

adding to the excitement of the bull-ring. From the time that our young friend accepted the gospel, in spite of the remonstrances and fear of his parents and his friends lest he should alienate customers, he absolutely refused to take any more orders for the making of this instrument of torture. It seemed almost inevitable that he would lose not only the product of this particular manufacture, but also the goodwill of many other Roman Catholic customers, who would by this course come to hear that he had become an evangelical. He was firm, however, and as a matter of fact his trade has not yet diminished.

Livin' on Gospel Scraps.

(Julia Macnair Wright, in 'American Messenger'.)

Mrs. Mills sat on the side verandah reading. The back gate clicked at the coming of Aunt Zenobia. After the fashion of the old-time negress she wore a plaid kerchief turbanwise, the two corners being brought forward and tied above her nose, in a tiny bow. From beneath the gay plaid, small bunches of grey wool fluffed out; her eyes were dim and bleared; a check shawl was pinned about her thin crooked shoulders, and she hobbled along leaning with both gnarled hands upon the top of a stout cane.

'How are you to-day, Aunt Zenobia?' said Mrs. Mills.

'I'm right peart, thank-y.'

'And how are you getting on these days?'

'Oh, I'm livin' on scraps, Miss Nancy, an' they're mighty fine pickin', too.'

Mrs. Mills pushed a cushion to the top step. 'Sit there, and rest back against the pillar,' she said, 'and Jane shall bring you a cup of hot tea.'

'That's right, Miss Nancy, honey; your tea is terrible upliftin' to me,' said the old dame.

'I hope your son is doing kindly by you.'

'So he is for sho'. John Quincy Adams is a mighty good boy to his mammy. What I say I wants he gets, sho'. But la, Miss Nancy, he's got such a raft of chillen I'm mighty keerful not to say—I want much, 'cause John Quincy Adams ain't made of money. When I said I was livin' on scraps, honey, I didn't make no reference to eatin'. No; I mentioned gospel scraps, Miss Nancy, and very good fillin' pickins they is. When I has them, I don't suffer no hunger in that line.'

'You tell me about it, Aunt Zenobia, while Jane gets your tea ready,' said Mrs. Mills.

'It's this way, honey. I can't read. No more can John Quincy Adams and his wife, M'lindy. The chillen can; we can't. When I was young, my old missy, she tried hard to have all her black folks learn to read. She said everyone oughter know how to read God's blessed Word, to walk by it. I didn't want to take the trouble. Missy often shake her head at me an' say, "Z'noby, the time will come when you'll need the Lord's Word; you'll wish you could read it. You'll need comfortin' an' upliftin'." I 'lowed I'd have plenty of it, cause missy used to read whole chapters to us every Sunday afternoon. She sez, "Some day I'll be dead and gone, and how'll you get gospel feedin' then, Z'noby?" So it is, Miss Nancy. Ole missy's gone to glory, and instead of sittin' down with my Bible and feastin' on whole chapters, I has to live on scraps; but thank

God for scraps—they're s'prisin' strengthenin'.'

'Let me hear more about it, Aunt Zenobia,' said Mrs. Mills, handing the old dame her tea and bread and butter. The old woman stirred and sipped with great satisfaction. 'Miss Nancy, there's a verse about hungerin' an' thirstin' for God's Word, ain't there? An' ther's another tex' about "thy words were found an' I ate them," aint there? That's the way I am. Our chillen goes to Sunday-school, and they brings home little cards with texes on them, an' slips of paper with Bible verses to learn for next Sunday. Then they brings them to me and reads them over, slow and loud; and I puts them in a box on my table. Then every day I sez to the chillen, one an all, "come hyar an' read over yo' verses, cause yo' shouldn't go to the Sunday-school and not know yo' lessons." Then they reads them, slow and loud, and I repeats them after the chillen. When some of the neighbors comes in, that can read, I takes out the cards and papers, and I sez, "Here, chile, read these to an old body that wasted her time when she was young." So I gets more readin' of them, and those gospel scraps gets pretty well into my head. Nights, Miss Nancy, 'pears like I'm 'wake a great deal, sho'. Then I says over my gospel scraps, and sometimes the whole room shines with 'em. There's one, "No night there, for the Lamb is the light thereof." My! Miss Nancy, ain't that beautiful? 'Pears like I see them he's "washed followin' him wherever he goeth"—which is another scrap. Then there's such a satisfyin' bit, "Nowise cast out," and when I ache so I can't keep still, for old age aching in me, there's such a good piece, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Now, isn't that real sustainin'? One scrap seemed to me I never could get enough of, "My father himself loveth you." Think of that, Missy! Might expect him to love folks like you, but here, he loves a poor old ig'rant creature like me. I can't get out evenin's, but I gets to church on Sunday mornin's, an' then I get hold of more scraps of gospel. One was, "I go to prepare a place for you," an' our preacher he said the Lord was expectin' us, an' had our names set on door-plates like, each one on his own house. That will be fine doin's for me; nebber libbed in any house but a little full-to-overflowin' cabin. There's a scrap of only one word, but does me a heap of good—"Freely." The preacher dealt out once that freely meant everybody an' everything; all kinds of comfortin' an' helpin' freely, freely. Forgivin' me freely. Lovin' me freely. Ain't that powerful!

