

ADVERTISEMENTS.

do want to see them three bears, 'n I wonder where Mac caught 'em! I must go 'n see. Oh, dear, I wish it was all different! I ought to go right off and tell mother I know!

So poor Ross parleyed and argued with himself until he came in sight of Doran's barn, where several men and boys were seen round the door.

'There's Bob Shaw running 'cross the field like everything! If he can go 'n see bears, I'm going! It won't make much difference I guess, whether I go or not 'bout asking just for once!

So he ran over and saw the bear and her big cubs; and listened while Mac, with much profanity, told how he had found the creatures and captured them.

Then the little boy heard some one say that it was dinner time; and he hurried homeward. As he neared the house he began to realize how far astray he had gone that day. The sight of a long, steep lane near the home grounds, quickened his conscience. There, only last winter, a boy had been killed through coming in contact with a team while coasting with several others.

'Johnnie Blair would coast down that lane spite of people's telling him 'twas dangerous,' thought Ross as he went by, 'and of course when he got going, he couldn't stop till something stopped him, 'n mother said that was like sinning, if we started on the down hill road 't was dangerous, 'n we gen'ly went clear down. Oh, I do believe I've slid way down just this forenoon. An' I can't get back without a hard time. Oh, I wish mother 'd been well 'n down stairs this morning, 'n maybe if she'd have kissed me same 's ever, I wouldn't ha' been so bad. No, 't was my own ownie fault, it was! Oh, dear! I've lied, 'n stole, 'n disobeyed, 'n I'm clear down to the foot! There's Aunt Hope 'n father, 'n mother, 'n Mr. Miles 'n the old lady 'n then there's—there's God! I thought 't wouldn't make any difference, but it does!

Ross was crying when his mother met him in the kitchen, and he ran to her, sobbing out his miserable story in her loving arms.

'I began yes'day, mother, lying about them letters, 'n I've gone right down 'n I'm afraid I can't ever get up again!

'You must take hold of Jesus' hand, and he will help you up again, my son.'

'I'm sure I never want to go down any more hills of sin,' said Ross tearfully.

'THANKEE, GOD.'

BY MISS HOPKINS.

Years ago, when New England families still looked upon their negro servants as 'belonging' to them, a family of high social position in Salem received a visit from the Governor of the State, a personal friend. In the midst of breakfast-table chat the Governor said suddenly, 'I surely am no dreamer of dreams, nor seer of visions, yet I have seen to-day something which my eyes could not otherwise understand. Wakening very early, I went out, as is my great pleasure on a summer's morning, for a sunrise walk. Turning back for a view of the house, I admired the grounds and shrubbery, and then my glance ran over the mansion itself, taking in its fine proportions from groundwork to roof. Just as my eye rested upon the latter, there arose through the centre of it, as though solid timber were but vapor, a tall figure, which first stood erect and clear-cut against the sky, then for a moment folded its hands, bowed its head, and again as mysteriously as it had come, sank out of sight and was gone.'

'Oh,' replied his host, 'that was our faithful old slave, Chloe, at her morning prayers. She was brought from Africa, and we cannot teach her all that the younger generations know, but by the little understanding and knowledge that are hers she is indeed towards heaven the most humble and grateful of all childlike souls. Every morning of her life she puts on, with great ceremony, a spotless fresh gown, folds a fresh muslin handkerchief white as snow across her breast, and putting her newest and brightest turban about her head, goes up to the attic, and thence through the skylight to the roof, where with only the floor of the Eternal House over her head she folds her hands, bows

her head low, and courtesying reverently says, "Thankee, God." Then she comes down, lays aside her "court array," puts on her working clothes, and begins a day of tireless devotion to every good work. And this custom is altogether of her own devising and desire.'

The Governor's face grew serious as he listened, and when, on rising from the table, his host proposed setting out for a drive, he replied, 'Thank you; but if you will kindly wait for me a few moments I will first go to my room and offer to my King the thanks your poor unlearned slave has shamed me for neglecting. Never again will I shadow the bright morning of a day by the ingratitude of withholding from the Lord of light, and of every good gift, my humble tribute of thanks and praise.'—American Messenger.

THE FIRST PROTESTANT IN JAPAN.

A native Japanese Christian periodical recently told the story of the first Protestant Christian in Japan. This was one Murata, a military retainer of the lord of Saga, in the southern island of Kiushiu. In 1860 he went to Nagasaki by order of his chief, and one evening, as he was crossing the harbor in a boat, he picked up a book that was floating about in the water. The writing ran from side to side, 'like the crawling of crabs,' and upon sending it to one of the Dutch then settled at Nagasaki, he learned that it was the Christian Bible, then a proscribed book. Curiosity spurred him on, and he had one of his assistants learn the language of the book and translate it for him sentence by sentence. His study was continued in secret, with a few friends, after his return home. When a difficult passage was found a messenger was sent to Dr. Verbeck, a well-known missionary then in Nagasaki, for its interpretation. Murata was afterwards baptized, and his name now stands first on the roll of Protestant Christians in Japan.

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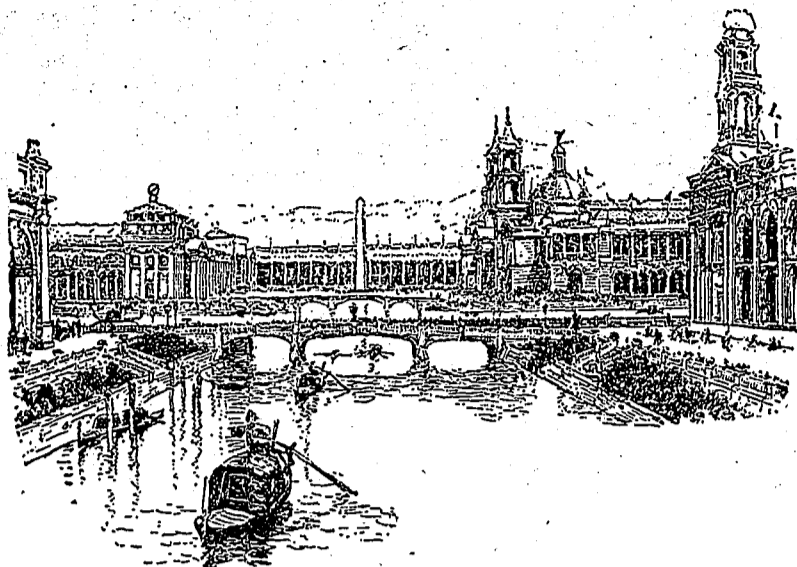
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