

teach them the Bible as he worked at his bench day by day.

But he did more than teach them. With that printing press, which his father had bought for him when a boy, he printed them the Gospel in their own language.

After he had been there some years, Stanley came that way again. He met Mackay, and this is what he writes :

"If ever a man had reason to be lonely and sad, Mackay had, when, after murdering his bishop, burning his pupils, strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, the new king turned his eye of death upon him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked."

Again, Stanley writes of Mackay's pupils: "Now, I noticed that as soon as they left me they went to their own little huts and took out little books they had in their pockets. And one day I called Samuel to me and asked, 'What book is that you have?' And that was the first time I knew they had the Gospel in their language. Then I asked him, 'Do you consider yourself a Christian?' 'Of course I do,' he replied. 'How long have you been a Christian?' 'Well,' he said, 'I am one of Mackay's pupils, and learned from him. There are about 2,300 of us, all belonging to Mackay's mission!'"

May we not ask our young readers as Mackay's mother asked him, "If the call comes to you do not neglect it." God wants some of you to go and tell the heathen of a Saviour. Who will answer, "Here am I, send me?"

But whether our work is at home or abroad, God wants the same spirit of love, and trust, and obedience, that Mackay had. He wants that in our sphere, small or large, we be found faithful.

There are sheep that far have wandered

From the pastures green and fair,

Out upon sin's gloomy desert,

Over rock and mountain bare.

Little workers, little workers—

Lead them to the Shepherd's care.

WHAT THE CHINAMAN RECEIVED.

The Chinese are a very avaricious race, and it is said they will do anything for money. Many of them think that the missionaries pay people for becoming Christians, and hire men and women to be baptized.

One day a neighbour inquired of a converted Chinaman, "How much did the foreigners pay you for being baptized—twenty dollars?" "More than that," was the answer. "A hundred dollars?" "Oh, much more than that," was again the reply. "A thousand dollars?" "Much more than that," was still the answer. "How much, then, was it you got?" "More than the weight of this great mountain in silver and gold." In the name of Buddha, what are you saying?" exclaimed the astonished Chinese. "Yes; for they have given me this precious book," answered the Christian holding up his Bible with both hands, "which tells me of God, of Jesus Christ, and eternal blessedness and everlasting life."—*Indian Standard*.

GROWING VIEWS OF HEAVEN.

When I was a boy, I thought of heaven as a great shining city, with vast walls and domes and spires, and with nobody in it except white angels, who were strangers to me. By and by my little brother died, and I thought of a great city, with walls and domes and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew in that country. Then another brother died, and there were two whom I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the number continually grew.

But it was not until I had sent one of my little children back to God that I began to think I had a little interest there myself. A second, a third, a fourth went; and by that time I had so many acquaintances in heaven that I did not see any more walls and domes and spires. I began to think of the residents of the Celestial City. And now so many of my acquaintances have gone there that it sometimes seems to me that I know more in heaven than I do on earth.