'Our Thomas Jefferson Clay he lives out at Mis' Keats, an' sleeps to home. Christmas he come home, jest set up. Mis' Keats she done give him fifty cents an' a handkercher, an' a bag o' candy an' a Bible—a whole new Bible! His name was all writ out in it, an' it was bound in purple with spatter edges. Thomas Jefferson Clay he can read. So I sez to him, "If you reads to me a chapter a day, more or less, I'll knit you a pa'ar of mittens 'fore winter." Knittin's awful hard on my crooked hands, but I makes out a few rounds a day, an' Thomas Jefferson Clay he reads chapters. We didn't know where to commence, so I told him the preacher found mighty good readin' in the middle

of the book; an' what do you think? First thing he sorted out there was "The Lord is my shepherd." Wasn't that satisfyin'! Lauretta she teaches in the colored school. She said the head teacher found a place in the back of the book, all about the City of Glory, an' she sorted it out: all about gold streets, an' pearl gates an' jewel walls, an' harps, an' light, an' fruits, an' glass, an' robes—enough to take your breath away! When I feel pretty bad, I sez to myself, "Z'noby, what you frettin' over? All that reserved for you in glory, an' you frettin'? Why, I'm 'shamed of you, Z'noby." Then I feel better. I guess I can stand these 'fictions, with such good times a-coming, Missy.

'I done made Thomas Jefferson Clay a flannel bag to keep his Bible in, so it will be clean an' smart. Jes' to look at the outside kind o' helps me to 'member what's inside. Yes, Mis' Nancy, thank you for the tea. Yo's allus terrible kind to me, ma'am—an' that's what I mean by living on gospel scraps. Good-morning to you, deary. I mus' be gettin' on, an' may the good Lord feed you with food convenient, an' give you honey out of the rock, an' water of life, an' the fruit of the trees that grow in heaven, Missy. They's all powerful good. I've got tastes of them down here, day an' night.'

A charming illustration of Christian devotion and steadfastness has come to the mission rooms recently in connection with an amount received from the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chandler, of Jandon, Missouri. When only thirty-three years of age Mrs. Chandler was left a widow, with three little boys to rear, the oldest of whom was only six years of age at the time of her affliction. Being a woman of devout faith she made a promise to the Lord that if he would enable her to rear her boys aright, to be good and honorable men, she would at her death consider his goodness, especially in regard to the distribution of her worldly goods, and would set aside an equal share with each of her sons, dividing the property into four parts instead of three. She lived to see her ardent wish in regard to her sons fulfilled, and having full confidence in them did not make a will in regard to her property, but requested that the sons should carry out her promise which she had made to the Lord. It is delightful to state that the sons, who are living in West Plains, Missouri, have most cordially and heartily fulfilled their mother's wishes, and the Missionary Union has received the first instalment of the one-fourth part of Mrs. Chandler's estate. Mrs. Chandler was a native of Ohio, but removed to Missouri, and was always deeply interested in the cause of foreign missions. So frequently is it the case that bequests in the wills of departed relatives made for charitable purposes are disregarded, and every effort made to break the wills, that an instance of this character where the wishes of a mother have been carried out voluntarily is very pleasant to record.—Baptist Missionary Magazine.

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