

Julian's faith was like that of a little child, and, having asked Jesus to help him in securing a position, he went about, trying faithfully to do his share of the work, fully satisfied that God would accomplish the rest.

And he did, though in altogether unexpected way, sending the needed help directly through the man whose influence Julian most dreaded. Just one week after the young man's discharge, a banker, one of Mr. Conway's intimate friends, came to him in perplexity. His cashier had just disappeared with a large sum of the bank's money, and he was in search of a reliable man to take his place.

'I think I know a young man who will suit you exactly,' said Mr. Conway, after listening to his friends' grievances. 'You remember young Mount, the boy who worked up in a year's time, from filling bobbins to keeping books? I have discharged him, but I know of no young man in the city who would prove more efficient and faithful in the capacity of a trusted servant than just Julian Mount.'

'And yet you discharged him, you say,' questioned the gentleman puzzled over Mr. Conway's seeming contradiction.

'I did, because he had too much conscience to work on Sunday. You see I could not tolerate defiance to my command, and I was afraid of his influence over my workmen; but in your case things are different,' explained Mr. Conway. 'I take no stock in religion myself, but a boy who will give up a good position rather than violate a precept he considers binding, will be perfectly safe among piles of money.'

His friend agreed with him, and that was the way God helped Julian to find a place.—*The Presbyterian.*

SIX AFRICAN SLAVE GIRLS.

At the beginning of 1890 six African slave girls were captured in the Red Sea and taken to India, where they were placed in the Orphanage at Sharanpure. They knew no English, and so no one could talk with them. They began at once to learn Marathi (the language spoken in that part of India,) and soon knew it fairly well. They then began to learn about the Lord Jesus, and on 6th September of last year all six of the girls were baptized by their own wish. Two of them have gone to an hospital in Bombay to be trained as nurses, and hope that some day they may go back to their own country to nurse their African sisters.—*The Children's World.*

There is no action so slight or so humble but it may be done to a great purpose.

A HOLY TALK.



MISSIONARY from south Africa said one morning he saw a converted African chieftain sitting under a palm tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book and read a passage. Then he paused and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus he continued, alternately to look down on the Scriptures and to turn his eyes upwards towards heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but after a little while he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him why it was that sometimes he read and sometimes he looked up.

This was the African's reply: "I look down to the book, and God speaks to me. Then I look up in prayer, and I speak to the Lord. So we keep up, this way, a holy talk with each other."

As I read the account of this touching little scene, the words of Psalm xxvii. 8, flashed over me. This picture is but a mirror to reflect the eighth verse of the twenty-seventh Psalm: "When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." First, we see God talking to us; and then comes our talking to God.

One cannot carry on a conversation alone. If we wish the Lord to listen to us, we must listen to Him. How many people tell the Lord what they wish to say to Him, but do not listen to what He says to them. How can they expect God to answer their petitions, when they will not listen to His commands? Let us hear what God the Lord will speak.

A BAND OF MERCY BOY.

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market street, near Twenty-second street, a boy, not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently, I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling, I said:

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one:

"Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

He smiled as he said:

"O, yes, that's why I did it."

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.—*School and Home.*