



HOW SOME CHINESE PRISONERS ARE TREATED.

Christ, the Son of God. The crowds who gathered around the two men had a hearty laugh at their expense, and told them that they too had seen the supposed devil; that he had passed through the village and had food in the *pong-taing* (inn), and told them the same story about Jesus Christ.

Some years after this, a native Christian visited the village, and happened to lodge in the house of one of the very men who met me on the road, and who thought I was the devil. The Christian, after his work in the village was over, read the Gospel to the neighbors and told them of the message of God's love.

His host at once exclaimed, "Why that is just what that foreign man told us on the road when we were so frightened at seeing him."

The Christian stayed a week in this house, and read and spoke every night to his host and all who came to listen. The result was that this very man and a few others of the village came to the mission church, which was fifteen English miles away and in charge of a native catechist. There they heard from him the same story of God's love, and they determined to come again, and ultimately placed themselves under instruction.

RED LETTER DAYS.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY—AUGUST 24TH.

BY THE REV. EDWIN J. STURDEE.

"O Almighty and everlasting God, Who didst give to Thine Apostle Bartholomew grace truly to believe and to preach Thy Word; Grant we beseech Thee, unto Thy Church, to love that Word which he believed, and both to preach and receive the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

CHAPTER I.—CHILDHOOD. *The word received.*

IT was Sunday afternoon. Godfrey sat in the family pew. The clergyman stood in the high oak pulpit. The school children fidgeted in the gallery, all eager for the sermon to end and the blessing to be given.

Outside the sun was shining, and the corn (what was still uncut) rustled in the breeze, a rich wave of yellow grain.

Godfrey loved the Church, he loved the clerk's deep voice, he loved the kind old clergyman who often came to dinner, and never without laying his hand in blessing on the boy's golden curls; he loved the old square pew with its cushioned seats and its red cloth back nailed all round with brass nails that shone like sovereigns when the sun streamed through. Godfrey often wondered why the squire should have a different pew from farmer Jones and farmer Brown, who sat in seats no better than those which were kept for the old men and women of the alms-houses on the village green. But one thing there was which Godfrey did not love, and that was the sermon. It was long, it was difficult, it was dull; so to make it seem shorter he would count the brass headed nails all round the pew and try to make them right each time. But this afternoon the text was one he had learnt, for it hung in a gilt-edged frame over his bed: "I am the Good Shepherd." For once the boy forgot to count the nails, he tried to listen to the sermon. It was still difficult, still too long, still somewhat dull, but now and again the text would be repeated, and to Godfrey it seemed as if it were different from any text he had heard before. For on that summer afternoon the child had received the *Word*, and ever after he listened each Sunday to what the preacher said, and the brass-headed nails were counted no more.

CHAPTER II.—YOUTH. *The Word believed.*

"Shall I ever be better, shall I ever be fit for the kingdom of Heaven?" So groaned the youth as he sat in a gap in the hedge, far from the rest of the boys all intent on the first cricket match of the season. Godfrey had lost the golden curls of childhood but his hair still refused to submit to straight lines and correct curves.

Since that Sunday when he had received the Word he had learnt much—not about God but about himself. How he had tried and tried to overcome his hasty temper; how he had tried and tried to be good at home all through the holidays; how he had tried and tried to be a Christian at school.

"It is of no use," he groaned again, "I am not meant for a Christian; Jones told me so the other day when I hit him for making fun of me; and yet I do pray to God every day,