

same psalm that I sang in Scotland." And then the captain said to the young man who had put the question to him, "I do not know what you think of Missions, but I know what I think of them."

Mr. McLeod also said some very useful things about the power which all people have in them for doing good, and which is sometimes brought out in a very surprising way. In proof of this, he mentioned the case of a minister in a village in Germany, who teaches and trains poor children to be useful, and under whose guidance, a few months ago, some of those whom he had taught built a ship for themselves, and in that ship have gone off to Africa. And no one of our readers can tell how much good he may do until he tries.

Mr. McLeod mentioned another fact which shows how readily people give their money to a good cause when their hearts are in it. A little while ago, he said, they held Missionary Meetings in Glasgow, and three or four weeks after, a strange man came into his vestry, and said "I have heard of your Missions, and I want to give you something." Mr. M. asked who he was; he said, "I am a sailor. My father was drowned at sea; I have no mother, and few friends, and am going to join the fleet. I think I should do something for God before I go." He then put down half-a-guinea. "Who," said Mr. M. "would have expected that from a sailor without a friend?"

There is one thing more which Mr. McLeod told us, which you will like to hear. He said that the other day a brother Minister who was unwell, asked him to visit a sick child, about whom he told Mr. M. some very interesting things. This boy was eleven years old, he had been ill for three years, and during all this time he had been so patient and so pious, that Mr. M. was delighted with the account of his spirit and behaviour. He went to his house, and when he came there, he learned that the poor little sufferer had not had one

day's ease during these three years, and that his pain was often very great indeed. Mr. M. looked upon him with kindness and wonder. He knew what he had endured, and was surprised to find how meek, and quiet, and even happy he had been. But when he found he was so very weak that he could not move, and he was also very near his end, for that same night he went to heaven. After drawing near to the dying boy, Mr. M. spoke kindly to him about his own sufferings, and his gracious Saviour, when the poor boy breathed into his ear these blessed words, "*I am strong in Him.*" "These words," added Mr. M., "were few, and uttered feebly; they were the words of a feeble child, in a poor home, where the only ornament was that of a meek, and quiet, and affectionate mother; but these words seemed to lift the burden from the very heart; they seemed to make the world more beautiful than it ever was before; they brought home to my heart a great and blessed truth." Dear readers, may you like this dying boy, be "strong in Him;" strong to labour or to suffer, to live and to die!

In the course of the meeting the Rev. Dr. Archer read a very curious advertisement from a Chinese newspaper. It was put into that paper by a maker of idols, who states that he had travelled and studied much, and at great expense, to make himself perfect in the art of carving imitations of the human figure, and other forms. The following is a part of this strange advertisement:—

"Achen Tea Chinchen is now in possession of casts of the most approved models, and Elgin marbles; he is ready to execute to order idols from twelve feet high, well proportioned, down to the size of a marmoset monkey, or the most hideous monster that can be conceived, to inspire awe or reverence for religion. My charges are moderate: for an orang-outang, three feet high, 700 dollars; ditto rampant, 800; a sphinx, 400; a bull with hump and horns, 650; a buffalo, 800; a dog, 200: