxicants here, and the manufacture of palm wine could easily be controlled, if it were not for the importation of rum from Christian countries. The very vessel that carries the missionary out will often be loaded with rum. When my husband and I returned to Africa, ten years ago, the vessel carried four missionaries, and forty thousand gallons of rum."

Our Young Folk.

THE BLIND GIRL'S GIFT.

A BLIND girl came to her pastor and gave him a dollar for missions. Astonished at the large sum, the minister said: "You are a poor, blind girl; is it possible that you can spare so much for missions?" "True," she said, "I am blind, but not so poor as you think; and I can prove that I can spare this money better than those that see."

The minister wanted to hear it proved.

"I am a basket-maker," answered the girl, "and as I am blind I can make my baskets just as easily in the dark as with the light. Other girls have, during the last winter, spent more than a dollar for light. I have no such expense, and so have brought this money for the poor heathen and the missionaries."

A MATCH-BOY BECOMES A MISSIONARY.

MR. J. MURRAY remarked: "A poor little boy stood, some time ago, at the corner of one of the busy streets in Glasgow, selling matches. As he stood there a gentleman approached him, and asked the way to a certain street. The way to that particular street was very tortuous, but the little fellow directed him very minutely. When he had finished his directions, the gentleman said, 'Now, if you tell me the way to heaven as correctly, I'll give you a sixpence.' The boy considered for a moment, then, suddenly remembering a text he had learned at the Sunday-school, he replied: 'Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, sir.' The gentleman at once handed him the promised sixpence, and left him visibly affected. The child thought this an easy way to make money, and, going along the street, he met an old companion of his father's, whom he stopped, and to whom he said: 'If you give me sixpence I'll tell you the way to heaven.' The man was surprised, but, from curiosity, he handed the boy sixpence, and was told, 'Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' 'Ah!' said the man, 'I have been looking for the way in the saloon those many years, but I believe you are right. It was my mother's way.' Going on his way, the boy told the same message to others. In after years, it was his privilege to tell it to the heathen; for the little fellow saved a child from being run over one day, and, from gratitude, he was educated by the child's father, and to-day he is a foreign missionary showing to others the way to heaven."—*Presbyterian Review.*

CHILD-STEALERS.

WHEN Dr. Laws was at home, we asked him whether he came into contact with the slave trade, and his reply was: "One morning I went to our school and found no scholars, although the day before there had been plenty. At length one boy drew near, and I asked the reason. 'Have you not heard of S.?' said he. She was a girl of twelve, bright and comely, who had on the previous afternoon brought her piece of sewing to the teacher, neatly folded, bidden her