

stones,—anything they could lay their hands upon—and seemed like bloodthirsty wild beasts as they crowded about the house and tried to enter it. At last two sons of Mr. Gomez escaped from a side door and went for the horses, which had been left at the house of a neighbor, and their father with Rev. Mr. Diaz, who had come with them, went to the front door of the house. The justice of the peace and some other men whom the people respected were with them to protect them, but the angry mob cared nothing for anything but to have the lives of these two ministers of God. A shower of stones were hurled at them, and blows from heavy clubs fell on all sides. Mr. Diaz succeeded in getting into his saddle and rode away, although he had many cuts and bruises. But Mr. Gomez did not fare so well. As he was mounting his horse a heavy stone struck him, making a dreadful wound upon his face, and he fell to the ground and was left for dead. The good justice of peace took up the dying man, dressed his wounds, and cared tenderly for him. He lived about a week in very great agony, and on Sabbath morning, November 2, he passed away to join the noble army of martyrs. —*Children's Work for Children.*

SINS BLOTTED OUT.

A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said: "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are nowhere: they are gone," said Charlie.

"Just so it is with the believer's sins: they are gone—blotted out—remembered no more. 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.'" —*Old and young.*

HARK! THE VOICES LOUDLY CALLING.

Hark! the voices loudly calling,
Wafted hither o'er the sea,
And in tones entreating, tender,
Even now they summon thee.

Heathen mothers bowing blindly
Unto gods of wood and stone.
By their cry and tears they call thee
Now to make the Saviour known.

Little children, sad and sinning,
Bid them seek to be forgiven!
Tell them of the blessed Saviour,
Say he waits for them in Heaven!

Men and women, faithful toilers,
Far from home they fainting cry
"Come and help! the seed time passes,
Worn and weary we must die."

Jesus Christ Himself is calling
"Go and tell world of me!"
Gifts and prayers and lives of service
Are the answers He would see.

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him: for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss. —*Horace Mann.*