

system. They are very quick, tracing up the place almost as fast as one with the use of his eyes, and knowing the different books immediately by passing the hand over the cover.

They have also learned to cook, after many severe lessons of burnt fingers. The girls can sweep, one little girl being able to tell anything she picks up off the floor.

They also have boxes for their clothes and keep their things very neat, being able to dress themselves without any help.

They help to support themselves by making chinks, a sort of bamboo screen hung in front of the open door, and much used in India.

Three of the girls have been baptised and all of the boys, the first fruits, let us pray, of a great work.

These results however mean great labor and patience on the part of the busy missionary who has them in charge.

But to see Miss Jamieson's delight in her work, and to hear her interesting stories of her charges one can see that the work is its own reward, for it is a labor of love.

And in the sweet beyond when the little blind boy's dream comes true there will be a happy reunion, all the happier in that no blindness can shut out the light of the Lamb.

HOW TO KILL JEALOUSY.

THERE were two business men—merchants—and there was great rivalry between them. One was converted. He went to his minister and said:

"I am still jealous of that man, and I do not know how to overcome it."

"Well," he said, "if a man comes into your store to buy goods, and you cannot supply him, just send him over to your neighbor."

He said he wouldn't like to do that.

"Well," the minister said, "you do it, and you will kill jealousy."

He said he would, and when a customer came into his store for goods which he did not have, he would tell him to go across the street to his neighbor's. By and by the other began to send his customers over to this man's store, and the breach was healed.—Christian Herald.

ABEL'S WHITE WINGED MESSENGER



ABEL POWERS was weeding. It was tiresome work. The shouts of merry bicyclists reached him from the turnpike road.

"Wish I had one of them flyers," he sighed, "but I don't get anything but work; s'pose that's all I am good for;" so he dog-

gedly began again.

Soon, in the damp tangle of "five-finger" and "smart weed." Abel saw a little flutter, and, parting the weeds, there was a butterfly dragging itself all moist and slimy from out the chrysalis. Down went his dirty finger, and the little thing clung to it, and was lifted out into the air and sunshine. How full of life and energy it seemed, all throbbing and intent to loosen those wonderful wings. In a very few moments they were disengaged, and Abel drew a long breath at the beautiful sight. The movement was so rapid that it was confusing, and as the sun came out clear, and seemed to send a beam down upon them, they sparkled and shone, in silvery whiteness, above the soil-stained, calloused hand of the boy.

"Well," he whispered, it pays to weed things for such a sight as this," and with a great, inexpressible throb into the new life, the delicate wings expanded and the beautiful creature flew away. From flower to tree, then above the highest branches into the eternal blue. What an ecstasy of living!

"And it all came from a grub," said Abel softly to himself, as he went at his work heartily to make up for lost time. "There's a chance for me, and God has sent a message to my heart by the little thing. Glad I didn't kill it, as some of the fellers would 'a' done. I must kill the weeds out of my heart-garden, and must struggle all the time to rise to a better place, and maybe God will help me just when I need it most, as He sent the sunbeam to help the butterfly."

Such were his thoughts as the boy sturdily finished weeding the strawberry patch.

He spent his evenings in reading profitable books, and treasured information of all kinds. The other boys around the grocery store, where Able had formerly spent his leisure hours, called him stuck up, but he had felt the movement of a new life, and, through many struggles and overcomings, rose to a position of trust.—Cricket.