

He told us he had a brother sixty-four years of age who can't read, but he likes to hear about these wonderful things. Some of the people in the village, too, come and hear him read and talk about them of an evening, but others laugh at him for trying to set himself up as a sage.

We pressed him to come and see us, and learn more about Jesus and the way of salvation. He promised to do so; but, said he, "I am very old and weak, and do not often get so far as the city." As we parted I could not help feeling that the old man had not read his book in vain. Surely he is not far from the Kingdom of Heaven!

As we walked home from the village where we preached, I could not help looking around upon this beautiful plain with deepened interest. Books have been distributed, and the Gospel has been preached in scores of these villages. Perhaps the heaven of the Gospel in working where we little expect it. The good seed may be springing up in places all unknown to us. The Lord of the harvest knows; and, thank God, some day both sowers and reapers shall rejoice together with Him in the Harvest Home.

Rev. J. J. Turner, in Baptist Missionary Herald, London.

Eyes Open.

Rachie went off to school, wondering if Aunt Amy could be right.

"I will keep my eyes open," she said to herself.

She stopped a moment to watch old Mrs. Bert, who sat inside her door blinding shoes. She was just now trying to thread a needle, but it was hard work for her dim eyes.

"Why, if here isn't work for me!" exclaimed Rachie. "I never should have thought of it if it hadn't been for Aunt Amy. Stop, Mrs. Bert, let me do that for you."

"Thank you, my little lassie. My poor old eyes are worn out, you see. I can get along with the coarse work yet, but sometimes it takes me five minutes to thread my needle. And the day will come when I can't work, and then what will become of a poor old woman?"

"Mamma would say the Lord would take care of you," said Rachie very softly, for she felt that she was too little to be saying such things.

"And you can say it, too, dearie. Go on to school now. You've given me your bit of help, and your comfort, too."

But Rachie had got hold of the needle-book, and was bending over it with busy fingers.

"See," she presently said, "I've threaded six needles for you to go on with. And when I come back I'll thread some more."

"May the sunlight be bright to your eyes, little one," said the old woman, as Rachie skipped away.

"Come and play, Rachie," cried many voices as she drew near the play-ground.

"Which side will you be on?"

But there was a little girl, with a very downcast face, sitting on the porch.

"What is the matter, Jennie?" said Rachie, going to her. "I can't make these add up," said Jennie in a discouraged tone, pointing to a few smears figures on her slate.

"Let me see—I did that example at home last night. Oh, you forgot to carry ten—see?"

"So I did." The example was finished, and Jennie was soon at play with the others.

Rachie kept her eyes open all day, and was surprised to find how many ways there were of doing kindness, which went far towards making the day happier. Try it, girls and boys, and you will see for yourselves.

"Will ye look here, Miss Rachie?"

Bridget was sitting in the back porch looking dolefully at a bit of paper which lay on the kitchen table she had carried out there.

"It's a letter I'm after writin' to me mother, an' it's fearin' I am she'll never be able to rade it, because I can't rade it meself. Can you rade it all, Miss Rachie? It's all the afternoon I've been at it." Rachie tried with all her might to read poor Bridget's queer scrawl, but she was obliged to give it up.

"I'll write one for you some day, Bridget," she said. "I'm going over to Jennie's to play 'I spy' now."

The fresh air and the bird songs and soft wind made it very pleasant to be out of doors after being in school all day; and her limbs fairly ached for a good run. But she turned at the gate for another look at Bridget's woe-begone face.

"I'll do it for you now, Bridget," she said, going back.

It was not an easy task, for writing was slow work with her; but she formed each letter with painstaking little fingers, and when she had finished, felt well repaid by Bridget's warm thanks and a satisfied feeling of duty well done.

*"Our Master has taken His journey
To a country that's far away."*

Aunt Amy heard the cheery notes floating up the stairs, telling of the approach of the little worker.

"I've been keeping my eyes open, Aunt Amy, and there's plenty and plenty to do."—*Christian Secretary.*

A Missionary Parable.

In the Pacific Ocean there were long ago many empty spaces without any land. The ocean was blue and beautiful, but there was no eye to see it. The sun shone brightly, but no flowers or trees could grow beneath its rays. The seeds that fell from other countries into the water floated by, but there was no soil where they could stop to rest. The Master saw that if there were only some islands there might be lovely homes for men and animals.

"My little builders can do this," said He.

"So He called for the coral insects, and told them to build three islands in one place, five in another, seven in another, and so on. The little workers were so taken by surprise that they popped their heads out of their windows and looked at each other in astonishment.

"We!" they exclaimed. "We are not bigger than pin-heads. We never could build one island, to say nothing of a whole oceanful."

"If the whales would only try it!" A whale's work would amount to something," said the Astra.

"But the whales have their own work to do," said the Master Builder; "and if they come down here to make islands, who will keep the North Pacific free from sea-weeds? I do not ask one of you alone to build an island. Think how many of you there are."

"But we do not know how to shape the islands: they will be all wrong!" cried the Madrepora.

"I will take care of that," said the Master, "only see that each one builds *one little cell*."

So the corals divided the work among themselves. Some began to build the middle and some the outer edge. Very busily and patiently they wrought. The islands grew higher and higher, until they came up to the top of the water. Then the waves and winds did their part by bringing sand and weeds and leaves to make soil. The nuts and seeds that had fallen into the water, and were so tired by bobbing up and down all the way from India and South America, found a nice bed to sleep in for a few days. When they felt rested they got up and grew into thorn-trees and bushes and coco-trees. Long vines began to creep across the sand, and sweet flowers blossomed; men and animals came to live there, and little children ran about and played beside the ocean. The islands were called the Friendly Islands, the Caroline Islands, and so on.

"Who would have believed we could have done it?" said the little corals, as they saw the result of their efforts. "The whales could have done no better!" "And to think it was all done by our making one cell apiece!" They felt so proud of