

some fault with the preacher. He was a powerful man, but he was too hard on some sins. Here there was a wide diversity of opinion. The two brethren on the end of the counter winked at each other when the brother next the stove said he did not believe the preacher had any Scripture for saying that a man who was always late at church would be too late to get to heaven. The speaker, of course, never was known to be early at the house of God. The grocer himself did not believe the preacher was interpreting the Sermon on the Mount right when he said that a man who measured out sand for sugar here would get something beside heaven measured out to him at last. But they soon turned from the preacher to the converts. 'If anybody had told me that Bill Williams would join our church I would not have believed him.' 'If anybody should tell me now that he will be a church member in six months from this time I would not believe him.' 'I suppose the Lord could convert such a lazy fellow as Tom Phipps, and they do say that he has been working ever since he was converted, but in my opinion he is converted to get the church to keep him.' 'Still, I don't think so much of that as I do of Sam Stofer, who didn't join the church for anything except to get all of us to hire him to do our painting.' 'Who expects such a proverbial old swearer as Jonas Overbeck to quit swearing and behave himself like a church member?' 'And I don't believe that any of that whole dozen of young boys had any idea what a church member ought to be. I should not be surprised if half of them would live to disgrace the church and the preacher.' 'For my part, I think the preacher was too careless about receiving people into the church. He did not seem to care whether they would stick or not if he could only get them in. I don't believe that very many of them will be any account in the church.' And so they talked till ten o'clock, when one of them, getting up and yawning, gave the signal for adjournment, saying, at the same time, 'Well, we can only wait and see whether they will stick or not.'

That same evening the grocer's wife was getting lonely by her fireside, when there came a rap at the door, and soon after that another and another, and a group of half-a-dozen women were gathered in her cozy dining-room. 'I declare,' she said to her friends, 'I have not seen you for six weeks except at church. I have been at church every night for so long, that I get lonesome as soon as I sit down at home.' 'I think so too,' replied one, 'I seem more of a stranger at home than I do at church.' 'Yes, but what a big day we had yesterday. Who would ever have thought that our church could have fifty members at once?' 'The quantity is good enough, if you don't say anything about the quality,' said one member of the group, with a sarcastic tone. 'That's so, I don't know how brother Samson expects all those people to feel at home among us. He ought to know that some of them are not our kind of people. They can come to church if they want to and welcome, but I, for one, can't notice them any farther.' 'O well, there is one consolation, it is likely that there will not very many of them last long. After the first excitement is worn off, they will soon quit coming to church and go back to their old life again. It's a pity, too, that something can't be done for such people. I suppose there might be something like a training class for young Christians instituted, but who wants to take time and the pains for such a thankless task as that.' 'I agree with you

there. I suppose some people need religion just as bad as anybody, but it is too bad to try to mix them all up with us who are respectable. I believe in giving them a chance to stick, since they are in the church, but I can't see that there is any hope for them.'

And so they talked till the grocer had locked up his grocery and come home for the night, when they, too, adjourned, having talked religion, as they thought, all evening. As they were scattering to their homes, they met the young members of their families, church members too, who had been sitting about the fire at the railway station joking with the agent. The agent said, 'I hear that some of the boys on the other side of town joined your church.' 'Yes,' they answered, 'but we don't have anything more to do with them than we ever had. They can look out for themselves, and we will look out for ourselves. You don't need to think that we recognize them just because they have joined our church.' Just then one of these new converts dropped into the office for a little business and recognized all the young men who belonged to the church in which he was feeling a fresh interest. He smiled and spoke. They smiled at each other and silently got up and left the office. He saw it all, and felt a perceptible chill on his new enthusiasm that very moment. Many of these people strolled past the pastor's residence that night and looked at the light in his study window, little suspecting that he was inside vexing himself with the same thoughts which had been in their minds. He thought of all these new converts one by one. They were but children in this new household. Would they have the reception a new child ought to have? Would these older saints be nursing fathers and nursing mothers to them? Would they receive them as a family rejoices and cherishes the infant which God has sent into their home. Then he went down on his knees and prayed. 'O, thou great Head of the Church, look thou in mercy upon this flock of thine. Put thou wisdom and affection in the heart of all these they people, that they may care for those whom thou hast sent to be trained for holiness and heaven. Grant that all thy saints may walk before these so as to set them an example of how a saint ought to walk. May they be filled with Christian kindness and courtesy so that they may be able to help them in a time of perplexity. If any of these young converts become weak and faint, may those who are older strengthen them and bring them again into the right way. May this church welcome them to a church of warm piety and helpfulness. And thus may we guard against all the wiles of the devil, so that none of these who have put their hand to the plough shall look back. We know how strong the attractions of the world will be to them. We pray that the fidelity of thy people may counteract all those attractions.' But the converts were disappointed in the reception which they had hoped to meet. They did not consider themselves very welcome. If they went wrong, they found Christians intolerant of them and uncharitable. After a long time many of them had gone back again into the world. The people said:

'I told you so.' And some of them said: 'It is the preacher's fault, he had no business taking some of those people into the church.' I doubt not that when the final estimate is given the sentence will read: 'They were driven out of the church by the indifference and uncharitableness of its

members.' And how many a revival has had its results marred in precisely the same way.

Dayton, Ky.

### A Barbarous Custom.

Though the 'fashion' of tattooing among boys and young men has fortunately gone out to a great extent, there are still some who consider it fine and manly to have themselves decorated with figures and emblems. How completely barbarous this practice is may be learned from the writings of travellers. The most savage races have been most given to tattooing, and the practice seems curiously associated with cannibalism.

The Fijians were tattooers in their barbarous period, but were surpassed in this 'art' by the New Zealanders, who also undoubtedly practised cannibalism. Elaborate tattooing was among them a mark of honor, and chiefs were decorated after the fashion illustrated in the accompanying picture, which was taken from a tattooed head in the British Museum.

This may well be called the logical conclusion of tattooing. If it is beautiful or desirable to decorate any part of the person



in this painful way, it must be beautiful to 'improve' the face in the same manner.

Among the Moaris, or New Zealanders, there were two classes who were exempt from this 'embellishment'. One of these consisted of the slaves, and the others were the women of the ordinary class. Both slaves and women were despised, and not deemed worthy of the honor of tattooing. Only women of high rank were permitted to have a scroll embroidered, as it were, on each side of the chin.

The sort of savagery that went with this custom may be inferred from a startling fact in the early history of the colony of New Zealand. The chiefs learned that elaborately tattooed heads brought a price from collectors for the British Museum and other European museums of anthropology. Never until then had Maori slaves been tattooed; but now the chiefs had slaves decorated with their own lordly designs, in order that they might cut off their heads and sell them to the European collectors.—'Youth's Companion.'

### Our Hero Missionaries.

'God is the source of their secret strength,  
They trust in Him, and they see at length  
That morn is breaking after the night,  
And the harvest-fields are gold and white,  
While shines around them God's fadeless light.

'But who shall follow where they have led?  
Who live and labor and love instead?  
Oh, hearts of youth, earth waits for you;  
Be strong and brave, be firm and true,  
Faithfully promise, and nobly do!  
—Pilgrim.'