

tain. He knew the language well, and was a great help to the missionaries, but he was not a Christian. He had resisted everything the missionaries had done to make him one.

In looking over some papers Willie's tract was discovered, with writing on the margin, which said that prayer was offered in America that it might do good. It was handed to the native teacher.

He read it on his journey, and what years of labor by the missionaries had not done was brought about by the penny tract. The man became a sincere Christian. Those who put the tract in his hand were overcome with joy; and there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repents.

So you see how Willie's penny made Heaven rejoice.—*Missionary News.*

MAMIE'S GIFT.

Mother was sewing busily. The ladies of the Church were to send off a missionary box that day, and many last things had to be done. Pretty soon, mother heard the patter of quick little footsteps, and in came Mamie, holding her very best doll in her arms.

"Mother, you know that missionary's little girl, the ladies were talking about? Well, I'm going to send her my Victoria doll. I think it is a deadful for a girl never to have a dolly of her own! and I've got nine more—I counted them! Then, you see, Victoria will be a—or—what kind of offering, mother? one out of ten."

"Oh, you mean a tithe. Yes, dear, Victoria will be one-tenth of all your dollies; and that is a very nice offering. But have you thought over it carefully, Mamie? you know Victoria is your best doll."

"Yes, mother, I've thought and thought; and I can hardly wait for her to go! We ought to give our best, my teacher says."

"Certainly; and if you give it so cheerfully, God is pleased."

So Mamie carried Victoria to the ladies, and put her in the missionary box herself. And her heart was so glad, because she had made another little girl happy. If I ever hear more about that missionary's little girl, I will tell you.

An officer in the army found that his besetting sin was bad language in moments of excitement. He consulted a wise clergyman what he should do to cure himself. His advice was difficult to follow, and tested the sincerity of the soldier. "When you give way to this sin," said the priest, "cast yourself at once on the ground, kiss the earth, and implore pardon." It was a hard direction to obey, exposing him to observation and ridicule, but he made up his mind to do it.

One day, however, he was called into battle. An engagement had commenced, fierce shouts filled the air, and swords were flashing brightly. He was attacked by an assailant from the oppo-

site ranks. In the conflict his sword broke off short, and his rage and mortification burst forth in cursing. At that instant his good resolution occurred to his mind. He was about to dismiss the idea as impossible to be carried out at that moment, but after a brief struggle he flung himself on the earth. At that instant a loud and heavy crash was heard, and a huge cannon ball struck a tree close behind him, killing several persons. Had he been standing up he could not have escaped. Humbled and thankful he rose up full of gratitude to God, Who had accepted his penitence and "delivered" him in the day of "battle."

WANTED.



WANTED—Men!

Not systems fit and wise,
Not faiths with rigid eyes,
Not wealth in mountains piled,
Not power with gracious smile,
Not e'en the potent pen;—
Wanted, Men.

Wanted—Deeds!

Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not softly scented creeds;—
Wanted, Deeds.

Men and Deeds.

They that can dare and do,
Not longing of the new,
Not prating of the old;
Good life and actions bold.
These the occasion needs;—
Men and Deeds!

WHICH WAY?

Which way, my friend, do thy footsteps lead?
Do they walk in the narrow winding way?
Or do sin and sorrow thy path impede,
That should end in the glory of heaven's bright day?

Do they follow in paths which the good have trod,
Who have lightened the burdens of our race?
Or do they in darkness ever plod
Where vice and shame still leave their trace?

Do they climb to the summit where rank and power
Sit on a throne decked in glory bright?
Or do they tread through an aimless hour
Which soon will end in oblivion's night?

Do they eagerly run at mercy's call
To ease dull care and assuage distress?
Or do they reel in the drunken brawl
That ever ends in wretchedness?

Do they brighten the aged's declining years?
And sweetness bring to their setting sun?
Or are they the cause of bitter tears
To those whose race is nearly run?

Do they teach the feet of the young to tread
The paths that lead to a blessed rest?
Or do they drag down to where joy lies dead,
Clothed in the shroud of a sinful breast?

When stilled on earth and their journey done,
And they've taken the road of truth and right,
In glory they'll move where eternal sun
Allows no pall of a darkened night.