

done me mischief enough, but it shall do no more.' Then I'm sure there'll be good times for you yet, father; and all the beer money will be saved too.' William kept his word and signed the pledge; and in time he learned to be very clever with his one hand; but though his abstinence prevented further mischief from the same source, it could not give him back what he had lost by being once drunk.—League Journal.

### The Result of a Gift.

The hot Indian sun was burning down upon a little hut, from which came running a little English lad, clad in blue gingham blouse, and trousers of the same material. The face and hands of the sturdy little figure were very much tanned, while crowning a mass of curly brown hair rested a large sun-hat; for the effect of the sun in those eastern countries is very much dreaded. His countenance was sad, but earnest and determined. He ran on until he came to a large-sized missionary's house. Opening the door he exclaimed to the servant, whom he chanced to see:

'Where is mamma? I want her awful bad.'

'She is tired, Master Arthur, and is resting,' replied the servant.

'Well, I must see her,' said Arthur; so he ran into his mother's room, exclaiming:

'O, mamma! please give me some rice, I want it awful bad, please do.'

'What for, dear?' said his mother.

'Why, poor little Carnius is dying, and his mother has said if he had some rice he might get better.'

'And how do you know?'

'I was over there,' replied Arthur manfully.

'Well, really, Arthur, I don't see how you can bear to play with those ugly children.'

'But, mamma,' persisted Arthur, 'you taught me that God thinks of all, dark and light, pretty and ugly, alike.'

Of course, dear,' replied his mother, 'but don't bother me now, child. You can go and ask Hannah to give you a basketful of rice for him, if you are so anxious; but don't hurry, as it is so warm.'

Arthur, having secured the rice, ran off to the hut. He found the mother with her child in her arms, but there was no need for rice, for poor little Carnius had passed to the better land. Kneeling by the feet of the dead child was his sister, who sobbed, 'Oh, my poor brother, I shall never see him again.'

'Yes, you can,' said Arthur. 'If you are a good girl you can go to heaven, and see your brother there.' At the same time he slipped into her hand a little Bible, saying, 'This was mine, but you can have it. Mamma says it shows the way to heaven.'

Poor little Carnius was buried. His sister, Noakha, who was naturally sulky, began to read the Bible, and became more cheerful. Her father and mother marvelled much at the change in her conduct.

Noakha's father was captain in the army, and was home at present, but had soon to return to duty.

One day, when Noakha was outside, reading her Bible, her father came to her and asked her what she was reading. In reply she handed him the book. As he glanced at it, his brow darkened, and angry clouds gathered on his face. At last he managed to say, 'See here, child, where did you get this book? What would Brahma say if he saw you reading it? He says it's no book for poor folk to read.'

He then put the book in his pocket, and walked away. She felt very badly over the loss of her book, but knew it was useless to entreat with her father, and so resolved to be as cheerful as possible. Her father and

mother wondered greatly at her cheerful conduct, but supposed she had not cared as much for her book as they had feared. She prayed every night and morning that her father might return her book.

Noakha's father was at last called to the regiment, but when he departed he did not even mention the book, and Noakha feared he had destroyed it.

It was the night before battle. The red glare of the watchfire shone on the weather-beaten faces of the soldiers, who were all paying the strictest attention to a favorite comrade, who was reading from the Book of Life. There was no sound of light jesting, or idle caths among them, for all knew that on the morrow they might be no more, and this might be the last opportunity they would have of hearing God's messages to man.

Beside the reader in one corner sat his intimate friend, Anam Sinha, to whom he occasionally spoke. At last Anam said to him: 'Really, Chundra, how came you by that book?'

Without lifting up his head, Chundra Dass replied, 'If you must know, I stole it from my daughter. It was given to her by a missionary's boy, and I thought it was not right for her to go one way, while I was going the other, so one day I roughly told her the Brahma would not allow it, and I took it from her, and stuck it in my pocket. I thought no more about it until the night I came away. As I stood outside the door, I heard her praying for my victory and safety. Well, time went on, and one day, when we were camping down by the river, I suddenly wondered what great charm Noakha could see in the book. So I began to read it, and have derived the greatest comfort from it ever since. And since I have succeeded in converting many of my comrades.'

The morning dawned. The battle was won. The soldiers, including Chundra Dass, returned home. He seemed very much changed, and more kindly. Finally, one day, he handed to Noakha a parcel, saying, 'This is as precious to me as it is to you.'

Noakha, to her glad surprise, found it to be her Bible, the same as before, only a little worn. She listened, with a joyous heart, to the story of her father's conversion, and her happiness was so great she did not regret the temporary loss of her Bible.

After a few months they succeeded in converting the mother, and all the family lived peaceably in the Christian faith.—Christian Guardian.

### Saint Paul's Love Letter.

(Annie A. Preston in 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

'Hope I haven't kept you waiting,' exclaimed the teacher, who was boarding in the hospitable Connecticut farmhouse where a few of us had been invited, with the new minister and his wife, to tea.

'I delayed a few minutes after school talking with some of the boys. I do that more than I should, no doubt, if I did not remember that my vocation and methods of work were arranged for me by an after school talk with a sympathetic teacher.'

'Please tell us about it,' said the minister's wife, tactfully, desiring to put the somewhat flurried young man at his ease.

'Shall I? Well, to just you few ladies here in the alcove, then. I was an orphan boy in a small Michigan village, a lake port for the great lumber region to the north of us. There was hardly a man in our village during the week, but on Sunday the heads of families surged down from the great pineries and made things lively. There was no manner of use in trying to hold a church service or a Sunday-school, for there was a big dinner in every house and a gala time generally from one end of town to the other.

'The teacher of the village school, a bright young woman, a veritable missionary in spirit, with a genius for seeing what ought to be done and finding some way of doing it, fell into the way of opening her school in the morning by a repetition of the Lord's Prayer in concert, and by closing in the afternoon with Scripture reading, prayer and a familiar talk. To the older pupils this service soon became the most interesting feature of our school, and some pupils were drawn in for the privilege of attending this daily exercise. The Black Hills mining excitement was at its height, and one week a company was formed among the adventurous spirits at the lumber camp, and when they came down on Sunday I was induced to join, overgrown schoolboy that I was.

'Our Scripture reading at school that Monday afternoon, the last day I ever expected to be in school,—I had only gone for the purpose of finding opportunity to bid my teacher good-by,—was Paul's love letter, as the old people used to call it, where he tells the Philipians to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. The reading set me to thinking, and the teacher's remarks still more, for we all knew she was there without murmuring, doing the best she could for the community because her father and brothers were in the lumber company and she and her mother would not leave them without the restraining influences of a home.

'She heard my news that I was to start for the Black Hills on the morrow with disapprobation, and brought all the arguments suggested by that chapter to dissuade me. I should find it hard to work out my own salvation in such company. There would be no opportunity for spiritual growth, and not even safety for my spiritual life. She had hoped that I would go on and fit myself for a teacher, carrying out her methods, particularly that of sending the children home every afternoon with the Scripture reading and some spiritual thought uppermost in their minds, but how true it is, she said, that all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's.

'"I have intended to be a teacher," I said, "but I can get rich out there in a short time and come back and do good with my money, and the boys would be furious if I backed out. My things were all packed, too, and I had taken leave of the cousin with whom I was making my home."

'"Go East, then," she said, looking out over the lake; "there is one of my father's lumber boats that will be gone in an hour. You have relatives in Connecticut." She wrote a line upon a card for me to give to the captain, bid me good-bye, and sent me away with these words in my ears: "Remember that wherever you are Christ has a work waiting for you, and try to see his interests before you do your own," so that is why I came rushing in upon you like a runaway steam engine, after something akin to an inquiry meeting among my pupils.'

'And have you never worn glasses, Frank?' asked the new minister's wife. 'You know one of the reasons you gave for not taking up the vocation of teacher was your near-sightedness.'

'I wear them in school,' cried the young man, 'but I know your voice now. It sounded natural to me at first. Why, how wonderful!'

'Wonderful, indeed,' said the lady, 'but how beautifully it proves that good seed, once started in good soil, never dies. And I am more than thankful for the assurance because, as I have never heard from you from that day to this, I believed the rumor that you joined the Black Hills expedition later on, and as they were never heard from I supposed my most promising pupil was lost amid